



©LLAGE

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sept. 1972

notes...

"A Short History of COLLAGE" (reprinted from the May 1972 issue) was written for the purpose of informing the university community of how COLLAGE has evolved into its present form and of the problems we have faced in the past and those we are presently facing.

"ThurLOW Knox's Fulfillment" is reprinted from the April 1972 issue of COLLAGE and is one of a collection of short stories written by Jim Lynch, who currently serves as editor-in-chief of SIDE-LINES.

"The Amish" written by Janice Dobbins, COLLAGE Feature Editor was a part of a COLLAGE four-part special feature, "The Dying Cultures of Tennessee", that was printed in the April 1972 issue. Later that same month, Miss Dobbins was awarded a certificate of merit by the Atlantic Monthly creative writing contest for this article.

"The Leatherbook Collection" of Mike Hurt is reprinted from the May 1971 issue of COLLAGE. It is classified as poetic prose and is a collection of the author's thoughts.

"She Sings the 'New' Blues-Robertha Flack" by Kathy Holbrook is reprinted from the January 1972 issue of COLLAGE. Miss Holbrook at the time served as assistant feature editor and wrote regularly for COLLAGE's FOCUS column. She now attends Memphis State University where she plans to obtain a degree in Communication Arts.

Ivan Shewmake's short story entitled "Symbiosis" is reprinted from the November 1970 issue of COLLAGE. Ivan is a regular contributor and has had three other stories printed by COLLAGE.

"Black Power: An Interpretation" was the first article printed in COLLAGE's PERSPECTIVE column and is reprinted from the November 1972 issue of COLLAGE.

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To Our Readers,

COLLAGE is a diverse and ever-expanding experience. We are the student creative publication of Middle Tennessee State University, and further, as the name indicates, as a unification of artistic, literary and general interest elements for reading enjoyment.

COLLAGE has a unified format which classifies most types of contributions which we receive. New columns were created last year, FOCUS, a column of the arts, FORUM, a platform for personal opinion and PERSPECTIVE, a factual researched article. A new column named EXCERPT II, an outlet for faculty work, has been added this year. Feature articles, such as those seen in this issue, poetry and short story contributions complete our format.

Students, faculty and alumni are urged to contribute their work and to become an integral part of the creation of COLLAGE. We are always looking for interested individuals who like to express themselves and who would like to become a part of the most exciting and challenging of the communications media. Contributions can be mailed free through campus mail to Box 61 or can be brought by our offices.

Everyone is invited to drop by our new offices on the third floor of the Student Union Building to meet the staff and to talk with us. You'll find the staff to be a diverse group of individuals and extremely friendly.

Bill Bennett
COLLAGE Editor



This month's cover is by Lon Nuell, assistant professor of art at Middle Tennessee State University. Nuell describes himself as an art educator and photographer-designer.

A SHORT

HISTORY OF

COLLAGE

The desire for an outlet for student creativity to fill a void in the area of journalistic experience culminated with the birth of COLLAGE in the spring of 1968. Originally established as a supplement to the campus newspaper, Sidelines, COLLAGE was an attempt to revive concepts seen earlier in L'Enfant and other campus literary publications. COLLAGE now functions as an independent publication within the department of Journalism.

The first year of any endeavor is filled with many crises, some large and others small. What to name the magazine and how to organize its staff and selection procedures were of major concern to Lynn Small, the first editor.

After selecting the name COLLAGE, Miss Small and a group of interested individuals began to create and shape the magazine. The result of their work was 56 pages and was printed in Murfreesboro. The quality of the magazine was not the best since the spot color ran and the newsprint smeared, but an effort had been made and COLLAGE was born.

So at the end of its first year of existence, COLLAGE had no money, little organization and was facing questions as to where and by what super-secret means some of its material had been gathered. But the idea caught on and COLLAGE was to see another year.

The second year of COLLAGE saw an attempt to define its possible direction. One applicant for editor envisioned a political journal. In the end the Publication Committee (now the Communications Committee) selected Bill Peters to become the second editor of COLLAGE. Mr. Peters felt that COLLAGE must represent the students of MTSU; therefore, any student writing, art or photography would be considered for publication.



February 1970



November 1970

The second year saw a break with Sidelines, the establishment of a minimal budget (\$600 in fact), and COLLAGE's own office in the Administration Building. Through trial and error, COLLAGE began to take shape. Peters changed printers to the Lebanon Demo-

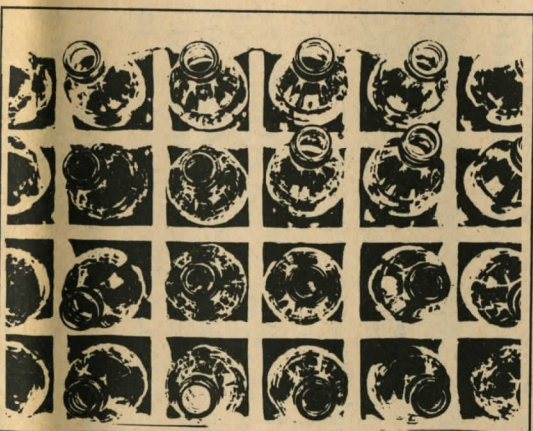
crat (which incidentally prints Sidelines) and was able to turn out four issues including a special issue for the Department of Military Science.

The main problem faced by Peters in his year as editor was lack of contributions from the university community. Furthermore, for most of its second year, COLLAGE received little response to what it printed. All contributions had to be actively pursued or written by the staff itself.

With the release of the April 1969 issue (Volume 2, no. 2), Peters and COLLAGE experienced their first response from the campus. A poem entitled "Classified" and an accompanying illustration of a woman in a see-through blouse created (and I use the term loosely) a "controversy." One result of COLLAGE's first controversy was censorship on the part of the staff--hours were spent with a black magic marker covering up the "objectionable portion" of the woman's anatomy.

COLLAGE weathered the storm and year three was on the horizon.

COLLAGE in its third year was under the editorship of Vicki Hill. COLLAGE once again moved its offices--to the Security Building--, changed its printer to Courier Printing Company in Murfreesboro, and had an increase in budgetary allotment. These were major improvements



January 1971



May 1971

but old problems persisted--lack of contributions, student apathy and still insufficient funds.

In its three years of existence, COLLAGE had established itself as a viable campus publication and looked forward to its fourth year.

Duane Sawyer succeeded Miss Hill as COLLAGE's fourth editor. Once again, COLLAGE's offices were moved--this time to Jones Hall--and this move found COLLAGE somewhat hampered due to lack of space. Contributions and student support increased during this time and COLLAGE attracted qualified people to serve in its editorial positions. However, staff composition was still limited.

In March 1971, COLLAGE received from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association its medalist award for excellence (Vol. 3, No. 4 of Miss Hill's editorship and Vol. 4 Nos. 1 and 2 of Sawyer's were judged), marking the first time since 1952 that a Middle Tennessee State University publication had received this highest award from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

As COLLAGE matured, many of the earlier problems have been outgrown, others have been greatly magnified.

At one time it was a problem to find enough qualified people to fill COLLAGE's editorial positions. This is no longer the case. The staff more than tripled from last year, and it looks like more staff members will be added next year to meet the increased growth of COLLAGE.

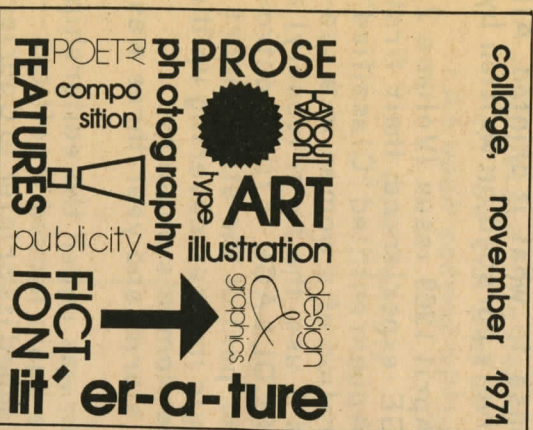
Contributions are not as difficult to obtain as they once were. With a greatly expanded staff, increased interest of the university community and more involvement with journalism classes contributions have more than

A FEATURE BY BILL BENNETT

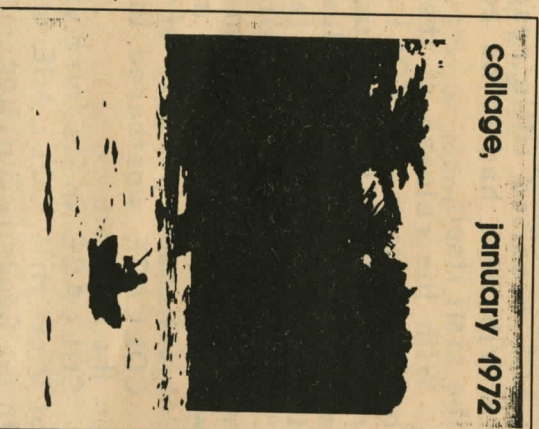
doubled. Thus COLLAGE has been able to print a greater variety and higher quality of material.

COLLAGE once suffered a recognition crisis--people simply did not know what it was. Through a competent public relations director, COLLAGE has been kept before the eyes of the university community and become known throughout the southeast through its magazine

collage, november 1971



collage, january 1972



November 1971

January 1972

exchange program. COLLAGE also takes a leading role in urging magazine participation in the Tennessee Col-
legiate Press Association.

COLLAGE in its fifth year was under the editorship of Teena Andrews. As was the case with each of her predecessors, Miss Andrews faced the annual COLLAGE move. COLLAGE was fortunate to occupy spacious offices in the Old Maintenance Building. As fate would have it, COLLAGE faced its fifth move in as many years. We now occupy offices on the third floor of the Student Union Building. Even this is temporary as COLLAGE will move again in December due to the Student Union Building's renovation. Eventually, COLLAGE will return to permanent offices there.

However, with maturity, two new problems have appeared--the controversy of censorship and budgetary allotment.

In the first issue of that year, COLLAGE planned to print a work which contained one four-letter word referring to a bodily function. The administration deemed this harmful to the image of the university. Against its wishes, COLLAGE changed the word.

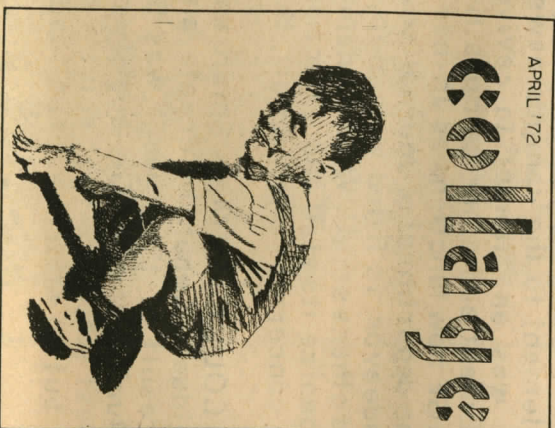
Since its inception COLLAGE has struggled with inadequate budgets. In order to become a more profession-

al and higher quality magazine, COLLAGE has sought without much success to increase its budget. The staff of COLLAGE who devote their time and effort to creating the magazine receive a meager grant-in-aid which in realistic terms is an insult. (For instance, the editor-in-chief of COLLAGE receives less in one semester than a Sidelines production worker receives in one month.)

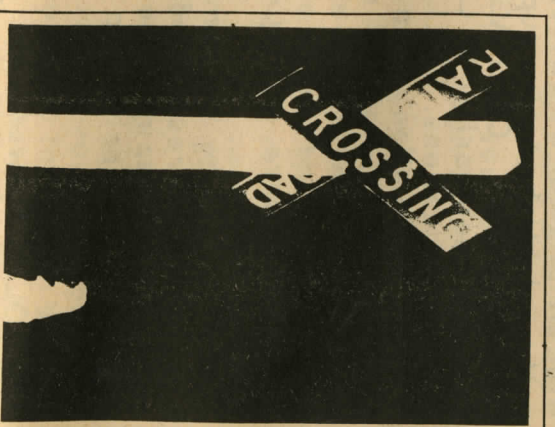
COLLAGE has made great strides forward yearly and could be a more professional magazine graphically and technically if it had sufficient monies to work with. This issue is visual proof that good quality material is available on this campus and that there is a definite need for the continuance of COLLAGE as an outlet for this creativity. Hopefully, in the future these inadequacies will be corrected.

In March of 1972, I was elected to serve as the sixth editor of COLLAGE. It will be my responsibility to guide the magazine this year. I know that with a competent and experienced staff and with the continued support of the university community that COLLAGE will experience a meaningful, productive year and the continuance of the high standards of quality that COLLAGE now enjoys. In 1971-72 COLLAGE had a definite direction and made great strides toward its accomplishment. Miss Andrews,

APRIL '72

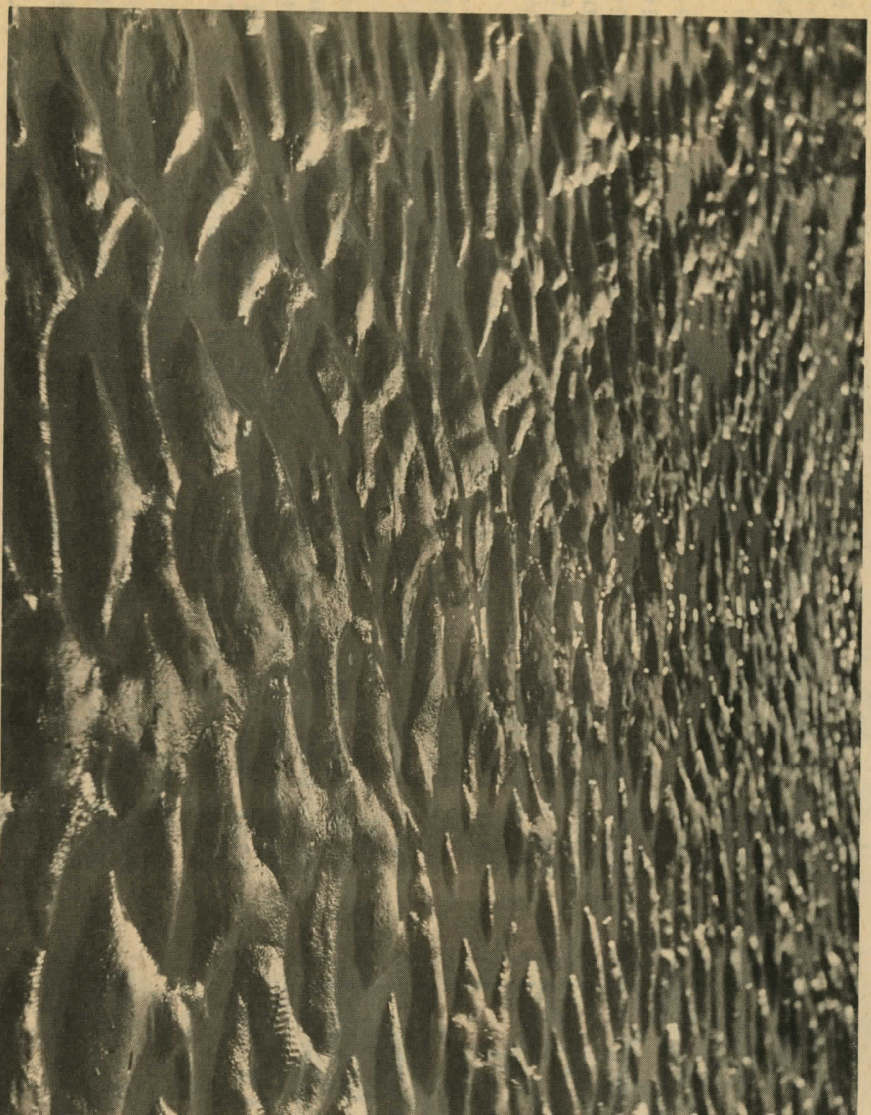


April 1972



May 1972

Connie Dowell and myself began to organize the format that was seen in the first three issues. The May '72 COLLAGE was a culmination of efforts evolving COLLAGE from the literary-art magazine of its origins to the general feature magazine of its future. ●



THE SUNSET

It hung in the sky
a mystic orange flame
Few stopped to wonder
few gazed in awe.
Slowly it sank
spreading colors abroad
Pink, yellow, orange
mingled together.
Darkness hovers over the earth
Wistful sounds fill the air
Still, a few stop to wonder
For few even care.

Charlene Ellard

henry freedle's tv

Mr. Henry Freedle, inventor of things, was putting together the last pieces of the Telephonic Transformation Adapter. This would enable him to disintegrate his body molecularly and reassemble it as an image on his television set. He had worked years on the Adapter and everyone, including his wife, thought him a quack.

But he knew better and soldered the final transistor in place.

"Edith," said Henry, soon to be world famous inventor, "Come down here a moment please, I have something to show you."

"What did you say, dear?"

"Come down here and I'll show you how the machine

works. It's finished."

"Of course dear," she replied, thinking of countless trips to the basement workshop to see things that never worked. "It's really finished, you say?"

"All completed, just put in the last transistor a second ago", said Henry, thinking of thousands, perhaps millions, in royalty payments.

With his wife present, Henry flipped a switch on the huge mechanism and lights began to flicker on the control panel.

"When I push that red button," said Henry, pointing to the panel, "I'll disintegrate molecularly and reassemble on channel 11 of the television. It will appear as if I'm on television, but actually I'll be a visual image of the electrowaves transmitted by channel 11."

"If you say so dear," said Edith, thinking of past flops.

With pride, Henry touched the red button, and to Edith's surprise, Henry slowly began to disappear and reappear simultaneously, from the basement workshop to channel 11. After a minute, the transformation was complete.

Edith, in a mild case of shock, not great enough, however, to upset her decorum stood and looked at Henry on T.V.

"That's quite remarkable Henry, it really is. I'm happy that something finally turned out right for you," said Edith, "but you know how I hate television; I simply despise it."

Before Henry could speak, she turned off the set and went upstairs. ●

thurlow

knox's

fulfillment

The Reverend Thurlow Knox prayed four hours every night. He had done this for years and someday, he hoped his God would reward him for being so faithful. Above all else, Thurlow wished, with all his heart, that God would appear and speak to him in a vision.

So far, his God hadn't shown.

On his knees before the portable altar he had bought five years ago through a mail order catalogue, Thurlow would say: "Dear Lord, Thy spirit runs higher than the sun. I will do Thy deeds, and I will carry Thy message to sinners."

Nothing.

"Forgive them, Lord; they are but lambs of Thy great universe; their sins are but misgivings of their eternal souls, to be cleansed only in Thine all-powerful wisdom."

Still nothing, but Thurlow kept the faith.

At regular services, Thurlow would preach the gospel with a zest unrivalled. He would plead the message of forgiveness through prayer and tell the sinners that purity was received through worship and ask them to pray with him, in their homes, four hours a night.

None did.

But Thurlow did, as regular as clockwork, and the congregation thought it admirable.

One Thursday evening, around nine, Thurlow Knox's God came. It was somewhat of a shock to Thurlow at first, but his years of hope and training prevailed, and he began to communicate with God.

Raising his head to the immense bearded face with flowing golden hair, Thurlow spoke: "Oh my Master, my prayers have been fulfilled, my wishes and dreams completed beyond all possible faith. Thy mercifulness shows me the meekness of such a meager sinner as I, my Lord, and Thy powers humble me to pointless speak in Thy vast universe. Oh great and powerful and wise God, Thy will be done!"

Raising his hand in pious grandeur, Thurlow's God smote Thurlow dead of a heart attack.

"Crazy ol' bullshitter's been pestering me for years," muttered the Diety, "Meant to get around to this sooner."

two short stories by Jim Lynch

community psychology

● a new approach which shifts the emphasis to environmental engineering

introduction

Relevance in education and psychology of value to all regardless of economic level are two aspects which combine to form Dr. John Schnelle's community psychology programs. According to Schnelle, "students have been educated, sterilized, and quality inspected under a system which does not include a marketable job skill nor a coherent system of guiding knowledge.

Schnelle's students are given a chance to apply the concepts of behavior modification in their work in the community. The following is his description of a series of community psychology programs currently being undertaken in the Rutherford County area in conjunction with the MTSU psychology department.

work therapy

The work therapy idea was derived primarily for work with individuals whose physical and social environments were judged to be most hopelessly disorganized and injurious. Those environments in which children live in poverty and broken homes have historically proven to be the toughest to deal with. Psychologists have largely ignored people who live in such environments and when attempts to therapeutically produce changes in these people have been made, results have historically been far from encouraging.

It is difficult to talk a kid out of pushing dope, when he can make \$300 a month doing so, if the alternative is poverty. Children from fatherless homes, not surprisingly, do not see legitimate work as a way out of their situation, nor do they know what to do if placed on a job involving responsibility. Intellectuals have termed this situation a complex social, economic and psychological problem. The juvenile delinquent is the classification for many of its products.

One thing becomes clear in work with juvenile delinquents: money must somehow be injected into the juvenile's physical environment if any change is to be produced. The question becomes; how should this money be given in welfare-form and thereby, not relate to any type of work or effort? If so, from where can the money come? What are the implications of merely giving money to the juvenile as if he were nothing but a parasite? Even if enough money could be given to change the child's physical environment, would such a gift just reinforce dependency and a feeling of inadequacy? Do people not require some feeling of control over their environment, some feeling of accomplishment?

The alternative to such give-away programs has been suggested by various politicians to be work-fare programs. The idea requires people take jobs in order to make money. Such a concept seems to solve several problems. First, it gives a delinquent money, thereby changing his physical environment. It also allows him to earn the money and escape the reinforcement of dependent behavior and feelings.

This simple idea has been tried without success. The result has been that most delinquents cannot fill the responsibilities of a job adequately.

Those that can perform on the job do not do so consistently. The most

simple idea of job for money does not work. It does not work because

about the author

John Schnelle, a behavioral psychologist, took an A.B. degree from Hanover College in 1966 and a Ph.D. from the University of Tennessee in 1970. He is now an assistant professor at Middle Tennessee State University and conducts his community psychology programs in conjunction with the Rutherford County Guidance Center.

delinquents usually have no model from whom to learn responsible working behaviors. Fathers, when present in the delinquents' homes, are very often the perfect negative model of responsibility and work values.

Even if delinquents display adequate job behaviors, they often quit after the first few checks because they have difficulty delaying gratification. In their environments, the most adaptive behavior has been one of always taking what they can get and using it before it is gone. Saving money and budgeting habits have never been either smart or reinforced behavior. The types of jobs delinquents can obtain could be described as something less than exciting or praiseworthy. Boring, mundane work without the benefit of status is not conducive to long term commitment on the part of workers.

In short, the simple idea of work-fare, jobs for money, is at best an oversimplified vote-getting maneuver. It does not remedy the financial, physical environment problem, or

excerpt two: by dr. john schnelle

the behavioral problem of the people it is directed toward.

How must the work-fare idea be changed to make it work with delinquents? First, a model of responsible working behaviors must be available to the delinquents. Second, reinforcement must be provided immediately for saving checks and future planning. Third, the job must be made more interesting and substantial; workers must feel that they are doing something of importance and relevance.

Finally, during the initial work stage, the workers must be closely supervised, closely supported, and only gradually placed in a situation where only highly efficient work performance work results are rewarded. These are the ideas that lead to the work-therapy program which is being supervised and maintained for delinquents by Middle Tennessee State University students.

A delinquent is referred to the Rutherford County Guidance Center from a court and given a college supervisor. This supervisor explains to the delinquent that he is to join a work corporation and that he will be given jobs which will pay the minimum wage per hour. He is to attend the next corporation meeting. In the corporation meeting, the juvenile sees other delinquents discuss and take responsibility for such matters as loans, equipment cost, publicity, recruitment of jobs and budgetry. He is then given a series of odd jobs.

His supervisor provides him with transportation to the job. The supervisor also makes sure the delinquent understands what he is to do on the job and provides daily encouragement for job completion. The supervisor teaches the delinquent how to talk to employers, how to objectively evaluate his own performances, and how to care for his work equipment. He is encouraged to open a checking account.

All these things are small behaviors, easily overlooked-assumed to be present in all people. Such assumptions are one reason why delinquents have seldom been worked with successfully. To work with delinquents, one must assume nothing with them. He will maintain his work-down into its simplest component behaviors. One must make sure that as each behavior occurs, it is reinforced.

If the supervisor is efficient, the delinquent will work successfully for a month. Now he is ready to be given responsibility in the corporation. He will assume responsibility for contacting a home owner about a job. He might be asked to orient a new worker in the corporation. Gaining responsibility toward the corporation, power over other people, and doing something to contribute to the good of the whole are accepted motivating sources used to maintain working behavior in all forms of free enterprise. At this point the delinquent experiences these things and the status that go

with them. He will maintain his working behaviors for long periods of time for the same reason that most

*"It is difficult to
talk a kid out of pushing
dope, when he can
make \$300 a month
doing so, if the alternative
is poverty."*

other people maintain their working behavior: their jobs mean something over and above the money that comes with them. They can make a contribution; they are not on the same level as automated machines.

parent groups

The problem of delinquent rehabilitation unfortunately does not end with attempting to change the physical environment through work therapy. By the time that a child has had enough time to earn the label "delinquent," there are two other aspects of his environment which are also supporting misbehaviors, the delinquent's family and peer group.

How does one change a family's pattern of dealing with a problem child? By the time the community psychology team comes into the situation, it often turns out that the family has resorted to simplistic, counterproductive methods of dealing with their child's behavior.

Child rearing approaches that include either extreme punishment or total laxity often seem to evolve out of such frustrating family situations. Failure in raising children often leads to disciplinary inflexibility in dealing with these children. This parental inflexibility in turn, complicates the child's problems. As the problem gets worse, so the inflexibility solidifies and on indefinitely in a vicious circle. To break this cycle, it is obvious that community psychology teams must change the delinquent's parents, if permanent change in a delinquent is to take place. This fact has led to the development of parent training groups, organized and run by MTSU psychology teams.

Parents meet in groups of six once a week for a five week training period. In the first session, these parents are taught some of the rudimentary elements of behavioral control. They are given a simple textbook and told that they will be tested on the contents of the book during the next session. In the second session, the parents are tested and taught how to identify and record specific behaviors of their children. This is an important step. Parents come to disregard the actual behaviors of their children and often describe their children in the subjective stereotyped fashions. "The boy is no good" or "he has a bad attitude" are typical descriptions.

Once the parents are taught to identify the problem behaviors, they are given a homework assignment for the third session. Both the parents are to record the behavior of their child during the week. The third weekly session begins with each set of parents taking ten minutes to describe what behaviors they observed during the week while also offering suggestions to change these behaviors. This is followed by a group discussion.

Each parent formulates a plan to change a specific target behavior, and during the next week initiates the plan. During this week, members of the community psychology team make home visits to check their progress and to make suggestions. In the fourth session the parents talk about the results of their new behavior control methods and make new plans. Thirty days elapse between the fourth and fifth meetings.

In the fifth session, the behavioral progress of the children are charted from the parent's records which have been kept since the initial session. Change's in the parent's methods of dealing with behavior are discussed. Hopefully, the vicious circle will be broken and the parents will continue to rationally change their children's misbehaviors.

At this point, two programs have been described. One of these programs is an attempt to change a delinquent's physical environment and teaching work behaviors conducive to improving this physical environment. This second program is directed at changing the delinquent's social environment in the form of parental behaviors toward the delinquent.

To make a total thrust at delinquent rehabilitation, one major problem remains: peer group influence. How does the peer group influence the delinquent? How does one change negative peer group influence or induce the delinquent to find new friends? It would be nice to describe a program which answers these questions. Unfortunately, none exists. Research programs directed at answering these problems are being conducted by community psychology teams. Until this research provides relevant answers, the community psychologist must be content to work with available research.

AMISH

dying culture of tennessee

Nestled on scattered farms in the vicinity of Ethridge, a small community six miles north of Lawrenceburg, live a group of Tennessee's most picturesque inhabitants. Locally known as the Mennonites, they are members of the Old Order Amish, who still dress and live much as their forebears did three hundred years ago.

The men wear wide-brimmed straw or felt hats and dark, baggy trousers. Their hair is long but neatly trimmed in Dutch-boy fashion, and they have beards but no mustaches. The women, too, dress severely in simple, long dresses and dark caps or bonnets. For housework, they add a long apron and change to close-fitting white caps that tie under the chin. The children are miniatures of their parents with the same dark dress.

Their homes are similar to the farmhouses of their worldly neighbors, but the absence of the usual car and television antenna makes them distinguishable at a glance. Many have windmills, and most are sturdy, two-story frame constructions. Stepping inside transports one back into the last century. Simply furnished with massive, functional furniture, the houses are illuminated only by natural light in the day and by several kerosene lamps at night. Strips of dark cloth hang at the windows to serve as shades; but there are no decorative curtains, and no rugs adorn the bare wooden floors. The kitchen has only the necessities---none of the "modern conveniences"---and all the cooking is done with wood and kerosene stoves.

Where did they come from? How can these Amishers survive as such glaring anachronisms in a world that for most of us changes with dizzying speed?

The term "Mennonites" comes from Menno Simons, a sixteenth-century Roman Catholic priest, who was converted to the Anabaptist sect. Their differing interpretation of the Bible gave rise to the initial break from the Catholic church in Switzerland during the Protestant Reformation. The Old Order Amish Church was founded in the seventeenth century as a separate sect from the Mennonites. Named for Jacob Amann, this more conservative group insists upon a strictly literal interpretation of the Bible and base their nonconformity upon Romans 12:2---"And be not conformed to this world..." Migrating to the United States from the Netherlands, most of the Amish settled in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio.

In 1944, ten families from the Ohio-Indiana area moved to Ethridge and were followed three years later by fifteen Indiana families of the New Reformed Amish Church. This second more progressive group was apparently absorbed by the Old Order and adopted their stricter customs. Today about seventy families live in this area of Tennessee with additional families occasionally arriving from the North.

Their language still testifies to the long history of the Amish. Commonly known as Pennsylvania Dutch, it is not Dutch but principally Deutsch, or German with elements of English and other languages mixed in. They speak German at home, but most know English well enough to converse with outsiders. Their interesting dialect with its Yankee and German flavor adds color and humor to an already fascinating people.

Aside from their distinctive homes, the Amish farms in Lawrence County are quickly identifiable from the names on mailboxes - Gingerich, Miller, Mast, Yoder,

and Zook. Visiting the area recently, COLLAGE staff members met several interesting members of the clan. Emmanuel Gingerich, who operates a harness shop and produces old-fashioned sorghum, was not at home on the rainy December afternoon. He had "gone into town" and would not return until late, according to two of his grandsons who greeted us. No doubt a six-mile buggy ride each way consumes most of a short winter afternoon. The teenage boys answered some of our questions and evaded the more probing ones. The younger, who was fourteen, eyed the automobile with twinkling brown eyes and a suppressed smile. Having parked the wagon and team he was driving, the second youth, a gawky boy with golden hair and the first fuzzy indication of a beard, showed us the harness shop. A unique place in a world filled with mass-produced transportation vehicles, the shop featured large sides of uncut leather as well as numerous sets of finished harness studded with brass brads. The machines of the trade were powered with a stationary gasoline engine in keeping with the Amish belief that electricity is too modern. The odor of the leather pervaded the small building, and kerosene lamps along the wall served as a reminder of the hours of tedious work carried on there.

Leaving the Gingerich farm, we crossed the Lawrenceburg highway and turned down a narrow road in search of an old man purported to be quite friendly and communicative with interested outsiders. When we stopped for directions at an Amish home, we were hailed by an unfriendly dog, but the two women at the door were co-operative. Both wore the snug white house caps and one was holding a pudgy child. After driving over roads that seemed fit only for steel-wheeled buggies, we located the home of Ezra Miller. Apparently in the midst of chores at his barn, he paused to invite us in out of the rain. Silhouetted against a rain-spattered window, the hoary man talked to us of the beliefs and way of life of his people.

Religion with the Amish is not an isolated aspect of life; but rather, all else hinges on it. They adhere to a literal reading of the Bible, especially the New Testament. According to Miller, their ascetic life is based on the tenet that Christians must be "humble and different from the world." Since these Plain People avoid the pretense and expense of a church building, worship is held in various homes with the host usually providing a meager meal for the all-day affair. These services are held every other Sunday, and a bishop and a minister preside. Three separate churches have been established in the colony as a result of population growth.

All social customs center around the Church. Marriage must take place under the auspices of the Church, for the Amish may not marry outside their own kind. It is not uncommon for young men from the Ethridge group to travel north to choose a wife from among the other groups of Amish there. When on occasion, one of the sect intermarries with the outside world, he is cast out and never so much as mentioned by the faithful. When questioned about such exiles, Miller said only that the Amish must marry within the order; he would not discuss the disobedient.

Education, too, fits into the scheme of humility and godliness. The children attend a private school supported by the Church. Having spoken German at home, the

● a feature by janice dobkins

children are taught English and other practical subjects so that they can function in their day-to-day business and read the Scriptures. One of Miller's daughters who had been a teacher, describes the curriculum as "reading, writing, and arithmetic". The school send with the eighth grade, and most children have completed formal education at the age of fourteen. The two adolescents at the Gingrich place were delighted to be out of school and laughed at the suggestion of the additional study the outside world demands. Further education is frowned upon by the Old Order as unnecessary and pretentious, but the young people are adequately trained to maintain their life style. The boys learn carpentry or some useful skill as the girls master cooking and sewing. Any money the children earn from outside work must be given to their parents until they are twenty-one. The Amish insistence upon retaining their own schools as a part of their life and religion has created numerous problems with state education boards elsewhere. In Lawrence County, however, the local board recognizes their right to educate their own people.

Although the Amish shun higher education for their people, they do take advantage of the medical knowledge of the outside world. Some of them go to doctors in Lawrenceberg and neighboring towns. The seventy-year-old Miller spoke of several doctors as he indicated the conglomeration of pill bottles on top of the oak chest. In emergencies the Amish will enter a hospital for treatment, but they prefer to remain at home and be cared for by relatives. When one of the Plain People dies, his family and friends make the necessary arrangements with no outside intervention. The deceased is buried in an Amish cemetery where his grave is marked by a modest concrete marker; an elaborate marble memorial would be boastful.

In the midst of this back-looking people are startling contradictions. The Old Order Amish own their property individually and each family tries to make what it can from the land and livestock. Some hire out to neighboring farmers in the busy seasons. After selling their products or receiving their wages, they may deposit the money in a modern computer-run bank in Lawrenceburg; and some maintain checking accounts there. Although they own some valuable farm land and equipment, the Amish carry no insurance; that would be to doubt God's care. They own no cars and on short trips drive the buggies made in their own buggy shops. But when forced to travel long distances, they will ride a train or bus. Electricity is not permitted, but all types of stationary gas engines are used to power essential machinery. Some of the clan even use flashlights to replace coal oil lanterns. Adamantly against drinking, they do condone the use of whiskey for medicinal purposes. These inconsistencies seem strange among a sect that is struggling to hold to the past and not adopt worldly ways. Ezra Miller shed little light on this question. He said the Church rules on what conveniences they might use in many cases; in other instances, the individual must consult his conscience.

The Amish are honest, hard-working citizens, but their beliefs historically have yielded persecution. They

refuse to go to war, and their retreat from modern technology makes it difficult for them to find a way to serve their country. While they support government by paying taxes, they neither ask nor want government aid. The semi-retired Miller is quick to point out that he receives no social security. The Amish are exempt from paying income tax, but they are expected to and report their income if it exceeds the taxable amount. With their sustenance economy and an average number of eight dependent children, few Amish would reach the taxable income bracket anyway. Traditionally their pacifism and rejection of public schools has caused problems for the Amish across the United States, but this does not seem to be true in Lawrence County, Tennessee.

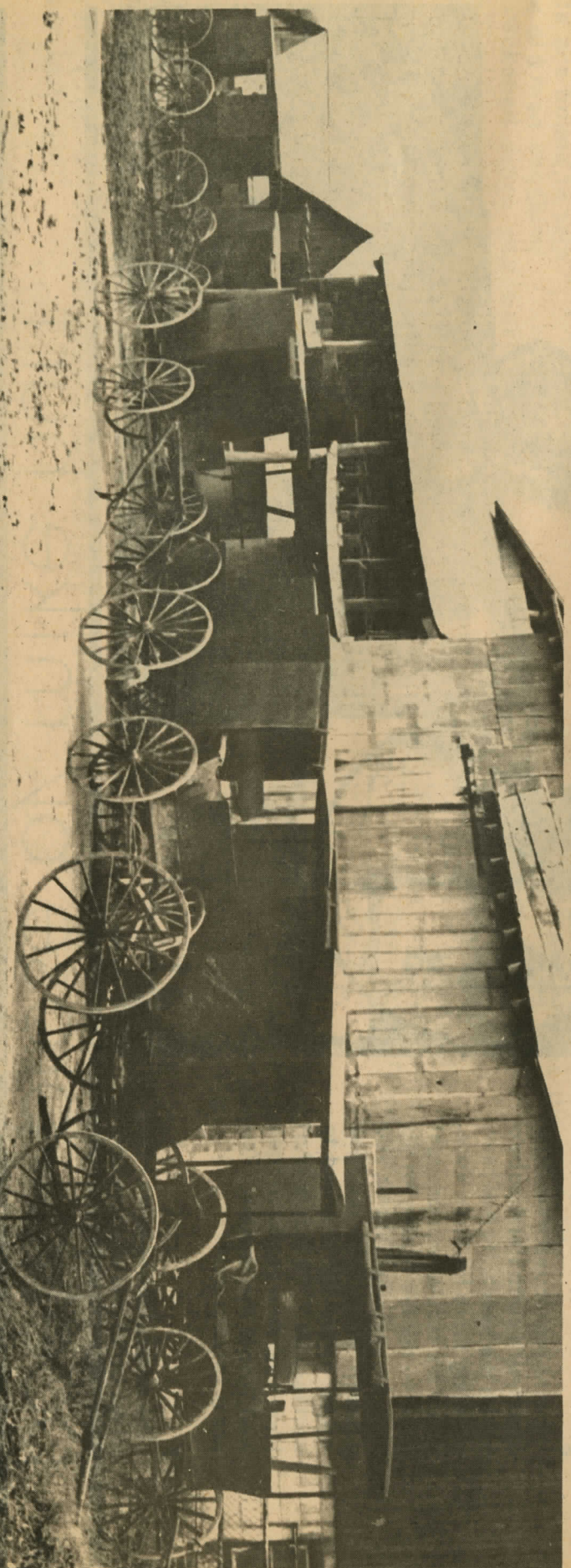
There the "Mennonites" are recognized as strange but upright people. The local government has apparently given them the freedom to live their lives as they please ---the only right they seek from government. They have retained their customs and their schools and at the same time gained the respect of their neighbors. Almost everyone that deals regularly with these plain folk will mention their honesty and the way they care of their own. Often they cite examples of the Amish visiting their worldly neighbors when they are sick or lending them money or time to victims of disaster. The people living around the Ethridge settlement are often amused at the Amish way of life, but underneath there is usually a hint of admiration for them as well.

Unlike some Tennessee cultures, the Amish way of life is not dying. Those Tennesseans are happy and thriving in a community where they are seldom disturbed from outside. The question for the future is not whether they will survive, but will they change? Most of the American Mennonites are more progressive than the Old Order Amish who compose only about thirteen percent of the total. New arrivals in Tennessee from the reformed sects are welcomed, but "must come into our Order," according to Miller. He also told of a young outsider who had worked with the Amish and began wearing their clothing. He may be allowed to join the Order if he meets the qualifications set forth by the Order. Even though Miller is an old man, he implied that all change might not necessarily be bad. He indicated that he had come to Tennessee from a somewhat more liberal group in Ohio, and that the Ethridge sect is different from them.

Change to more modern methods of doing things will occur gradually among the Lawrence County group, but their attitudes about Christianity and life will remain firm. Their way of life may be altered by progress, but the Amish existence will still be humble and dedicated to serving God and fellow man. ●

Author's Note.

Sources besides interviews consulted for this article are Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. 15, p. 159; The Nashville Tennessean, April 20, 1947; The Nashville Tennessean "Sunday Magazine", February 12 and 19, 1967; and Saturday Review, January 15, 1972, pp. 52-58.



LEATHERBOOK COLLECTION

Mike Hurt has a little leatherbound notebook. Leatherbook Collection is a collection of things he has written down in it.

1. . . . And seeing that this was the case, he seized his head in his hands, and, with all the violent strength and fury of a madman, he smote it onto the head of a large nail which, with several swift sure blows, he drove through two oaken boards of equal size and shape.

2. . . . was a sound as loud as the breathing of a mob.

3. We all waited impatiently in line as a young black instructed a very old black on the proper voting procedure. Calling for a new ballot, he glanced back at us. "Patience, gentlemen," he said, "sometimes it's hard exercising a right for the first time."

4. . . . He drew out a small, flat cardboard box, and removing the lid, exposed a long piece of handwoven cloth. Stretching it out, he followed the progress of every thread, as though he were reading a book, until he finished and replaced the cloth and the box inside his bag.

5. His cries of excruciating pain were loud and horrible to hear, but each time we stopped he bade us go on until at last the spikes were driven completely through his body.

6. A man was found wearing a chauffeur's outfit standing by a car on the beach. He had been standing there for three days. When his master was brought down to ask the reason for his vigil, he said, "But master, you yourself have told me you would arrive by sea, and to wait for you." "If that is what I told you, then you have done well," said the master. "You are a virtuous man."

7. The music stabbed home with all the art of one who is saying

nothing and knows it but must make himself heard.

8. Mankind has ignored the land and loved the dollar. But though the dollar soon forgets, the land does not forget who her lovers are.

9. The frightful noise surged and surged, like a gigantic freight train, the motion ebbing and flowing until at last, I dropped off to sleep.

10. He dashed about the room as though he were a clock, running to the mirror every few minutes to look at his face and see if he had stopped.

11. There were three bridges on the island. One led to the left bank, one to the right. Because the man could not make up his mind which way to go, he

walked off the third bridge into the water. "You are a virtuous man," said the sharks.

12. . . . and so we went through the old photographs until we had cried all the old tears we could find. Then we put them away until next year when we had found more old tears.

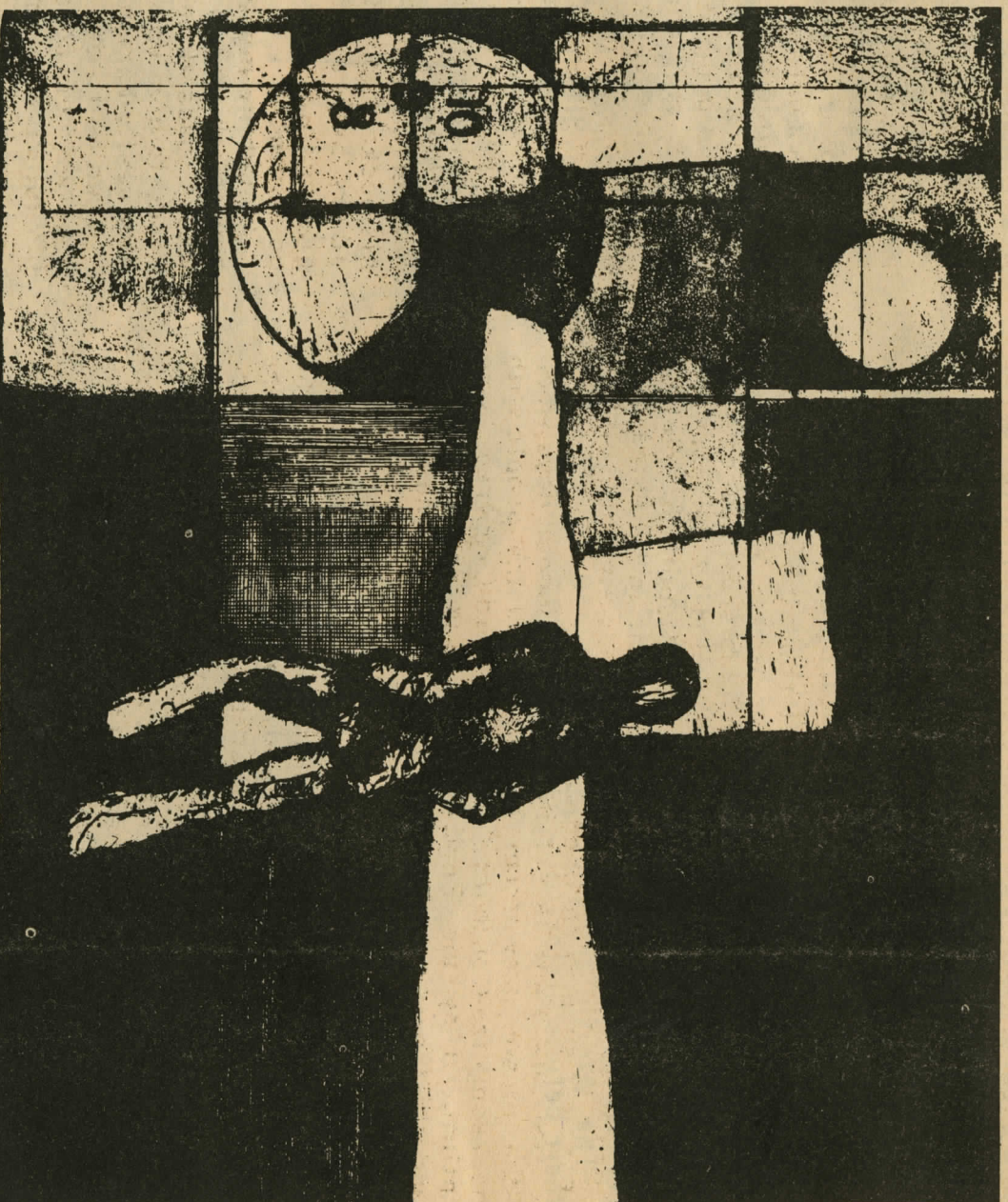
13. . . . and so I read through the poems again, with all the open innocence of one who has suddenly become aware of how painfully little he knows, and they were really quite good.

14. Realizing that unconsciousness was near, I drew those things close to me that I knew would not cut me in the night.

15. Rather than gazing at the sculpture, I clasped it to me and touched all its surfaces as a blind man might, and I realized how hard and cold it really was.

16. . . . so he deftly maneuvered the language to show that he was right and I was stupid.

17. Contrition is a virtue nurtured by humility.



o poetic - prose by mike hurt

Paul Crabtree — Tennessee Showman

Opryland U.S.A., which opened this summer in Nashville, has brought a new concept of entertainment to Middle Tennessee and to the amusement park industry at large. In addition to the usual rides and attractions, live musical shows make Opryland different from similar parks. Responsible for much of this entertainment is Paul Crabtree, whose five shows there are seen by an average of 25,000 people daily.

Crabtree, writer and producer of the musical comedy "Tennessee U.S.A." now in its sixth season in Crossville, was contacted by Opryland general manager Mike Downs about writing material for the new amusement center. "I was not really terribly interested in it at first, as I had not done anything in the park line before," recalls Crabtree.

After talking with Downs, Paul Crabtree was intrigued by the possibilities at Opryland. "I was initially impressed by the moving of 10,000 trees in the park area rather than cutting them down," he said. "This showed something about the people I'd be working with."

"The idea of using live entertainment interested me," Crabtree explained. Now, he has five shows playing to thousands daily at Opryland U.S.A. Comparable parks have little live entertainment, but "Opryland hires more live performers than any two or three other parks put together," he said. Auditions in the early spring yielded 2500 high school and college singers and musicians, of which 175 are now in Crabtree's shows. "There are two casts for each show, and they alternate the day and night shifts," explained the producer, writer and director.

The plans at Opryland called for a show representative of each geographic area depicted in the park. At the same time, these shows would spotlight various eras of the history of popular music in America. According to Crabtree, his shows provide a musical history lesson if seen in chronological order.

The folk show is set in the early pioneer days when "the music grew from the times and the people with no recognized authors." This era, said Crabtree, "was influenced by the English, Irish, and Scotch settlers and the traveling minstrel or folk singer," who was often a source of news as well as entertainment in the wild, isolated country.

Next, La Cantina focuses on the West, particularly Texas and the Southwest with the Mexican influence. The guitar-carrying, singing cowboy was responsible for the music of this area and time. Crabtree cites two reasons: "He was lonesome and the cattle knew his presence and were soothed by his music."

The Dixieland show picks up where saloons and cantinas left off. "This is where folk music became known as popular music," said Crabtree. "A great deal of it was from churches, and all of it has the influence of the country the people came from," he added.

Crabtree's "biggest show," "I Hear America Singing," is the greatest single attraction at Opryland. With eighteen performers and fourteen musicians, it traces the development of American popular music from the Jazz Age of the 20's to 1970. "It was the toughest to do -- to cover fifty years of music in one show," explained Crabtree.

His newest show at Opryland is "The Best in the Country," which features guest performers in the outdoor Eagle Lake Theatre. This feature has been added since the park opened in a continuing attempt to add attractions, he noted.

"The first object in all my shows is to entertain, but at the same time to be true to the kind of music we are representing," Crabtree said. "Naturally, tremendous research had to be done; and the biggest problem was which songs to use," he explained.

Of his latest endeavors in the entertainment field, Crabtree says: "Everyone connected with Opryland is very, very pleased with the reception of the park as a whole; and I am personally gratified at the reception my shows have had." Certainly, Paul Crabtree's work has provided the attractions which make Opryland unique.

But Crabtree is not new in the entertainment business. He grew up in Pulaski, Virginia, in the era when booster trips were popular. Small towns put together parades to take to neighboring towns as good-will gestures. Pulaski, however, had a variation of this tradition, producing an annual fireman's minstrel show, which toured the surrounding area. Crabtree got into the act when he was four years old, later becoming the show's mascot. He continued in the minstrel show every year and did numerous other amateur shows while in high school.

"The interest was always there," he recalls. His aunt, who played several musical instruments, taught him songs and thus aroused an early interest in music. Despite his background in local amateur theater, Crabtree remembers, "I had never really seen a show till I went to college." Attending Syracuse University in New York on scholarship, he was very active in the theater department there.

After college, Paul Crabtree, with thirteen dollars in his pocket, sought a stage career in New York City. Like others before and after him, he found that behind the glamour was a great deal of hard work and many disappointments.

"I had my money budgeted to last two weeks. If I didn't have a job then, I would have to go home," he said. Two weeks passed and still no job; but Crabtree was not ready to give up so he cashed in his return ticket. "That was really burning bridges," he laughed.

Then he landed a job as understudy and assistant manager with the road company of "Kiss and Tell," meeting his future wife among the cast.

● a feature by Janice Dobbins

The idea of using live entertainment interested Crabtree.

Now, he has five shows playing to thousands daily at Opryland

U.S.A. and "Tennessee U.S.A." is in its sixth season.

After that run ended, he was out of a job for three months. Then, he got a part in a Broadway show that flopped. "From there I went to another flop where Rogers and Hammerstein saw me and put me in 'Oklahoma'." Then, Paul Crabtree appeared in Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," receiving several awards for his "terrific man," the most interesting person he ever met. "I have always resented the biographies of him which depict him as surrounded by tragedy," he commented. "He was not a black, dark, tragic man as he is always pictured. He was quiet -- with a dry, Irish sense of humor ... a very kind, fascinating person," added Crabtree.

From Broadway, Crabtree drifted into television writing. In the early years, most shows originated live from New York, he explained. But in 1961, he moved to Hollywood, where he wrote twenty-one scripts for "The Loretta Young Show" as well as spots for "My Three Sons," "Bonanza," "Kraft Playhouse" and others.

During his distinguished career as writer, producer, and director, Paul Crabtree worked with such greats of show business as Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Chorton Heston, E.G. Marshall, Judith Anderson, and others. Of them, he says, "I found most of the big stars were really his people. They are seldom the flamboyant people written about. They are serious, hard-working professionals, who are big stars because they work at it," he commented.

He illustrated his point with Cloris Leachman, winner of this year's Academy Award for the best supporting actress for her role in "The Last Picture Show." Recognizing her outstanding talent, Crabtree gave Miss Leachman her first job. Puffing on a cigarette, he smiled wistfully as he recalled the wire he sent after the awards: "Congratulations, it took you twenty-seven years to make it."

What brought this successful writer, producer-director to Tennessee? "I got tired of the rat race," he explained. At one time, he and his wife operated the Playhouse in Palm Beach, Florida, during the season from Christmas to Easter. Driving from New York to Florida, they passed through Crossville, Tennessee, home of his wife's grandparents.

"I liked the mountains there and the rugged, pretty country," said Crabtree. When he decided to leave the pressure-filled world of Hollywood, he was working on a book with a small-town background. So the Crabtrees moved to Crossville.

But Crabtree's reputation preceded him there, and soon he was submerged in theater work again. It all began rather innocently when local school officials engaged Crabtree to put on shows in the junior and senior high schools. He wrote and produced a musical version of the Pinocchio story, "The Perils of Pinocchio", which set the town on fire," he recalls.

Newspapers from Nashville, Knoxville, and Chattanooga heard about the shows; and Crossville was soon receiving more publicity than the small town had ever had. As a result, Crabtree and the local citizens built the Cumberland County Playhouse, which opened in 1965. Crabtree knew that the 5,000 people of Crossville alone could not support the theater. "I was looking for a show to make the playhouse successful, knowing it would have to draw from the surrounding cities," he said. Thus, he wrote "Tennessee U.S.A."

Now, some 250 performances later, Crabtree's musical comedy is still quite popular with its Tennessee audiences. Opening weekend, however, was not so successful. In fact, Crabtree describes it as "disastrous." The first show was to a near-capacity crowd; but by the third performance, only fifteen people had bought tickets. Area newspaper columnists, who saw the show and liked it; wrote about the playhouse in Crossville and by the eleventh performance, it was sold out -- that and every show afterwards for three years.

"Tennessee U.S.A." ran for five consecutive summers until Crabtree closed it for two seasons, attempting to vary the offerings. "But the audience wouldn't let us," grinned the friendly writer as he raked his hand through a shock of wavy brown hair. In its sixth season, it is still going strong.

Aside from "Tennessee U.S.A.", Crabtree produces four of five other shows at Crossville each year. Because theater groups in the cities do recent plays, "it is hard to find shows to fit that playhouse and our audience," he explained. For this reason and to achieve variety, he writes many of them.

The entire Crabtree family of seven children is interested in theater in some way. "At one time all nine of us were in "Tennessee U.S.A.", he says. Jim, his oldest son, a MTSU graduate, now has his doctorate in directing from Yale and is a successful opera director. Thom, his next son, a senior architectural student at UT, designed all the scenery for "Tennessee U.S.A."; and his daughter Abigail, a sophomore at Austin Peay, appears in her father's "big show" at Opryland. While her husband is busy in Nashville Mary Crabtree directs the show at Crossville.

When asked about plans for the future, Paul Crabtree replies that the playhouse in Crossville will keep operating, and he will fulfill his three-year contract with Opryland. "I really don't think much farther ahead than that," he added.

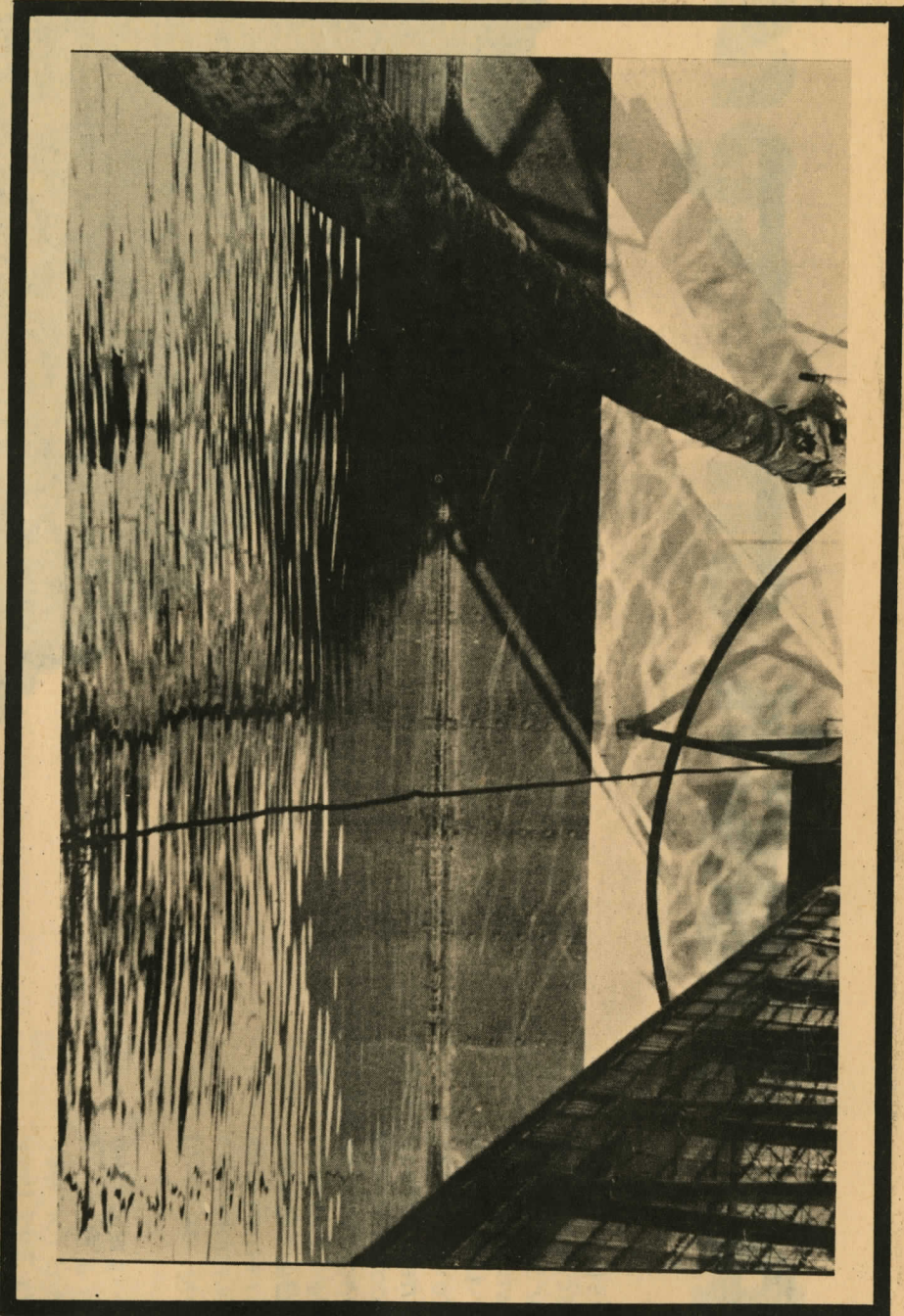
It is not surprising that Crabtree never really finished the book he came to Crossville to write. A short version of it has appeared under the title "Stories from Doble Creek", but somehow he hopes to finish it.

Paul Crabtree seems quite happy with his "quiet" life in Tennessee. Certainly, the thousands who enjoy his shows at Nashville and Crossville are grateful that this extraordinary, talented man has come their way.

DAYBREAK

The morning stillness
Greet the
blazing sun as
it softly blankets
The cool earth.
Gentle rays of
Pulsing warmth
Rush down to
Beckon the
Earth to come
Alive.
Come out of your
Dark night
Into the
Outspread arms
Of morn itself.
Listen to the
Music of winds
Blowing from the sea.

Rachel Apple



and in the dawn's wake
a gentle touch
was the sweetest
lullabye of all.

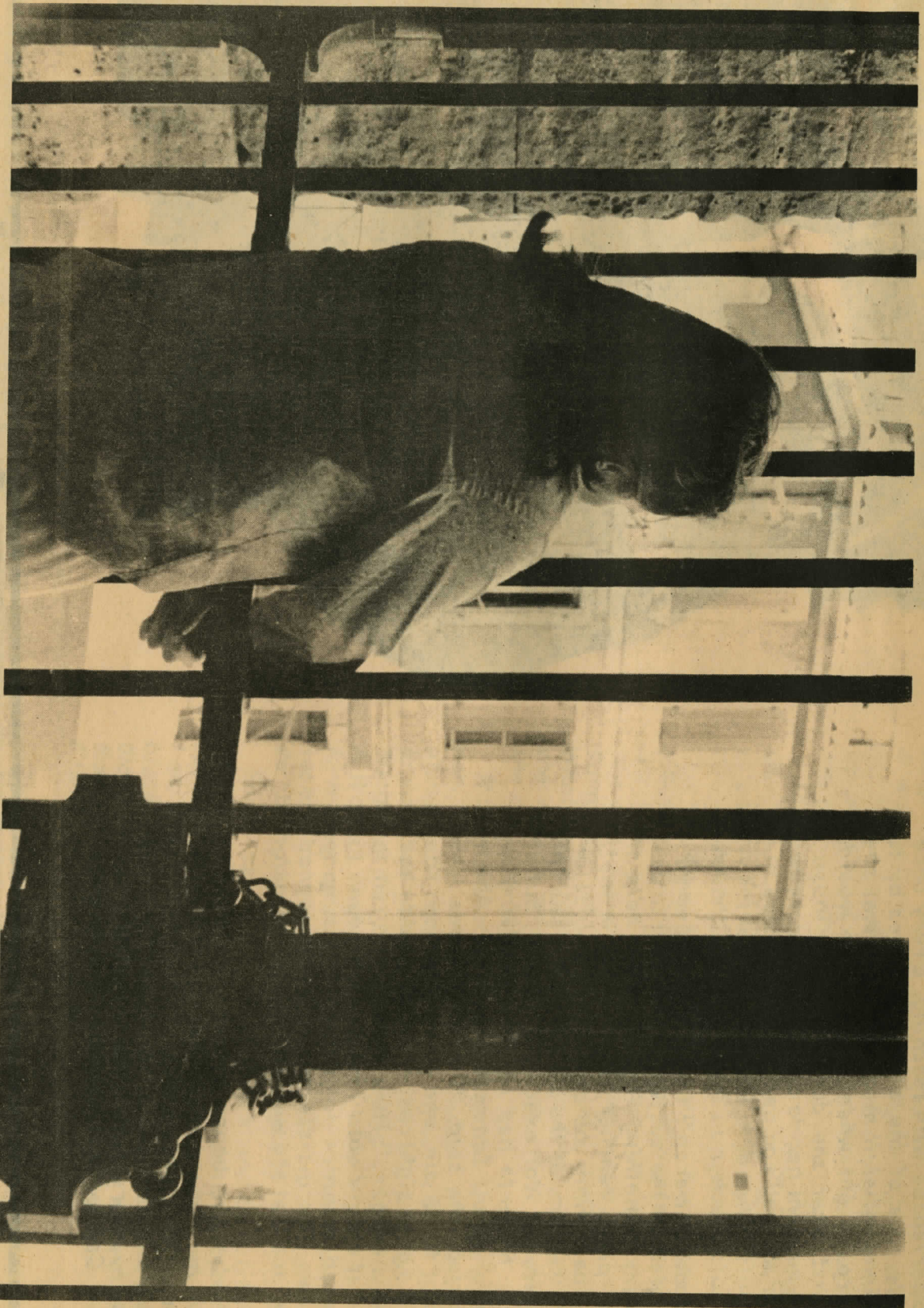
pam burnley

Reaching is very
hard to do when
the goal is unknown.
To grasp an object
which doesn't exist is to
accomplish a task
which wasn't.

Lainey Jones

It's mysterious
how in a sanctimonious place
I allow my face to flood
And my shiny dreams to rust
And condemn that faithful lust
And lay guilt-ridden our trust.

Anne Mary



Roberta Flack — — she

It's hard to say what she does best-- hammer her piano until she makes it scream, or use her voice to slide all the way through you. They say she's a jazz-folksinger who can get into rhythm and blues at the same time. Roberta Flack is just now coming into her own, which is why you haven't heard of her unless you keep up with the "new" blues coming out of clubs all around the country. Once you've heard her, it's still hard to believe what she can do with her voice. Songwriters Burt Bacharach and Hal David raved over her renditions of "Alfie" and "Walk On By". For an unknown of a year ago, this is fast travelling, even in the Washington, D. C. circuit.

At age eighteen, Roberta Flack was walking away from Howard University with a B.A. in music education. It was never meant for her to teach, though. She loved the kids and they loved her, but for some strange reason, the officials on the school board kept coming up with complaints. Like, why did she have to let the students call her Roberta? Didn't she know she was getting too familiar with them? Miss Flack understated her case for trying to reach the student body of an all-white school when she explained, "I'd rather be called Roberta than fat, funky black bitch." This too close association continued when she began to teach in Washington. She was pelted with apples as she went to her first teaching assignment at Alice Deal Junior High in the District. She also believes she was one of the first blacks inside the building besides the janitor.

She describes herself as "a child, out in the world for the first time", in reference to these early experiences with teaching. Every once in a while, one of the students comes by to let her know what it meant to them that she tried to reach out when no one else would. That's just what she does with her music, whether you want her to or not--- she reaches out and grabs you and can turn you inside out if she wants. This didn't come from being an 18-year-old teacher in the D.C. area, though.

Her students weren't the only ones becoming alienated by the system, and Roberta decided to try something else. With the help of her first piano teacher, (believe-it-or-not) she got a part-time job as an accompanist for the opera singers at the old Tivoli Restaurant in Georgetown. Not exactly Fillmore, but at this time, Roberta had no idea of giving up teaching for a full-time singing career. About this first job, she said, "I loved it-it was like a breath of fresh air, and great training. You had to be a good sight reader, and I could read sight like a breeze." This was all going on in 1962, and it wasn't until 1965 that she began to devote each summer to playing and singing on her own. She insists that it just happened that way, and that she was still enjoying teaching.

Inevitably, she began to imagine a singing career in her future, and ended up in clubs all over town, five nights a week, with the school board tearing its hair out. In May of 1967, she was hired by Henry Jaffe of Mr. Henry's Downstairs on Capitol Hill. Goodbye teaching ca-



sings the "new blues"

reer. At this point, it would take Atlantic two years to find out about her and get her first album out.

In 1966, Roberta married Steve Novosel. Her brother refused to give her away. (Steve wasn't a Brother.) Roberta says he had forgotten that their grandfather was white. She says, "Some people draw some very negative conclusions and it hurts to be ostracized by both blacks and whites, even though we can say it's the sickness of other people we have to feel sorry for. They call him honky, or they say, 'They must be on dope' or 'She's taking care of him'-- I just can't go into all the things they say. We don't listen. We love each other and that's what's important." Steve is a bass player and doesn't approve of Roberta's career because "it puts a crust on a woman", but he doesn't interfere.

Roberta Flack obviously didn't start out to be a singer and she has not become an overnight success. She did come from a musical family and took up piano at age four, winning contests at age thirteen and beginning college with a scholarship at fifteen... she's been living fast and hard all her life, and it comes through in her voice.

Jerry Butler say, "We met and I knew at once here was a person who had loved much and been hurt much, a person very sensitive and motherly, a woman with all the mystic of a woman and the added mystic of genius."

When I first heard Roberta Flack's "First Take" album, all I could think of was how she could take any song in the world and when she sings it, it comes out blues, no matter what it was before. That's probably a little much, but that's exactly what gets across. She sings anything from B.B. King to Bob Dylan and everything in between.

"First Take" encompasses "Angelitos Negros" ("Black Angels"), "I Told Jesus", and a gorgeous rendition of "Ballad of the Sad Young Men," in which you'd swear her voice itself is weeping. Far beyond the "First Take" album is "Chapter Two". On "Chapter Two", she goes into "The Impossible Dream" with her own style, which is refreshing, but nothing like her version of Jim Webb's "Do What You Gotta Do", or "Reverend Lee", when she moans and wails through every emotion she could possibly convey.

Roberta Flack is one of the few artists who completely destroys any thought of singing along with her recordings. This is from her to you, and you just wouldn't want to hear anything but that voice. With Dylan's "Just Like A Woman," which is probably her finest performance on the "Chapter Two" album, there seems to be nothing but her voice and throbbing bass cajoling the melody.

Some say she's what Black and Beautiful really is. That is already evident, but she says, "I want to be singer, not a black singer. I am black. I grew up in a lower middle-class black home. I think black is beautiful, but there is so much gorgeous music in the world that has nothing to do with black." And Roberta Flack can sing it all. ●



Symbiosis

Night was settling down around the old trailer. Above the sky was like a deepening mat of gray. Off to the west, the sun's Parthian shot came rose and orange through a gap between two foreign hills. The old trailer, sitting there on the gently rising slope seemed out of place somehow, but at the same time completed an illusion of serenity.

For a moment a ray from the falling sun pierced the distant foliage and created one of those brilliantly pulsing stars of light that are often found pinioned and dead on Christmas cards.

One of the boys in the dusty black MG saw it as its animated limbs retracted in dejection, and for a moment he felt something akin to awe.

The driver touched the brake pedal and nosed the little car onto the grass at the edge of the dirt road. The old man was sitting out on the rocks that served as his front steps. His hand drifted up in a lazy gesture of greeting. They waved back. Jim, the driver, opened his door and stepped out. Stan, lolling in the other seat, canted his head and said, "It's going to fall off someday."

Jim grinned and looked at the piles of rocks that gave the facing side of the old trailer its perch. "And great will be the fall thereof."

They laughed together. In earlier times they had speculated idly on slipping out some night and pulling free a few flat stones, but it had never been more than idle speculation.

Over a year had wandered past since they first began coming here. One day a shy, desultory flirtation with transcendentalism had prodded them into self-conscious drive in the country. They had driven along looking at the trees and things and wished separately that they could feel something while warily keeping an eye on each other for phoniness. Then the temperature gauge had begun registering "hot" and they had pulled to a stop in front of the old trailer.

The old man had drawn water for the car, and it had seemed that he wanted them to stay and talk. And on a whim, and since their meagre desire for nature's communion had been frustrated, they had stayed.

It had been a curious afternoon. They had slouched on the grass and talked about politics and farming and literature and a multitude of other equally desperate subjects. They had been taken by the curious mixture of the old man's speech: a mixture of farmer's drawl and school teacher's didacticism.

He told them that he was retired and alone. He liked to read, he said. Eugene Burdick and Zane Grey were his favorite authors.

They had exchanged glances and laughed secretly at the pretentiousness of the old bird.

At any rate, they had remained until well after dark, lying back on the grass and talking. While driving back to the campus, they had felt subtly withdrawn and contented.

A week later, again at loose ends, they had lain in their room and sparred around for something to do. When the old man was mentioned, they were both aroused, and talked a little. Stan mentioned how he had talked funny and tried to impress them, and Jim laughed.

They had gone out and gotten into the car while excitement plunged with apprehension.

The old man was exuberant at their arrival and they were all glad and proud. After that their visits had become a little more than a distraction.

"Evening, boys."

"Evening, Mr. Tingle," Stan said.

"You boys coming late. I've been expecting you."

"You know how it is," Stan shrugged.

"Sure, sure," the old man nodded. "Well, get some dirt and sit awhile."

Stan upended a galvanized bucket and Jim dropped to the grass and lay back to watch the darkening sky.

"How you make out on them tests?"

"Pretty good," Stan said.

"Maybe," Jim cautioned without turning his head.

"They're over, anyway."

"I reckon so," the old man said.

They sat feeling the night for a while, letting the dissonant sounds of twilight resolve themselves into harmony. A feather wind was blowing just enough to dangle a few strands of loose hair over Stan's forehead.

He pushed them away. "You been making out okay?"

"Oh, sure sure," the old man nodded, his face lost in shadows. "What's to go wrong out here?"

Night edged in around them.

Finally, Jim grew tired of waiting for the old man.

"Did you get it?" he asked.

The old man rocked for a moment, then leaned back expansively against the trailer.

"Oh, I got that book Martha Simpson's been noiding out," he said slyly. "I swear that dodderly old maid's been keeping that book out for three months."

"Sure you did," Jim said, excitement draining his body.

The old man was teasing them. That meant that he had gotten it.

"Then my ride wasn't ready, so I went on down by the lumber yard..."

The old man leaned forward slowly.

"Well...?" Stan said, exasperated.

"They must be getting tired of me bothering them..."

he paused, reflecting deeply "reckon that's why they got it in."

"You've got it!"

"Sure did," the old man answered happily.

"Where?"

"Right inside here," he said, rapping the trailer door with his knuckles.

"No kidding!" Stan said.

Jim sorted out his feelings. What if, now that they had it, it wasn't what they wanted? What if there was something wrong with it?

He was apprehensive and there was a curious feeling of being let down.

The old man had been proudly showing them the minute progress he was making on his model. It was an enormous clipper ship that almost filled the front of his trailer. They had examined it, and had been truly fascinated by the intricate fragile detail.

Stan had looked around and asked, "Where is the figurehead?"

"Figurehead...?" the old man had questioned.

"Sure, the figurehead," Stan had said, and they had proceeded to tell him all that they knew of figureheads and a lot that they didn't.

Stan had finished, "It's like a good luck charm. You've got to have one, Mr. Tingle, or the "Betsy" won't be authentic."

The old man had pondered for a moment. "A naked girl, you say?" And they had looked at each other and grinned slyly...shyly.

● a short story by ivan shewmoke

After that the old man had had to decide on the wood, and then it had been necessary to carefully go over a number of Playboy fold outs, thoughtfully provided by Stan, to decide on a suitable anatomy. Several happy afternoons had been spent discussing, critically, various dimensions with a cold, craftsman-like detachment. "She'll have to have big teetes," the old man had concluded, and they agreed professionally.

"Let's see it," Stan said impatiently.

"Well, all right. Hold your horses, now."

He reached inside the trailer door and brought out a good sized block of wood. He handed it through the darkness.

Stan took it and held it close to his face and rubbed it with his hand. "By God!" he said, "Ain't that something!"

"Just right," the old man said to them. "Soft enough to carve easy, but it'll hold its shape good and come out smooth."

Stan passed it to Jim. It was too dark to see well, but it wasn't necessary. The block was light, so light you had to squeeze it harder than was needed to be sure it was there, and rough, rough like the feel of a new sweater on the first date with a very special girl.

He rubbed it along his cheek and brought it to his lips. His eyes were misted over and the stars had a warm blurred appearance, as though they were altogether happy with the whole thing.

"Kind of gets to you, don't it?" the old man asked.

"Hell, no!" Jim said, jerking the piece of wood away from his face. "Smell's funny, that's all."

"Sure," the old man said calmly, "smells good. Good like the country."

"Crap! It's a piece of wood."

"Have it your own way."

Suddenly something had gone out of the night. It had an eerie, threatening feeling, as though its benevolence had given way to something sinister.

"What the hell!" Jim said, realizing he still held the block of wood. He passed it back quickly. "It's like everything else."

"I reckon you got a point," the old man said sharply.

"You boys are too quick for an old man."

He took the wood and passed it back through the trailer door. There was a long, loud silence.

Finally, the old man asked quietly, "What're you boys going to do this summer?"

"Work, I guess," Stan said.

Jim was feeling sorry about his outburst.

"That's too bad."

"Why?"

"We... I been thinking. I'd like to take a trip out west this summer. Get an old car and drive around and see things. Not be going anyplace in particular, just looking over anything that looked like it was worth looking over."

"What's that got to do with us?" Jim said, wanting the old man to ask them, wanting to be absolved.

"Seeing as how I don't drive so good anymore, I was thinking maybe you boys could go along and chauffeur an old man around." He paused and waited for one of them to answer.

"Naw," Stan said reluctantly, "We got things to do."

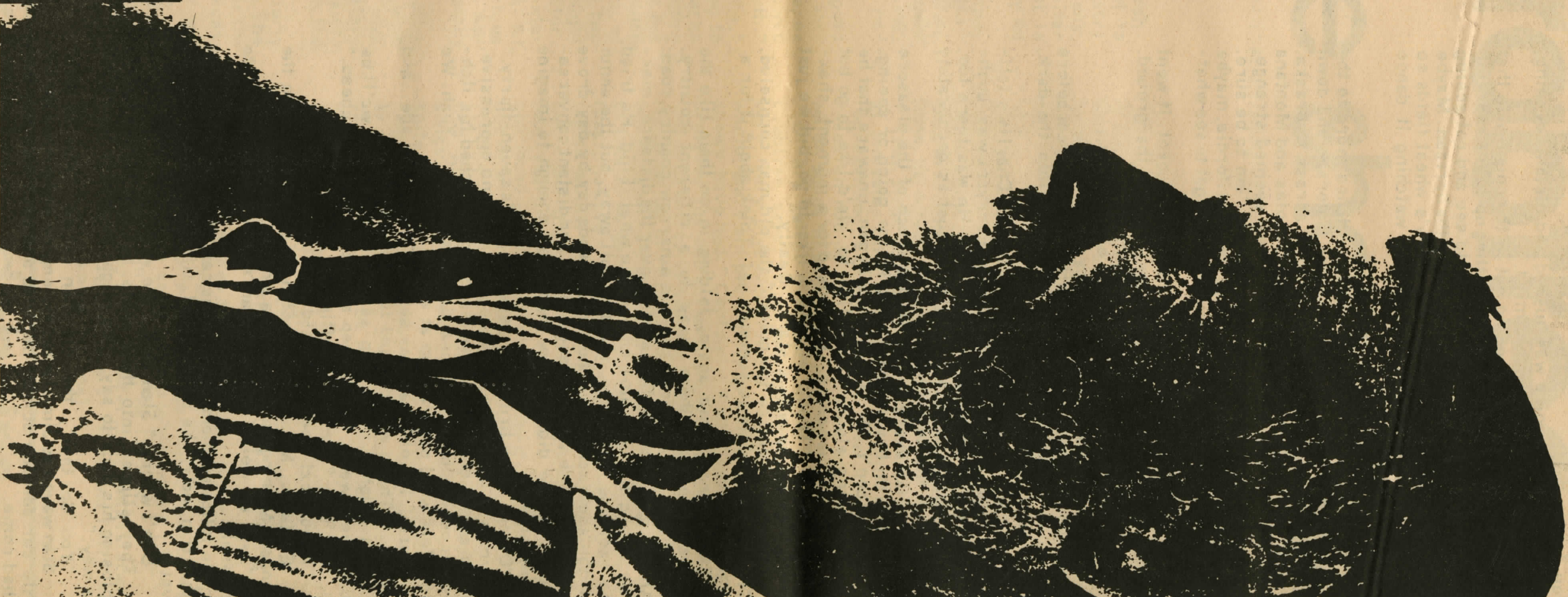
"You need money that bad?"

"Yeah...well, not to go to school, maybe," Stan decided.

"But there are other things," Jim said.

"Yeah," Stan agreed slowly.

"Now hold on a minute!" the old man began. "Before you say no, let me tell you how we'd do. Now here's how I got it figured. I'd buy a pretty good old car, and we'd load it up with camping things so we could camp out if we wanted. Then we'd head out slow and easy, for Kansas,



I figure. They say that country's God's pool table, flat as it can be, and the wind blows all the time, so you can never get up in the morning without it whispering around you."

The old man's voice was hushed and distant, droning, like the wind that was in his mind.

"I've thought about sleeping out in the country in that wind a lot of times," he said. "Getting up in the morning early and looking off as far as I could see and not seeing nothing but some trees way off toward the horizon. Maybe find a big wheat field-they say there's wheat fields so big you can't see across them-and watching it dance and catch the morning sun."

He paused, letting them catch up.

"Then," he continued in a voice pitched more to the present, "we could head out across Colorado and down into New Mexico. Or we could go north across Nebraska. I never knew such places like the Dakotas and Montana were part of the United States. They seemed strange, foreign places. I'd like to go look at 'em to be sure."

"After that, whatever you boys say, California, maybe or Canada. Just so we had a good time and got to see whatever caught our fancy."

Stan was rocking back and forth on the bucket. It went crunch and rattled everytime the rim hit the ground.

Then in a soft voice he was singing:

Four strong winds that blow lonely,

Seven seas that run dry...

The wind came up stronger, waiting around them before carrying the sounds of night creatures into the dark, star-speckled sky.

But in his mind, Jim saw Stan sitting in Charlie's telling the hangers-on about their trip. Everyone was laughing and wishing they could have gone. He was there too, talking just as loud and mimicking just as desperately to share in the adulation.

It was like everything else, too much of the pleasure would be in having been, not in the going or seeing.

"No we can't, Mr. Tingle," he began, unaware that he was speaking aloud. "We'd like to, we'd like to go but we can't, we just can't." He paused for a moment, shaking his head. "That's all. We'd like to go, but we just can't." He sat up with a start. "Really."

"Now don't decide too quick," the old man counseled. "It's a good while to summer yet. Think about it for a while."

The silence came again, folding in on them like the breeze, bearing them away to a different country.

Jim say an old gray car and a narrow country road. Ahead, dusk was casting a spell over the distance, making it beg him to come on and see what it hid. He tried to exorcise the image, tried to pull away, but the ennui of the same school and the same friends day by day drove him on. There were strange towns and distant conversations, but he didn't know them well enough to imagine them clearly.

"Damn!" Stan broke the reveries. "It's seven-thirty."

Jim was glad, The night was too near and oppressive. He glanced up at the sullen moon and scratched his itching mosquito bites. He heard Stan saying, "... Yeah. We told 'em we'd pick 'em up at eight."

"Sure," the old man was saying, "boys your age...and girls..." There was no need for elaboration.

Stan laughed. "You can say that again. But we'll be back next week. Got to keep an eye on that figurehead."

"Let's go," Jim said, getting up.

"About next week-" the old man began.

"Gotta go, Mr. Tingle," Stan said, starting down the slope. "Nothing so fierce as a woman scorned."

"Just as well," the old man seemed to be saying to himself.

He followed them down to the car. "Keep your mind on that trip, now," he admonished, life flowing back into his voice.

"Don't worry," Stan said. "We will."

They slipped into their seats, but Stan turned before closing his door to say, "We might be able to figure out a way."

"You do that", the old man called. "You do that."

Stan waved as Jim started the engine and gunned the little car adroitly across the road and back they way they had come.

The old man was left standing by the side of the road,

a pillar of grayness huddled with his land. "Wonder if he's still waving," Stan thought.

The headlights hazed the road, leaving potholes and ruts invisible, but Jim's foot held the speedometer on fifty-five.

Stan decided he felt like the insides of a "shake well" medicine bottle being shook. He was amused by the thought, but he said, "Hey! Slow down a little."

"I'm driving," Jim replied.

They came to where the dirt road joined the blacktop. Jim hardly slowed before hitting the highway in a sickening swirl of speed that left the rear wheels fishtailing.

"Ease off, man!"

"Shut up!"

"What's bugging you?"

"You led the old man on," Jim said.

"Led him on?"

"About going with him."

"Christ! Is that all?"

Jim didn't answer.

"We could," Stan said after a moment.

"You know we can't."

"We could," Stan insisted.

"Shut up."

"Let's don't get too sanctimonious," Stan said.

Road signs lit up for the slashing headlights, marking the edges of their tunnel. To the sides, the darker shadows of trees and buildings caught for a moment and then pinged past.

"I wasn't leading him on," Stan said seriously.

"I suppose you were serious?"

"Big deal!" Stan answered.

"Would you like to get busted in the mouth?" Jim said.

Stan watched the surging road whip under them. The brilliant white of the dividing line leapt hypnotically at the front of the car. "Not especially," he answered, uncowed.

A blazing sign invited everyone to Try the Big One. it fled by so fast that Stan couldn't catch which big what.

The sky was cloudy. There were blue-gray shaded patterns scurrying across the orange juice moon.

"Okay," Stan said. "You're right. But I'd like to do it."

I'd like to go with that old man..." He waited for Jim to say something. "...but I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep," he concluded rather lamely.

A big, high riding tractor-trailer rig lumbered past going the opposite direction followed by the skittering lights of a car being held in check on the twisting road.

"When I think of spending my whole summer in that office filing papers," Stan reflected, "I get sick."

Then after a moment, "Hey, you ever notice how wierd we act when we're out here?"

"I'm going," Jim said.

"It's wierd," Stan continued. "Must be something they put in the mashed potatoes."

"I'm going," Jim said.

"What?" Stan asked absently.

"I'm going with the old man."

"Sure you are."

"I'm going," Jim repeated, determination weighting his voice.

"You aren't going," Stan said, but he believed Jim. And he felt cheated, or at least tricked. "You won't."

"Just watch!" Jim said. "Just hide and watch!" slamming the steering wheel with his hand.

Jim must have jerked the wheel over a few inches. But at the speed they were going, it was enough to drop the right front tire off the blacktop and onto the dew-slicked shoulder.

He almost got it back on the road, but the rubber skidded on the buildup of tar and gravel and the steering wheel was jerked from his hand. The rear end swept around majestically. The car continued its wing until, just to the rear of Jim's door, it met and sheared the warning pole that marked a small culvert.

The front end was already dropping. The left front wheel slipped into the ditch that drained the culvert and the car canted quickly and turned over. On its top, it skidded across the ditch and bounced up the low rise on the far side, continuing on across the narrow strip of grass.

Most of its momentum was gone, but it managed to clip one fence post and bend another one badly. It stopped at

an odd angle-half on its side-in a recently plowed field. Through some small miracle, one of the headlights still burned. It was almost buried in the ground, but little wavelets of light seeped out through the loose dirt. Jim had felt the sliver of glass for a moment, and he would have cried.

The second patrol car came careening up on its siren and slashing red beacon. The patrolman got out and hurried over to where another officer stood writing before the lights of a parked car.

Someone had stuck three distress flares along the side of the road. They sputtered, bathing the small knots of onlookers in hideous reds and yellows and blues.

"Bad one, huh?" the late arrival asked.

"Two boys, both dead," the other one answered. The first officer ran his eyes over the torn path the little car had taken.

"Damn fool kids," he said. "Must have been going seventy." He was shaking his head. "Just don't care whether they live or die."

"Yeah," the one writing said, closing his notebook. "Well, the show's over. Let's get rid of these people. It's starting to sprinkle."

They moved off to disperse the yammering audience. The misting rain began to come down harder.

The honking horn brought the old man out of the trailer and down the slope to the road. The beige Ford waited patiently.

The rain of the night before had freshened everything. There were little puddles everywhere and the grass glistened green and healthy. It was such a good smelling morning the old man felt like hugging himself.

"Got your check," the mailman called.

The old man accepted the extended envelope and receipt pad. He signed and handed the pad back.

"You're about the only one gets registered mail on my route," the mailman said. "Regular, anyway."

"Yeah. But they tell me by the office you're leaving?"

"Oh yes," the old man said. "We're going on a little trip."

"We?"

"My son and I. He should be down today or tomorrow."

"Don't believe I ever saw him."

"No, he works in the city," the old man said. "We're going to spend his vacation touring the west together."

"Expect that'll be nice," the mailman said, "but I could of given you one of them cards. You didn't need to go all the way to town to fill one of them change of address cards."

"No trouble, I was in town Wednesday afternoon after you brought the letter."

The mailman leaned across his bundles of mail and looked up the hill at the old trailer. "Reckon you'll be coming back this way?"

"I don't expect so."

The mailman nodded, then looked levelly at the old man. "I reckon it's none of my business, but some of us wonder why a big man from New York would live out here in a beat up old trailer."

The old man appeared puzzled.

The mailman winked. "You cash them checks," he said. People are bound to talk."

The old man chuckled.

"I reckoned since you were leaving I'd ask. No offense."

"No, no," the old man assured him. "It isn't important. Just an idea I had before I retired."

"I know what you mean," the mailman confided. "Want to travel around and do some fishing myself. Lots of places I never been."

"Something like that," the old man agreed.

"You taking the trailer?"

"Oh yes."

"Too bad. Thought I might buy it off you if the price was right."

"No, no. It goes with me." The old man smiled and shook his head slowly, noticing where his knee had brushed the dust from the side of the car, exposing the richer brown beneath.

"Well, I reckon you know what you want. You say this'll be your last day?"

"Today or tomorrow. As soon as my son gets here with the car."

"Sorry to see you go. You made things more interesting."

"There'll be something else."

"Yeah. Well you take it easy and drive careful. There was a bad wreck down the road last night." He waited for the old man to show some interest, but when none was forthcoming, he finished, "Two boys in one of them little foreign cars. Killed 'em both deader'n a mackerel. I seen the place on the way out. Car's still there."

The old man's face was ashen. "What kind of car?"

"Dunno. Beat all to hell."

"What color?"

"Black."

The old man turned and went up the hill, his broad back hunched into the skyline.

"Good luck..." the mailman called, his voice trailing off on the end. "You don't reckon it was somebody he knowed?" he asked himself. Then he shrugged and shook his head and pulled the gear shift into first and eased off on his appointed rounds.

The old man pulled himself through the trailer door. For a moment it seemed as if he might fall, but his legs stiffened and held him upright. His eyes fell on the ship resting proudly against the front wall. He began to cry. He wouldn't be sending it back to them. They wouldn't have any need of it. Bits of remembrance began to cascade into his mind.

"Oh, dear God?" he begged loudly.

But the trip...? maybe they were thinking about the trip... maybe that made it easier for them, cushioned it. His mind fastened on that.

He picked up the golden block or wood that rested on the table by the door, caressed it with his rough hands. It, the feel of it, sent rage tearing through his body, ripping at his brain. He clutched both ends, animal sound coming from his throat, and brought it down across his knee-smashing it again and again until it broke.

"Dear God?" he implored, bringing his hands over his head and hurling the pieces into the ship's spider-webbed rigging, snapping the tiny threads brutally. "Oh dear God!"

The obsequy over, he dropped into a chair and cried awhile. ●

AMERICAN POET-HISTORIAN: SUNDAY MORNING

Arise to the pulsing-red dawn,
And the moans of mutilated bodies
Faintly sensed across the water.

"Wash your hands, kids."
Gird your children's eyes with holiness,
Prepare them to confront the infidels.

Down your red-thick toast to victory,
Slice your steak from spoils of love,
Bend your sword in thanks to Bountiful Christ,
From Whom all blessings flow.

George Kerrick

Fine linen threads
Woven into lovely patterns,
Beige Belgian lace
Lovingly handled . . .
We smile across quiet moments-
Contented.
Fine linen threads
Woven into lovely patterns,
Beige Belgian lace
Lovingly handled . . .

*kn*tempelmeyer





por maria

now
at the time of death
its really not too bad

the day is filled with things
which must be done
and with people
who must be thanked for being so . . .

by night you are so worn
that only a thimbleful of tears
are enough to cry yourself to sleep with

even
at the time of the funeral
you dont really feel it

everyone must speak
and you must listen
and the choir must sing
and you try to grasp the words

and at the grave
you try hard not to think
about what the plastic grass is hiding
or pretending to hide
but, instead think

its so lovely it would be
on a day like today with the leaves
and grass and sky just the way . . .

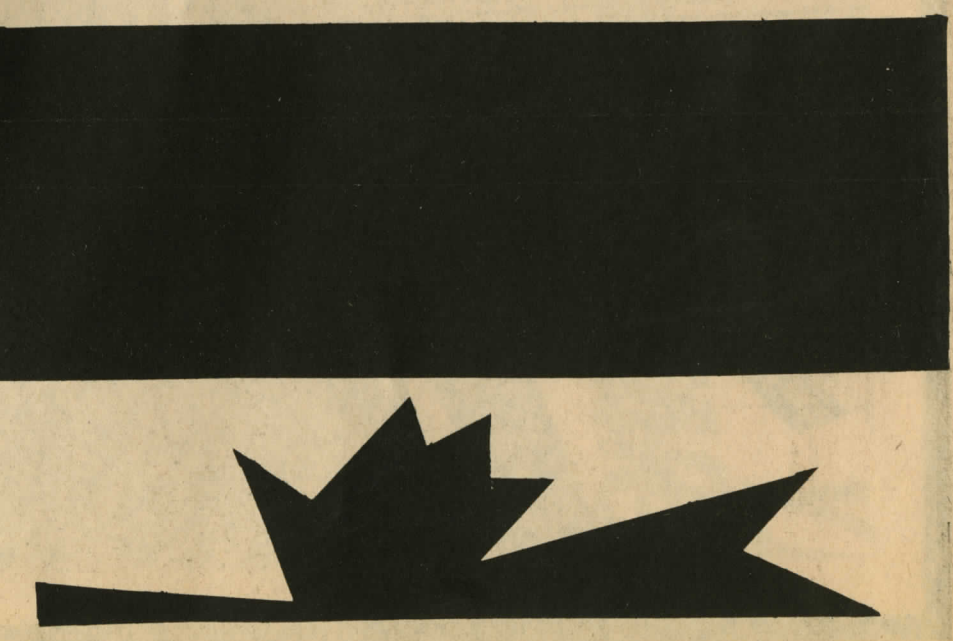
but
after the funeral
comes the lonely part
when the house suddenly seems much too big
and you cant fill up the bed
even if you sprawl out as far as you can
and your hands always cook twice as much
as you could possibly eat
and you catch yourself half turning
with words on your lips
and no one to speak them to

because all the relatives
having nothing left (if they only knew)
to do and not wanting (an empty hand is so lonely)
to be in the way
get in their cars and drive away
thinking about what is to be done at home
and you are left behind
having no strong arm to be put around your
and no quiet voice to say in your ear
lets go home now dear

because you are home

joel neely

Canada: land of the maple leaf



Canada is alive and pulsating, growing and materializing with such fervor that one can almost feel the vibrations as far south as Tennessee. It seems that Canada, long ignored by the rest of the world, has been left unstained by much of man's staleness, suffering only the young and the bold. This type of man was first attracted to the Canadian front-staleness, suffering only the young and the bold. This type of man was first attracted to the Canadian frontier of snow and evergreen, and his spirit still lives in Canada today.

Canada is a land where all people live in harmony. Here pedestrian is king---one can hitch-hike and pick up riders without any danger. It's a land where one can ski on Mount Garbage; where all auto mechanics are trained and licensed; and where tax money is spent on education and public service rather than the military.

It's a bi-lingual country. One can hear strains of French intermingling with the distinct Canadian English. Although, French is primarily spoken in the province of Quebec, it can be heard scattered throughout Canada. French and English are taught in all schools. Thus this cultural pluralism greatly enriches Canadian life.

It was on my recent visit to Toronto that I became aware of the country and its people. The first thing to strike me was flying into the country via Air Canada. As soon as one picks

up his boarding pass he is, for the remainder of his visit, primed and overwhelmed with bright red maple leaves on a white background. Canadians are proud of their country, being so patriotic that there is always a flag in sight. They are in front of businesses, homes, on labels, painted on walls, worn from head to foot, cherished and loved by all. I first thought of it as funny, but soon the spirit of the maple leaf engulfed me. That red maple leaf has a power that when once absorbed it always holds a part of your heart.

One would think that there could be very little shocking about a city with a population of over two million. I was shocked: no smog (Canadians look at our large cities and prefer prevention rather than cure, no litter (the people are proud of their city), nor crime (thirty deaths by crime last year forced a crack-down because of the large number), friendly, courteous people (why not?), no slums (the government and the people work together to make life comfortable and happy), new and clean building, public facilities, parks, and downtown grass, trees and flowers. The loveliness of Toronto in all respects is awe-inspiring. Why? Have you ever tried to compare Toronto to an American city of comparable size? There is no comparison.

The people of Canada have universal origins from all parts of the

world. They are proud of their country, their lives and each other. There is no compromising, everyone lives for Canada. Everyone lives to be loyal, whole Canadians. Canadians are in transition for they are trying to build (and/or realize) their own individual culture.

In attempting to build their own society, Canadians have branched out in diverse areas to create better systems. Take education for an example. Schools in Canada are very advanced and more than adequate. More money is available and therefore, better facilities. During the course of schooling, one chooses a college program or a university program. For the college bound student, twelve years education (similar to the same years in the States) are required. In college one learns a specific trade or skill with a combination of classroom and on-the-job training in less than four years. Universities are similar to those in the States, yet the preparation differs. Thirteen years of education are required for entrance. The additional year advances the student along the general direction of what he will encounter in a university.

Other examples of Canadian diversity are numerous. Doctors and dentists are paid by the government rather than by individuals. Food, children's clothing and medicines are not taxed. The military is voluntary and small, and taxes are to

● a feature by don merritt

benefit the public by providing parks, schools, libraries, neighborhood recreation centers, and so forth.

Perhaps the biggest threat to the Canadian ethos is the slow and subtle process of Americanization. Much of Canadian business and industry are branches of American companies. For instance, Canada doesn't produce any automobiles of their own - all automobile plants are branches of foreign based companies. Television stations are rare and not as technically advanced as those in the States. Thus a heavy reliance on American programming. Many chain businesses have branches in Canada under the same name or a very similar one. Many jobs that require a high degree of specialization are held by Americans because Canadians have not the opportunity to obtain as high a degree of specialization as their American counterparts. There is some feeling among Canadians that the States are slowly strangling their country. Therefore the governmental bureaucracy of the States is highly resented as Canadians strive even harder not to lose their identities.

However, Canadians are no longer looking to States for cues at how to conduct their foreign policies, how to vote in the United Nations, and how they should not act. Canadians are feeling their own nationhood.

Canada is a wonderful land - excitingly new! A fantastic future awaits a country so spirited and promising. Maple leaves forever! ●

The Day: A Summary

Maybe
The bed faced north when I got up,
Or the kids ate breakfast
And kept it down long enough for the tapeworms
To get their fair chance for survival,
Or the bitch wasn't in heat,
Or the car was still alive in the killing cold--

Or maybe
I failed to remember
Asian children dressing this morning in jellied gasoline
Donated by massive national effort
And air-lifted by American pilots
Risking fragile but heroic lives, from 60,000 feet--
Or it might have been that
I heard no news at all that day--

Whatever it was,
The day was strangely lovely,
Even in its loneliness,
Almost all day.

George Kerrick

BROWN LABEL

O cracked cement doll
come, who plays your time?
the dread feet of the clock,
vestigial, collids through a brutal wad
of dancing;
When many men saw you smile.
Where many men left you grossly smiling.

We found you, hiding;
I found you, among the winds and
 machine,

I said, you said,
"love"
you said, she said, you said,
"time, the sealless river, crepuscular,
beats the hour alive."

Cracked a brain a birth,
Cracked eyes an ear, she said, she said,
Cracked delusion a tonal death,
 you said,

O wheel! what a love is falling, falling,
the rose is laughing, always laughing
no avail, no avail
the snick in a hobby horse tail.

Steve Thompson

BLACK



POWER

"Black Power is a cry of disappointment...It is a cry of daily hurt and persistent pain...Black Power is a reaction to the failure of white power." Martin Luther King, Jr.

Black Power evolved as a facet of the American civil rights movement when, in 1966, Stokely Carmichael first raised the slogan in reaction to the assassination attempt on the life of James Meredith. Since its conception, Black Power has been broadly interpreted and connotes various meanings to various segments of American society. To some, it means the violence used by blacks against whites.

To others, it means that whites should no longer carry the burden of the civil rights movement. An attitude of hatred toward whites and proposals to establish a separate black nation have also been associated with the Black

Power movement. To many Negroes, Black Power means, "Before a group can enter open society, it must first close ranks."

This concept is not new in the American civil rights arena. Black Power is merely a new name given to the policies advocated by such black leaders as W.E. B. DuBois and Marcus Garvey. Black Power combines the beliefs of racial pride and organization. It is a statement that black Americans should develop an attitude of self-pride and dignity. It means that black people must not be ashamed of the fact that they are a minority group culturally and physically different from that of the white majority. Black Power, as the Harlem Renaissance, places emphasis on historical and cultural contributions of the black population to the American way of life.

Before the awareness brought about by black studies, most Americans seemed only to be aware of the fact that Negroes were once slaves and that even after their

● an interpretation by bill bennett

emancipation their lives were suppressed, first in the South and later in northern ghettos. Black Power points out the fact that many black people overcame numerous obstacles to achieve great accomplishments in government, athletics, education and the arts and sciences. It is necessary for the Negro to know of these great accomplishments, as this knowledge permits the Negro to take pride in himself and in his race. It gives black children hope and permits them to believe that they too can be successful; it gives them a successful model after which they can pattern their lives.

The organizational aspect of Black Power operates on the premise that in a large, pluralistic society, such as the United States, people function more effectively if they organize themselves into special interest groups that will espouse their goals and needs. It assumes that black Americans will achieve politically and economically to the extent they are able to organize and bargain collectively. This is the same formula that other racial and ethnic groups have successfully employed in American society. Black Power means that Negroes must recognize the need to control their organizations, to be the point of excluding others, but to ensure the most effective representation of their interests. If understood in this context, Black Power is not racism or racial hatred, it is the finest tradition of healthy pluralism. Black Power advocates point out that Negroes must share equitably not only in the goods and services of

society--jobs, houses, and education--but also in the distribution of decision-making power.

As an organizing force, Black Power has already done unite peoples of diverse outlooks and backgrounds. The First Annual Conference on Black Power, convened by Adam Clayton Powell in Washington, D.C. in 1966 grew to over 1000 in Newark, N.J., and in September 1968, 4000 people from every state converged on Philadelphia for the third Black Power Conference which had the theme "Unity Through Diversity." The third conference understood the growth of black consciousness both to whites and more importantly to Black Americans themselves.

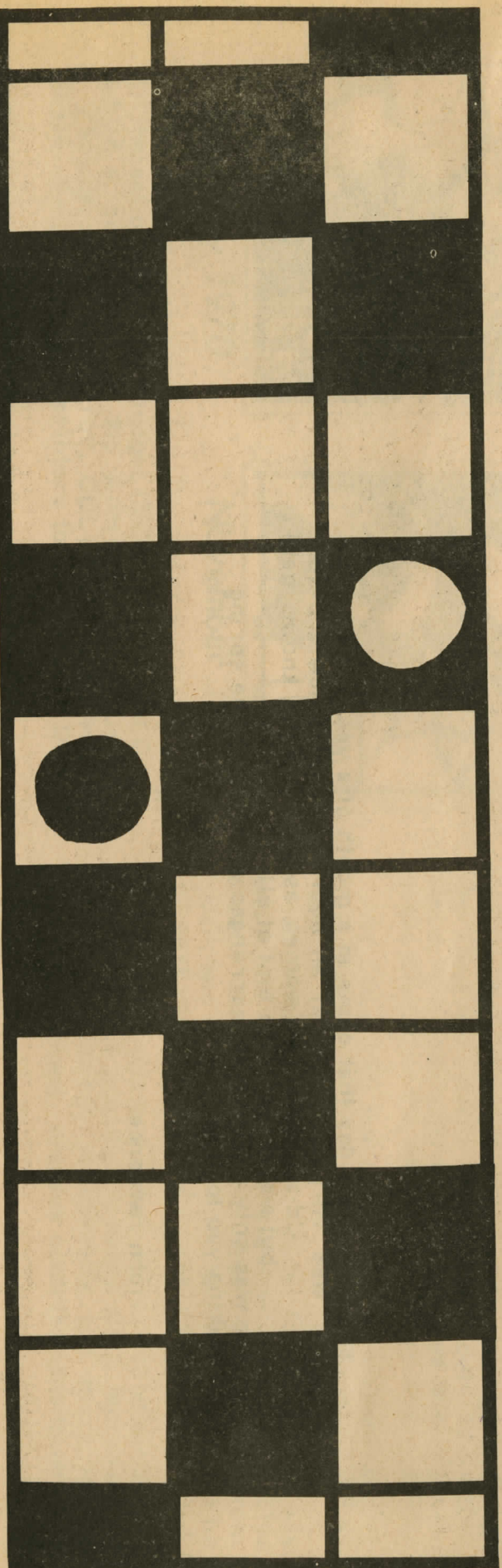
An examination of American history reveals that black Americans were systematically excluded from the decision-making process. Black Power advocate Charles V. Hamilton defines the variant of Black Power described here as "a systemic attempt to reverse that practice and to make legitimate participants, not simply recipients, out of black power." In the process of pursuing this goal, Black Power advocates hope that many of the exclusionist social, political and economic institutions can be transformed and achieve new legitimacy.

This article is based on the author's interpretation of *Black Power* by Stokley Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton (Vintage Books, 1967) and *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community?* by Martin Luther King Jr. (Bantam Books, 1971).

games

Linda Killen

*I appear to you in a cloak of beige indifference.
You need not know of the lonely hours of want, hope;
And the love that rages like flames to scorch my soul.
For if you knew, it would spoil the games we play.*



UNE HORLOGE

As I lie here I watch
Hands move across the face of a clock.
Some say time heals all wounds.
Yet, how can that be,
As each second whispers your name?

Bill Bennett



she was only a day that came in a month of a year.
she was only a minute of an hour that comes now and then.
i'd always known women-as she'd always known men-
but we weren't like that at all.
she was only a wind that rearranges your hair in the spring . . .
making you look silly.

John Lawrence

out of sight-out of mind

you are such to me
that i think
of you quite more
than I should . . .

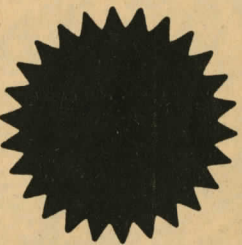
my
castles of sand
so laboriously built,
so casually destroyed,
so easily forgotten . . .

the joy on your face
so near
I can't tell . . .

the intense waiting for the
music
of your return . . . Yes,

how I wish
you would
stay longer than
a while
to talk with me
and love with me
and sing with me
and be happy
with me
for such a long time.

jack lord



Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Medalist 1970-1971

Medalist 1971-1972

- "Outstanding example of highly diversified talent in many media."
- "COLLAGE is a representation of a reservoir of developing talent in the MTSU student body."
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- "FORUM is in step with the currents of today's thinking."
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- "Talent revealed in photography of all issues."
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