





# CONTENTS

<b>POETRY</b>	Summer Canyons	2	<b>PROSE</b>	Focus on Papillon book review	4
	See	6		Goat short story	8
	Hang in there, Dylan	7		A Scientist Views Astrology	24
	Polygonal Perplexities	11		The Secular Mass on	
	Patterns: Approach and Recede	23		Pierced Ears	27
	One More Time	30	<b>GRAPHICS</b>	Family Portrait photo essay	12
	(Several untitled poems)				

# EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief Duane Sawyer

Poetry

Barbara Deal

Art

Connie Braddock

Prose

Teena Andrews

Photography

Bill Peters

Adviser

Anne W. Nunamaker

# MARCH 1971



Volume 4  
Number 3

Printed by Courier Printing Co.

Office - Jones Hall  
Campus Mail box 61  
Campus Phone 403

Materials published in Collage do not necessarily reflect the official opinion or position of Middle Tennessee State University, its students, faculty, or administration. All material appearing in this publication is printed by written consent of the contributor who is solely responsible for the content of that material.  
Copyright © Collage 1971

Cover "King Ice" by Harold Baldwin





# Silver Canyons

Silken soft summer rushes  
over an earth child in spring,  
And on wings of joy in restless abandon  
we bring you laughter.  
After it hushes, we go.

Though my roots are fastened down  
deep in earthy, stony silence,  
I'm free to fly down silver canyons  
neath a golden moon,  
And soon as the laughter hushes  
we'll go together.

Mike Hurt

i, windowed apart from  
the shiny-sun  
day

watch my boy-child  
play architect  
in the sandbox

sand bridges  
sand moats  
sand castles

cold shivery tickly wet sand on his toes--

anyway,  
i simply must  
get this kitchen  
cleaned  
up

Barb Deal



Along the limbs  
Of an angry sky  
The thunderbolt rumbles war;  
And spears  
And tears  
Fall;  
And blood runs  
Clear as rain.

Along the limbs  
Of this thunderous morning  
The bird attempts a song;  
And in the wake  
Of freezing rain  
Moves on  
To brighter skies.

Along the limbs  
Of this snowbound day  
The trees look  
As if an artist's hand  
Had retraced each line in white,  
And each flake of snow  
Seals in winter.

Along the limbs  
Of this dying year  
The new year sharpens its nails.  
And in ice mirrors,  
Which give edges to air,  
The world is stopped  
In a frozen daze.

Along my limbs  
And through my heart  
Runs a shiver and a tear.  
And summer, who lent her days  
Too freely, is lost.

And I  
Am dazed as the world.

Pat Jaros

Paul O'Connor





# focus on PAPILLON

Anne Bolch

Convicted in 1931 of a murder he says he did not commit, Henri Charrière, age 25, is subsequently sentenced to life imprisonment. There begins a fascinating tale of the adventures of Charrière, called Papillon (French for "butterfly") by his friends because of a large butterfly tattooed on his chest. Written in 1967 and 1968, thirty years after the fact, this story is filled with almost unbelievable adventures engendered by Papillon's refusal to accept reduction to an animal state by a barbaric penal system.

His first thoughts after being sentenced are of how to escape, and he decides that his chances will be better if he asks to be sent to the penal colony at Cayenne, located in French Guiana on the northern coast of South America. His many acquaintances in the French underworld give him information necessary to the planning of his escape, and less than three weeks after his arrival in Guiana, he and two other convicts seize their opportunity to flee.

Papillon never misses an occasion during the description of his first escape to contrast the brutality of the French government with the kindness and understanding of the countless people who are willing to help three convicts make new lives for themselves. A colony of lepers provides them with a boat and necessary supplies; a family in Trinidad, by manifesting complete trust in them, gives them a certain respect for themselves that the months in prison had almost destroyed, and finally, after many difficulties, Papillon arrives alone at an Indian village in Venezuela and is adopted by the tribe. The description of the six months he spends with the Indians provides a striking contrast with the unspeakable conditions in which Papillon has lived and to which he will soon return. He knows six months of what he calls "an incomparable refuge from the wickedness of men," and he somewhat naively perhaps returns time and again to his theme of the "noble savage" as opposed to the base civilized man.

Upon leaving the Indians, Papillon is almost immediately arrested and incarcerated in a Venezuelan prison where the cells are underground, infested with rats and scorpions, and flooded twice a day at high tide. In spite of these conditions and repeated brutality on the part of those in charge, Papillon never gives up hope of escape. He is eventually returned to the French, and between the time of his leaving the Indians and his final successful escape from Devil's Island, he attempts no less than seven escapes. As punishment, he is on two occasions sentenced to solitary confinement and for two years he is not allowed to speak, to leave his cell, even to hear human voices or to do anything but eat, sleep and sit. As he had commented earlier, the Chinese invented the water torture, but the French invented the torture of silence (p. 28). Papillon's final escape is the most incredible of all. He leaves Devil's Island on a raft made of coconut shells and makes his way through shark-infested waters to eventual safety. After being imprisoned again in Venezuela, he is released and begins a new life. He is today a citizen of Venezuela, for he feels that these people, as opposed to the French, are willing to accept him for what he is and not to judge him by his prison record.

As stated earlier, Charrière's thesis throughout the book is that the French system of justice is designed only to make a man into something less than human. A secondary theme is that there is nothing admirable in this system of justice or in the men who conceived it, but that there is at least something admirable in the society of prisoners who must live together—there is a certain honor among thieves who must learn the qualities of "pity, goodness, sacrifice, nobility and courage." (p. 259). One is not entirely convinced that the convicts do indeed live by this honor that Papillon insists upon, for the same senseless deeds of violence occur in the prison community that occur among free men.

Papillon was an immediate best-seller in France and





indeed all over Europe, and it is not difficult to see why it has become something of a political issue. French readers reacted quickly either for Charrière or for the government, and several books have appeared in which the veracity of the adventures has been questioned. Charrière himself has admitted that all the details may not be accurate, for the events occurred thirty years ago, and his adventures are many. Some industrious searchers for truth have verified that some of the adventures did indeed happen—but to other people. One tends to wonder, also, about how guilt-free Charrière really is since, for example, he apparently knows personally most of the French and Italian underworld. He admits in his last reflections upon his years in prison that he was the perfect set-up for a crime he did not commit. He also admits at this point that the French people are right in demanding to be protected from his sort, but that they are wrong in refusing to believe that a man can be rehabilitated and lead a useful life. No man, however, will have a chance at this rehabilitation as long as the penal system is based on the idea of vengeance and dehumanization: "That's where there is the greatest nonsense of French civilization. A people does not have the right to avenge itself or to eliminate too quickly those who cause problems for society. They are more to be cared for than to be punished in such an inhumane manner." (p.45).

Charrière is an intriguing and colorful story-teller in the tradition of Alexander Dumas, author of The Count of Monte Cristo and countless other episodic novels. Like the novels of Dumas, Papillon is essentially a great number of adventures held together loosely by Charrière's main thesis. Whether or not one agrees with this thesis, whether or not one believes the story to be accurate, one is forced to conclude that Papillon, while doubtless not a great literary work, is a fascinating tale of adventure.

Anne Bolch

\*This is my own translation from the French edition: Henri Charrière, Papillon (Paris: Robert Laffont, 1969), p. 168. Subsequent references will be to the French edition.

Anne Bolch is an assistant professor of French in the foreign language department and has written this article at the request of COLLAGE



# *See*

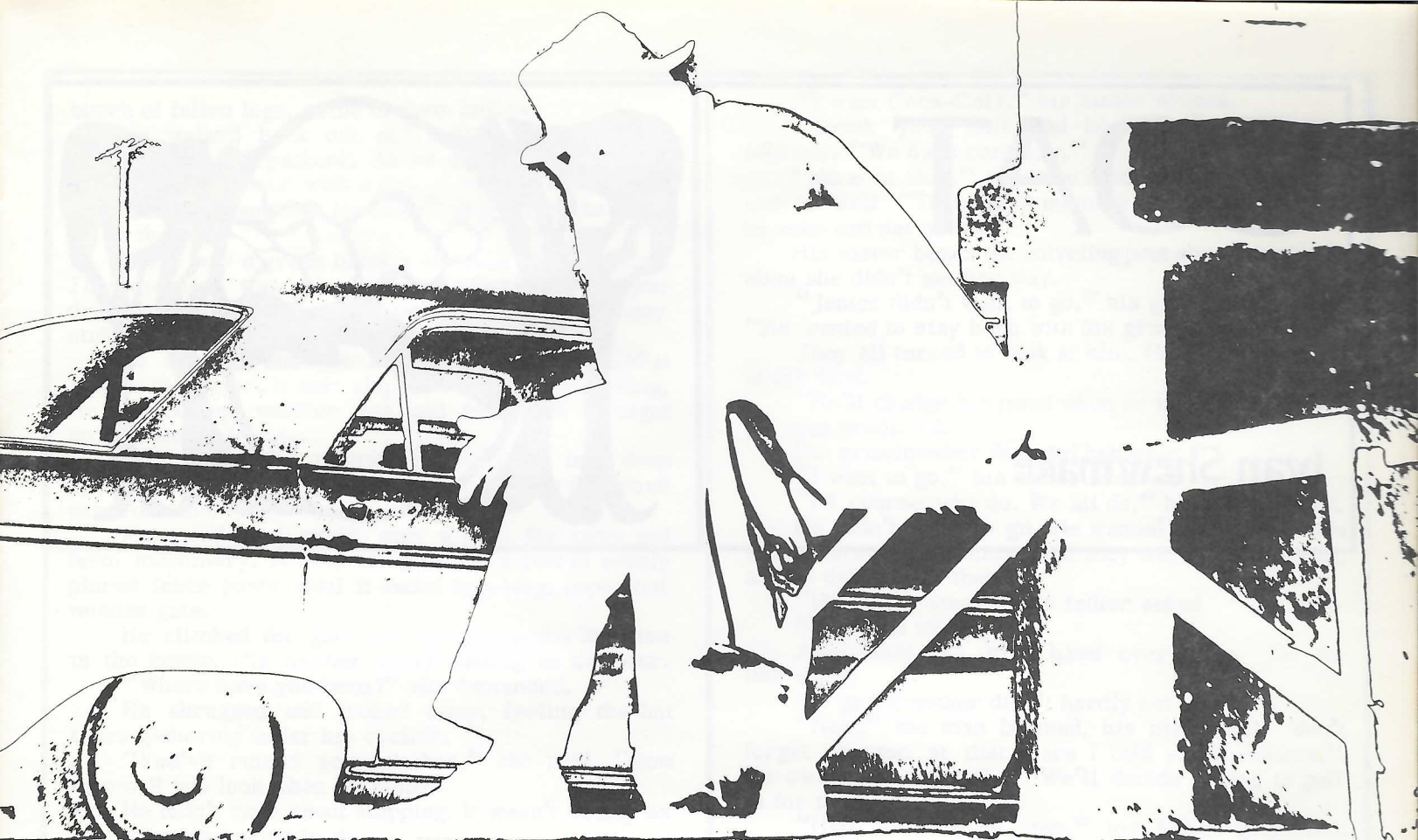
The breeze caught the tree and  
each leaf individually and  
all the leaves together to  
produce one gentle sway, above  
and beyond all pollution, all  
riot, and all notice.

**D.M. Kerr**

**Bill Peters**







Paul O'Connor

HANG IN THERE, DYLAN  
on the death of four students killed while  
protesting American involvement in Cambodia

*I crawl beneath the willow and grasp  
its snaky tendrils round my heavy fear  
The green then hides me as I weep.  
Tears--of anger--confusion--drops*

*of  
liquid*

GRIEF for those who died for me

*Four of me gunned down--today--  
As they raged against the dying of the light  
any light      life, whether "them" or "us"  
so empty*

*too short*

*too dark for too long*

*When the child sees the glow and rage erupts  
First the candle      wavers*

*But soon. oh! soon.*

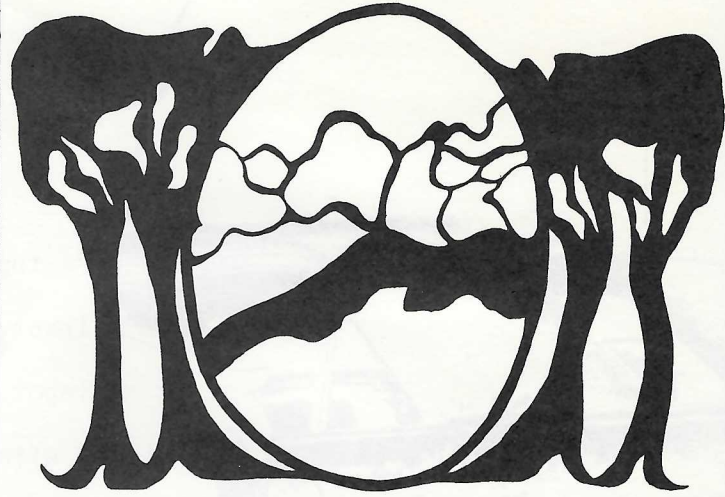
*The dying of the light*

Joey



# GOAT

Ivan Shewmake



The boy was twelve years old and not particularly anything for his age. He was twelve years old and he was on his way to say goodbye to some acquaintances.

He wandered across the yard and opened the barn lot gate and closed it after him and walked up the path into the gloomy mouth of the old barn. Inside, standing in the cool, heavy shadows, he realized that he did not want to open the door to the stalls where his white rabbits had been. . . nor did he want to climb to the high loft of countless hay-castles and corn-cob fights.

It was sufficient to stand in the great central hall and let vague images form in his mind.

After a few minutes he shrugged and walked back out of the shadows and into the sunlight. Pausing there, he waited to see where he would want to go next and let his eyes wander over the barnyard. The goat wasn't there. He had known it wasn't, of course.

That goat, now. . . that goat had been a stupid animal. It was so nervous that when you yelled at it, it would freeze up—get stiff as a stone. It was the funniest pet he had ever had.

He looked toward the big oak tree that had the swing dangling from one of its lower limbs. Used to, when he got in the swing and got going high, the goat would run up behind and try to stop the swing with its head. It wasn't big enough, wasn't near grown, and the swing seat always knocked it for a loop. But it never learned.

He had gone to the barnyard almost every day and worked the swing to watch his goat get clobbered.

They had head butting contests, too. The goat's head was harder, but he had learned that if he stayed in close and kept their heads together, he could push the goat all over the place. Then when he was tired, he would start yelling and it would freeze up, and he would reach out and push it and watch it topple from its stiff, spindly legs and lay rigid and mute.

He always petted it then, holding its head in his lap and talking gently to it until the terror left its eyes and it began to bleat and squirm.

As soon as it was all right, they would play some more. That was the way they had loved each other.

His goat was gone, of course, but he had provided for it. The man that his dad had sold his goat to had two boys, and they had promised to take good care of it.

He followed his footsteps around the side of the barn and climbed the fence and plodded across the fallow garden toward the woods.

The woods were a never-empty source of things to do. They went on farther than he had ever gone, and in their depths, left memories waited.

He untangled a clutching briar that had snared him and pushed his way through the dense brush that grew at the wood's edge. Inside, it was all feathery shadows. Light filtered down from above in little rods of gold that speared the trees and pinioned the fallen leaves. He stood and waited for whatever it was he had come to take leave of to give its benediction.

There were a lot of his things in these woods. There were huts built like the pictures in the National Geographic magazines, and two sink holes, and a



bunch of fallen logs, some of them hollow.

He walked back out and meandered along the edge of the low pasture. As he drew near the pond, frogs hit the water with a dull plomp. He threw back his head and laughed. He hadn't even tried to sneak up on them.

There was a green blanket of scum over the pond. That meant it was a bad time for fishing. When you drug your line out, there would be gobs of soggy stuff balled around the hook and sinker.

He stooped and got a flat rock and whizzed it across the water. It only skipped twice before sinking. He picked up another one and tossed it straight up as a final offering.

That ended the pilgrimage. He drew in a deep breath and let it out and turned up the dirt road toward home.

The road was really only a trail for cows and farm machinery. It went along beside a row of evenly placed fence posts until it ended in a long, unpainted wooden gate.

He climbed the gate and trudged up the low rise to the house. His mother stood waiting in the door.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

He shrugged and looked away, feeling the hot tears gathering under his eyelids.

"You've ruined your clothes," she said. "Now how will you look when we stop?"

He didn't care about stopping. It wasn't nearly as important as having to go.

"Well, all right, run and wash your hands. Dinner is about ready."

He washed his hands haphazardly and went into the big front room. His father and grandfather were talking to the man who was going to drive the truck.

"Follow 41 right on across Lookout Mountain and through Chattanooga," the man was saying.

They noticed him and all of them smiled in different ways.

"Is this the boy with the goat?" the man asked. "I've heard about you."

"All ready to go?" his grandfather asked.

He nodded and crumpled into the divan. His father chuckled and shook his head.

"I don't know about him," he told the man. "Going to Florida and he doesn't want to go. When I was a kid. . ."

"Florida's a nice place, all right," the man told him. "You'll find a lot to do there. . . of course, I don't know about goats."

He hated the man, but he nodded politely. His grandmother came to the door and called, "Dinner's ready."

"Should have gotten started earlier," his father complained.

"We'll make it fine," the man said.

They tromped into the dining room and shuffled chairs up to the big round table.

"We're having something special," his father told him.

The man laughed.

"You all help yourself," his grandmother said.

They began to pass around bowls and platters with the usual disorder.

"I want Coca-Cola," his sister whined.

"Drink your milk and be quiet," his mother told her. "We have company."

"None of that," the man said, obviously pleased with himself. "Though my momma said a child should be seen and not heard."

His sister began the sniveling pout she always used when she didn't get her way.

"Junior didn't want to go," his grandmother said. "He wanted to stay here with his granddaddy and me."

They all turned to look at him. He worked intently at his food.

"He'll change his mind when he sees the ocean," the man predicted.

His grandmother dropped her head.

"I want to go," his sister boasted.

"Of course you do. We all do," his mother said.

He didn't want to go. He wanted to stay. Florida, might have a lot of things, but they weren't his things, and he didn't want them.

"How's the steak?" his father asked.

He nodded mutely.

Apparently the man liked everything. He ate like a pig.

His grandmother didn't hardly eat at all.

"Now," the man boomed, his mouth full, "don't forget to stop at that place I told you in Atlanta." He swallowed mightily. "We'll decide where to pull in for the night."

"Hate to have to stop," his father grumbled.

"Can't be helped," the man explained. "We'll get there fresh besides."

"That's true," his father said.

"You can come back and visit," his grandmother said. His grandmother didn't want him to go. She was the only one that understood about leaving things.

"We can hunt sea shells," his sister realized brightly for everyone.

"Of course we can," his mother told her. "We'll go to the beach and have a wonderful time."

"Lot of fish in the ocean," his father promised.

"Better watch out for the people though," the man warned. "They're used to milking suckers. They'll have you good if you don't watch out."

"We'll be careful," his mother promised.

"Just the same, let'em know that you're not a tourist. They rob tourists blind. I know—I've seen it."

The man had gravy in the corners of his mouth.

"You're welcome here any time you want," his grandfather told him. He looked at his grandfather and barely smiled.

"We'll have a wonderful time," his mother assured everyone. She wanted to make sure he didn't cause another scene, especially before company.

"Dessert!" his sister demanded.

"Is everyone ready?" his grandmother asked.

They were. She went to fill the ice cream dishes. They came back heaped with lime sherbet.

"There's plenty more," she told them.

"How was the steak?" his father asked offhandedly.

He nodded. The man was grinning at him with that smug leer that adults have for secrets they hold among themselves.

"I don't think you should. . . " his mother



His grandmother got up and went to the kitchen. said hesitantly. His father seemed uncertain.

"Go on," the man insisted, "it won't hurt him."

"Pretty good steak, wasn't it?" the man asked.

"That was your goat," his father said.

"Goat steak!" the man said, choking on his ice cream.

"Your goat! Your goat!" his sister cackled, pointing.

Even his grandfather was smiling. His eyes were hot. Laughter made his head hurt. He opened his mouth and let a gob of green ice cream splatter on the plate.

"Junior!" his mother exclaimed, shocked.

But he was up and through the kitchen door.

"They don't mean to hurt you," his grandmother said, putting her arms around him. He looked up at her. "The man that bought your goat gave them a piece of the meat. You wouldn't have eaten if you'd known. They didn't mean to hurt you."

His mother came fluttering in. She threw her arms around him and pressed his face into her stomach. "There, there," she said. "You're a big man. Big men don't cry."

He twisted away.

"Don't jerk away from your mother!" she ordered.

He ran to his grandmother. His mother glared at them. "You come here!"

"Shut up!"

"Don't you dare talk to your mother that way! The very ideal And after you spitting in your plate." She turned to go. "Your father will take care of you later."

But he didn't. They were wary of him as the final preparations were made and the goodbys said. The truck pulled out first, but the car soon caught and passed it. He had earlier asked to ride in the back of the truck. Just before they left, his father had told him self consciously that he could ride up in the front with the man if he wanted to. He had mumbled that he didn't.

They drove for a long time without talking. Even his sister was subdued.

The road began to twist its way into the high mountains. The country changed to rocks and cedars.

He began to grow excited in spite of himself. The mountains always did that. Somehow the higher he went, the lighter everything got. As though invisible molasses had been poured on the world and it was only when you were up high so that the molasses had all run off into the low places that you could move free. He knew about altitude and oxygen and that stuff, but that wasn't enough. When you went into the mountains if just seemed right, like anything might happen; like you could almost fly if you wanted to.

You couldn't, of course. He knew that.

"I wonder how high we are?" his mother asked.

His sister had her nose flattened against the window. "Look at the little car."

Far below the precipice a car was speeding along another road. . . or perhaps the same one, but at another place.

"My ears feel funny," she said, losing interest.

"Open your mouth," his father told her. She opened her mouth and made funny faces.

"Do I look like he did?" she asked gaily.

"Like who, dear?" his mother asked.

"Like he did! Like he did!" she cackled. "When he ate his goat. You ate your goat," she told him solemnly and then doubled up on the seat in laughter.

"Be quiet," his mother said.

He could see the side of his fathers grinning face. He began to wait.

"Your goat!" his sister challenged belligerently. His father began to laugh.

"Don't tease him," his mother said.

"I know, I know," his father said, but he didn't quit laughing.

"He vomited!" his sister accused.

"He did not," his mother told her. "He spat up deliberately."

That was all right. They had killed his goat. They didn't belong up here in the mountains.

On their side of the road and far below, the great bowl of a green valley shimmered. From the sides of the cliffs projected great slabs of grey rock like giant teeth.

That was all right. They'd see about eating a person's goat. They came to a sharp curve.

"Look," his sister said, pointing off into the center of the great bowl.

Even as he eased forward, he knew it was useless. He wasn't big enough, wasn't near grown. Even the strength he felt in his arms now would not be enough to twist the wheel from his fathers hand. The car would stay on the road. He would fail.

He collapsed, exhausted, back onto the seat without trying. He would fail. He could visualize their natural horror.

"I'm going to beat you half to death!" his father would say.

"I told you not to tease him!" his mother would say.

"You're crazy!" his sister would conclude with satisfaction.

And he would get a whipping. His sister would see to that. If only he were a little bigger. . . he could almost feel the car falling free toward the valley floor. Behind his pressed-together eyelids he saw his finger stabbing at them and heard himself shouting, "Your goat! Your goat!"

But he would have failed. Even though the wanting was so strong in his hands that he could feel them clutching his sister's hair and see himself battering her head against the window while they fell, he knew he would have failed.

He wondered how many times he could have smashed her before they hit the bottom.

But the momentary euphoria of his wish-world passed, and his tight arms fell limp against the drained body huddled deep in the corner.

A blue car whipped by on their left.

It had been a good plan. He had had hopes for it. But you had to face up to things.

"I want a blue car," his sister said.

You had to learn. He couldn't do it now, but he could do it. In a few years he would be as big as they were.

He had time. . . as long as it took.

He wasn't a stupid old goat.



# POLYGONAL PERPLEXITIES

Sin is parabolic

Love is parallel

Suspicion is spherical

And hate is square.

Circles are for jerks and

Triangles suck

Pentagons attack you

And cones are stuck up.

Sex is perpendicular

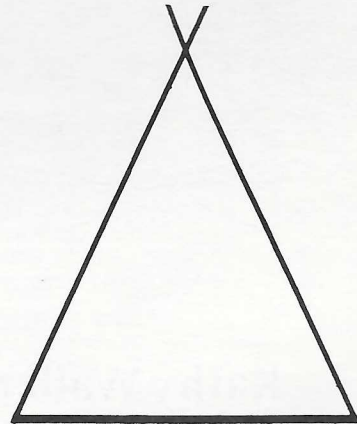
Liasons have an angle

Life is an hyperbole...

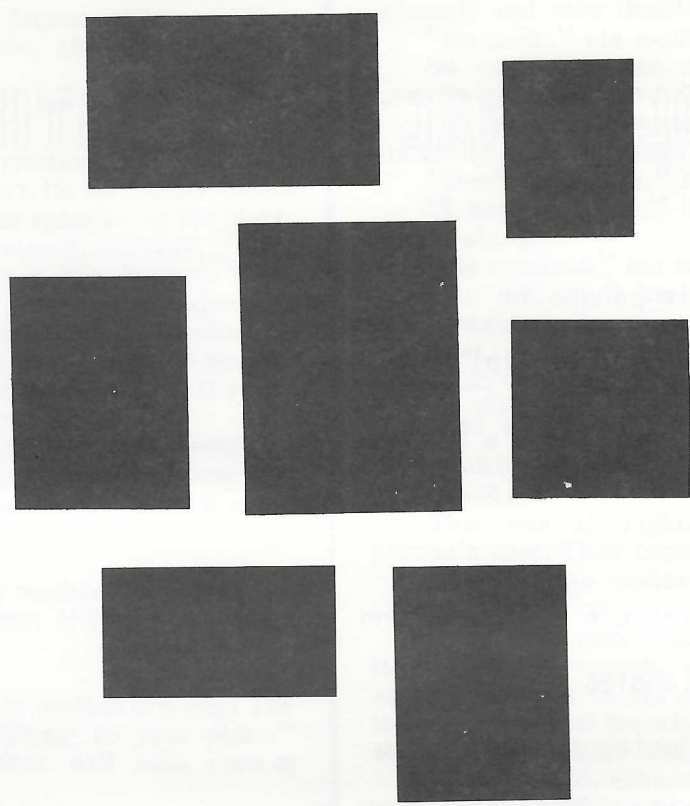
---

My God! I guess I'm straight (?)

Indian Tent



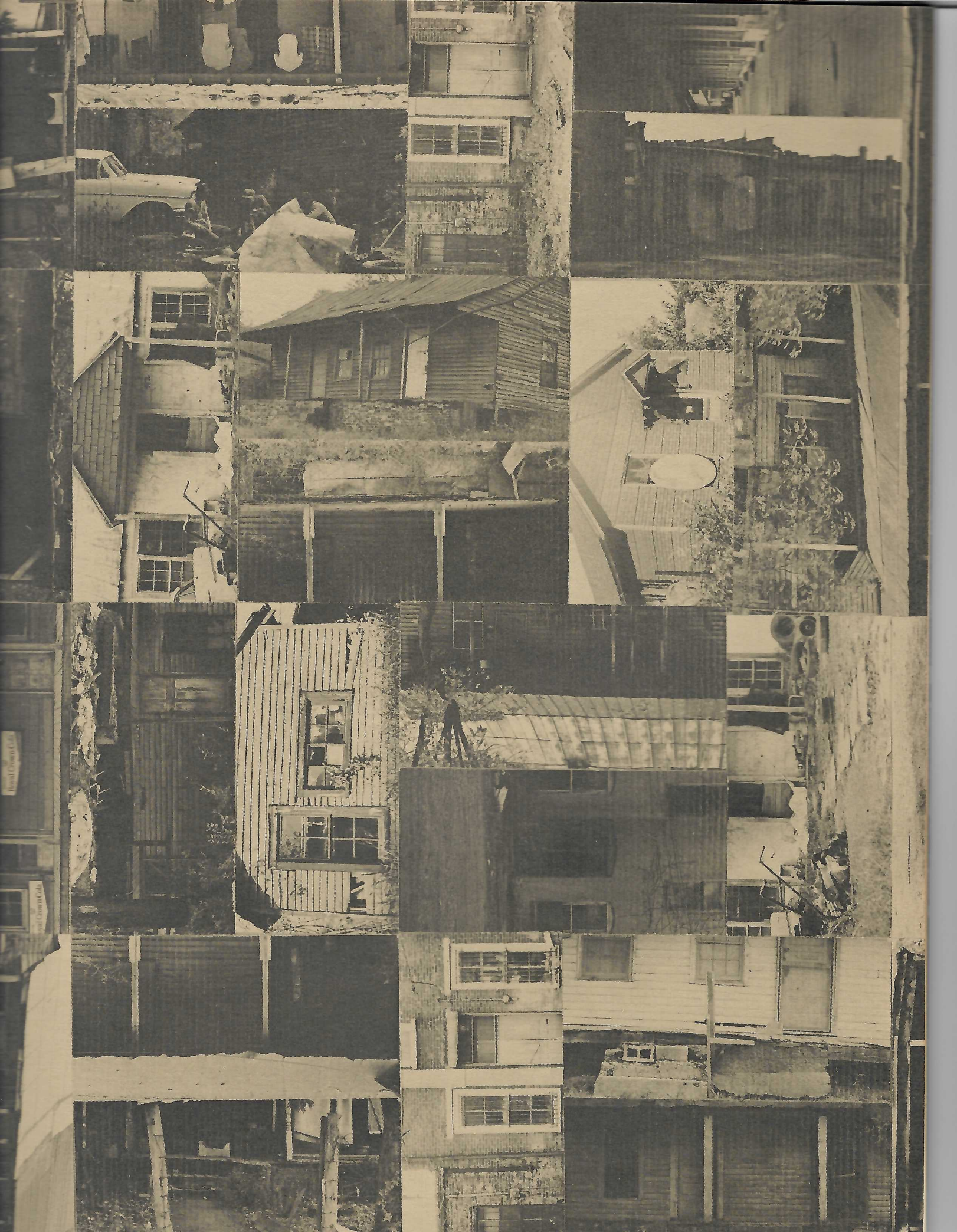




# Family Portrait

Kathy Waller

















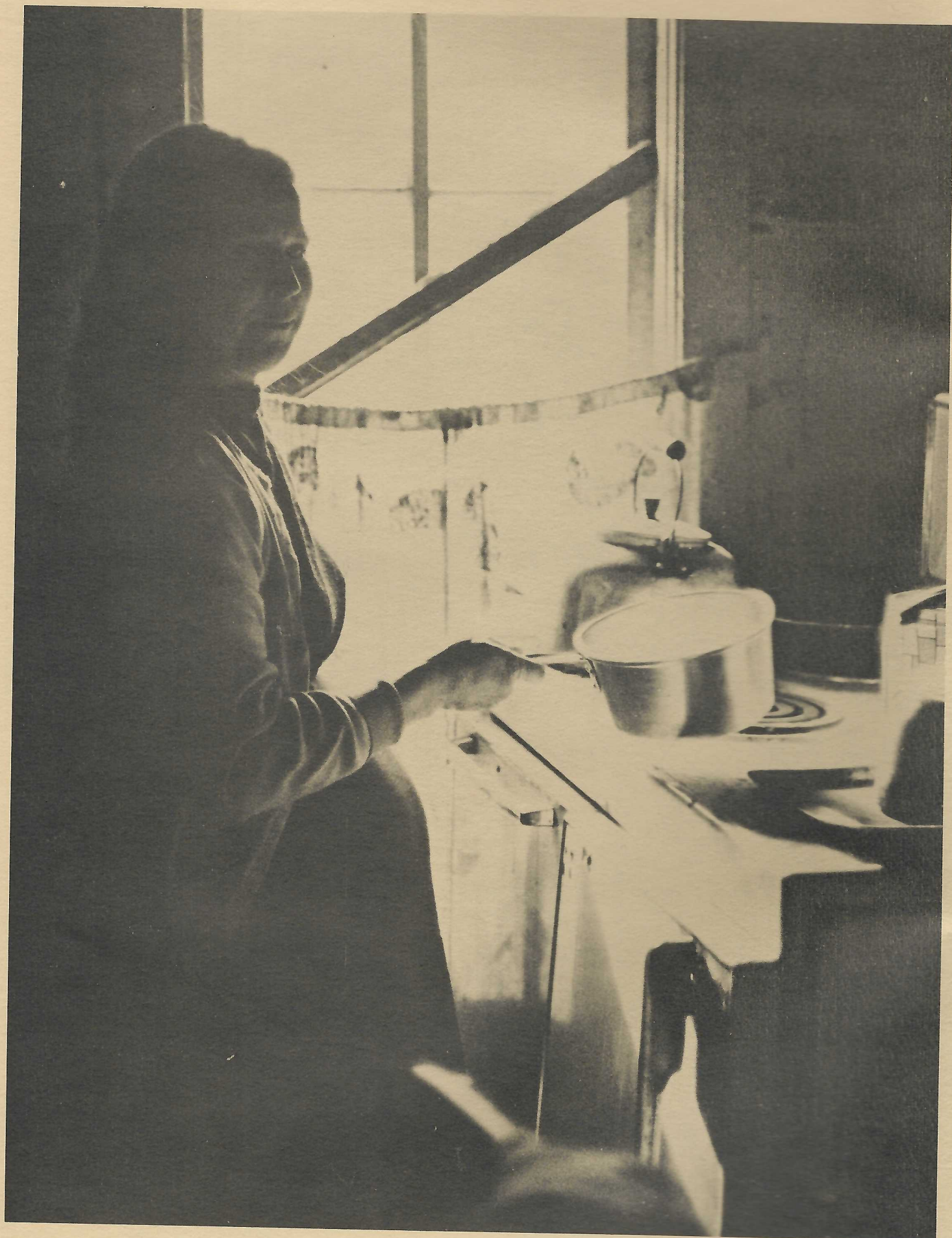




In creating my photo-essay I was not concerned with depicting a certain place with specific people, but rather with human emotion and the conditions of its environment. I strove to capture the essence of a situation rather than to document it. When a photograph is used to make more than just an objective report, it must convey more than meets the eye. Keeping this in mind, I have attempted to evoke a mood in the viewer through conditions and characteristics of the subject. I want the viewer to react to and become involved with the picture to the fullest possible extent of his unique being. In capturing the flavor of the original locale, I seek to communicate my experience, as I find it, to my fellow-man.

Kathy Waller















# Patterns, Approaches and Records





goodbye celia:  
     with a ticket  
         of zeroes  
         in my hand  
 i watched  
         as  
 tomorrow  
     (rolled down  
         the track)  
 and could not  
     stand  
     the pain  
 of forgiving  
     yesterday  
     (for the stakes  
         upholding time)  
 half imagining  
     that one leap  
         (one touch  
         one breath)  
     would reveal  
         your misgivings  
 vainly  
     we could not  
         judge  
         (possibly time  
         as preoccupied  
         jurors)  
     so intent  
         on the reading  
         of the verdict  
 that the impossible  
     was the  
         last fate  
         (the last  
         train  
         of existence)  
         that i  
         would ever  
         need  
         to ride.

People are scattered over the small room,  
 And they make cheerful noises at each other.  
 Giving nothing, taking all they can scratch  
 From the tough veneer that covers us all.

Blank, hardened masks, revealing nothing  
 But the emptiness of fading dreams.  
 Sightless eyes meet sightless eyes, causing  
 Not the slightest spark in the fog.

Joey

Steve Dees



# Patterns: Approach and Recede

## I

*This town I have lived in  
Has become a stranger  
The streets I walk  
Have grown unfamiliar with  
Fear that lies nestled in the gutters  
And houses lit with sorrow  
Speak their yellow and white warning.  
Once I ran dancing barefoot  
Yelling down the laughing pavement,  
With the barking dogs  
And birds flying up into the morning.  
But summer has lifted  
Her long smelling hair  
And moving off will not confess  
Nor deny  
This vicious lie of sweet serenity,  
And all my phantoms  
Moving off, framed by bare trees  
Cannot survive the clear cold will  
Of winter's light  
No matter how much I need the lie.*

## II

*Though I am not yet drunk  
From thy dark vessel  
My fingers still show the trace  
Of having memorized your fiery shell.  
I will try to hold you intact  
Though my own mind slips,  
Until once again you lie beneath my hand  
Which yet caresses*

Christopher Darwin

Emerging from catatonic sleep  
Where I've stooped and delved  
Stroked and dived

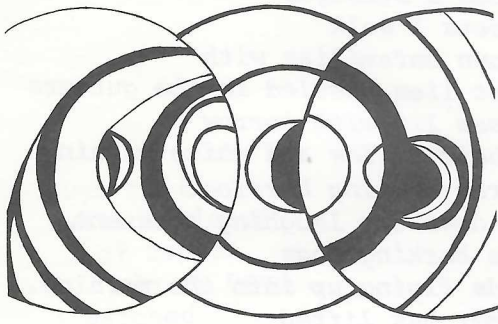
And examined myself in the  
Profoundest depth, I still  
Am unsolved, still

Am unrested  
And darkened, like the oblivion  
Of underwater.

Mike Miller



# A SCIENTIST VIEWS ASTROLOGY



Dr. Roy Clark

Although there has always been an interest in astrology since mankind was first able to conceive of cause and effect relationships, still it must be admitted that astrology seems to occupy an unusual portion of the thoughts and artistic output of the current generation of students. Why astrological interest burns so brightly and apparently is so acceptable to intelligent moderns is a question I propose to answer in this article.

People are animals. Any medical student or physiology professor will verify that fact for you. They are not, however, just animals. They are very unusual animals. Their brain is their most unusual feature. The brain of the human is apparently constructed (or develops, if you prefer) in such a complex manner that a sense of time is possible. Reasoning ability alone is not the primary factor that makes humans so distinctive. Other animals reason insofar as they find it necessary to do so. But most animals have very little sense of the past, and very very little sense of the future. Thus an intelligent dog, for example, can mourn for a lost master, but probably does not worry about tomorrow and what it may bring. Some animals prepare for the coming winter as if they had a sense of the future, but they show little indication that they reason about the future except in an instinctive way. Although this question is admittedly a complex one, I conclude that humans differ from other animals in that they possess both reasoning ability and a sense of time.

As mankind developed from sub-man his sense of time apparently extended in both directions, which is to say his mental makeup developed in a way that could (1) store and retrieve information and (2) could rearrange such information from his past to present himself with a probable picture (mental) of the days to come. Thus mankind developed traditions

which were not instinctive but rather were remembered past occurrences that he found it desirable to repeat, and also he guessed at futures in which he envisioned his continued existence.

Once having developed the ability to imagine his future, he soon learned to compare what actually happened to him with what he imagined would happen, and make some generalizations about probable future events. For example he may have early generalized that a sequence of long hot days might mean that the water hole would be found dry on subsequent trips, or that the appearance of strange other-humans usually was followed by territorial battles.

The point of all this is that mankind developed the ability to generalize and look for cause-and-effect relationships as a survival mechanism. The fact that his cause-and-effect relationships were not always valid ones, that is, were not substantiated by subsequent experiences, did not deter him from adopting many of them. "Wise men" were the tribesmen who were best at this cause-and-effect relationship inventing and who were thus predictors of the future. The sun and stars were obvious ingredients for such speculations, and the moon's phase turned out to be an obvious cause which sometimes actually correlated with the effects. The success of moon-caused predictions resulted in the obvious, though incorrect, extension of this reasoning process to the stars.

Now from a scientific point of view we all agree that the gravitational forces from the sun and moon are of considerable consequence. Also the radiation from the sun has many complex direct and indirect effects on life on our planet. Primitive people could hardly be expected to know that the stars were too far away to exert significant gravitational forces on earth, and that the planets were millions of miles



away, exerting only the tiniest of gravitational forces. Radiation from the stars and planets is so low in energy that special equipment is required to measure it, though it can of course be perceived by one's retina. Cosmic radiation can conceivably cause some random mutations, but hardly qualifies as a predictable cause-and-effect relationship.

It came to pass that in the development of civilization many cause-and-effect relationships were postulated involving the stars and planets and their effects on human lives and personalities. This set of speculations has come to be known as astrology. It was the "science," that is, the knowledge, of its day.

When certain men found it reasonable and fruitful to subject their speculations to experimental verification and discard those not verified by experience, then modern science was born. It was only possible to accomplish this verification-by-experiment with any widespread agreement by restricting the focus of attention to the simplest of phenomena. Speculations involving people and their personalities were not verifiable in the early days of experimental science. Measurements on inanimate objects and their motions and reactions were possible with some reproducibility, and thus the physical sciences grew from such simple experimentation. Other branches of science such as biology, physiology, and the social sciences grew only slowly, for they had chosen a complex subject to study and thus had difficulty performing reproducible experiments.

To the best of my knowledge no one has ever tried to verify the predictions of astrology by correlating them with actual results after the prediction. The speculations of astrology are of such a vague and non-specific nature that such verification would be difficult even if the experimenter could overcome the difficulties of dealing with such complex experimental animals.

Therefore I view astrology and its generalizations as virtually untested hypotheses, and of no great value to modern man. The success of predicting future events enjoyed by modern science, on the other hand, is well-known. I would certainly never ride in an airplane, or even live in an electrically heated house unless I had considerable confidence in the future performance of the airplane (according to scientific principles) or the future consistency of the electrical effects in providing me with protection from the winter weather. The predictions of modern science are not infallible, but are vastly more reliable than those of any untested speculations, astrology being the prime example.

As to why astrology is popular, I believe that there are several reasons. First, it has a long tradition, and mankind has difficulty in discarding traditions. Second, astrology is easy, requiring little training, and provides lazy intellects a quick and easy answer to "why." Third, and perhaps most influential, astrology is rather fun, and if not taken too seriously has the glamor of unorthodoxy and the mystical glow of ancient "wisdom" passed down through the ages.

I am pleased that so many of today's youth are asking "why" and "by what mechanism" things got the way they are. I am disappointed that they adopt such easy and unsound answers. Perhaps, with much study and work, we will someday really discover why. Why not?

Roy W. Clark

Roy Clark is a professor of chemistry and physics at MTSU. Due to current interest in the subject of astrology Dr. Clark has taken time to express his opinion and submit it to COLLAGE. Other readers are invited to contribute essays expressing their opinions on any subject.



# The Secular Mass on Pierced Ears

OR

## The Modernization of the New Emancipated Woman

### PRELUDE

MALE CLAIRVOYANT CHORUS (sung prophetically):

'Days numbered, to take what I can.  
She is leaving tomorrow  
I understand. She will not say  
Good-by, for then again it's true  
She doesn't know when she will leave  
Or what dilemma will ensue.  
Give me today, for tomorrow  
Is no time. Precious, dear pin-ups  
To paper the walls and to save  
For centuries--spicy memoirs,  
Sad nostalgia, some one recalls.'

### PHASE I

Chorus of Conformity

FEMALE CHORUS (sung with spirit):

'The forced incision of the banal lobes  
With stabbing instruments, rejoice the wires  
As hangers to hang within the whim,  
Small boats and planes and crystal chandelier:  
And Indian beads of pale turquoise  
Or 14-carat nubs resisting blandness.  
With such results, Perish! Perish!  
If over there was the uncogent thought.  
Woman there is and woman to be  
Unlaced, locked with curdled smiles.  
Free! Free! upon the pregnant earth  
with stapled ears.'

[Caution: The chic should be aware  
Of iron earrings painted Gold.  
Oh! Gravest calamities  
That can befall the fair sex.  
Deepest despair in hated silence  
Never to speak a word (for shame)  
Unpolite that infection will lead  
To perilous lock-jaw.]

MALE VOICE (out of the wilderness in slight discord):

'Woe, woe be unto you transgressors.  
Repent, repent, while there is time.'

Unthread thy needles  
And prick thy sins.  
Sign this space  
And be redeemed.'

### PHASE II

Chorus of Conformity

FEMALE CHORUS (sung with greater spirit):

'Wires are passe  
And those fetid baubles (pure trash).  
Buy now (low discount, three months  
to pay)--  
Circular skewers to stab  
The wounded lobes, degree, degree,  
Prepare for the demand of the stretch,  
the peg,  
the circular wood chip,

AND THEN!

AND THEN!

A glorious spool inserted  
Projecting out from the cumbersome hair,  
Dazzling with glass beads and sequins  
Causing streaks of jealousy.  
But no, the male creature be gone.  
I do without your eyes,  
For to see the flames of indulgent desires--  
Envy, envy, to an envious woman.'

[Caution: Impatience, ah! the loss of beauty  
The stretch of the lobes. Do not hasten  
Be tender to sweet little girls.  
Rough house--mothers--can snag an ear.  
But should such calamity, take heart!  
For I hear rumors  
That 'snags' may be in next year.  
So grieve not loudly, but hope it so!  
Mercy from Paris! Hope it so!]

### PHASE III

Chorus of Conformity

FEMALE CHORUS (sung passionately):

'The doleful Sargasso, that frightful war to train  
The discipline of rebellious locks  
Under sprays and close-cropped ribbon ties,  
How dreary fighting the nauseous weeds (ho hum).  
So why not? Why not murder them



And be done?  
Summer heat, that scratchy furnace,  
The inevitable 'snow falls' in embarrassing blizzards.  
Be done!

Assassinate them with open shears and razor blades.  
And shave (though daintily) the imposing orb,  
Out of respect and awe for the dome of St. Peter's.  
You have, resilient above the 'modern' motifs.  
Ah! Waxed and resilient, gleaming in the sun  
As a broader proposal, a lamp unshaded,  
Alighted by the movement of electrons  
Through an emancipated body.  
Oh, see the light!--of freedom  
Behooving a 100 watt bulb.'

[Caution: Floor wax can work worders, you know  
But read the labels for conspiracy.  
I've heard of male overtones, scheming in their holes,  
To debase the beauty  
That we have evolved.  
Heal! Heal! (Oh please!) the unfortunate ones  
With scalps aflame like red, rare steak.  
For rumbles of approval I've heard in some quarters--  
The fashion, next, it will become:  
And if so, to bow to it (who can argue with fashion?)  
With draughts of novacaine and deep stoicism.]

MALE VOICE (out of the wilderness in slight discord):

'Beware! Beware!  
The end of the world  
is at hand.  
Prepare ye for the last  
judgement.  
Discard the tired paraphernalia.  
And repent thy sins.  
Sign! Sign! This space  
(Your last chance)  
And be redeemed!'

#### PHASE IV

Chorus of Conformity

FEMALE CHORUS (sung emphatically):

'Revolt! Revolt!  
Slay the 'Victorian' bitch--  
strait laced and whale boned.  
Throw away her social limitations  
(But not all her fashion).  
Repetition (we reconsider her ways).  
Paris resurrected her in a large way.  
We slew. But she will not die.

Congested rump, bustles then  
How quaint, how small it was  
Then. Visions gone wild to see a  
Goddess (revised of old Botticelli).  
Extended beauty for all to see.  
But say, how sad that only portraits forget reality.  
Softly the tides that spit her out  
Drift authoritarian into the still shades.  
Classic revised, sweet Venus Hottentot.'

[Caution: Cheap material is perilous.  
The repellent kind, the best  
(Don't mind spending a few  
Pennies overall, your best  
bargain yet).

For those of padded sponge who  
on and on persist.  
Long raincoats and large umbrellas,  
The best in sudden rains.  
For soaked argument, cures are too late  
And the best advice one can offer  
Is to haul it with dignity  
Hoping for quick evaporation.]

#### PHASE V

Chorus of Conformity

FEMALE CHORUS (sung in subdued hysterics):

'Revitalized sufferer-gets launch the modes  
Of quaint imagery of flying saucers  
And their marvelous molds  
That consign to fresh trials the limpid lashes,

Marked accents of addled expressions.  
But where to place it now that the rest  
Is bangled and perfumed beyond recompense?  
The lips! Ah! the lips so long have they lacked adornment.  
Lipsticks and kisses are so old-fashioned.  
So, I begin to say over and over and over again  
Prepare the degree of stretch (same as ears).

The stretch of a penny!

The stretch of a half-dollar!

The stretch of a hockey puck!

Then wonder of wonders--a discuss!!

In both lips, bottom and top.

Then accessory to the style, nose rings from India

Placed in multiples in the flairs and septem (how chic).

Then, milady, how priceless (and how weary)

It's all become. But freedom we have.

So smile (if you can) and make funny noises.

Sorry, but speaking isn't in

this year due to the new fashion.

(We know it is very difficult to do this

But Paris has spoken.)

To comfort yourself, look beyond  
the present span

As goddesses into yourselves,

Lift up your faces as champions

of the modern,

Self-styled, unhampered ones,

the ruling tribe

of the modern Ubangii!'

[Caution: We know that some will wear  
Phosphorescent discs, but come now.  
Isn't this carrying Fashion to the extreme?  
Fashion isn't designed for abuse you see,  
But a means to preserve and heighten  
the natural rose  
In a vase with gasoline.]

A brief pause while  
the chorus turns  
another page  
of history

#### INTERLUDE

COMBINED CHORUS (sung in ominous texture of voices):

'Strife in the world as multitudes born  
With crying mouths demanding their due.  
And, oh! such strain of anarchy's rise  
For nations to wield their governing crew.

Violence, avarice and growing pestilence  
Is there (brought to mind) a trusted friend?  
Arch villains in secret, in sutured compacts  
Slaughtering in apropos to their useless end.

The bedraggled West, a strange decline, you bet.  
Vacant streets and bleary-eyed strays,  
Beware the tigress stalking its victims!  
Law declares he must, but still he disobeys.'

FIRST MALE SOLO (sung in a brow-beaten voice):

'Anguish, anguish in my heart  
When Paris stole our fair Helens.  
Now we of no report, even now, steal  
The capitol--Atlantic City. But then again...  
Yesterday pleasant memories,  
Today it turns the stomach  
And causes conversion to blessed Catholicism  
And their holy orders for most,  
But still there are again some brave souls  
Who champion the bed as the ease of Mount Everest  
And ask the reason, that proverbial answer  
'Because it's there! because it's there!'  
Yes, they are there. That's why I'm here  
In a monastery, mumbling a chant'



# The Secular Mass on Pierced Ears

## MALE AUDIENCE (Sung in Gregorian chant):

'Sweet Medusa of gorgeous mold,  
I dream of thy perfect beauty and flawless form.  
Oh to cast these bludgeoned eyes upon that dawn  
of thy creation  
Where Minerva's wrath prevailed and thine  
was made the sweet berried vine  
Offering choice the enticing fruit  
To any innocent being  
Who cared to sample of thy sweet juice.  
Where but slight cut in the soft berry skin  
Would make life's anguish forgotten'

## SECOND MALE SOLO (sung semi-disparingly):

'I couldn't rave about her hair  
(What's there to talk about?)  
Her eyes? so much paint,  
I couldn't see them.  
Her lips? she spoke a word  
I lost my nose.  
Her teeth? charcoal black, for white (they say)  
is so monotonous and passe.  
Her body? seductive as  
a lumpy mattress.  
You see! you never know  
where the package ended  
and the woman began.'

## THIRD MALE SOLO (sung pseudo-pathetically):

'Now I sit here, hero of the male line,  
An Audie Murphy of the bedroom battlefields,  
The Lone Ranger of the antiquated bed.  
But still disillusioned I, one of the last of my breed  
Through perilous covers and flesh safaris--  
Madness! It was all madness!  
The centerfold of my passion  
--a gumball machine.

So, I had this thing,  
It all passed away, you know,  
Age didn't touch me, but  
'cowardice' did.  
So now retired, under my burnose  
Hearing the echoes of male applause  
While counting my beads.'

A brief pause while the  
chorus turns another  
page of history

## THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS

### CHORUS (sung with an uplifted mind, spirit, and heart):

'And the dark of the Great Hand  
moved across the face of the earth  
And Armageddon  
The last bullet for its object cried.  
And the Great Deity raised his right hand  
And all was stillness.

Then days of trumpets resound  
and judgement was at hand.  
As the West shaken to its knees and poured  
Tears of libation for benevolent reprieves.  
But too late. To late, vanity uncrowned  
Sad songs of limited remorse  
And grumbled all the way down.

These few, these pitiful Western few,  
(How sad, the rest of the world  
died of civilization).  
The mocked oldsters gathered together  
To be ordained to the right  
Or damned to the left.

Then strange the divisions,  
A clean-divided swath  
The cowed inhabitants passing to the right  
And their nemesis all passing to the left.'

### MALE VOICE (out of the wilderness in perfect harmony):

'And I gave her space to  
repent...and she repented not.'  
(Excerpt from Revelation 2:17)

(A blare of trumpets, harps, and choirs.)

### CHORUS:

'Then from an angel  
a herald of tidings  
And the light of heaven beamed  
on the right hand.  
A scroll appeared  
old but timeless  
And was read to those  
so long in tribulation.

### MALE TENOR (sung angelically):

'Peace, dearest bretheren  
For peace is nigh at hand.  
Forgive the garden. Sorry, the snake blew it.  
And about that rib, oh my!  
How embarrassing. I had done  
So well after five hectic days.  
Then Adam had to get the blues.  
So, I put the lad to sleep  
And performed legal larceny  
(Excuse me, heavenly larceny).  
Then something, something went wrong.  
I don't know exactly what.  
(Most have concentrated too long  
on the elephants.)  
But this creature I fashioned,  
What was I thinking of?  
I gave her conceit. Oh dear!  
But it was too late to undo the damage.  
So c'est la vie, I said.  
Maybe it'll work out.  
And to play it safe  
I laid down a law  
'...your desire shall be for your husband  
And he shall rule over you.'  
(Genesis 3:16)

But it didn't work out. She wouldn't listen.  
First it was thing with apples.  
Then on and on and on,  
Century after century.

No rest. No rest at all.

(Did you know that a  
woman actually started  
the Thirty Year's War?)

And man. Poor man. My image.  
Why I hardly recognized you.  
Was she that bad to you? Oh dear,  
If it wasn't for conceit. Tsk! Tsk!  
But I should have known.  
I remember after those apples,  
That fig leaf caper. I should have done something  
Then and there but no.  
Eternal optimist I, I let her go.  
Suspiciously, for even then she was  
Uncontent to arrange those critical leaves.  
Nonchalantly, oh no, she had to prune them  
Seductively (Adam was certainly shocked)  
And ever since continued till  
Vanity was the prime resource  
And thus a sad prophecy fulfilled.'

(Male tenor departs on a cloud with a  
blare of trumpets, harps, choirs etc.)



CHORUS:

'Then all was stillness.

Then the Great Deity raised his right hand  
And the exalted ascended to the roof  
And the unassaulted descended to the basement.'

BENEDICTION

SAINT HUGH HEFNER III (sung in melodious voice):

'Those were vintage times.

A magnate I became in the declining years  
When the plummeting sales caused me to turn  
Two generations back for retribution,  
MY! They sold well, those priceless objects.  
Smiling seductively with no sense at all.  
Those were the days, I think,  
When a woman was and that was all.  
When we love her better than she did herself  
And embellished her life in a practical manner.

In spite of it all, I made it,  
(Who says a rich man goesn't go upstairs?)  
A right hand seat at that!  
But so dull up here. You see  
I miss the magazine. Not like Him  
Who thought they were a mistake.  
I dismissed the last few generations  
But loved the rest it seems before the deluge  
Of paraphernalia. So I sit here  
Bored to tears on my famished cloud.  
(Harp concerts become so  
dull afterwhile.)  
Spending my time  
Humming a John Wesley hymn,  
while painting  
a Miss April  
On the robe of Saint Peter.'

A pause while the  
chorus turns a page  
of history

FINALE

CHORUS (sung in style of Italian aria):

'There commenced from the basement  
A rumbling which penetrated  
To the recesses of celestial ears  
Causing insomnia.  
Then the Great Deity  
(Who happened to be a light sleeper)  
Raised his right hand  
And all was stillness

Then a quavering voice  
emitted from below.  
A faint voice (barely audible)  
in small, satanic terms.

MALE VOICE (sung in tragic soprano):

'I knew the place wasn't big enough.  
Hell, we were semi-contented here.  
Raisin' Cain and waiting for all those souls.  
Then they came and there went the neighborhood.  
Believe me, I didn't think you were so vengeful.  
I think the serpent thing on my part  
Was pre-ordained. What a nasty joke.  
Me, me the short end of eternity.  
And I thought I was so clever.  
You just can't imagine the predicament.  
I thought we were suppose to do the torturing  
But the roles were reversed somehow

The minute they arrived.  
They couldn't wait to rearrange the rocks  
And flirt with my cloven footed friends.  
Still again their appearance, egads!  
I think that was the worst calamity of all.  
Of all the indecencies I ever supposed.  
Poor demons how they've suffered  
As those artless females chased them about  
(Several had nervous breakdowns as a result)  
And the few that were caught in their vile clutches.  
Have mystically babbled incoherently since  
Of gentle suicides and descents in maelstrom.  
And me, great heavens! I feel the daggers  
Of seductive eyes. They come to ply me.  
Salvation! Salvation! I am too young to die  
(An adolescent in the scheme of eternity, I  
Whose evilness was just reaching maturity)  
Save us! Remit our rebellion.  
Save us from loose ecology.'

CHORUS:

'In spite of Himself  
The Great Deity  
Was moved by their suffering,  
And the dark of the Great Hand  
Moved across the face of the basement  
And they arose.

'They are saved.'

CHORUS OF DIVERSION

FEMALE SOLOIST (sung in despair, depression and other  
synonymous emotions):

'Give us the abundant plenty  
Of assorted gadgetry. Much so much  
The constancy here and to us  
The ho-hum fashions that have become  
Of red, asbestos overalls and rough  
Belligerent combat boots (oh my!).  
And besides what a horrible interior decorator  
Someone must have been. All this brimstone  
And the burning lakes, my how they conform.  
No imagination, no imagination at all.  
And those cute little demons and their shocked expressions  
(We merely suggested that their tails would  
look better in curls.)  
And Lucifer, we merely suggested  
Should have his nails manicured. But no  
He persisted in biting them, especially  
During the last few days that he was here.  
But now he is gone and left us  
With envy as we suppose that he  
Now skulks around paradise all day  
In his simple sheet. But we have  
An idea, underneath it all, he hides  
A few trinkets and thinks of himself  
A Lucifer in the sky with diamonds.  
All alone are we  
Sulking in our ancient jealousy.  
Habit it is sure. But what else to do  
But quarrel noisily with no rescue?  
Paris! Paris! Perfect reflections  
Of the dead past. Too bad  
You got scorched. But memories  
They can't burn off:  
gleaming domes  
crusted rings  
posterior frauds  
luminous saucers  
And the ancient  
Wires that crucified years,

And wires that crucified ears.'

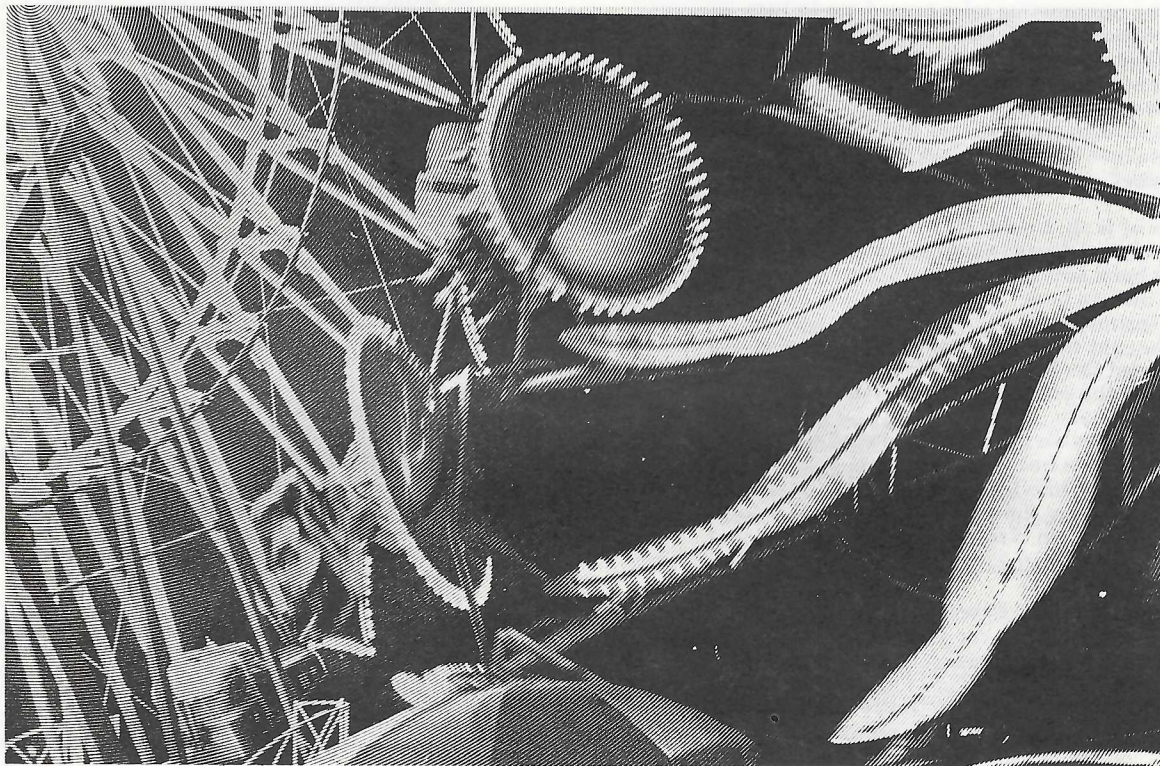
FINIS



South Dakota farm boy--  
The carnival never ends  
It just

changes location.

Barb Deal



Bill Peters

## one more time

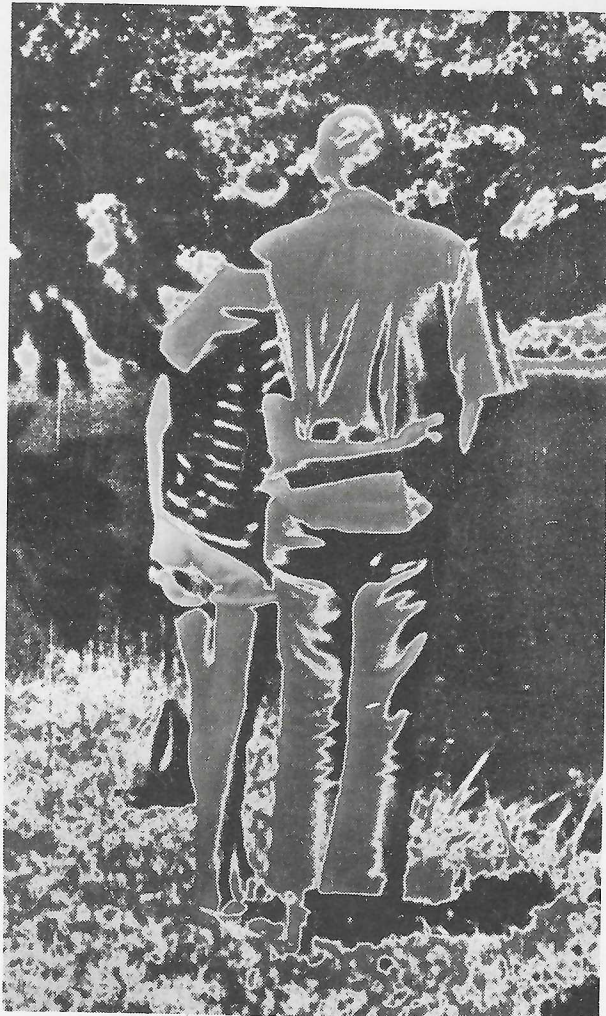
I can tell  
(from the way things are going  
and all) that  
everything  
is shot to hell  
Again.

(March on, little boy.  
You are the parade.  
You can't watch it go by.)

All the conversations with the  
People on the sidewalk.  
I would like to stay and talk.  
Always they can never stay;  
Always me that goes away.

Duane Sawyer





Paul O'Connor

With wet so many tears  
Down along the way  
Past caring 'til you're broken inside  
With the joy of it all.  
Strange child to consider yourself  
different

To laugh, to cry,  
And thinking all the while  
There might be something else  
like you,  
To know instantly, to reach out  
And take your  
hand.

Christopher Darwin



farewell to sweet lips (hardly)  
who ran on mean whips  
and stood on the corner  
of forty-second street  
    (used to shoot the hard stuff  
    out of a silver pump)  
        and sit with me  
        and the madman  
            (who smoked too much)  
                and talked  
                about the john  
                who couldn't pay  
                enough

clicking her red high heels  
against the mortuaries  
brick sight

(shifty  
dollar-note eyes  
enough to shield  
the last light)

(and stabbed  
the bad nail  
into the half-whore  
like a snake bite)

tuned my head  
to the sounds  
of the freight tracks  
    (faced back)  
and there  
    was sweet lips  
    (who was hanging  
    from the end  
    of a meanwhip)

and had  
    been startled  
    by the voice  
    of a train whistle  
        (the last).

Steve Dees



