

collage, november 1971

PROSE
LAYOUT
ART
type
illustration
design
graphics
er-a-ture
FICT,ION
publicity
composition
POETRY
FEATURES
photography
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notes...

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Yes, COLLAGE has definitely changed. After several years of preliminary work COLLAGE has grown up. Gone are the days of unheated offices, scrounging for poetry and buying art supplies out of lunch money.

For the first time this year COLLAGE presents a unified format which classifies most types of contributions which we receive. Not every category will appear in every issue but will vary according to the emphasis in each issue and the types of contributions our readers send us.

Short stories and poetry of the highest quality will be presented for reading entertainment and as an outlet for student writers. Art collections and photoanalyses of various subjects will serve the same purpose, but visually rather than verbally. Features related to contemporary interests of university students are planned. Three new columns are also being introduced. Focus is a column related to the arts and will cover diversified materials such as reviews and previews of books, musical concerts, plays or art shows. Forum is the platform for personal opinion essays on any subject. Perspective presents a factual, researched article.

Of course, all students are invited to contribute to any category, or create their own if they wish.

Jim Leonhirth is obviously a man of many talents. Besides writing a regular political column for "Sidelines" last year and being its present Editor-in-Chief, he has time to write thoughtful short stories such as "Miracle at Cutter's Pasture."

This month's feature on the newly opened Disney World was the idea of Pam Burnley, COLLAGE Art Illustrator, who spent part of her summer in Orlando trying to obtain employment. Giving up in disgust, she tells how she found herself seated on the plane home beside a typical big-business type who queried her on her opinion of Disney World. While passing over it a few moments later he revealed his identity to her -- the president of the real estate and construction companies handling the development of Disney World. The article was written by Susan Butler, a graduate student in English and free-lance contributor to several national magazines.

Bill Bennett, COLLAGE Associate Editor, is a political science major hoping to further his education in the area of African studies. His article for this month's Perspective previews Ralph Abernathy's visit to this campus on December 1.

Rhea Cole's sketch of his summer vacation 1970 is definitely not fiction. Rhea is an art major, former COLLAGE art editor and designer of the logo appearing on the opposite page.

Dr. Roy Clark, the first half of this month's Forum, is interested in philosophy, poetry and chess as well as chemistry and physics which he teaches. Clark gives his scientific view of astrology, but he is quick to point out that scientists don't know everything. Furthermore, scientists know that they don't know everything, which seems to imply something about astrologists.

Dr. Richard Jordan's reply to Dr. Clark's essay does not imply that he is rabidly pro or con astrology, he says. He was concerned with what he considered flaws in the scientist's analysis. Dr. Jordan recently directed the Murfreesboro Little Theatre's Production of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Teena Andrews

collage, volume 5, number 1

collage, november 1971

ART	My Summer Vacation (?)	5
FEATURE	Walt Disney World -- Of Dreams	12
FORUM	Forum: Science vs. The Stars	17
PERSPECTIVE	Black Power: An Interpretation	20
POETRY	A woman	4
	Anacreontic	4
	I like poems -- not rigid --	4
	The Reign of Atomous X	11
	Signets Cost A Bunch My Dear	16
	My nightengale Barbara	22
	My poor misguided lonely	22
	And in the dawn's wake	22
	Against the curve of your tilted head	22
	Harlem wait-station	24
SHORT STORIES	Miracle at Cutter's Pasture	2

PROSE

POETRY

FEATURES

photography

illustration

design

graphics

type

composition

fiction

opinion

Connie Braddock, COLLAGE Layout Coordinator, designs a collage of typography for this month's cover including the various elements incorporated into a magazine.

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MIRACLE AT CUTTER'S PASTURE

BY JIM LEONHIRTH

The ugly, brown leaflets completely covered the storefronts and wooden poles. They were crudely made and had been hastily tacked up. The milkman making his early rounds had first noticed the leaflets. He had pulled one down and looked at the clumsily scribbled words:

Miracle! Miracle!
January 14 at Cutter's Pasture
7:00 A.M.

He laughed to himself, wadded it up, and threw it in his wagon.

The storekeepers and shoppers soon discovered the leaflets and read them with a chuckle. Some said it was a practical joke by a circuit preacher or perhaps a faith healer. By the end of the day, however, the leaflets had been torn down, and they either cluttered the street, or held grocery lists and childish doodles.

The next morning the milkman was once more greeted by leaflets covering the village. Again the milkman pulled one down and read it, but instead of wadding it up, he placed it by his receipt books and continued his route. Soon the villagers found the new leaflets. Again there was talk of practical jokes and fiery evangelists, but more than one questioned how the leaflets had been put up without disturbance. The talk turned from the meaning of the leaflets to what mysterious agents had acted without noise or observation. The leaflets became the gossip of the day.

The barber shop and the grocery store became the centers of debate concerning the mysterious leaflets. Several villagers began to analyze the contents of the leaflets. January 14 was a Sunday, and this added weight to the arguments of those who said that the leaflets were just advance notices of a coming revival. Others disagreed in favor of the more mystic.

There was nothing mysterious, however, about Cutter's Pasture. It was a level site of land near the village. The owners were dead, and no one claimed it. It was the site of the annual Easter egg hunt, kite flying in March, and in summer it was always occupied by a baseball team or little boys playing their summer games. Sunday was then two days away, and in

some of the villagers a gentle tension and expectancy arose. Some of the younger villagers made plans to see the miracle, but the majority of their elders were still skeptical and said that they'd wait and see. The clergymen of the village disclaimed the leaflets as someone's idea of a joke and said that they wished the villagers would become as interested in the church as they were in the "miracle." On the next day no new leaflets were to be found, and this disappointed many.

As Sunday drew closer, the villagers debated what type of miracle it would be. Opinions were as abundant as the leaflets had been, and the arguments which ensued continued well into the night. At five o'clock the next morning, a small group of the young villagers positioned themselves in what they deemed to be the middle of the pasture. They desired the best seats for whatever was to happen. The older villagers, on the pretext that they wanted to know what the younger group was doing, also found their way to the pasture. By six o'clock the entire village had assembled in the pasture, waiting.

The first light of dawn found the villagers in a tense, excited state. Using hushed tones they quieted the young and allayed the fears of the old. With the time drawing nearer, the schoolmaster drew his watch from his vest and began to softly read the number of minutes remaining. The words were then passed to the waiting ears of the assemblage. The long, long minutes crawled slowly around the watch face, and the hour finally arrived. There was a stillness and silence, the like of which had never been experienced in the village before.

By seven-o-five there were stirrings in the crowd, but they held their positions, desperately hoping that something would happen. By seven-fifteen people began to slip away from the crowd mumbling words about practical jokes, darn fool kids, and how they hadn't believed there was going to be a miracle and had only come to see everyone else find it out.

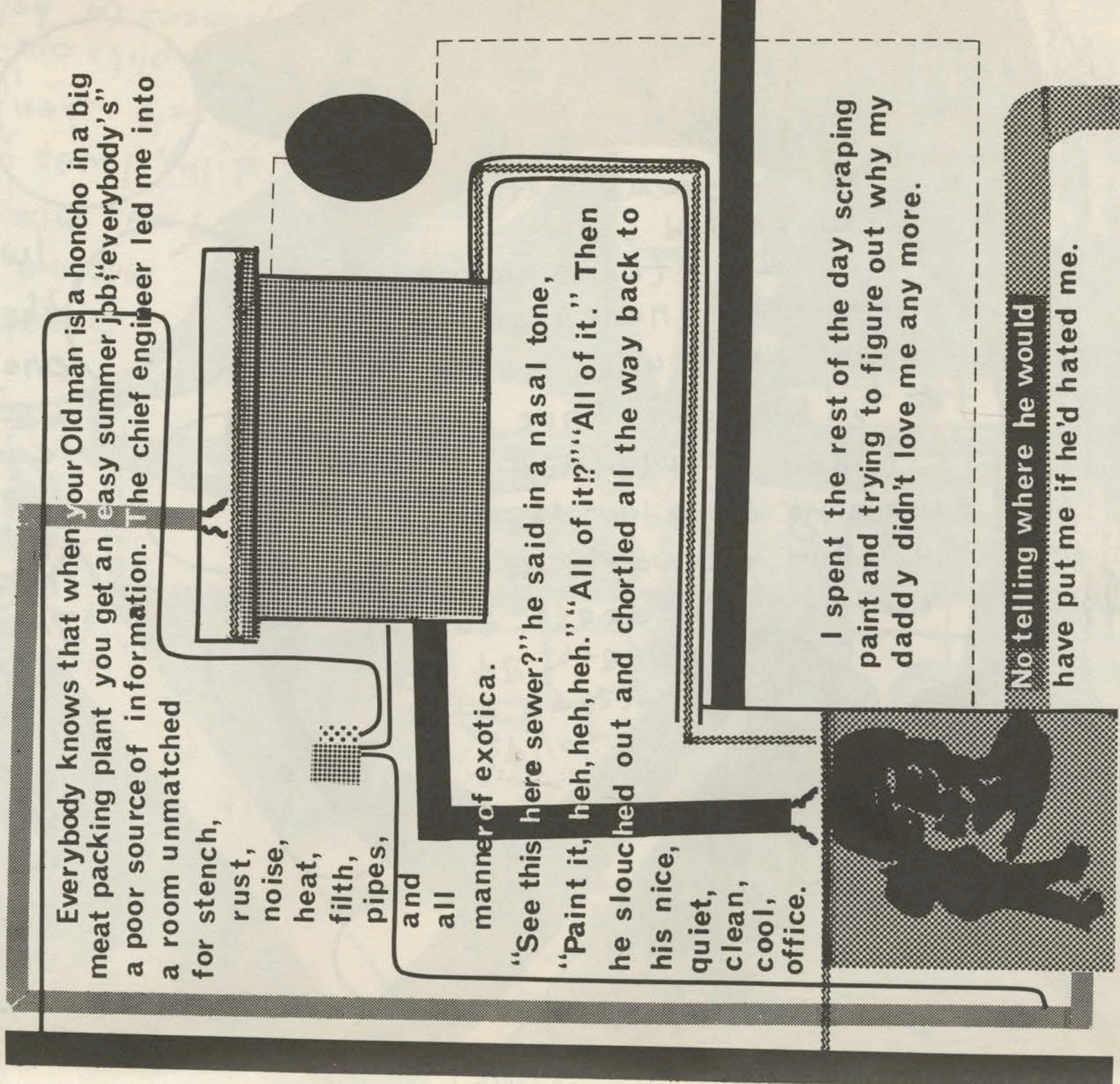
The sun was then shining brilliantly, and it looked down upon the last few die-hard believers reluctantly leaving the pasture and walking toward their homes.



Editor's Note: This is an excerpt from an illuminated book that Cole created for advanced design last spring. The essay describes his job at the Swift & Co. plant in Grand Island, Nebraska, during the summer and was done especially for COLLAGE. This is intended for entertainment only and in no way reflects on the actual operation of the plant.

MY SUMMER VACATION(?)

an illuminated essay by R. Cole



Everybody knows that when your Old man is a honcho in a big meat packing plant you get an easy summer job; "everybody's," a poor source of information. The chief engineer led me into a room unmatched

for stench,
rust,
noise,
heat,
filth,
pipes,
and
all
manner of exotica.

"See this here sewer?" he said in a nasal tone,
"Paint it, heh, heh, heh." "All of it?" "All of it." Then
he slouched out and chortled all the way back to
his nice,
quiet,
clean,
cool,
office.



I spent the rest of the day scraping
paint and trying to figure out why my
daddy didn't love me any more.

No telling where he would
have put me if he'd hated me.

ANACREONTIC

defeating successive mountain peaks
celebrated carnival attitudes
all i can get is
dust lonely eyes in transit
to unremembered places

incense burning through my window
words
with all the world standing here
all i can get is
more memories than i have
mind for

one lonely man whom
i have beaten and killed
too many times

GOD
you are standing near
all i can get is love

the only way i can speak
is to cry softly to my self
you are standing near
all i can get is love

JOEL NEELY

BARB DEAL

I WOULD BE A POET

I like poems--not rigid--
Not constrained or choked,
Sometimes not even poems.

I would be a poet--not formal--

Easy going, making songs for friends

That they should underline good parts

Or draw arrows on the page.

This one is the first, so please,

Circle your favorite word:

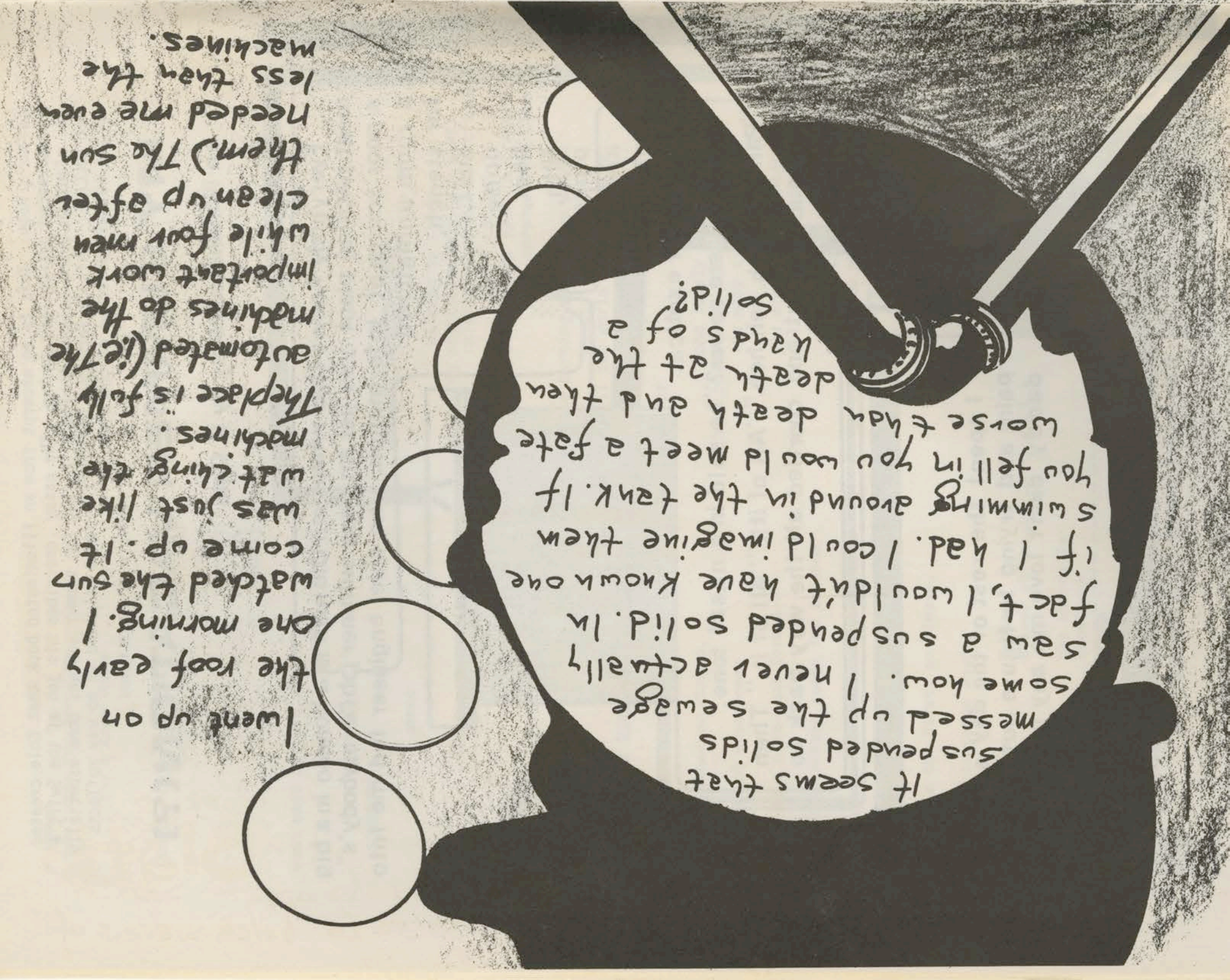
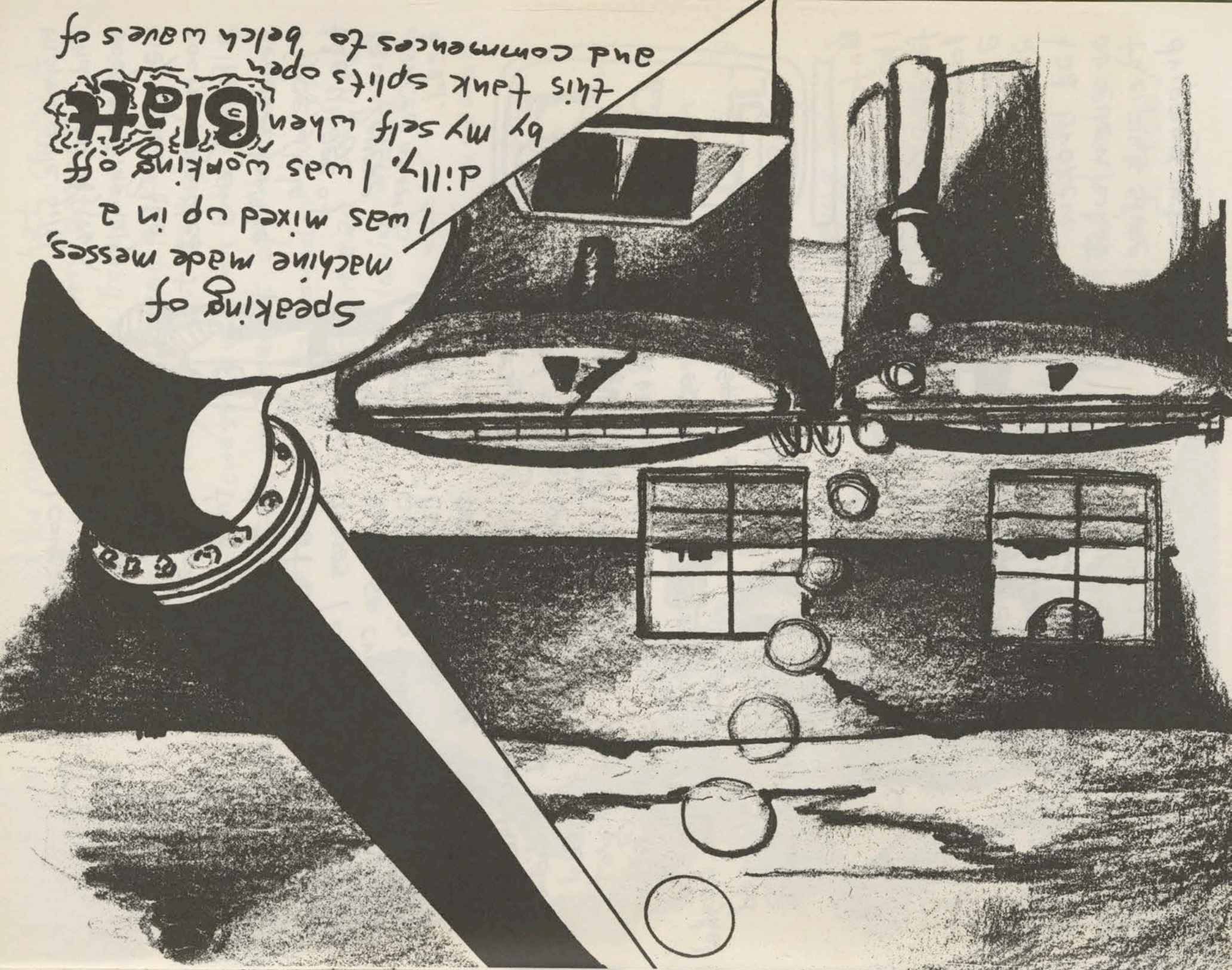
hot chocolate	Easter
crayola	silver globes in front yard
we	jet
tomorrow	the Shondells
know	snowflake
Julian	chirp

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN

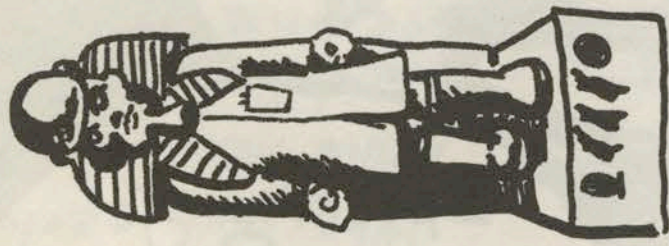
I went up on
the roof early
one morning. I
watched the sun
come up. It
was just like
watching the
machines.
The place is fully
automated (i.e. the
machines do the
important work
while four men
clean up after
them.) The sun
needed me even
less than the
machines.

It seems that
suspended solids
messed up the sewage
some how. I never actually
saw a suspended solid. In
fact, I wouldn't have known one
if I had. I could imagine them
swimming around in the tank. If
you fell in you would meet a fate
worse than death and then
death at the
hands of a
solid?

Speaking of
machine made messes,
I was mixed up in a
dilly. I was working off
by myself when
this tank splits open
and commences to belch waves of
shit



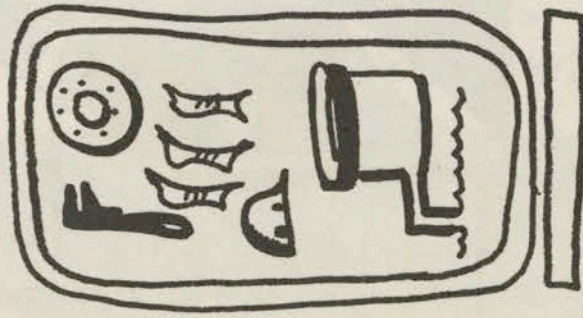
unspeakable filth and horror. After body surfing half way across the room I grabbed a ladder and headed for the office while the visage of Paul Revere danced in my head.



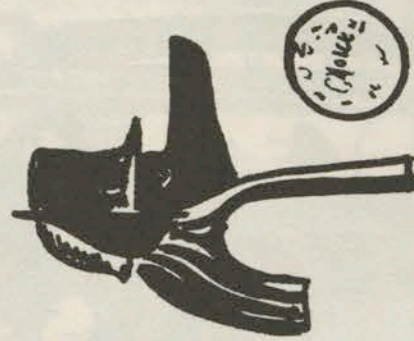
I covered the whole history of communication short of TV.

About the time I was going to tell them that whatever it was I didn't do it, so cram... when this dude comes in and says "The surge

my eyes was. I tried and tried to explain what had come off: I drew pictures, I made sounds, I acted things out. In short



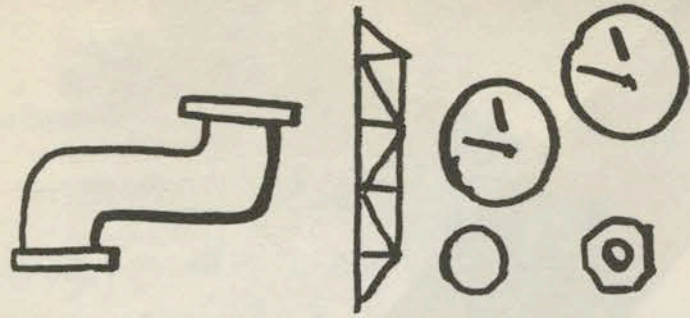
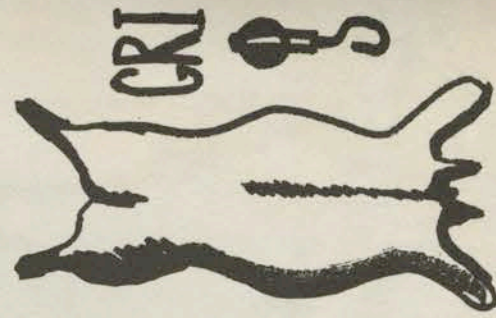
Unfortunately I had not allowed for one fact... I didn't have a ghost of an idea what had broken or even what the pink slime dripping into



tank is busted and we're up to our asses in PUNCH. "He dripped a little for effect. A few days later he asked me why I liked art. This time



I knew the words and he didn't. So I asked him why he got such a kick out of the boiler room. We laughed and slapped some skin.



You may wonder what reward I received for my prompt action. An unwritten law states that when a machine makes a mess they get out and find the lowest dude on the social scale to clean it up. Needless to say, I was found. Have you ever reeked? I mean smelled so bad that your loving hound disdains you at the door?

After untold hours of unspoken suffering and filth, I lay down my shovel and returned to suburbia prepared to bask in the healing love and understanding of my family. You can imagine my shock when I was joyously met with nasty faces and gagging sounds, Ordered to the back door and sent to the basement. Dejected and rejected I did the only christian thing...

I snuck up on my little brother Paul and tied my shirt around his head.



THE REIGN OF ATOMOUS X

Though I am a jester with my epaulets and stars, listen
On time-honoured Atomous!
Early I hear you wake with your hydrogenous roar,
And yet sit docile as a mushroom upon your riveted throne.
But listen, oh black Atomous, as I tell of the days of lore:

Once spring was a silent, gray-green sarcophagous,
Summer was a tar baby smoking filter-tip factories,
In fall the sulfur-yellow leaf stems, flaccid, parted unnaturally from
The gaping lips of the abscission layer.
Preachers could no longer compare j.c.'s purity with snow,
Lest they proclaim him black heretic

Some buxom singer sung, "If that's all there is, my
friend, then let's keep dancing, let's bring out the
booze, and have a ball. . ."

Yea, it was a time of the rice-colored maggots crawling out
Of calcium eyeholes in saprogenic jungles,
When Emko foam grew dusty on drugstore shelves,
When some phenomenon called "children" their limbs as crooked
As the discarded paper clips from the General Mills factory next door,
CRIED.

It was a time of black mammy pancake commercials complete with
Gritty, ante bellum smiles,
And get this one, oh mighty one, senile judges decided what
Constituted obscenity!

The caw, the caw, and Kierkegaard's beak dripped the
cottage cheese carrion of a lost generation.

Do not look so bored, oh Atomous Mahound!
Enough of this, it is dawn!

See the little Madison Avenue fairies jaunce in the pink solar

Light that is filtering through the plexiglas dome?
Notice also how the aged come to stare at the remarkably preserved
Streetcars of desired at glas-vaulted Tiffany's.

Perhaps your boredom is due to this eternal summer!
With some small manipulation of white styrene we can have winter.
Oh, I almost forgot, the zooids germinate today,
(It would be interesting to observe how they crack the test tubes.)
Oh, your majesty, stop fooling around with your little red button!
You won't have any of us left to play with. Sleep now!
Oh, when you wake, all the universe trembles.

DENNIS COTTRELL

Spend seventy hours a week in that place and you start
seeing some weird stuff!*

*Some of which didn't come from the tank..

WALT DISNEY WORLD -- OF DREAMS

BY SUSAN BUTLER

Another of Walt Disney's dreams came true with the opening in October of Walt Disney World. This resort complex in mid-Florida contains many of the same features as Disneyland but with extra attractions to make it even more exciting.

Similar to Disneyland, Walt Disney World is another dream land where visitors can slip from reality into the fantasy worlds of cartoons, cowboys, spacetravel, and many of the famous localities created by the mind of Walt Disney. Many of the attractions at Walt Disney World depend upon the visitor's ability to throw off his ties to reality and succumb to his dreams.

The emphasis at Walt Disney World is on family entertainment. When completely finished in several years, the complex will contain residential areas, a showcase industrial park, an executive airport and, most important of all, Walt Disney's greatest dream -- The Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. More commonly known as EPCOT, this experimental community will be a new approach to urban living incorporating the newest concepts and technologies of American industry.

Upon entering Walt Disney World's Magic Kingdom, the visitor finds himself in a world of dreams. His visit takes him past the giant floral portrait of Mickey Mouse into the worlds of Adventureland, Frontierland, Liberty Square, Fantasyland and Tomorrowland. Each "land" is decorated according to its particular theme and is staffed by hosts and hostesses dressed in appropriate costumes.

The most exciting "land" is Fantasyland where one enters through Cinderella's



WALT DISNEY WORLD -- Walt Disney World's Vacation Kingdom total destination vacation resort is being built on 2500 acres near Orlando, Florida. Focal point for project is Magic Kingdom

Castle featuring Cinderella's Golden Carousel. The highlight of the trip is also found in Fantasyland -- the Mickey Mouse Revue, a musical concert performed by 75 of Walt Disney's famous characters.

While visiting Walt Disney World, a myriad of entertainment can be found to suit every member of the family. Recreational facilities include horseback riding, tennis, bicycling, water skiing, swimming, boating, fashion shows, youth dances, and nightclubs. The two 18-hole golf courses are nearly ready and will be the site of the Walt Disney World Open in December. Fort Wilderness campground is available for the more hearty visitors who do not want to stay in the Contemporary Resort-Hotel or the Polynesian Village. Other "theme" hotels are part of the future plans at Walt Disney World.

While Disneyland in California is primarily an amusement park, Walt Disney World is a whole entertainment complex. Convention and convention coordinating are part of the wide spectrum of services that Walt Disney World will provide its visitors. The convenient highway system and air travel facilities will greatly aid travelers in easily reaching the new multi-million dollar "Vacation Kingdom."

Because of the image of perfection that accompanies the name "Walt Disney," the quality of service at Walt Disney World has to be of the highest order. Not only are the entertainers picked with meticulous care but so are the hosts and hostesses and the workers who constantly police the area to keep it free from litter.

theme park similar to California's Disneyland, shown top left in this model. Walt Disney World opened to the public in October. (Copyright WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS)

ALL THAT GLITTERS MAY JUST BE TENSEL

So, 'Mickey Mouse rides again and brings with him money, fame, glamour -- all the accouterments of success. At least that is what the droves of entertainers of quasi-entertainers who converged on Orlando this summer thought. Then they arrived at Walt Disney World and discovered that demand can often fall quite short of supply.

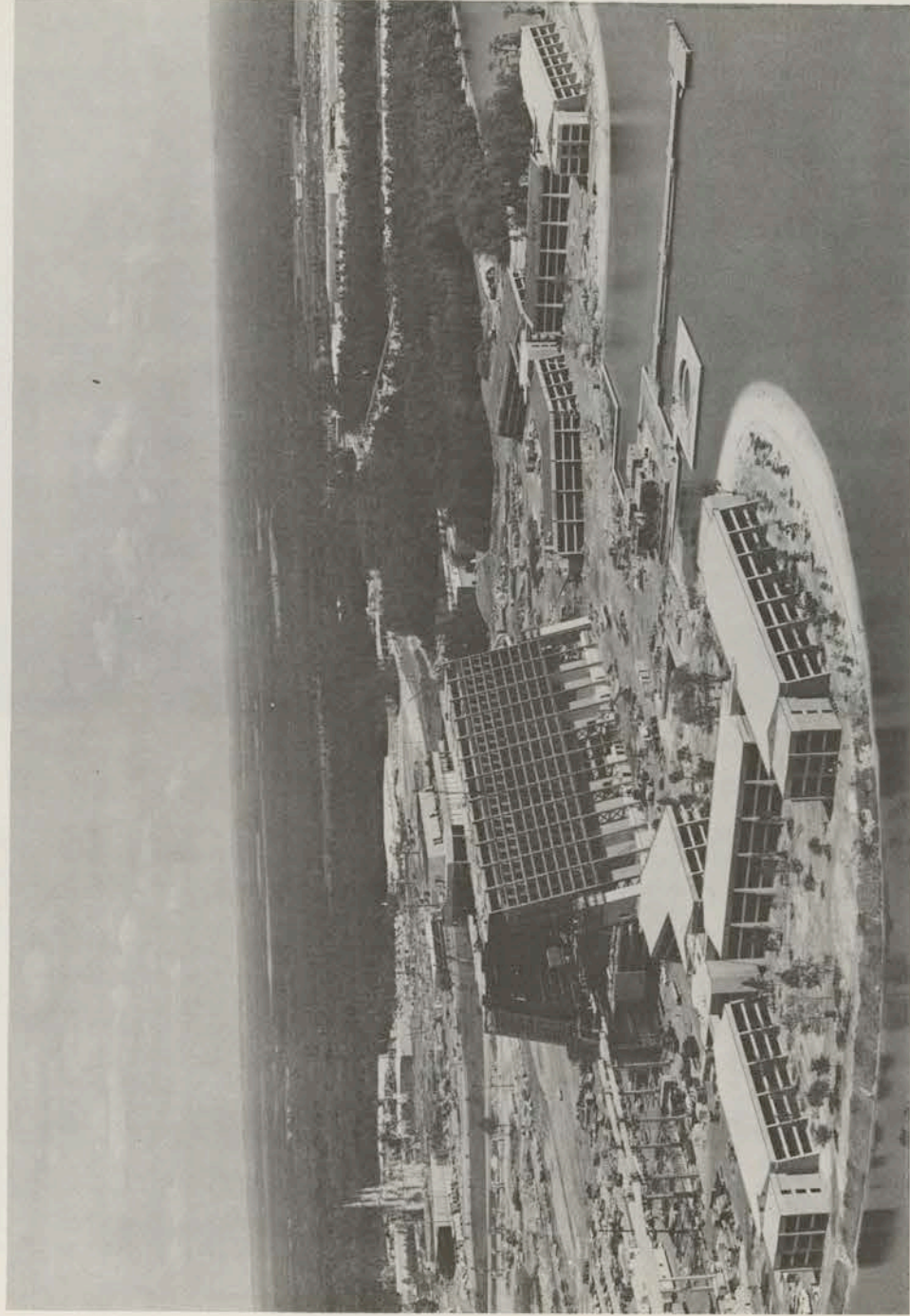
Those coming to audition for positions as entertainers run the gamut from Broadway and Las Vegas chorus girls to hard-

luck failures who are still trying to find that one big break. The chorus girls are virtually assured of employment because of their experience plus whatever talent they might have, but some "entertainers" are not quite as lucky.

Many of these entertainers arrive at Walt Disney World ready to claim the fulfillment of their dreams. What better place to attain the dreams of a lifetime than at a resort park which boasts of such spectacular sights as Adventureland,

Liberty Square, Fantasyland and Tomorrowland? After all, how can one lose in Fantasyland?

But in many cases -- losing is just what happens. In the coming year Walt Disney World Plans to hire just over 6000 employees to run its 2500 acre resort complex. For these 6000 positions, over 40,000 persons had sent applications by July. Simple subtraction proves that many dreams are going to remain dreams. Add to this the fact



SPECTACULAR HOTEL -- Walt Disney World's new Contemporary Resort-Hotel shaped like a huge "A," will be among the attractions of the new Vacation Kingdom. Built with pre-assembled room units, the hotel has 1,057 guest rooms. Through its huge central concourse will pass the silent, all-electric monorail trains. On the top will

be the Top of the World restaurant. Some 400 rooms are in the main tower building while another 600 are in bayside units such as the ones in the foreground. One of the three large swimming pools is under construction in the center. The hotel sits on the shores of Bay Lake. (Copyright WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS)

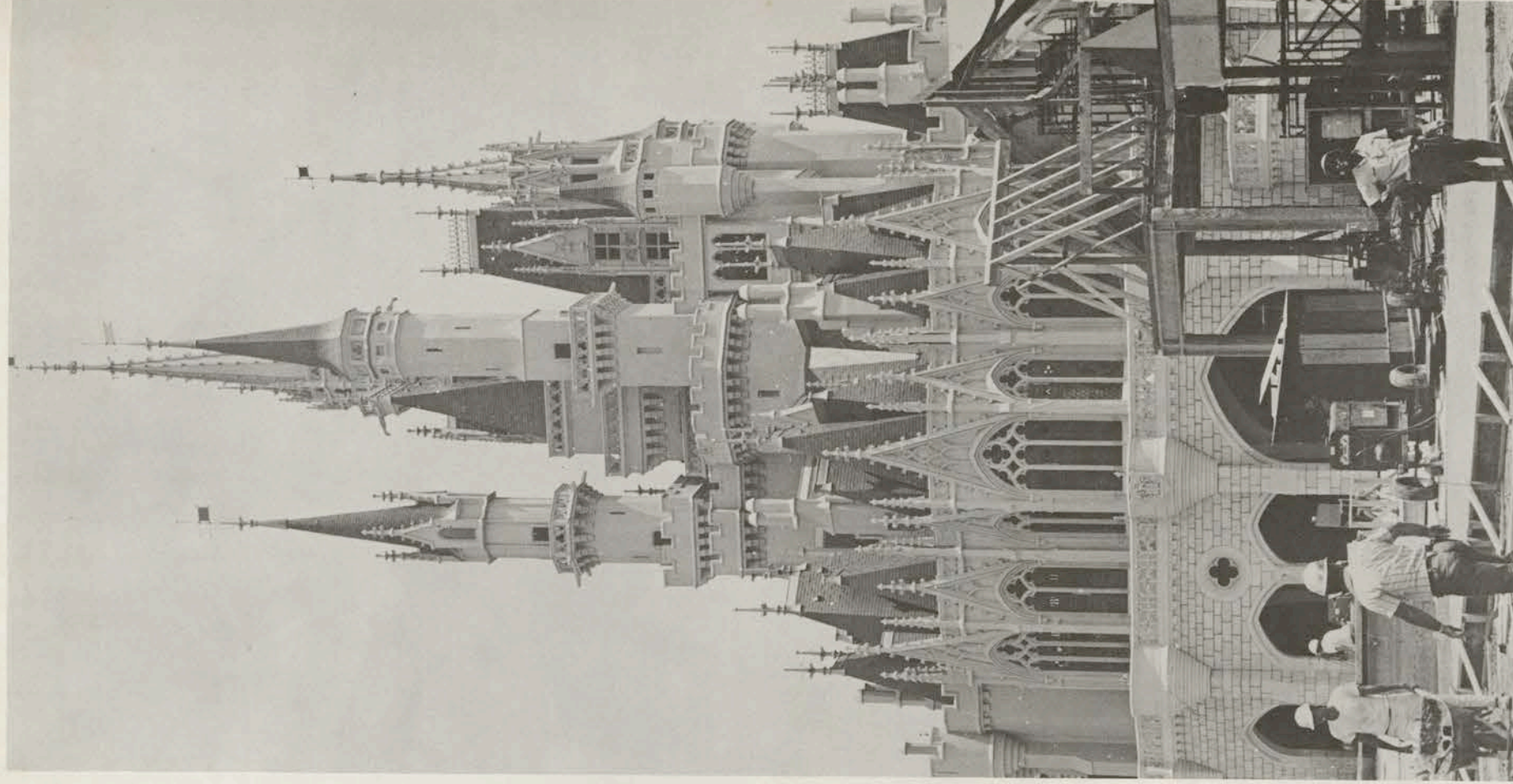
that the employers give preference to Florida residents and the percentage drops even lower.

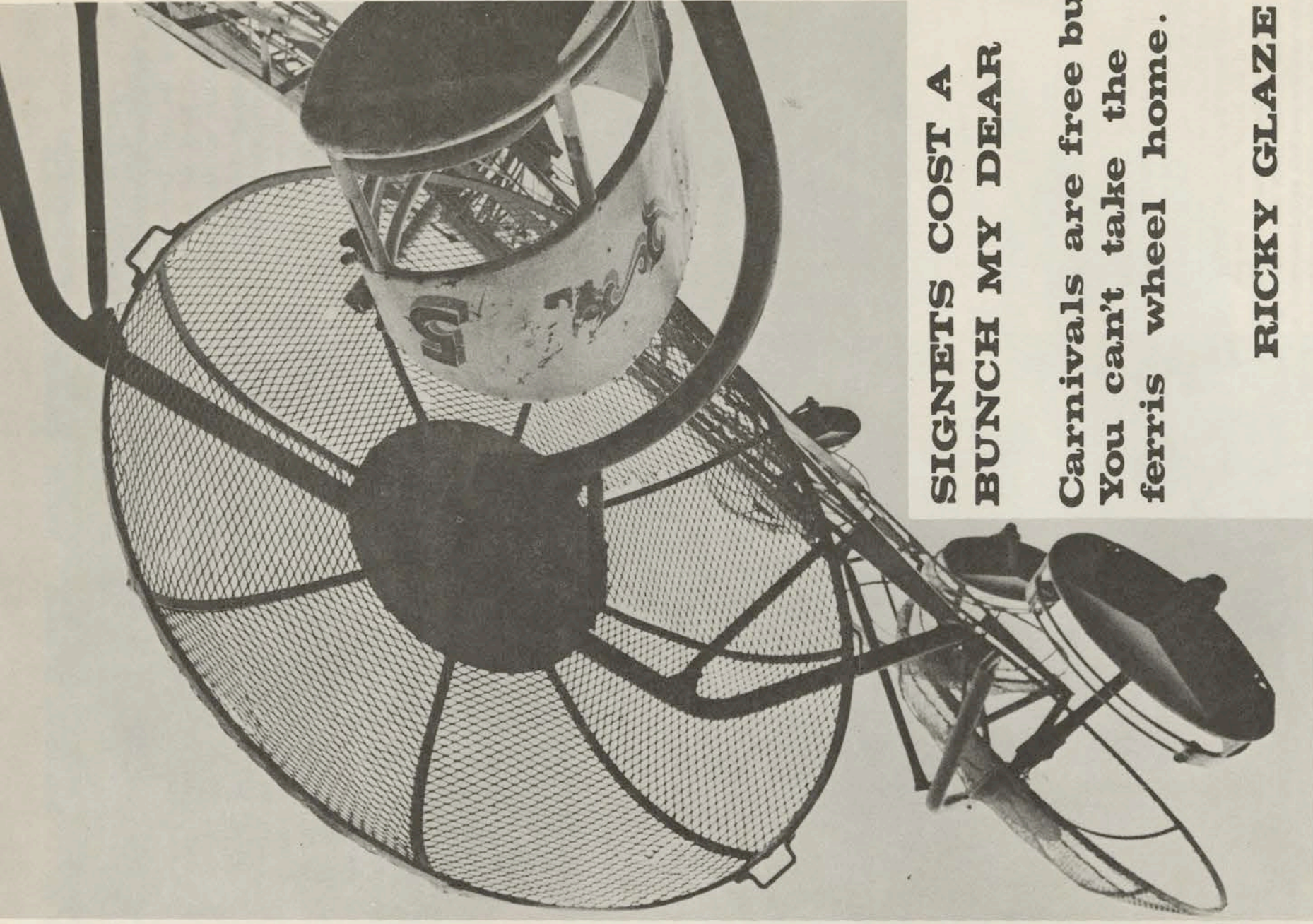
Many of the hopeful applicants were doomed from the start. They went to Florida with no talent and no money and, in all probability, will remain there in the same condition. One of the applicants for a hostess position was Pam Burnley, an MTSU student who reacts with some bitterness when she recalls many of the no-talent or little-talent people who arrived at Walt Disney World clutching at a last straw for success. She tells how one man from the northern part of the United States heard about the "golden land of opportunity" awaiting him at Walt Disney World; he sold his home, packed up his entire family and moved to Orlando. His sole claim for talent was a voice that sounds exactly like Andy Devine's.

This imitator of Andy Devine is not the only example of great supply and small demand. For days the lines of people waiting to apply for employment stood unshaded in the hot Florida sun for hours only to receive an application blank and the encouragement to fill it out and bring it back another day. Of course, many undaunted souls did just that, but many others, probably more worldly-wise, gave up at that juncture and sought a more realistic avenue to success.

Walt Disney World is a world of dreams where the visitor can enter and "leave the world of today behind," but it may also be the place where many dreams die -- or, at least, become a little tarnished.

FANTASY CASTLE -- Walt Disney World's main theme structure will be Cinderella's Castle nearing completion on the site near Orlando, Florida. Inspired by some of France's most famous palaces, the castle forms the entrance to Fantasyland, one of six major areas in the new Magic Kingdom theme park. Rising 186 feet into the air, the castle also houses King Stefan's Banquet Hall, a gothic domed restaurant in the tradition of European royalty. (Copyright WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS)





DAVE MILLER

SIGNETS COST A BUNCH MY DEAR

**Carnivals are free but
You can't take the
ferris wheel home.**

RICKY GLAZE

FORUM: SCIENCE VS. THE STARS

In his article in the March (1971) COLLAGE, "A Scientist Views Astrology," Dr. Roy Clark purports to answer the question "why astrological interest burns so brightly and apparently is so acceptable to intelligent moderns." Yet the major portion of what he writes is concerned with the history of thought and science (combined with a few aspersions on unscientific astrology), and only in his second to last para-

**"... ASTROLOGERS DID
MUCH PRELIMINARY
WORK FOR MODERN
SCIENTISTS..."**

BY RICHARD D. JORDAN

graph does he offer some answers to his question, all of them inadequate.

"As to why astrology is popular," he says, "First, it has a long tradition, and mankind has difficulty in discarding traditions." Traditions are not, per se, popular. Warfare between nations has a long tradition; its popularity is limited. Renaissance literature has a long tradition; it is not popular, nor was it popular in the sense Dr. Clark's usage implies -- appealing to the masses -- even in the Renaissance.

"Second, astrology is easy." Obviously Dr. Clark has never tried to cast a horoscope. Buying popular books on astrology is easy (buying POPULAR SCIENCE is easy), but the amount of technical information necessary to an astrologer is great and is not easily learned. The methods of astrology are certainly as involved as those of some mathematical studies, and they require a technical jargon almost equivalent to that of a science.

"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." Yes, astrology is fun; and this is the best explanation of its popularity that he gives. But as to why it is fun, being unorthodox and appearing "wise" is not in our society pleasurable to many people. Adaptability to the norm and anti-intellectuality are the character traits this society values. And even the anti-societies among us have their orthodoxies holding them together.

Dr. Clark talks about gravitational forces and radiation, which, he admits, "primitive people could hardly be expected" to understand. Yet he seems to

Continued on page 18

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 the article you are about to read.

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 humans 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 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

**"I VIEW ASTROLOGY (TO
BE) OF NO GREAT VALUE
TO MODERN MAN"**

BY ROY W. CLARK

were not instinctive but remembered past occurrences 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.

The point of all this is that mankind developed the

Continued on page 19

imply that these forces had provided some sort of 'science,' that is, the knowledge, of its day." This is right in its intent, though wrong in being too broad; astrology was at most the astronomy of its day. But indeed astrologers did much preliminary work for modern scientists, and many of the founders of



modern science -- Francis Bacon or Robert Boyle, for example -- believed in astrology.

Dr. Clark's one substantive attack on astrology is this: "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." What he means, I am sure, is that no one has ever done this in what he would call a "scientific" way. Man has looked for and recorded the outcomes of astrological predictions throughout history, though favorable outcomes were the more likely to be recorded. A scientific study such as he proposes might well be undertaken; but, as a scientist, Dr. Clark should know that is as unwise to deny an untested hypothesis as it is to affirm one.

That these "untested hypotheses" of astrology have "no great value to modern man" is either blindness to facts or a strangely severe limitation of the meaning of the word "value." It ignores, for instance, the historical value of astrology in the modern, scientific era, i.e. since about 1600. Men, especially at the early part of this period, have planned their whole lives around astrology. In the late Renaissance, wealthy parents would have horoscopes cast for their children; and these men grew up to be the powers of their day, believing the predictions that had been made about them and often consciously trying to fulfill them. If men today believe in astrology and structure their lives around its predictions and their personalities around its analyses of character, it cannot be discounted as without value for determining the

future and therefore for predicting it. To give a simplistic example, if a man has been told he will go to bed early tomorrow night and he believes the prediction, he will probably go to bed early tomorrow night.

But of course, these arguments Dr. Clark gives are not against astrology itself but ad hominem, against the man who likes it. The few backhanded attacks that Dr. Clark makes on astrology in the body of his article are not very forceful ones. He says that man has a history of adopting cause and effect relationships that are not validated "by subsequent experiences," intending this to be applied to astrology. But scientists too have a habit of adopting such relationships. Robert Boyle, an early scientist, used to advocate curing nose-bleed with "moss of a dead man's skull," and it is only a short time ago that we were bleeding patients to cure sickness and thinking of the atom as the smallest unit of matter. Science advances by finding new relationships; astrology too advances in this way, though with a different subject matter from which to draw.

Dr. Clark's confidence in flying on airplanes and living in electrically heated houses is perhaps a little different from that of most people since he, as a scientist, could possibly investigate the safety of these activities. But the average man takes the airplane and the electricity on faith, about the same



way the average believer takes astrology. The fact that there are records of astrology having proved out in the past, and the faith shown by other believers is enough for many people. And indeed, one hears a good deal more about wrecks of airplanes and the damages of electrical fires than one hears about the failures of astrology. Come to think of it, astrology might very well be the safest way to fly.

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 thus were 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 and sun-related 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 effect 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 osical 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. In fact, the discarding difficulty seems directly proportional to the tradition's uselessness. Second, astrology is easy, requires little training, and provides lazy intellects with a quick and easy answer to



"why." Third, and perhaps most influential, astrology 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 like they are. I am disappointed that they adopt such easy and unsound answers.

"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 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 Ameri-

cans 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 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, not to 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; rather, 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 much to 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, drew barely 100 black militants. In 1967, attendance 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 systematic 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 Stokely 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)



SAM NICELY

BLACK POWER: an interpretation by bill bennett

My nightengale Barbara
Rose this morning, a frozen sun.
And ran the length of this day
on tip toes.

The graceful, moved spirit whispered
through the wind that swayed
these gray skies.

She mocked those spirits, aware of the rain
and marveled at the taste of the evening
and,

in short, lived this day.

Still,
no hands moved
that told her when the time came.

PAT JAROS

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

PAM BURNLEY

*Against the curve of your tilted head
Sunset maves and ambers
color with whispers the space between us. . .*

so far

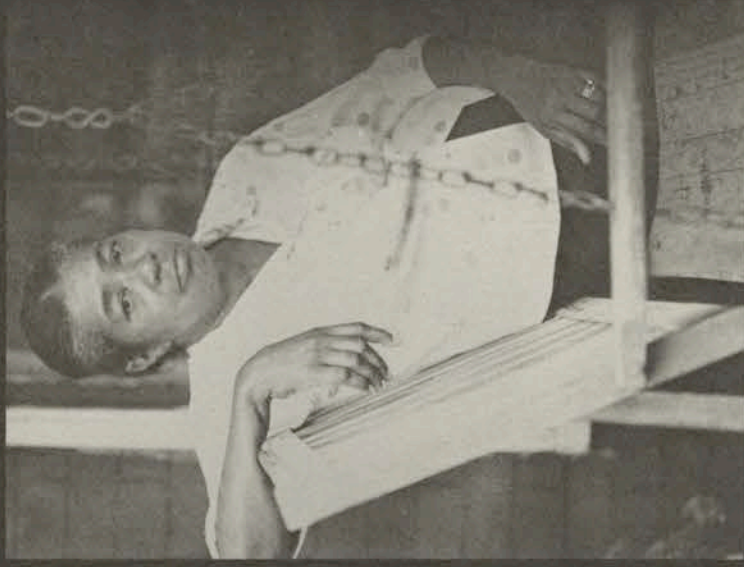
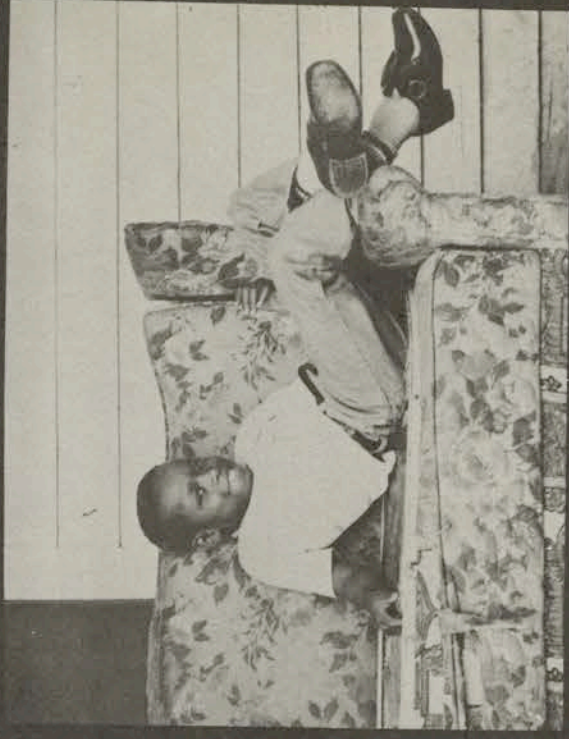
*I can barely feel your breath on my
cheek when I lean to hold you
as a butterfly
Palms open--lest I brush against
your colours
and disturb the magic of your wings.*

JOEY

my poor
misguided
lonely
ever-lovely
laughing lady.
your eyes have
changed color
somewhat
and they no longer
reflect you
as they once did.
the
wideness of your
killing-love
is making me
so blissfully

happy that
my
contradiction in reality
is
quite outside
your
forgiveness.

JACK LORD



PHOTOS BY DAVE MILLER

harlem wait-station

got on the tracks
at the early
break when

the robins fly
southeast down
past the

shade and sweat
it out waiting
for me to

return
/i've often

wondered if
now with

pollution and
everything
that if george
washington sailed

across the delaware
he wouldn't make
it you know the
bottom of his
boat would

rot out/
just sit in

the station
on the bench
stare

at all
the black
faces

man wallace
could sure

write a speech
here

/old colored

lady comes
in sits right
beside me

the shame

of it all i
feel so embarrassed

sh's probably
seen a thousand
like me all

white and such
and by now

thinks we're

all dogs

i hope you

can believe

i'm real

old colored lady

because i

believe in

you/

never knew

martin or

john brown

or any of the other

countless

black heroes

but they

seem to

have left

a very warm

shadow to

remember

/abe lincoln

(shovel and

charcoal

next to his

shoes) gives

his public address

never knew

him either but i

recognize the

beard/

harlem

a dirty word

a word i'm

certain

harlem

the only

free place

where no one

lives in freedom

but we whites

know that

don't we (there's

no freedom like

cotton freedom i

think i'm gonna

be sick)

i never wanted

to be black

but if i were

i'd never want

to be white

but i am

so you never

wanted to be

but you are

when the

snow crowns

out harlem

sounds

/can't remember

the street

got my shoes

shined/ that

"soul" brother yes

"my" brother sure

knew his place/

maybe i'll

come this way

again/feel

vibrate going

back/wave

at the coloreds

with an american

try to forget

i can't

never will

wish i hadn't come

could have stayed

at home

now i see

people

trying to live

i'll sweat it out

goodbye harlem

i could throw up

i'm so very free

and they're

so very not



flag stamped

on my palm

/this way to

dixie/ it's

changing

the train leaves

and hundreds

of black ghosts

spit on the

tracks and

children die

/that sure

is a lot for

heroin just to

be free

i leave

rest my eyes

wish i

could send

something

to help

only it

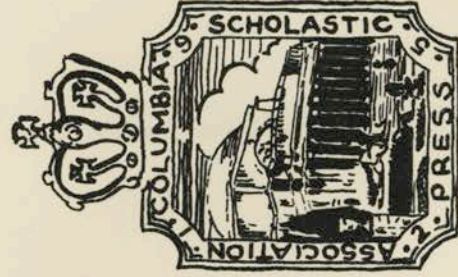
wouldn't go

you can't mail

grief

Steve Dees

Sept., 1968



COLLAGE is "A representation of a reservoir of developing talent in the MTSU student body."

Columbia Scholastic Press Association