

COLLAGE-MAY, 1972

notes...

"A Classic Male Chauvinist Pig," written by MTSU senior **Linda Mullins**, is a study of the sexual activities of Napoleon Bonaparte. Linda, a history major, says the article was adapted from a term paper written for the French Revolution and Napoleon course taught by Dr. Frederick Crawford.

Del K. Shumway, a Spanish professor in the Department of Foreign Languages and author of "Who and What are the Mormons?," wrote this article at the request of COLLAGE. His article is based on a lecture by Dr. Nathan Brady of Vanderbilt. Being a Mormon, Del has served a two-and-a-half year mission for the church in Mexico where he first became interested in Spanish.

Betty Denton, Culleoka sophomore, is not new to feature writing. She has served as editor of Columbia State Community College's newspaper, The Open Door and has written features for the Columbia Daily Herald.

"Vir et Machina" is the work of **Dr. William Beasley**, professor of English and director of the Graduate English program. Dr. Beasley says his story is vaguely connected with a tale he once heard which may or may not be true. At any rate, it started his thought processes which turned out a delightful story of man vs. machine.

"The Hitchhiker" written by **Sabin Thompson**, a pre-law student from Ardmore, is a realistic account of human nature based on a highway incident he witnessed.

The four theatre critiques by **Jane Jenkins** are the result of her recent trip to New York on the MTSU sponsored New York Theatre Tour. Her critiques include evaluations, comments, and conflicts of four outstanding Broadway productions.

While in New York on the same theatre tour, **Fran Brandon**, at the request of COLLAGE, interviewed Monty Wanamaker and wrote a review of his art show at Caravan House Gallery. Mrs. Brandon is also a writer of children's books and has had articles published in Tennessee Teacher, Scholastic, and The Instructor. One of her books on ecology is currently being translated into Spanish.

This month's **Focus** articles on Africa are written by **Ellen D. Barr** and **Jim Trammel**. Ellen's article on African poetry was written for her African Cultures course. Ellen is a senior majoring in sociology. Jim Trammel, better known for his "Off the Record" column in Sidelines, is a sophomore at MTSU. Jim will be editor of the Midlander next year.

James R. Powers was the president of the Tennessee Archeological Society of 1971 and was former president of the MTSU Archeology Club. Powers' future plans include graduate work in this field.

Ivan Shewmake is not new to COLLAGE, nor is **Linda Killen**. Shewmake, who serves as president of the Socratics, had three other works published in COLLAGE last year. Linda Killen is an English major, poet and member of Alpha Phi Gamma--the honorary journalism fraternity. Her father, Buddy Killen, is Joe Tex's producer.

*

**

*

Photo Credits

Teena Andrews-pages 31, 34,36,37
 Russell Cole-page 43
 Decca Records-page 8
 Dial Records-page 61
 Greear Studios-pages 55, 57
 Susan LaFavor-page 17
 Dave Miller-page 4
 Sammy Nicely-page 47
 James Powers-page 41
 Linda Sissom-pages 19,21,22,23,25
 U.S. Army Corps of Engineers/Nashville Division-page 42

Art and Illustration Credits

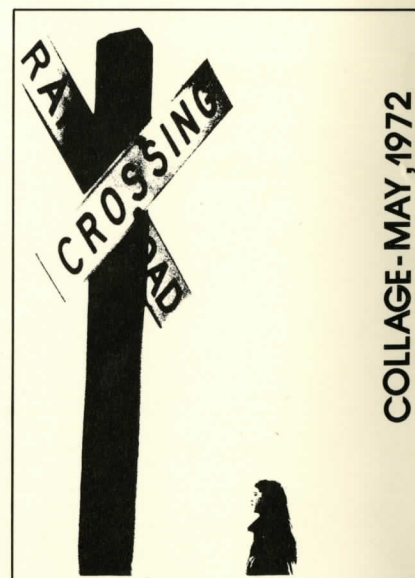
H. Rhea Cole-pages 1, 11, 26, 46
 Mike Strong-page 51
 Monty Wanamaker-pages 39,40



Materials published in COLLAGE do not necessarily reflect the official opinion or position of Middle Tennessee State University, its students, faculty, administration, or journalism advisers. All material appearing in this publication is printed with written consent of the contributor who is solely responsible for the content of that material. All material Copyright COLLAGE 1972. © Rights retained by the individual contributors.

mtsu box 61
murfreesboro, tennessee
37130

old maintenance bldg
(615) 898 2587



This month's cover is by Susan LaFavor. Susan was graduated from MTSU in 1968 with a masters degree in education - guidance and counseling. She is now a part-time instructor of dance for the Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation and is the owner of her own dance studio in Murfreesboro. This photo was taken for her photography class and was used for a final print.

FEATURES

- 1 A Classic Male Chauvinist Pig, by Linda Mullins
- 3 A Short History of COLLAGE, by Bill Bennett
- 19 Pieces of the Past at Oaklands, by Janice Dobbins
- 23 A Home is a Revelation of the Past, by Betty M. Denton
- 31 Monty: A Portrait, by Teena Andrews
- 39 The Art of Monty Wanamaker, by Fran Brandon
- 41 Is, Was, Be, by James R. Powers
- 55 The Barter Theatre, by Janice Dobbins
- 58 Four Theatre Critiques, by Jane Jenkins
- 61 Joe Tex: Supreme Jive Artist, by Linda Killen

FICTION

- 11 Kitty God, by Ivan Shewmake
- 26 The Hitchhiker, by Sabin Thompson
- 46 Ansil Cobb's Gourds, by Jim Lynch
- 52 Vir et Machina, by William M. Beasley

FOCUS

- 5 Africa in Review Satellites, by Ellen D. Barr
- 7 Osibisa, by Jim Trammel

FORUM

- 47 The Black Woman—A Case of Double Jeopardy, by K. Holbrook

PERSPECTIVE

- 13 War, Peace and the Issues of the '72 Election, by Jim Leonhirth
- 29 Who and What are the Mormons?, by Del K. Shumway

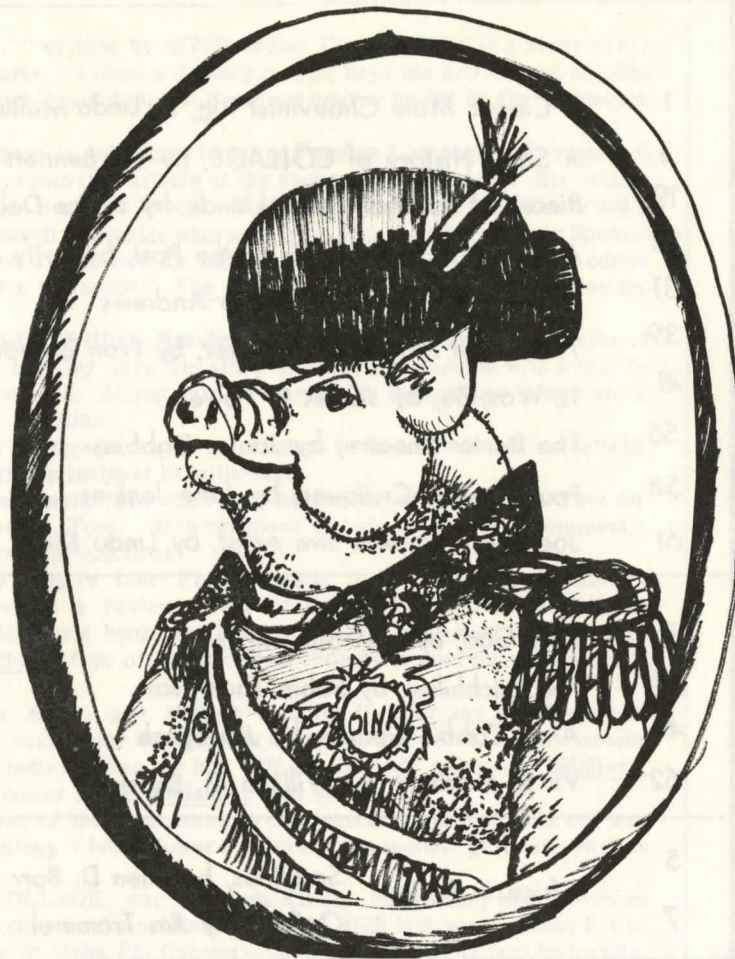
POETRY

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 9 martha 10 move on . . . 17 Eight-Track Reality With you I'm all and time is forever; 18 Crying Time dell Night She would be lovely if Untitled 27 Captured Himself-2 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 28 Conjugation 43 Reflections Before going Overseas: 50 reality lost Two Moods 60 Lynn's Conquest 63 goodbye to heroines-- <li style="text-align: right;">a tribute to heroin On Vocabulary The Creative Urge 64 Cold, chilling fingers Who's a Poet |
|--|--|

Editors-Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: TEENA ANDREWS * Associate Editor: Bill Bennett * Layout Coordinator: H. Rhea Cole * Layout Assistant: John Berry * Art Illustrator: Mike Strong * Feature Editor: Susan Butler * Feature Assistant Editor: Kathy Holbrook * Poetry Editor: Kathy Tempelmeyer * Prose Editor: Lucy Sikes * Prose Assistant Editor: Janice Dobbins * Photography Editor: Michael L. Fedak * Photography Assistant Editor: Linda Sissom * Public Relations Director: Frances Hill * Typist: Rosalind Akin * Production Staff: Monica Cox, Cindy Martin, Jim Leonhirth, Julia Little * Prose Rating Staff: John Berry, Marietta Bledsoe, Gary Ellis, John Mallernee, Frances Vernon * Poetry Rating Staff: Mary Conrad, Ricky Glaze, Linda Killen, Don Merritt, Beth Thomas, Joel Neely * Adviser: Anne W. Nunamaker

A CLASSIC MALE CHAUVINIST PIG



A STUDY OF NAPOLEON

LINDA MULLINS

Today's women's liberation advocates would no doubt dub Napoleon Bonaparte one of history's outstanding examples of the "male, chauvinist pig." Believing that women received too much consideration in France, he said of them, "They are, in fact, mere machines to make children."

Frederic Crawford, who teaches French Revolution and Napoleon in the history department here, says Napoleon was a man's man much more so than history paints him, as he marched, joked and wenched with his men.

Napoleon expertly put down the more assertive females in his court, who attempted to enter into political conversations on the intellectual level. Crawford speculated on how Napoleon might handle an encounter with Germaine Greer, who is outspoken on the subject of women's liberation, if he could be brought back for an interview with her. If she were to describe Bonaparte as a "male, chauvinist pig," Crawford maintains that Napoleon would reply, "How long has it been since a man satisfied you?"

This remark is, indeed, typical of the Corsican general's

attitude toward the fair sex. He wanted to keep women out of politics and in their place, which he would designate to be the bedroom. Despite all this, women bore a considerable influence on his fate. During his fourteen years of world power, he had two wives and at least a dozen mistresses.

Napoleon's relations with women had a kind of measured, repetitive theme. Instead of having several mistresses simultaneously, Napoleon usually kept them consecutively, and he believed himself in love each time. His record with women is rather poor in that he failed to gain their love and devotion. To the end of his life he retained a tenderness and concern for a woman's smiles and tears. His lifelong search for the ideal mate ended in disappointment.

As Napoleon launched on his career, his future political prospects required a wife with influence in high places. A high Paris official, who had taken an interest in Bonaparte's career, suggested his own castoff mistress, Mme. Josephine Beauharnais, whose social and political standing might prove useful to the young Corsican.

Napoleon used Josephine "in the interests of his ambition," making his requests of her former lover through her, pretending to know nothing of their past relationship. Such broadmindedness astonished people, particularly the official in question.

Acting upon this suggestion, Napoleon and Josephine were married in March of 1796. The beautiful Josephine was frivolous, charming, extravagant, gracious, and morally lax. Napoleon revealed his uncontrollable passion for her in the ardent love letters he wrote her during the Italian campaign, which had cut short their brief honeymoon.

It is probable that almost immediately after his departure for Italy, Crawford says, Josephine resumed her former indiscreet habits. Having heard of his wife's infidelity, the disillusioned Napoleon determined during his Egyptian campaign to regain his prestige among the Army of the East, who thought him cuckolded. Thus he sought out a woman to restore his image as a man.

In matters of seduction, Napoleon was as methodical as he was on the battlefield. Creating a diversion for the deceived husband, as was his custom, Napoleon soon seduced the lady he had chosen. Pauline Fournes, the lovely blonde wife of a young lieutenant, became his mistress in Egypt to destroy before the world his image as the deceived husband.

In later years Napoleon was known to remind women of their sense of propriety. This moral austerity was a facade which never diverted him from pursuing his own delightful indulgences. His concern was with appearances, in which he set a prime example. Society was at this time middle class and, as such, condemned the moral laxity that was characteristic of eighteenth-century nobility.

After Bonaparte overthrew the existing French government and established himself as the First Consul, France's first citizen, he had to exercise more discretion and use the backstairs to expedite his amours. His associations with women would always be publicly known, but they could no longer be publicly displayed as in Cairo. Napoleon was good at finding husbands for his castoff mistresses. He coerced Mme. Fournes into marriage to someone else when she returned to Paris in hopes of taking Josephine's place. Napoleon's new position necessitated his setting an example before the decent commoners in order to retain their allegiance.

Bonaparte was in the habit of celebrating his victories with a demonstration of his prowess in bed. Adultery did not concern Napoleon a great deal. Considering it a common occurrence that was nothing extraordinary, he described it as "a transaction on a sofa."

Napoleon's exploitation of women as "sex objects" continued as he became fascinated for a time by actresses, particularly tragediennes. One of his favorites, Mlle. Georges, in her memoirs reveals a tender as well as passionate Napoleon, who liked horseplay, hiding under tables, and childish jokes. This was one means of escaping from the pressures of statesmanship, a sort of emotional safety valve for him.

While today's emancipated woman might, at the opposite end of the spectrum, object to excessive special treatment as in the opening of doors for her, Napoleon would again fall under condemnation. When his family tried to have him divorce Josephine, his reply was, "If I'd been thrown into prison instead of mounting a throne, she would have shared my misfortunes, so it's only fair that she should share my greatness." He wanted to make her "more than a queen," yet she was a queen in name only, as he did not offer her equality of power.

After he ascended the throne, more than ever, Napoleon became the target for conniving females who dreamed of wielding power, as the mistresses of the Bourbon kings had. The only woman Napoleon allowed to exercise any direct influence on his political decisions was Marie-Louise, his

Austrian wife. He stated that any woman who sleeps with her husband always exerts some influence over him. Even Josephine, the emperor admitted, had an indirect influence over the Santo Domingo affair, involving an uprising in the Caribbean where she was born; this he called his greatest mistake. Napoleon acknowledged his natural susceptibility to women and his fear of being dominated by them.

Napoleon was a husband who could not bear to justify himself. He considered himself above and beyond the ordinary rules of conduct. When caught by Josephine on one of his escapades, he went into a hysterical rage at having his behavior questioned. On one occasion he told Josephine, "You must submit to every one of my whims. . . To all your complaints I have every right to answer with an eternal 'I.' "

The long-anticipated divorce from Josephine followed the birth of an illegitimate child to Napoleon by one of his mistresses, proving his fertility. Bonaparte admittedly loved Marie Walewska, a Polish countess who bore him a child, yet love was subordinate to his political policy. It took years for Napoleon to bring himself to divorce his wife, even under pressure to do so in order to secure the succession. Crawford says Josephine committed one cardinal sin; she did not give Napoleon an heir.

Events took a disastrous turn for Napoleon following his divorce from the devoted Josephine, who had brought him good fortune. He had divorced Josephine out of his ambition and in order to marry Marie-Louise, thus allying himself with the reigning house of Austria, in hopes of founding a dynasty. From the moment of his second marriage, everything went wrong politically.

The 18-year-old Grand Duchess found this Napoleon whom she had always feared as the enemy, to be attractive and pleasant. She fulfilled her function; when the Emperor was forty-one years old, she presented him with a legitimate male heir, who was to be the King of Rome.

Bonaparte then had a son to carry on his tradition, yet soon he had nothing more to leave his heir than a name. In his feverish life during the Hundred Days after he was deposed, Napoleon had no time for women. His staunch Corsican mother, who remained with him to the end, told him at that time that she had rather he died on the battlefield than to suffer an inglorious death in exile.

The greatest female influence in Napoleon's life was his mother," believes Crawford, who visited Napoleon's tomb during the summer of 1968 while in Paris researching his dissertation topic. As the matriarch of a large family, she imparted her great strength to her most famous son.

The realistic Napoleon was more frank than most men of his age, asserts Crawford, who also describes the woman of the eighteenth century as "free and frank." They were, in fact, no less frank than the twentieth century's liberated woman! ●

Sources consulted other than interviews were:

Bonaparte, Napoleon. *The Mind of Napoleon*. Translated and edited by J. Christopher Herold. New York: Columbia University Press, 1955.

Breton, Guy. *Napoleon and His Ladies*. Translated by Frederick Holt. London: Robert Hale Limited, 1965.

Delderfield, R. F. *Napoleon In Love*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1959.

Johnston, R. M. *Napoleon: A Short Biography*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1904.

Lefebvre, Georges. *Napoleon: From Tilsit to Waterloo, 1807-1815*. Translated by J. E. Anderson. New York: Columbia University Press, 1969.

Markham, Felix. *Napoleon and the Awakening of Europe*. New York: Collier Books, 1965.

Mossiker, Frances. *Napoleon and Josephine: The Biography of a Marriage*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1964.

Saunders, Edith. *The Hundred Days*. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1964.

A Short History of COLLAGE

Bill Bennett

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

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

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

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

The second year of COLLAGE saw an attempt to define its possible direction. One applicant for editor envisioned a political journal. In the

end the Publication Committee (now the Communications Committee) selected Bill Peters to become the second editor of COLLAGE. Peters felt that COLLAGE must represent the students of MTSU; therefore, any student writing, art or photography would be considered for publication.

The second year saw a break with Sidelines, the establishment of a minimal budget (\$600 in fact), and COLLAGE's own office in the Administration Building.

Through trial and error, COLLAGE began to take shape. Peters changed printers to the Lebanon Democrat (which incidentally prints Sidelines) and was able to turn out four issues including a special issue for the Department of Military Science.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duane Sawyer succeeded Miss Hill as COLLAGE's fourth editor. Once again, COLLAGE's offices were moved--this time to Jones Hall--and this move found COLLAGE somewhat hampered due to lack of space.

Contributions and student support increased during this time and COLLAGE attracted qualified people to serve in its editorial positions. However, staff composition was still limited.

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

COLLAGE is now in its fifth year and presently under the editorship of Teena Andrews. As was the case with each of her predecessors, Miss Andrews faced the annual COLLAGE move. COLLAGE is fortunate to be now occupying spacious offices in the Old Maintenance Building. As fate would have it, COLLAGE faces its fifth move in as many years to parts yet unknown with the demolition of its present location this September. Eventually COLLAGE will have permanent offices in the to-be-renovated Student Union Building.

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



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

Contributions are not as difficult to obtain as they once were. With a greatly expanded staff, increased interest of the university community and more involvement with journalism classes contributions have more than doubled. Thus COLLAGE has been able to print a greater variety and higher quality of material.

COLLAGE once suffered an identity crisis--people simply did not know what it was. Through a competent public relations director, COLLAGE has been kept before the eye of the university in its many facets and is known throughout the southeast through its magazine exchange program. COLLAGE also takes a leading role in urging magazine participation in the Tennessee Collegiate Press Association.

COLLAGE now has a definite direction and is making great strides toward its accomplishment. To give COLLAGE

direction and continuity, Miss Andrews and her present staff have begun to organize the format that has been seen in the three issues to date. This issue of COLLAGE is a culmination of efforts evolving COLLAGE from the literary-art magazine of its origins to the general feature magazine of its future.

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

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

Since its inception COLLAGE has struggled with inadequate budgets. In order to become a more professional and higher quality magazine, COLLAGE has sought without much success to increase its budget. The staff of COLLAGE who devote their time and effort to creating the magazine receive a meagre grant-in-aid which in realistic terms is an insult. (For instance, editor-in-chief of COLLAGE received

less in one semester than a Sidelines production worker receives in one month.)

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

On the bright side, COLLAGE was again this year awarded a medalist rating by the CSPA.

Having recently been elected the sixth editor of COLLAGE, I will guide the magazine next year. I know that with a competent and experienced staff and with the continued support of the university community that COLLAGE will experience a meaningful, productive year and the continuance of the high standards of quality that COLLAGE now enjoys. ●

FOCUS: A COLUMN ON THE ARTS

ELLEN D. BARR

SATELLITES

Satellites is a book of African poetry. The poetry is superb and yet it is not the work of an all around representative of the African masses. Lenrie Peters is the exception rather than the rule.

Lenrie Peters was born in Bathurst, Gambia in 1932. In 1949 he moved to Sierra Leone and went to Prince of Wales School, Freetown, where he gained his Higher School Certificate in science subjects. In 1952 he left Freetown to study in England. In between reading Natural Sciences at Trinity College, Cambridge, being President of the African Students' Union, interesting himself in politics (he is a Pan-Africanist) and writing poetry and plays, he started his novel *The Second Round* (AWS 22) which was published in 1965. He is now a qualified doctor who is specializing in surgery, but he still finds time for writing, which he says he finds painful but necessary. Lenrie Peters' poems have appeared in several journals in Britain and Africa. In 1964 a collection of his verse was published by Mbari Publications, Ibadan.

The book shows profound feelings that are in sensitive tune to the life styles, problems, and traditions of the African people. It seems that through his poetry, Lenrie Peters leaves no cultural stone unturned in his efforts to lay bare the life of Africa. He speaks of his poetry in this manner:

You spend your
life with figures
of chanting laws.
The universe is
my book. I
focus through words;
let me take your hand!!

The author tells the story of all Africa in his poetry. His emotions run the gamut from being a misfit in a society he hasn't learned to cope with,

Crushing dead glass in my strong hand
is worthless. Nothing bleeds, nothing relieves
it will not melt like snow
this emptiness, this hell I invented.

to his impression of death and its significance in the African culture he was reared in.

The terror is in leaving behind
the ache is in departing...
Face to face with dying
you are none-the-wiser
Yet it seems a most ignoble epitaph
'He was a man and had to die; after all.'

Lenrie Peters, continually throughout this, draws a contrast between the traditional Africa and the new Africa. Through every line and verse it is painfully clear that he is a lover of nostalgia, and yet he realizes the futility of it all. He accepts the new Africa, with the reservation that he is constantly comparing it to the old. Such a comparison can only bring dissatisfaction, in that the old can never again be like it was. The self must be resolved to the present. He speaks of the new Africa in this way:

Satellites

Round and round
the cosmic atmosphere of city
lights, hallucinations
doorbells like siren, telephones
answer the telephone
brake quick; lights changing.
The ground is breaking up;
underground Tubes masturbating
the earth in draughts
an eternal conception.

Then as easily as remembering, he paints a picture of the pride
and glory and simplicity of the older, traditional African warrior.

I shall return
When daylight saunters on
When evening shadows the berry
And fiery night the sun.
I shall return
With unslippered feet
When I have done with spear and shield
And a lion's tongue
To show I have destroyed the beast.

His poetry is a vast source of knowledge about the things he
feels are important to Africa. Lenrie Peters has a tremendous
aversion to the oppression of people's minds and the buying and
selling of culture. He feels that many Africans have been duped
into thinking as the "select few" would have them think.

Stand up for yourselves
And us...
It may not bring them gold
But Hell! Far too much is
Bought and sold.

The author then speaks concerning the terror of putting air-
tight, too constricting, rules on a people with such a free and
proud heritage.

Every time they shut the gates
And hang up notices
On steel plates
That love-making is forbidden
After eight
Someone pulls down the place
Every time the conceited few
Decide they know best
And ought to set the pace
The lazy crowd makes haste
To put them in their place...
Confused restrictions everywhere
Some tell you what to wear
Others how to do your hair
They even teach you how to die
And what to do as soon as you get there.

Religion is not over-looked in his poetry. His only poem
concerning religion is my favorite. It seems to be so sensitive
and filled with introspect where the spiritually inclined nature
of the African is concerned. The poem is tender, almost sup-

pliant in its nature. These excerpts are indeed revealing of
the African culture.

We will receive you Lord
For want of a better name
If you can have us as we are
Black skinned, inclined to love
Our human kind.

We will receive you with drums
Dancing and prodigal feasting
Not as an intermediary
To God or truth
On special days and Sundays

The most impressive and important part of the book concerns
the history of African independence. In a few short pages he
gives the results of it, where the masses were concerned. He
speaks of the initial spark that led the Africans to seek unity
out of a mass of confusion.

The dark continent
awoke from sleep
cocked up its ears...
We heard the politicians
Saviours of a nation
of the race...
Then the word
which crazed and touched the sky
Unity.

Unity after freedom was the cry...

He tells of the fight to win and then the almost immediate disil-
lusionment that followed in its place, as those who were under-
privileged to begin with, continued to exist in that state under
the guise of unity, freedom and peace.

...The taxes rose
The common income fell
the death rate stayed alive.
But excuse me, sir;
We're free.
Why do we have to beg?
Industrial development
Dams, factories, the lot--
Change the face of the Continent.
'I see
But my children--
I beg pardon Sir,
Will they go to school?'
Later!
'Will they have food to eat
and clothes to wear?'
Later I tell you!
'Beg pardon Sir;
a house like yours?'
Put this man in jail...

In the time that followed that surge for independence, there was
heartbreak and suffering all around, but a lesson was learned.
I leave the ending of the poem to linger in the reader's mind.

...Unity come back
embrace it
hold it
as in the beginning
In the end
One voice
One people
out of the dark struggle. ●

Peters, Lenrie, *Satellites*. Heinemann Educational Books Ltd.,
London, Nairobi, Melbourne, Toronto, Auckland, Hong Kong,
Singapore, (1967), 11, 12, 18, 24, 40, 80, 99, 101, 102.

FOCUS: A COLUMN ON THE ARTS

Jim Trammel

An organ begins a rolling moan, slowly, reverently. The listener is transformed slowly, led before an altar. A vocal slides up alongside the church organ.

"We are going . . . heaven knows where we are going . . ."

Suddenly, on top of this anthem, curious rhythms explode. The listener now sees the vines and ferns growing around the altar, in a clearing, in a jungle.

"We will get there . . . heaven knows how we will get there . . . we know we will."

I hope you do, thinks the listener, subliminal responses begin stirring within him.

"Woyaya. . . woyaya. . ." The strange rhythms and the church anthem are overtaken by an insistent chant, rising achingly slowly in volume and passion.

The listener notices that the response he is making, whether it is humming, dancing, or tapping his feet, has begun to involve his mind as well.

Then, in a sharp blast of polyrhythmic love, they are gone. The musical climax is reached and the band has ridden away on their own power. The listener, drained of response, contemplates the ferns and the vines.

Osibisa is a seven-man group composed of four Africans and three West Indians. They come from England by way of North Africa, Iceland, and other unlikely places. Their un-labelled music has won the hearts of a British public grown tired of slick, over-promoted performers. Having successfully competed in England and on the Continent, they released a debut album, "Osibisa," in the United States in early 1971.

That first work was subtitled "Criss-cross rhythms that explode with happiness," and they weren't joking about it. Teddy Osei, who would qualify as the group's leader if they thought in those terms, explained the group's exuberance:

"When we (the group's African members) got to Europe, we found that the West Indian has been taught a different thing about an African." Each member of the group, Teddy explained, had been caught up in the prejudices typically held by West Indians and Africans toward each other. "But then as time goes on, everybody begins to know that that's not the idea. . . . So we are trying to let everybody know that it's not like that--everybody

is the same. Especially black people are the same, and if black people are the same, then it's the same for everyone in the world, white and black."

That premise--"We overcome our hatreds and prejudices and can show you how to do the same"--must be remembered in reacting to Osibisa.

"You see, all this tells a story," Osei explained. "It all adds up to being happy and trying to communicate with your fellow neighbor."

Osibisa invites listeners to participate in, rather than listen to, their music. Their aim is not to drive their audience into contemplative stupor--they would rather have a listener wide awake, responsive, dancing.

Certain listeners will tell you that Osibisa stole a show from headliner Lee Michaels in Nashville, April 9. As a third-billing band behind Michael and the fast-rising group Jo Jo Gunne, Osibisa began their evening's work at 7:00--a warm-up band, something to keep people's minds occupied during the difficult first few minutes of the evening. Osibisa did their job so well that they were rewarded with a standing ovation and an encore--which Michaels failed to earn with his smoother, quieter, less challenging style.

"If they played at MTSU people would dance, beat chairs on the floor--anything," one student admirer told me. Participant rock--that's Osibisa.

They have appeared at the crucial moment when the pop scene is emphasizing the natural, the joyous, the basic. Teddy Osei, his brother Mac Tontoh and his partner Sol Amarfo, are from Ghana, Africa. In separate groups, they worked their way to England, where they formed the group's nucleus nearly 18 months ago.

Remi Kabaka, who would later leave to join Ginger Baker's Air Force, added his talents in England. The group took on Spartacus R from Grenada, and Wendell Richardson from Antigua. This quintet made a series of demonstration tapes that impressed an independent film producer, and Osibisa was invited to film and record their music. An organist imported for the filming, Robert Bailey of Trinidad, stayed with the group after the project ended, as did brass-and-percussion artist Loughy Amao of Nigeria. Then Kabaka quit, and Osibisa became what they are today. (continued on page 9)



OSIBISA

Wendell Richardson commented: "We're not the kind of band who overdub a lot. We put it down the way it is...we can do any amount of technical things that people wouldn't expect us to be capable of, but generally speaking we don't need to, because we rely on that natural sound."

Melody Maker praised the group's second album, "Woyaya," as being the best example to date of this naturalness. (Woyaya is an Akan word meaning "we are going," and the second letter can only be approximated in English as a vowel--it is really closer to an inverted letter c in appearance).

Teddy drew a triangle to demonstrate to me Osibisa's place in the total musical picture. The corners of the triangle were labeled jazz, soul, and African music. "Osibisa is outside, on its own, but we're involved in all three. We play basically African rhythms, but you can hear jazz in the improvisations, and you can hear soul from the funky beat that comes in. Osibisa is Osibisa sound--the fusion of African music and all the influences of whatever-it-is." A few minutes with either of the two albums is enough to dismay the listener who would pigeonhole all the music he hears.

There is no standard against which to compare Osibisa's music, partly because it upsets all the priorities of typical pop. Guitars and vocals are minor, secondary elements that an Osibisa song can just as well do without. The important things are instruments as unlikely as the flugel horn, brass of all kinds, the flute, the electric piano, and all types of percussion. Especially percussion. The seven members manipulate African drums, congas, timbales, and timpani, as well as the more exotic coxells, Kabasa (a hollowed gourd, resembling maracas), prenprensua, and fontonfrom (drums). Then, if anything has been overlooked, Sparticus R handles "assorted percussion." A stunning visual show is virtually guaranteed at an Osibisa performance.

Osibisa has plans for their next album which include returning to Africa for more instruments and more inspiration. "I was born into rhythm," remarked Sol Amarfo, "but we have so much to come in that area...we're still scratching the surface."

African-oriented Osibisa is best understood when the listener refuses to recognize them or their music as African, or Afro-rock, or Afro-jazz, or any labelled category at all. Osibisa's magic happens when one casts off all restrictions--as the members of Osibisa did when they formed--and simply reacts as a human being to the sound he hears.

And if that can happen, then funky, gutsy Osibisa music will make it so. As the liner notes to "Woyaya" insist:

We, through the spirit of our ancestors,
Bring the love,
Our treasure gift of happiness.
Forget your problems,
See beyond dark clouds,
And be happy.
Your birthright is happiness,
Borne from the dawn of time.
A gift to be cherished.
Be happy!
Be happy! ●

martha

in the trunk
locked with a key that
only I can open,
a collection of thoughts
from her to me.

her words but
my thoughts:
inviolate,
a crossing of
streams,
bridges that we
made and are
made of.

locked forever in
a cold black box
in a corner of a
room left long ago
condemned to
silence and
oh-so-lingering
thought.

-Jack Lord-

move on...

move on move on

hair in handfuls on your shoulders.

move on move on....

ragged clothes and socks that don't quite match.
rocknrollers tearing up the floor with no shoes--
bits of soft color held in open hands. . .

flowers

Harrison...Lennon...Starr...McCartney.

Ed Sullivan.

myths exploded into electroamplified being. . .

Wah Wah

Dazed and Confused

Jimmy Page

Robert Plant

trying to show what was wrong. . .cross-country barefoot,
lonely times in crowds. . .little children in the sun. . .

proms, sock hops and soda fountains.
good girls bad girls and not-so-sure boys.

messed up magical magicians, leaders leading leaders--
leaving the rest to wait.

Thomas Dewey. . .

Richard Nixon. . .

Charles Manson. . .

the music plays on.
rhythm and blues, blue suede shoes--

Chuck Berry. Carl Perkins. Nashville. Dylan. me.

hair in handfuls on your shoulders. . . .Vitalis. . .
a long way yet to go. move on

move on

move on. . .

-John Lawrence-

KITTY GOD

Ivan Shewmake



They had only been married two weeks and their small apartment was still strange to them. He had watched the news on their first TV, and she had washed and put away the dishes that seemed especially fragile because of their newness.

Then she had removed the heavy blue wedding present spread and they had gone to bed.

The darkness of their room, with its not yet familiarity, and the quivering, uncertain feast of emotions that their marriage had brought, seemed to enclose them in a small, soft world that had the four corners of the mattress as its boundaries. It could have well been the universe.

"I love you, Judy Brown," he said.

"My name's not Judy Brown," she said, slapping at his shoulder.

"That's not your fault," he told her.

They lay still, quiet, feeling very significant and grand.

"Did you get the anti-freeze?" he asked.

"No," she said, small voiced.

"Christ!"

"I forgot."

"Okay, okay."

"I'm sorry."

"It's nothing important."

"I just forgot."

"It's just a little thing."

They lay apart wondering how small and unimportant it really was. She wondered if he were going to think she was scatterbrained and incompetent. He wondered if it were a portent of things to come.

"What's that?" she asked after a while.

He listened. The wind was slipping up under the eaves of the house, creating a mournful keening sound.

"The wind," he said.

"Not that, silly. Listen!"

He listened. There was another sound, a thumping sound coming from somewhere. There was something like scratching, too.

"It's in the kitchen," she whispered.

He listened toward the kitchen, but he couldn't be sure.

"What is it?" she asked.

The sound grew fainter and then seemed to die away. When he was sure it was gone he relaxed.

"Sh-eee," he whispered, his voice full of mystery and awe, "It's the Kitty God."

"The what?"

"The Kitty God. It came to get you for being mean to Lady Dodge," he told her matter of factly.

He scooted over and squeezed her to him.

She pushed at him. "I wasn't mean to Lady Dodge."

"Of course you were. You didn't give her any sardines."

"I didn't have any sardines."

"Doesn't matter. The Kitty God is going to get you."

The sound began again, louder.

"See, I told you," he said.

They listened together.

"Maybe Dodge has come back," she said hopefully.

"Nope. It's the Kitty God all right," he assured her.

"Don't be silly. Go see if she's come back."

"Nope. Not me. I don't want the Kitty God to get me, too."

"Please?"

He got up and padded to the door. The room was a little chilly after the warmth of the covers and he shuddered before pushing the curtain aside. There was nothing to see but a bleak autumn street. A street lamp bathed the corner in a pool light. A tree limb flickered shadows across the lawn. He could hear leaves rustling.

"It's the Kitty God," he said as he came back to her.

"Open the door--please?"

He drew in the great breath of being put upon and retraced his steps and opened the door a crack. "Here kitty kitty kitty," he called.

Nothing came but a chill. When he listened, the noise was still there.

"I'm afraid," she said.

"You should be," he told her as he crawled back between the covers. "Lady Dodge wanted sardines and you never gave her any and she went away and now the Kitty God has come to get you." He was a little breathless.

She pressed up against him.

"I got her two cans."

"Ah," he said. "But after she was gone."

"Will she come back?"

"Who can say? Only the Kitty God knows for sure."

"There's no Kitty God!"

"No, Kitty God!" he exclaimed. "Listen. What do you think that is?"

She was silent, listening.

"The Kitty God will creep in," he said, his voice hushed and menacing, "and it will look down at you and... IT'LL POUNCE!!...and eatyourightup."

She shuddered and grabbed him.

His heart leapt.

"Don't do that!" she commanded.

"What?" he asked innocently.

"Quit teasing me."

"Teasing you!" he was indignant. "Does that sound like I'm teasing you?"

She clung to him.

"You don't understand," he said. "The Kitty God's just doing its job. It watches over people who have kittens-especially when they've just gotten married-so that if they do things wrong they can be punished for it."

The sound did seem to be coming from the kitchen. He listened intently and it seemed to get louder.

"What is it?" she whispered, blowing warm air into his ear.

He shivered.

"It's the Kitty God," he whispered back.

She giggled. "You're silly."

"Oh, you won't think so pretty soon," he warned her. "When the Kitty God comes."

He waited but she didn't answer. "He'll sneak right in and you'll never know it and he'll creep up behind you and --" he ripped the covers from her--"HE'LL GRAB YOU!!!"

"NOW! YOU STOP THAT!" she said pulling the covers back. "Go to sleep."

"I was just trying to tell you," he said. "That's all you'll feel: a cold wind."

He waited for a minute, letting things die down. Then he tip-toed his fingers up her side.

She grabbed his hand and slammed it on the bed. "And you leave it there!"

They lay awake in the darkness of the room, listening. The noise was persistent. It might die away, but it always seemed to come back with new determination.

"What is it?" she asked seriously.

"I don't know," he answered seriously.

"I'm afraid," she said.

He slipped out of bed, feeling large with the newness of his responsibility toward her, and crept into the kitchen.

Damn noise seemed to be coming from under the sink. He stooped and listened. Seemed to be coming from under the sink all right. He stretched out his hand and touched one of the knobs on one of the doors of the cabinet under the sink. Steeling himself, he eased it open a crack, being sure to stand away from the opening so that nothing could leap out at him.

Sure seemed to be coming from under the sink. The noise was louder, less muffled. He couldn't see anything.

He got a match from the stove and struck it. Still couldn't see anything - just some cleanser and detergent and pipes a little rusty.

The match burnt his fingers and he shook it out.

The noise was a bumping, scratching sound as though something was trying to get in.

He hurried back to bed.

"What was it?"

"I don't know. It's coming from under the floor."

They were quiet, moving closer to each other without changing position.

"Maybe it's Lady Dodge and her lover," she said.

He didn't answer.

"You said she ran away to find a lover."

He thought about it. It wasn't the hissing, spitting sounds that cats usually made when they started to mate-only a persistent thumping and scraping, like claws digging into wood.

"Must be rats," he decided.

"Rats?"

"Yeah."

"Ugh!"

Must be rats, he thought.

"Can rats make that much noise?" she asked.

"Some rats can," he assured her.

They lay awake, listening to the keening of the wind in the eaves and the sound coming from under the sink. Their eyes were sharp from staring at the dark, and they could make out heavy, gloomy shapes in the room-a chest of drawers, a dressing table, a protruding closet.

"I think I'd better go see about it," he said finally.

He crept from the covers again, and eased into the kitchen. It didn't seem to be getting any closer.

He paused and listened.

Then he went and knelt by the cabinet door. But he didn't open it.

"What is it?" she called in a whisper from the bedroom.

He tried to call back that it was the Kitty God, but all he managed was a ragged "shee!"

He listened for a long time, but it didn't seem to be getting closer.

Quickly he stood up and opened the silverware drawer and secured two butcher knives and scurried back to the bed.

He wished he had a gun.

"What was it?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Do you think it's rats?"

"I don't know."

His hand was dangling over the edge of the bed, clutching one of the knives in what he hoped was the best way. He pushed the tip into the carpet. It felt good and sturdy.

He checked things over. The way to the kitchen was facing him. She was safely at his back.

"I'm afraid," she said, moving up against him, pressing her body up against him, with her arm locked over his side.

He wormed his knife arm free.

"It's all right," he assured her, irritated.

He could feel her trembling against his back.

It was all right. He was resolute-not invincible, but determined.

They listened.

He could see the way to the kitchen well enough-a dark, fuzzy hole bordered by the more stable form of the white door casing.

He changed knives to get the feel of the other one, then went back to the first.

Something banged against the side of the house and they both jumped.

"Relax!" he told her sharply.

They waited.

There didn't seem to be any other noises from outside. Even the wind had died away, leaving only the pounding of blood in his ears and the steady scraping from under the sink. Inadvertently he rattled the knife blades together.

"What's that?"

"Nothing!" he said quickly.

"You've got something."

"It's nothing," he assured her.

Her hand began to fumble its way over the edge of the bed and grope its way down his arm.

He shoved her away. "It's only a butcher knife!"

She was silent for a moment.

Then she began to giggle. "A butcher knife. . .?"

He didn't answer.

She pressed herself up against him, holding him and laughing softly, hotly against the skin of his back.

They waited.

"I don't hear anything more," she said finally.

They listened, waiting for the noise to come again.

After awhile, she said, "I think its gone away."

Awhile after that the tension began to leave their bodies.

When he thought it was safe, he laid the knife quietly on the carpet and turned on his back.

"I hope Dodge comes back," she said wistfully, smuggling against him.

He thought of the big orange Persian cat lying imperiously on the blue, wedding present spread, her hair all fluffed out and shimmering, and he smiled and turned on his side.

She crept into the nest of his arms.

"She will," he assured her.

His ears were still straining toward the kitchen, but he hadn't heard a sound in a long time.

"Were you going to defend me with a butcher knife?" she asked mischievously, giggling.

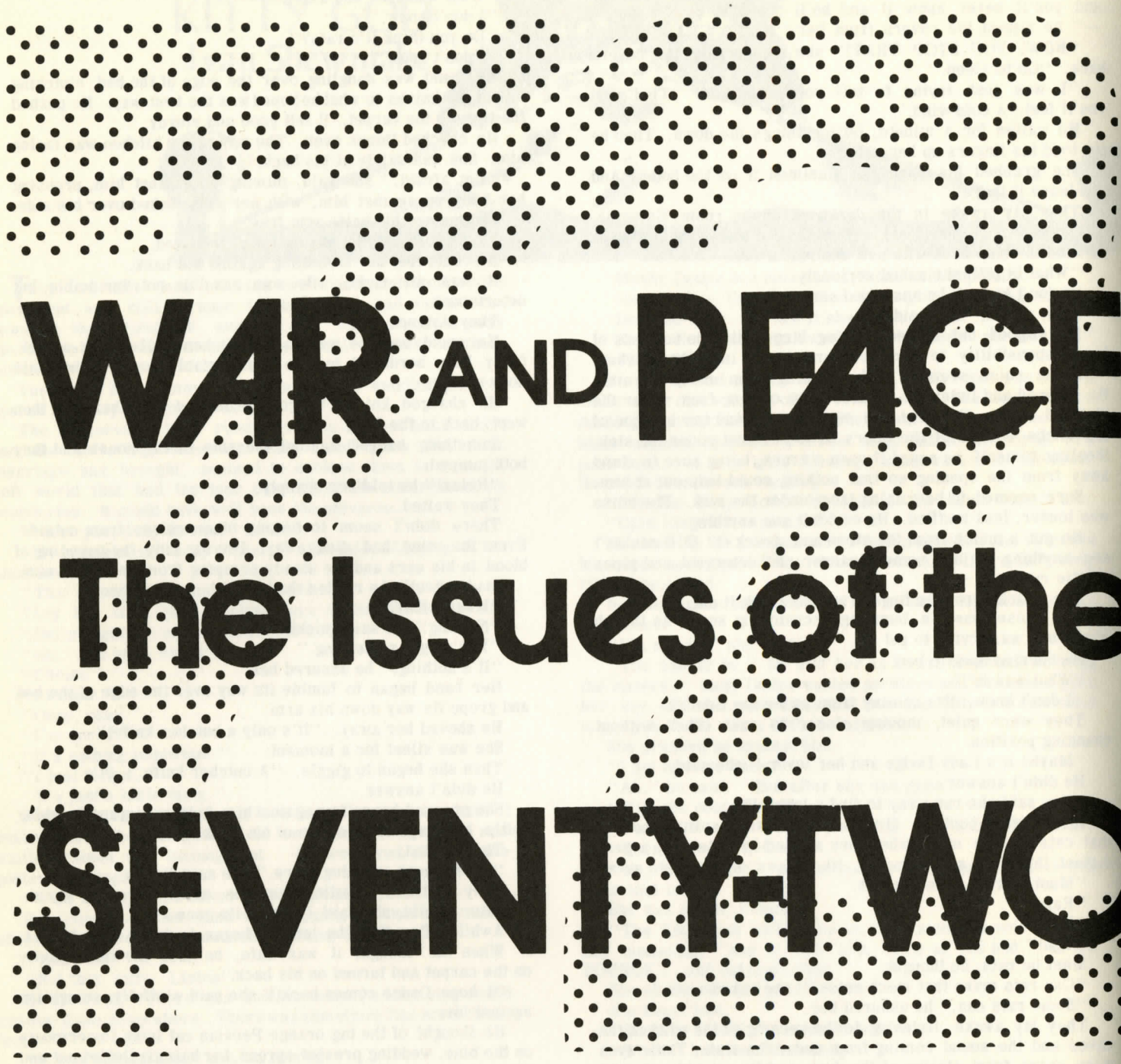
He searched for something hot to say, but the heat drifted away or was overcome by his contentment. "You'd better be quiet or the Kitty God will get you," he finally warned.

As sleep began to drowse away their thoughts, they lay close together, laughing, and feeling themselves very fortunate.

"It was probably only a rat," he mumbled.

And through some imperceptible sense they knew that it had gotten colder outside.

In a day or two they were going to have to get some anti-freeze.●



WAR AND PEACE

The Issues of the

SEVENTY-TWO

ELECTION

JIM LEONHIRT

Part I A Loaf of Bread, A Juggernaut

Political science classes place issues third in the order of prime factors which influence the election of an office seeker. Issues, real and contrived do, however, play a role which is becoming increasingly more important in the political arena.

Reasons for a shift in interest to issues could include disenchantment with political parties and a paucity of outstanding personalities. For the past ten years, such causes as poverty, war in Asia, pollution, consumer protection and civil rights have been the by-words of candidates seeking office on the local, state and national level.

Politics in the last decade has not been without its personalities, the Kennedys, George Wallace and Eugene McCarthy, but none except John Kennedy was nominated and indications are none will be nominated this year unless Edward Kenney engineers a successful coup in Miami.

Predominant questions which are facing the American voting public this year are not new; in some cases, they date to the creation of the nation. Taxation and the problems created by the separation of races have long provided material for the fabric of American politics.

Taxation, according to political analysts, was the crucial issue in the Wisconsin primary which George McGovern won recently. In the Florida primary, the issue was the newest manifestation of the racial separation problem, busing.

These two topics along with the cost of living and the war in Indochina will probably provide the crux of the debates for the 1972 election year.

The war in Viet Nam served as the breaker of presidents and maker of demonstrations in 1968, and although American withdrawal has continued, involvement there is still pronounced enough to bring response from anti-war protesters.

From the standpoint of the average citizen, the focus of concern may have shifted away from international politics to the price of a loaf of bread. Unprecedented steps such as the wage and price freeze and the establishment of the Cost of Living Council have shown up the serious economic problems of the nation.

What may further increase the importance of this issue is the fact that despite the actions of the Nixon Administration, prices, especially food prices, have continued to rise. Such a situation was unthought of in the early and middle sixties when America was still prospering from a protracted economic boom.

Economic unrest is also seen in labor-management relations and the walkout by the labor members of President Richard Nixon's Pay Board. Further economic duress is evident in America's weakening position in the world economy, her deficit in the balance of payments with other nations and her decreased trade.

All of these economic problems worsen the plight of the middle class worker who also feels heavily overburdened by taxes.

Taxation, as noted previously, stands perhaps as one of the oldest unresolved questions and issues in American political history. The adoption and implementation of an equitable and just tax plan has long been the goal of reformers and the promise of politicians.

In 1924, the Progressive Party platform called for:

"Reduction of Federal taxes upon individual income and legitimate business, limiting tax exactions strictly to the requirements of the government administered with rigid economy, particularly by the curtailment of the eight hundred million dollars now annually expended for the army and the navy in preparation for future wars; by the recovery of the hundreds of millions of dollars stolen from the Treasury through fraudulent war contracts and the corrupt leasing of the public resources; and by diligent action to collect the accumulated interest upon the eleven billion dollars owing us by foreign governments."

There are traces in these statements of the sentiments of William Proxmire calling for reduction of military spending, and waste in government and reduction of taxes. There are also traces of present-day discontent with oil depletion allowances and foreign aid.

Discontent with economic conditions present the greatest challenge to any politician although it has yet to provide the intense emotionalism which surrounds the busing question.

Busing has already been categorized as one aspect of the long civil rights crisis in the United States, but this interpretation is merely one side of the heated debate. President Nixon and other busing opponents state that the issue is not one of race but of "quality education" and the "preservation of the neighborhood school system."

Regardless of the debating vantage point, busing has generated movements within communities to bar the practice and has sparked violence to accomplish the same purpose. Busing has become a battle in the war against Federal intervention in local policies, educational and governmental.

This is one point to which George Wallace generally speaks and also one which has provided embarrassing moments for some candidates who think themselves to be of a more "liberal" ilk.

Civil rights issues provided major conflicts in political parties and campaigns in the fifties and sixties. They created a division of the Democratic Party in 1956 and probably played some part in the rise of George Wallace as a national political figure.

Those violence-filled years left their marks on the American political system and have gained for the blacks and perhaps all minority groups a foothold in the operation of party affairs.

Despite the gains, the question of busing still looms as a threat to the political security of several office holders who must realize that regardless of the veretical nature of busing, they must cope with the connotation of busing accepted, supported or attacked by particular groups.

America's role in Indochina is the most frustrating situation that the American people have had to face in the last twenty-five years. As a political issue it has lost some of its potency, but it can not be discounted or dismissed by any candidate.

Peace candidates, as such, have suffered from the toning down of American participation in the war and the Vietnamization of the conflict. There remains, even if Viet Nam is written off and obviously it will not be, the continued presence of the U.S. in Cambodia, Laos and other Southeast Asian nations.

Although a settlement in Viet Nam would ease the U.S. burden, her policies in Indochina and, perhaps more important, the methods and sources of their conception will continue to plague the candidate.

Viet Nam has dominated America's foreign policy considerations but other policies if not battle zones also present substance for political debate.

These considerations include foreign aid expenses, America's nuclear posture and her position in the super-power triumvirate. Congressional dissatisfaction has, of course, been shown in the defeat of the foreign aid program and the reduction in the eventually approved measure.

The "missile gap," a familiar ogre of the fifties and sixties, has again raised its head but may, with modern technology, now be termed the "warhead gap."

Negotiation with the Soviets on the limitation of the "nuclear arms race" has been conducted at the SALT talks throughout the Nixon tenure. America's relative weakness or strength continues to be a substantive issue for presidential and congressional candidates.

Russia and China may hold a portion of the key to the door of the White House. Nixon's visit to China won for him praise but it also brought him a revolt in the more "conservative" sectors of the nation witnessed by the Ashbrook candidacy for president. Nixon's visit to Moscow provides him with a second opportunity to reap acclaim and perhaps criticism.

Although the turnabout in American policy may not be rightfully called a diplomatic revolution, it certainly has produced a radical turn of events which put American international affairs in a totally new context. Any candidate elected will benefit from Nixon's more flexible policy.

As an issue, the "yellow peril" of the fifties may have been preempted, but distrust and fear engendered in a nation for twenty years will not be immediately dismissed.

Areas in the Middle East and Latin America are foreign policy worries, but the political rhetoric of this year has yet to incorporate them.

Part II

"Ma, Ma, Where's My Pa?"

There generally emerge in each election peripheral issues which are used to discredit a candidate, his party or his staff. Such issues may be the first indications that there is a new major trend in American dissatisfaction or they may deal with the candidate's ethnic origin, religion, financial dealings or marital status.

Current controversy concerning the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and its contribution to the Republican National Committee will undoubtedly be molded into campaign issues by the Democrats.

Columnist Jack Anderson has charged that ITT pledged \$400,000 to the Republican Convention in return for a favorable settlement of an anti-trust suit against the company for its acquisition of Hartford Life. Senate hearing sessions have been extended again and again in order to determine the actual involvement of the Justice Department, former attorney general John Mitchell and acting attorney general Richard Kleindienst.

Two potential issues are present in this case; they deal with the "people's right to know" and the involvement of government with big business. The issue of "the people's right to know" is being promoted, presumably on a non-partisan basis, by Anderson and also involves administration actions during the brief 1971 India-Pakistan War.

The issue of government misinformation was billed during the Johnson years as a "credibility gap." Anderson contends that the flow of facts from the government to the people first encountered modern obstacles after World War II. Government officials had been forced to control the news by the war situation, and they found it hard to give up that privilege after the war concluded.

The second issue, that of government coddling of big business, has been a recurrent theme of many campaigns. The campaign of James G. Blaine against Grover Cleveland in 1884 was seriously thwarted when Blaine attended a banquet in the company of and hosted by America's richest men.

Publicity concerning Blaine and "Belshazzar's Feast," as the banquet came to be called, alienated many voters who at the time were suffering in a period of severe depression and unemployment.

The 1924 platform of the Progressive Party also reacted to government and big business:

"The great issue before the American people today is the control of government and industry by private monopoly.

For a generation the people have struggled patiently, in the face of repeated betrayals by successive administrations, to free themselves from this intolerable power which has been undermining representative government.

Through control of government, monopoly has steadily extended its absolute dominion to every basic industry. In violation of law, monopoly has crushed competition, stifled private initiative and independent enterprise, and without fear of punishment now exacts extortionate profits upon every necessity of life consumed by the public.

The equality of opportunity proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence and asserted and defended by Jefferson and Lincoln as the heritage of every American citizen had been displaced by special privilege of the few, wrested from the government of the many."

Catholicism was considered to be a major liability for a candidate until John Kennedy was elected in 1960. Alfred Smith was the first Catholic nominated for president, but in 1928, the year of his candidacy, a "whisper campaign" and the then-powerful Ku Klux Klan worked against him.

Catholicism also played a role in the defeat of Blaine but not because he accepted the faith. When a minister at a meeting of clergymen supporting Blaine commented that the ministers did not want to support the Democrats whose antecedents were "rum, Romanism and rebellion," Blaine, the Republican candidate, failed to respond or to qualify the statement. Zealous Democratic leaders exploited the phrase and the candidate's non-repudiation; Blaine lost the Irish Catholic vote.

Where candidates get their funds is a traditional controversy, although several presidential aspirants in this election have already released their financial resources. A dog named Checkers played a humorous role in the controversy surrounding Richard Nixon's fund resources in his campaign for vice-president in 1952.

The tearful candidate made a memorable television appearance concerning a fund which had been established for him by a group of businessmen and was able to mollify criticism of the action.

As long as some candidates refuse to release financial information, however, the questions of sources will remain an issue.

Because the president's family is known as The First Family, perhaps there is more than the usual concern for marital status.

Divorcees have had a particularly difficult time in gaining the presidency. Nelson Rockefeller failed to achieve his party's nomination, many feel, because of his divorce, and a similar marital status may have been a factor in Adlai Stevenson's unsuccessful presidential bids.

Surprisingly enough, the revelation that Grover Cleveland had fathered an illegitimate child did not prevent him from being elected although it did produce campaigns of "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?"

Religion, race and marital status do not appear to be factors in the selection of a Democratic candidate or the president. Neither Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Hubert Humphrey nor George Wallace appear to have any such political liabilities; Wallace is remarried but as a widower not a divorcee. President Nixon did not suffer from any such dispersions in 1968. And it is doubtful that he will in 1972.

The "rum, Romanism and rebellion" incident also illustrates another issue maker, the quote or slogan which is turned against the candidate by the opposition. Such utterances generally result from poor coordination between speechwriter and candidate, traps laid by reporters or opponents, carelessness or misappraisal of the attitude of the audience or the general public.

The classic example of a trap is the Freeport Doctrine. During the Illinois senatorial election of 1858, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas met in one of their famous debates. Douglas was an advocate of Popular Sovereignty, the belief that the majority of people in a territory could exclude slavery. A then-recent Supreme Court decision, the famous Dred Scott decision, had said, however, that a slave remained a slave no matter where he was taken.

Lincoln asked Douglas, "Can the people of a Territory in any lawful way exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?" Douglas faced a dilemma, either retreat from Popular Sovereignty or oppose the Dred Scott decision and anger his Southern support for a presidential bid.

Douglas chose popular sovereignty, and Lincoln quoted a statement by Douglas made two years before which had given the Supreme Court full authority for determining the slave status of a territory before it became a state. The senate seat when to Douglas but the incident seriously hurt his presidential bid when he opposed Lincoln in 1860.

On a whistle stop tour in 1948, Republican candidate Thomas

Dewey was delivering a speech to a train station audience from the rear of a caboose when the train lurched and momentarily interrupted the address. A disruffled Dewey made a disparaging remark about the efficiency of the "damn engineer." Within the week, "Damn Engineers for Truman" clubs had sprung up across the nation.

A much more serious blow to a campaign came in the 1964 acceptance speech by Barry Goldwater of the Republican presidential nomination. Goldwater stated, "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice! . . . Moderation in the pursuit of liberty is no virtue!" These lines composed by Goldwater himself, gravely overshadowed his "In your heart, you know he's right" and contributed to the desertion of independents and a great many Republicans from his camp. Goldwater received the lowest percentage of votes of any candidate in history.

Of the current Democratic presidential aspirants, Muskie has been the recipient of the most criticism for his comments. His statements concerning the advisability of having a black candidate on the Democratic ticket brought him criticism from civil rights groups, fellow Democrats and, of course, the Republicans. Reaction to Muskie's speech after the Wallace victory in Florida has brought bi-partisan disapproval and statements of lessened respect for the former front-runner.

The campaign has many months remaining and in the interval period, damaging quotes have ample time to flourish.

Part III Past Sins

Most candidates generally assume the popular position on an issue or, at least, attempt to reconcile the popular view with their own philosophy. The populace, however, is fickle, and candidates are not always able to justify their past stands with the people although, at the time, the people held the same view.

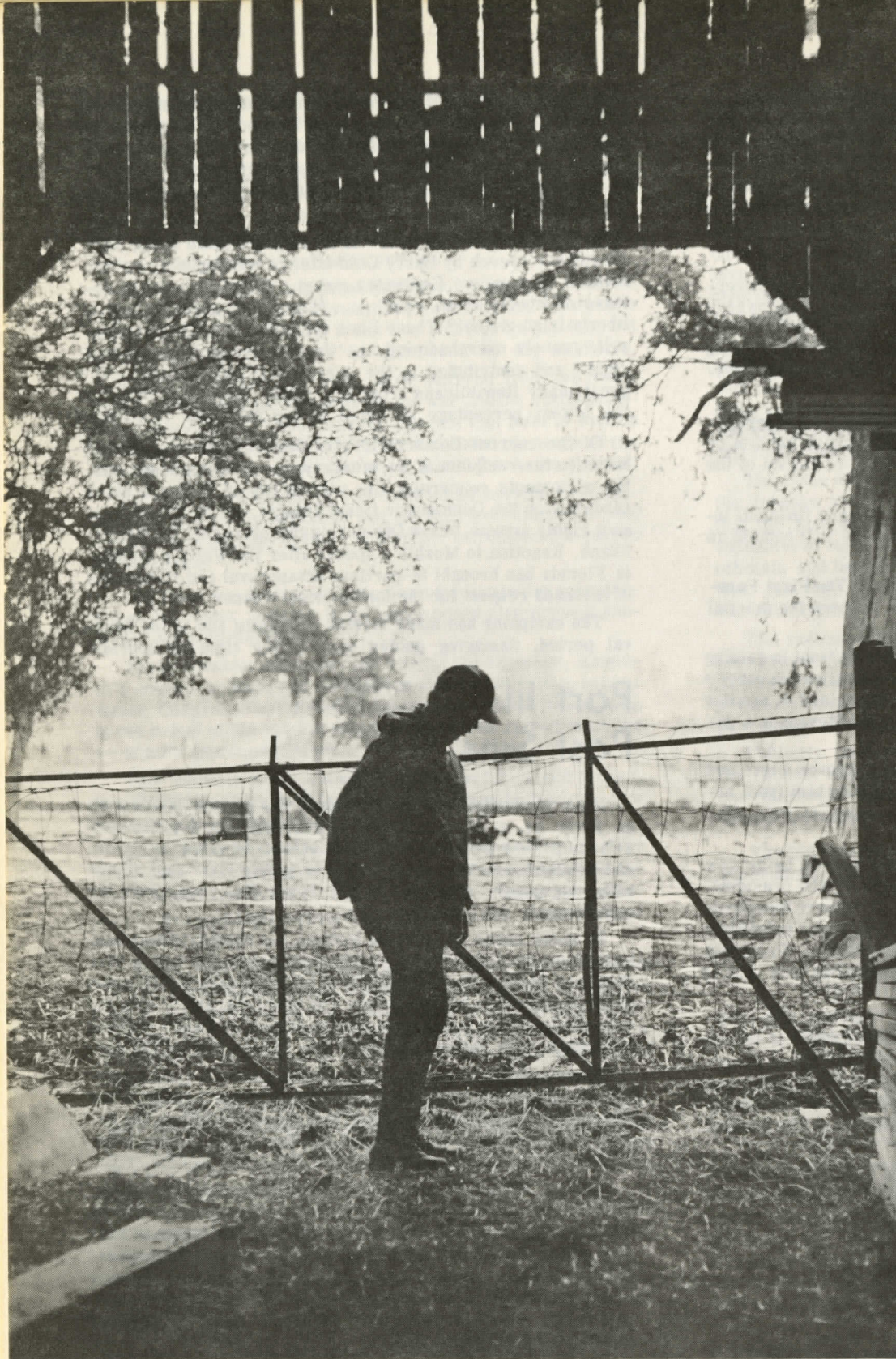
In some cases of extreme fortune, the candidate may say, "I told you so." McGovern's early opposition to the war in Viet Nam has become less a liability to his candidacy as the mood of the people has become more and more discontent with the war. McGovern has also been able to project an image of being concerned with more than just one issue, that of the war.

Nixon's sudden reversal of the China policy was, as stated before, unpopular with his more "conservative" constituents and probably a surprise to those who supported him in the fifties. The president has a record in office which is both a liability and an asset, dependent upon the issue and the critic.

George Wallace's past stand on racial issues does not endear him to a large segment of the black voters; and it will be difficult, if not impossible, for him to erase the image of racism, whether such a charge be true or false. In 1968, vice-president Humphrey was hurt in his bid for the presidency because of his complicity in the formulation of policies during the Johnson years. By this year, such animosity toward Humphrey should be decreased by time.

Edmund Muskie managed to maintain the image of a statesman during his campaign for vice-president and during the 1970 elections. His involvement, thus far in the presidential race, has damaged this image through his post-Florida comments and other actions.

As the many variables of politics become more defined with the holding of party conventions, the writing of platforms and selection of presidential nominees, what factor or factors will determine the presidency may be more easily discernible. It has been the nature of American politics, however, that the issues may be the same in 1976. ●



Eight-Track Reality

My beautiful Marianne-
the answer to my
most cherished thoughts
of love...
and ever there
on Channel three
whenever I remember
to plug you in.

-Jack Lord-

With you I'm all and time is forever;
Without you I'm incomplete and time
Does not exist.

-Vicki Sherrell-

Untitled

I waited for your coming,
Not knowing the hour, but
Knowing you WOULD come.
And though I can tarry
in this world no longer,
Know that I wait for you
in the next....

I would gladly have waited longer here,
But time ran out at the edge of Life.

-Lucy Sikes-

dell

the cows sleep
standing up.
a half-moon
clings to the sky.

-Stanley Miller-

She would be lovely if
only my kangaroo words
did not reflect from her into
my eyes and cause my
downfall each time I
reach for a minute.

-Ricky Glaze-

Crying Time

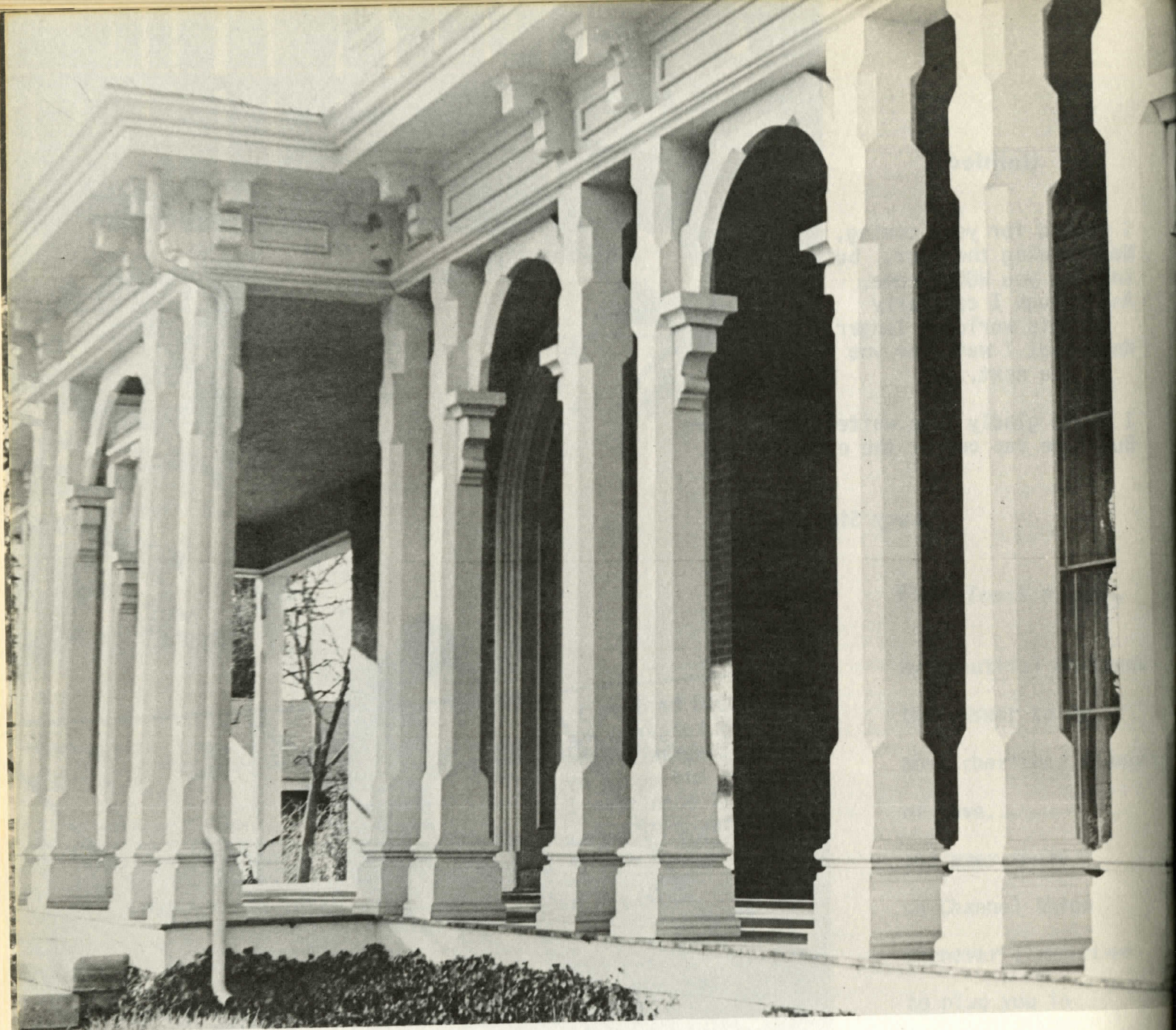
Night

Swift sable Flittermouse wings
The shrieking dark rushes
Vortices in a cosmic gut
And in the sticky liquid night
They blindly suckle in the void
Giving nothing Feeling nothing
Rushing Rushing

-H.C.F.-

Shedding tears on an open hearth
Sifting thro a flame
Tearing at the wood
Soaking in some warm
Wouldn't it be nice
to hear a lullaby
tonight

-Don Merritt-



Pieces of the Past at

An old morphine bottle, a foot scraper underneath the house, chips of paint from walls and woodwork. . . all are pieces of the past providing clues to the puzzle of restoration at Oaklands, showplace of Murfreesboro.

Although many signs pointing to the mansion are scattered throughout the city, transitory students do not know the historical significance of Oaklands. Many have driven by it or picnicked on the spacious grounds, but few ever find their way into the house itself. Most closely associated with Murfreesboro and Rutherford County history, Oaklands has a charm for anyone interested in his American heritage.

Definitely not representative of the life of all Southerners, this antebellum home shows one style of life in this area in the 1800's. What now stands at the end of North Maney Avenue as a large brick structure with an airy, arched veranda began as a crude pioneer cabin in the early 1800's. Several additions throughout the years have made Oaklands a unique illustration of the development of nineteenth-century architecture.

The house and grounds, covering about two acres today, were originally part of a 274-acre land grant awarded by North Carolina in 1786, to a Revolutionary soldier for his service. This initial recipient sold it to Colonel Hardy Murfree, for whom Murfreesboro was named. Murfree was thus honored by his friend Captain William Lytle, who gave the land for the town square and courthouse. In fact, "MTSU is on original Lytle property," according to local historian Homer Pittard, Director of Alumni Relations here.

Oaklands, however, has traditionally been associated with the Maney family, who owned it continuously for eighty-six years. Colonel Murfree's daughter married Dr. James Maney, and they inherited the homestead about 1814.

Belonging to this prominent family, the home became a center of activity during the War Between the States. Both Union and Confederate troops trampled the grounds there. Union troops held Murfreesboro early in 1862, and a Michigan regiment was encamped at Oaklands. In the summer, a Rebel raid led by Nathan Bedford Forrest was successful against the Yankees, and Oaklands was the site of the surrender of the wounded Union commander, Colonel William Duffield, to Forrest. Legend has it that Blue and Gray then ate together in the large dining room at Oaklands.

Late in 1862, Jefferson Davis, president of the ill-fated Confederacy, made a tour south from Richmond to inspect the armies. He spent four days in Murfreesboro, where he and his aide George W.C. Lee (General Robert E. Lee's son) enjoyed the hospitality of the Maney family at Oaklands. While the Confederate fortunes remained high early in the war, Oaklands hosted other noted Rebel military leaders such as General Braxton Bragg, commander of the Army of Tennessee, and Major General Leonidas Pold, also an Episcopal bishop of Louisiana.

Once the tide turned at the Battle of Stones River (1863), Murfreesboro and, of course, Oaklands, was held by Federal troops until the Civil War ended. The mansion was the Union headquarters here, and thus did not suffer the destruction wreaked upon many Southern homes. Even during the Reconstruction period, the plantation remained stately and re-

OAKLANDS

Janice Dobbins

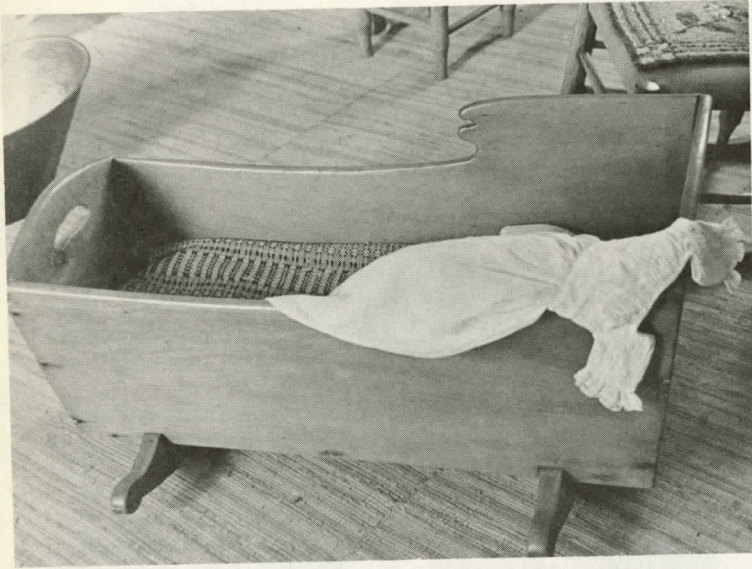
EDITOR'S NOTE: Janice Dobbins was recently awarded a Certificate of Merit by the Atlantic Monthly creative writing contest for her article on the Amish that appeared in last month's "Dying Cultures of Tennessee" section.

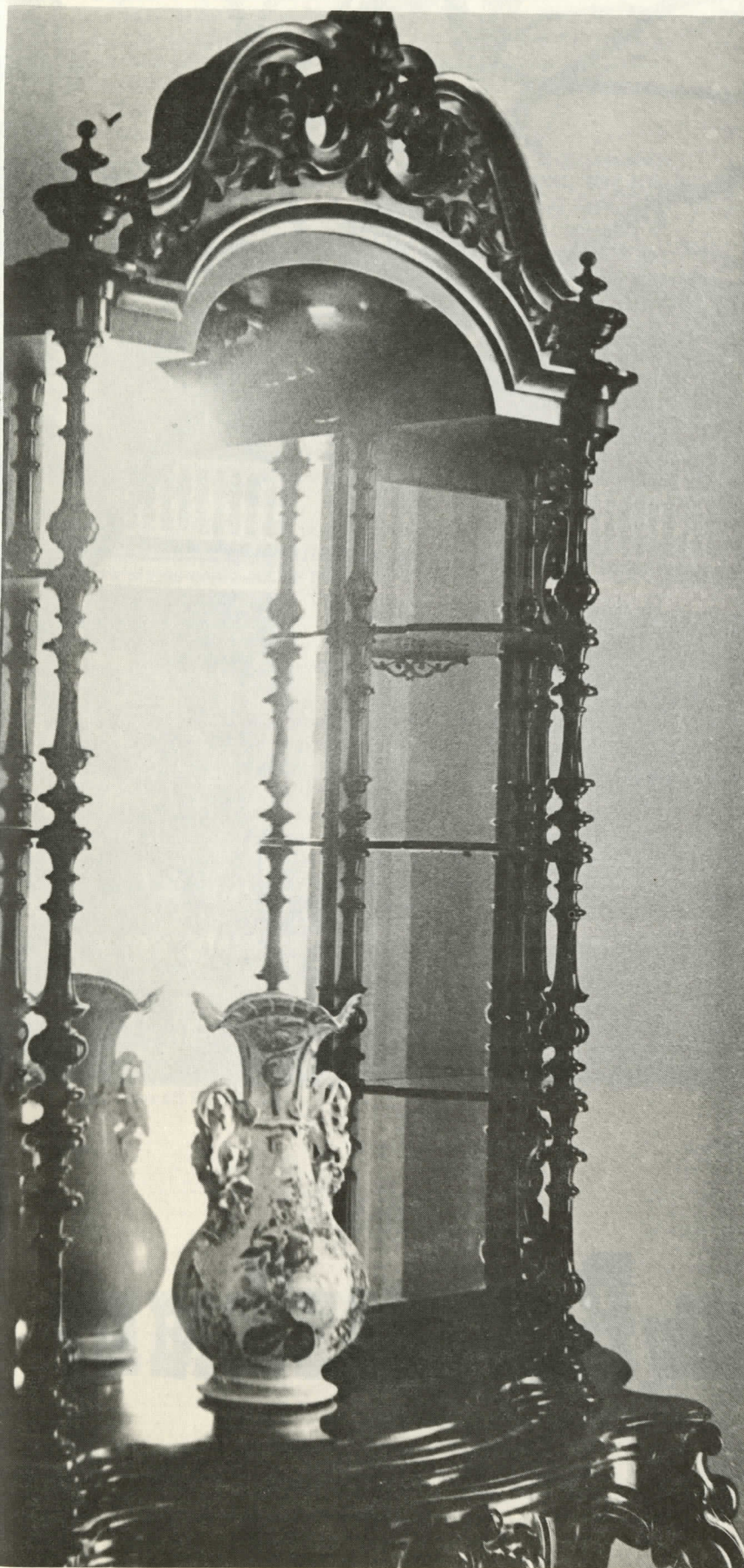
latively prosperous. Hospitality was extended to many distinguished visitors such as John Bell, who had been a candidate against Lincoln for the presidency in 1860.

Although surviving the Reconstruction era, Oaklands eventually fell victim to the decadence common to the post-war South. The Maney descendants got into financial difficulty and were forced to sell the estate for a mere pittance in 1884, ending their eighty-six year ownership of the property. Successive owners made minor changes, and the house remained in good repair well into the twentieth century.

Middle Tennessee State graduate and Murfreesboro native, Robert M. McBride, now with the State Library and Archives, wrote several years ago an extensive article on Oaklands for the Tennessee Historical Quarterly, which is currently used as an historical guide for visitors to the mansion. McBride grew up on Maple Street---three or four blocks from Oaklands, then a rather isolated area. He recalls that "boys played in the fields around Oaklands back in the 1930's," well before the estate was surrounded by houses on all sides.

For two years during the mid-50's, the house was on the real estate market and was thus uninhabited. Rumors of hidden treasure brought vandals who tore off the mantles and woodwork and destroyed the main stairway. The city of Murfreesboro purchased the house and grounds for a park in 1957. A group of history lovers desiring to preserve the picturesque old house then formed the Oaklands Association, and the city deeded the house to them in 1959.





Since then, the agonizingly slow work of restoration has been taking place. Through extensive research and careful archaeological digging, the answers come bit by bit. Unlike remodeling, restoration is an extremely complicated process, as every proposed improvement must be authenticated. All the work must restore the house to its former state as it actually was---not as one thinks it was or would like it to be.

Almost any item can become a clue to the attentive worker. According to Betty Maney Wherry, a direct descendant of Dr. Maney, two articles found early this year are important pieces of the puzzle. The morphine bottle is a grim reminder of the battlefield suffering as well as of a bygone era of medical history represented by Dr. Maney. The foot scraper found underneath the central portion of the house aids in establishing the location of the original front door and in dating the various sections of the structure.

Likewise, paint on walls and woodwork indicate the early interior colors such as "putty" and "pumpkin"; and the original newel post and two of the rails provided the basis for reproducing the curving balustrade of the main stairway.

"Oaklands has been both a town house and a plantation house," says McBride. Reflecting the successive stages of architectural development, the different sections of Oaklands are furnished as they would have been when first erected. The pioneer portion features crude, functional furniture while the later additions feature the genteel furnishings of the pre-Civil War era. Certainly, a great part of the charm of Oaklands lies in this juxtaposition of furniture styles. As McBride expresses it, "Oaklands is actually three houses, of different periods, combined into one harmonious whole."

Open daily from April through October, Oaklands has knowledgeable guides to show visitors through. Admission is \$1.00 for adults with the proceeds going to the Association for upkeep and additional work.

Although the mansion itself has been restored rather completely, Oaklands Association has exciting plans for the future. A group of local doctors working on the Men's Advisory Committee plan a medical museum on the grounds. This attraction will feature the remedies and medical equipment of Dr. Maney's day. A medicinal herb garden will be located nearby, and a doctor will be on hand at certain times to show visitors how various drugs were prepared. The Association hopes to rebuild the kitchen and the spring house, both of which were integral parts of early life at Oaklands. A committee headed by Murfreesboro attorney, Matt B. Murphree III, has consulted with three MTSU history instructors on the latter. Robert Taylor, Lee Sikes, and Robert Jones are seeking information on the original site of the springhouse and details of construction.

A great deal of time and money has gone into the acquisition and restoration of Oaklands. Some people might argue that this is a gigantic waste of effort, but Oaklands has a particular relevance for all. Its preservation is not an attempt to revive an era long since dead, but rather to show a way of life lived in Murfreesboro from 1800 through the 1860's, according to Mrs. Donald Anderson, former regent of the association. Certainly all homes of that time were not as extravagant as this one, but Oaklands is "tangible evidence" of a life style the South struggled to save.

Of course, the strife ended long ago, but the historical importance remains. Oaklands has been preserved so that the present and forthcoming generations may understand the past in order to better shape the future.●



A HOME IS A REVELATION OF

Another architectural example in Murfreesboro of an era now past is the residence of the M.H. Sikes family. (Daughter Lucy is COLLAGE Prose Editor.) Their pre-Civil War-built home on Asbury Road possesses a wealth of memories, predominantly those of the costly Civil War Battle of Stones River.

Books have been written on homes in the Murfreesboro area and the roles they played during the Civil War era. Some of these homes, such as Oaklands, have been converted into tourist attractions and are noted as scenic landmarks of Tennessee. But unlike Oaklands, the Sikes home has not received the publicity due it. Once a bloody and grotesque battle scene where skirmishes between the Yankees and Rebels took place, the Sikes home and property is now a quiet and peaceful dwelling place.

Mr. and Mrs. Sikes acquired the home that rests on a hill overlooking a small creek in 1944. They have completed extensive remodeling since that time. "This house was only a shell when we moved in here," Mrs. Sikes noted. "The family that had lived here before us had just about wrecked the place."

Remodelling agents and sanders employed by the Sikeses began work on the upstairs flooring, and soon discovered that some dark stains could not be removed from the aged wood. "You've almost sanded the floor out," expressed the man in charge of remodeling; "Those are blood stains that will never come out." He explained that blood that comes in contact with wood soaks through the wood grain and can never be removed.

This discovery prompted the Sikes to inquire more diligently into the history of their newly procured home. They found that the home had been utilized as a hospital during the Civil War. Further investigation indicated that at one time their home had been a base hospital for Union soldiers prior to the Battle of Murfreesboro. The 133-acre farm had also been the site of numerous skirmishes that had taken place in the Overall Creek area. Overall Creek ran near the property which then belonged to R. McGregor. Since the house was situated on a hill overlooking a hollow beside the creek, it was easy for soldiers to stay at the house in relative safety.

Within a short time, the converted hospital changed hands. Initially the Union troops used the facilities, but after an onsurge of Confederate harrassment troops under the command of General Joe Wheeler and Patrick Claibourne, during December of 1862, the Yankees were gradually pushed out of the McGregor and Overall Creek site.

Evacuation of the hospital was made quickly by the Union soldiers. Confederate troops overran the home and began to use it as a hospital and vantage point for their maneuvers.

The McGregor home and property was part of a 12 square mile area where the Battle of Murfreesboro took place, according to Stones River National Park Historian Don Adams. From December 31, 1862, to January 3, 1863, the heat of the battle was on. "On the night of the third, Confederate troops pulled out and Union troops recaptured the creek site," said Adams. "Since there were 23,500 casualties from this battle, every home available was in demand for hospital use."

Confirmation of the McGregor house being used as a hospital was made after Adams pointed out the location of the home on the map of surgical and medical history. This map designated homes in the area that were used as hospitals during the war.

Additional proof of both Confederate and Union domination has been uncovered by Mr. Sikes. Artifacts such as a Confederate belt buckle, a button from a Union uniform, bayonets minie balls and tokens used as payment to soldiers during the war have been found on the farm. Civil War tokens became useless as the war progressed and hard money grew scarce. As one of the recovered tokens proves, troops used these for target practice.

Several fascinating stories go with the house and property which make living in a historical home exciting. One of these tales reveals the untimely death of one of R. McGregor's bachelor sons.

Abner McGregor lived in the home following the Civil War with his two bachelor brothers and "old maid" sister, Violet. He was an epileptic and was known to have occasional seizures, but in that day he didn't receive the medical attention that he would have if he had lived in the twentieth century.

Abner had many pets including a dog, cat, goat, pig, chicken, and a duck. His daily routine included a walk to an old baptismal pool about three-fourths of a mile from the house and reading his Bible at noon time. Abner didn't read his Bible on the bank; he stood in middle of the pool and read aloud as his animals looked on from the banks.

One day the McGregors at the house heard Abner's pets making a terrible racket, and after going to the pool, all that was found was the old black hat Abner always wore, floating on top of the water. Abner had suffered a seizure while reading his Bible and had drowned. His body was discovered at the bottom of the pool.

Rumor had it that Abner had buried some gold on the farm; however, much digging by people after his death did not result in the disclosure of "Abner's Gold."

THE PAST Betty M. Denton

The home that Abner's father constructed was originally a two-room affair with a dog trot or breezeway in between. The front part was partitioned by a wall and the men and women remained separated by this wall while sleeping at night. As Mrs. Sikes put it, "If you came to stay overnight and your husband came with you; it was just too bad." The men and women did not violate this partition at night. This apparently was the social premise of the day and was adhered to be the McGregors.

During the Civil War period the house was torn down and moved 300 feet from its original foundation. Each brick and piece of wood was numbered for rebuilding purposes. "The numbers could be seen written in chalk on the slave-made bricks and the huge supporting beams when we remodeled," Mrs. Sikes noted.

An L-shaped addition to the home was built soon after it was moved. Building of the addition was done by the McGregor family. Some member or in-law of the McGregor family owned the house and property until the Sikes received it as a wedding gift.

One attractive feature of the house was the use of cherry wood cut from virgin timber of the McGregor farm. Weatherboarding on the L-shaped addition was made of solid cherry as was the back stairway and much of the woodwork. Use of this wood was even carried out to the extreme of building the outdoor toilet of cherry. Besides the use of cedar and cherry, woods such as ash and poplar were used extensively throughout the house.

"I could have just died when I found out what was on that original window pane I threw away when we remodeled," Mrs. Sikes was referring to a window pane made of pressed glass

that had the name Strawberry engraved on it.

Strawberry McGregor was the adopted daughter of the three unmarried children of R. McGregor. The story goes that Strawberry etched her name in the window pane with her diamond ring when she was a little girl.

The adopted girl married a man from the Old Jefferson community in Rutherford County, and they lived within walking distance of her home at the McGregor's. Her life ended abruptly when, "one day her husband beat her to death with the leg of a stove," as Mrs. Sikes told it. "I don't know why, other than he was known to have a high temper from what I heard," she explained. Strawberry's husband was tried and finally hanged.

Even though that window pane may be gone, other original parts of the home have been preserved. Some mantle pieces of the original fire places were salvaged and can be seen in the home whose floor plan resembles that of Mount Vernon. The original front staircase along with a few locks and doors can be seen in the home. All of the house was made with wooden pegs.

Ceilings were much lower in the Sikes home than in other homes built primarily for entertaining guests in that period. These low ceilings conserved heat very well in the winter.

The Sikes home was not intended to be a house used for entertaining people. It's comfortable and warm atmosphere, however, makes it a pleasant place to spend a day. The home was built to be a restful farm home and is still being used for that purpose. Alive with memories and legends, the Sikes home has an ever present heritage describing the days gone by in Middle Tennessee ●



Old smoke house on Sikes property built shortly after Civil War and once used for storing meats.

the hitchhiker

by SABIN THOMPSON

The hitchhiker was an old and haggard man. His face was marked with the scars of an unhappy life as he blankly stared out the right window. His foot was tapping out of rhythm as the radio played blue grass. His greasy straw hat testified that he had either worked very hard, or worn it very long--probably both. The smell.

"Naw, rain don't usually come this hard this time o'year," the driver commented as he steered the old Buick with the holes in the side. The hitchhiker felt as if he were being propelled by air rushing through these holes instead of the standard V-8. The tires were very black and very wet. The contrast between the rain-soaked outside and the dry cotton protruding from the tears in the seat covers caused the hitchhiker to be confused. Did he have a cold or was it just dust from the cotton field?

As the houses drove by the seemingly stationary Buick, the driver noticed a line of cars parked along both sides of the pavement. Obviously an event of major importance had occurred ahead. The answer came with the police siren as the traffic parted to allow its entry and closed again to keep out the Egyptians.

The wreck was extremely bloody. The mother was carrying the dead child in her lacerated arms. Her tears were diluting the crimson gel.

"Probably her fault anyway," said the driver. The hitchhiker, not believing what he had heard, glanced at the driver to confirm his fears, but the man was getting out of the car. Turning, the hitchhiker noticed a gas station attendant elbowing his way through the crowd toward the Madonna; in his hand--a polaroid camera. The driver was rushing toward the attendant with passion in each step. The hitchhiker felt his fears relieved and his faith restored as he pressed his ear against the window in order to hear what the driver had to say to the excited necrophile.

"Hey, buddy, can you get reprints of those pictures?"●



Captured

ed with joy she stood.

ve sensitive to the excitement of the moment.

the water welled behind the dike

Overwhelmed with joy she stood.

Each nerve sensitive to the excitement of the moment.

....the water welled behind the dike
reached the brim elastically
then burst forth caressing all around
it with warm saline fingers.

Then...as quickly as they had come, the waters receded

And were gone ----- leaving only a faint glisten,

...Accented by a smile.

-Jon-

Suddenly it is gone--
Release,
Not unlike miscarriage
And the fields that just yesterday
 promised spring,
Show only their fuzzy barren bellies
The trees whose lower branches
 had been searched for buds
Now tower in their disapproval
And the sky for want of a sun,
Drapes pearlescent grey,
Illuminating what it can
And whose's litany is chanted now?
Which one the magus,
The juggler of dreams--
And who will answer
When cries startle the dark
 air?

-Charles Darwin-

Conjugation

The sun of the third hour plays
in your hair and along your honeyed thigh
You sit darkeyed while I chant
my song of mechanical verbs to you

I have been _____
you have been _____
he _____
she _____
or _____
it has been _____

(Not very appropriate for you
but gentle Will next week)

Why don't I tell you
like it really is
A little reality in this lesson
might inspire response

Look at all the others
dozing in the warm
spinning their cobweb worlds
or off on their own platonic trips
they would never know

Your darkeyes stare away at me
not recording any tense
It's really school-kid stuff to you
being valedictorian-elect

Soon the bell will ruin it all
so why don't I let you know
or what's a present perfect for

-Charles Ray-

WHO AND WHAT ARE THE MORMONS?

Del K. Shumway

Deleting the misinformation that the average citizen, Christian or otherwise, might give in response to the above question, one would very likely end up with little that is factual and accurate about the Mormons. The real name of the church as it was lawfully registered originally in 1830 is The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is unfortunate that in the minds of many people "Mormonism" has become erroneously synonymous with a radical fundamentalism which proposes polygamy as a basic social norm.

Polygamy was instituted in the church very shortly after its organization, continuing until 1890 at which time the "laws of the land," which Mormons believe strongly "in honoring and sustaining," prohibited the further practice of plural marriages. It must be understood, however, that plural marriage was always strictly controlled among the Mormon people, the president or prophet of the church being the only one who could authorize or call consenting individuals (husband and wife) to enter into this high order of marriage. In fact, at no time did more than 3% of the male membership of the church ever practice polygamy. Although today Mormons live monogamously, they do not disavow the law of plural marriage as an eternal principle, but regard it as one which God from time to time, by revelation of his prophets, has instituted among certain groups of people to raise up righteous progeny. Thus Mormons claim that by revelation it was established for a time and by revelation it was removed.

The LDS concept of marriage must be understood in light of the reverence and honor Mormons give to the family. Mormons believe in the eternal purpose of the family unit, that a man and woman, when sealed to each other by the proper authority in special edifices known as temples, have potential according to their faithfulness to become exalted, i.e. glorified like unto God. The children born into this union are likewise eternally bound to their parents, thus creating a patriarchal tie from generation to generation. For this reason Mormons are avid genealogists, diligently seeking to identify their dead ancestors for whom they perform sealings by proxy in the temples. This explains why Salt Lake City is the genealogy capitol of the world.

In the words of David O'McKay, recent prophet to the church, Mormons claim that "no other success can compensate for failure in the home," and in this spirit they earnestly endeavor to make their homes "a bit of heaven on earth." Weekly individual families hold "Family Home Evenings" in which the parents and children teach and communicate with each other. Indeed the whole church organization is designed to function as an auxiliary to the home.

Basic to LDS theology is the concept that "man cannot be saved in ignorance," for "the glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." Thus man, being redeemed through the atonement of Jesus Christ, is given the potential to become perfect even as God is perfect. This responds to the "Law of Eternal Progression" which Mormons espouse as the essential purpose of life, that man may progress indefinitely and reap joy and happiness therein.

Naturally, Latter-day Saints are deeply committed to education and learning. In fact, for a membership of just over three million people, the church has a very extensive international educational system, exemplary of which is Brigham Young University with over 25,000 students. In most underdeveloped countries Mormon Chapels become schools during weekdays available to both members and nonmembers of the church. For LDS students attending non-LDS colleges and universities, the church establishes what is called "Institute," which supplies university level study courses and works to complement what the student would receive in an LDS classroom. Similarly Latter-day Saint Student Associations are established for student involvement and social outlet. The objective purpose of all these is, of course, "the education of the whole man," spiritually, physically, and academically.

On the local level, each congregation (called a Ward or Branch) has a primary with mid-weekly meetings for children ages three through eleven; from twelve years old through the college years the young people participate in the MIA (Mutual Improvement Association) which, as to variety of activities and improvement, is without comparison among organizations of its kind. All youth also have the opportunity to take Seminary classes (Bible study etc.) either through home study arrangements or through daily classes on released time from school. All of this couples with the two or three meetings held on Sundays.

Parents are likewise accommodated in various areas of in-

struction. The women participate in the oldest organization for women on record in this country, the Relief Society. With the motto of "Charity never faileth," this organization has a two-fold purpose; take care of the needy or incapacitated and supply the women with instruction in "Cultural Refinement," "Home Making," "Spiritual Living," and "Social Relations." Similar—the men are involved in the Priesthood which gives them the authority to act and serve in many capacities of the church organization.

Obviously, the church has no paid ministry, but rather, an extensively involved laity which staffs and governs itself according to strict lines of authority and jurisdiction. It is very characteristic of Mormons to devoutly revere and sustain their leaders. Bi-annually they are given the opportunity in general and local conferences to offer a sustaining vote to those who preside over them. The highest authority in the church is the Prophet president who, with his two councilors, forms the first Presidency. The body of men known as the quorum of twelve Apostles operates under the leadership of the Prophet and, in the event of his death, it is the governing authority of the church, selecting as well from among its ranks the succeeding Prophet. All these men are considered to be "prophets, seers and revelators," and through them Mormons claim that Christ directly governs his church today just as in the time of the ancient Apostles. Mormons believe that the only true Church of Jesus Christ along with the authority (Priesthood) to act in his name, was lost from the earth at the death of the ancient Apostles. The apostasy which followed and the degeneracy of the Dark Ages obliterated all ties with the pure gospel truths as understood and practiced by the original disciples of Christ.

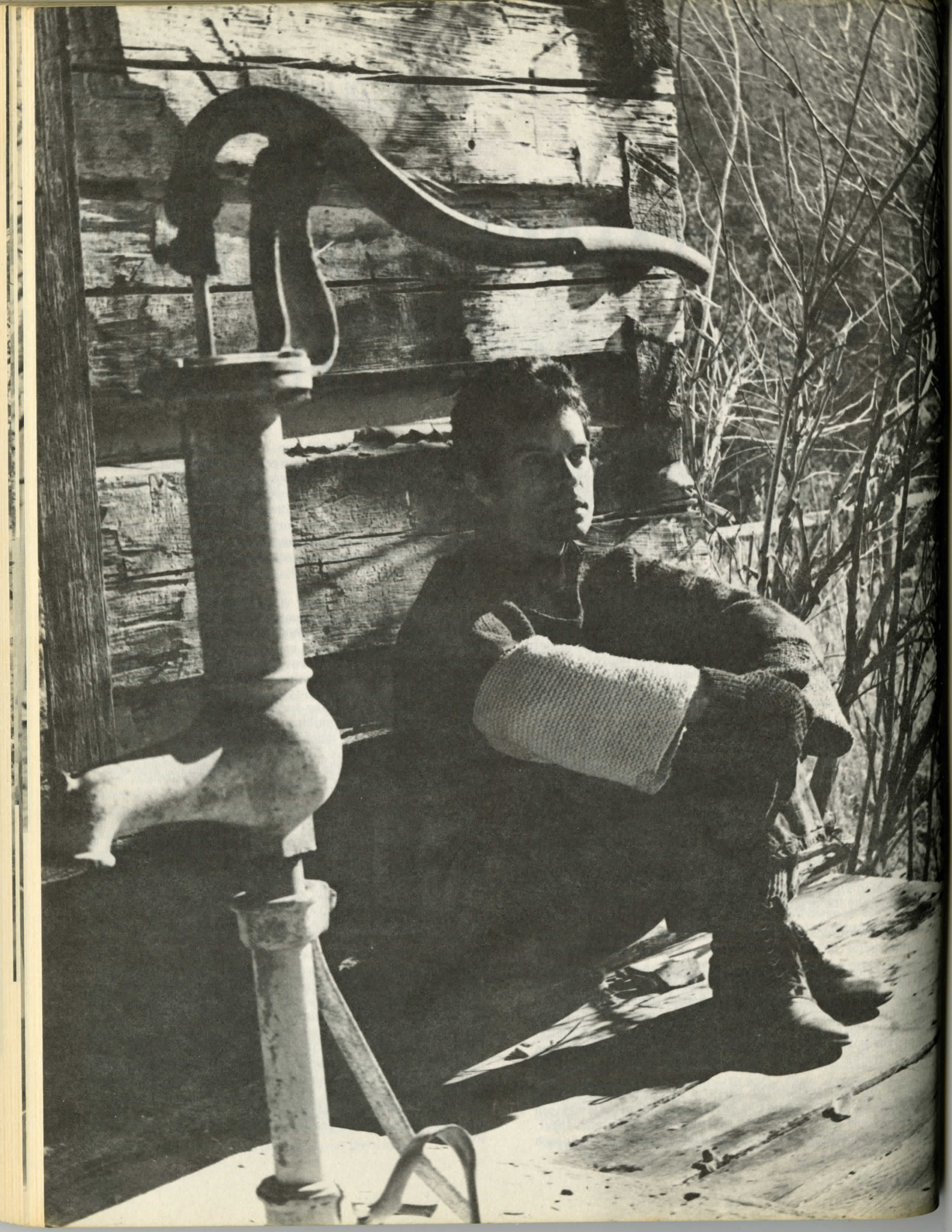
Mormons proclaim that the restoration of these Truths began in the spring of 1820 when a young man by the name of Joseph Smith, while seeking diligently for the true church, had a vision in broad daylight. In this vision God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ, as two separate and distinct individuals appeared to him proclaiming that the true Gospel of Jesus Christ had been lost from the earth centuries before and that he, Joseph Smith, if proven worthy would be the essential instrument through whom these truths would be restored once again to the earth.

Part of this restoration came in the form of the Book of Mormon which was written by ancient prophets of the American continent and preserved in the care and keeping of a man angel, Moroni, who later revealed the location of the plates to Joseph

Smith. This same Moroni, now a resurrected being, was the last prophet to record in the ancient record prior to the final apostasy of his people. The Book of Mormon, then, while in no way purporting to be a replacement of the Bible, is rather a companion scripture of God's dealings with man in the Western Hemisphere. The principle purpose of the book, as inscribed on its title page, is to convince "Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations."

Mormons claim that many other resurrected beings visited the earth to complete the promised restoration: John the Baptist with the Aaronic Priesthood; Peter, James and John with the Melchizedek Priesthood and the authority to organize the church according to the pattern of the early apostolic era; Moses, Elisa, and Elijah respectively with the "keys of the gathering of Israel," the rights of the Gospel held in the dispensation of Abraham, and the keys for turning "the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers." Similarly, Joseph Smith was given much instruction and information pertaining to Gospel truths which, by commandment, he recorded in a volume known as the Doctrine and Covenants, also considered scripture by the LDS people.

In brief, Mormons "believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and . . . that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." As ambassadors of this "Restored Gospel," Mormons anxiously proclaim it to the world. Besides numerous local missionaries, the church accounts for over 15,000 fulltime missionaries scattered over the globe, each serving approximately two years at his or her own expense. Most are single young men (19 to 23 years old) who always travel in pairs, having no formal preparation except what they have received in their homes and at church. Yet these missionaries solemnly stand in firm testimony that what they teach is true. Without contending with world religions, they invite all men everywhere to pursue the promise in the Book of Mormon: "And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true: and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things." It is no wonder that "Mormonism" is the fastest growing Christian religion in the world today. ●



Monty: a Portrait

Photos and Text by
Teena Andrews

I first met Monty Wanamaker at the COLLAGE open house during spring 1971 registration. When he saw a copy of our latest edition on a table outside the office, he decided to come in to talk.

Monty was different; I could tell quickly that he was an intelligent, talented and creative person. But in a few moments we realized that everything in his personality was overshadowed by one very positive difference. We wanted to hear this interesting person talk about himself. But Monty had that certain knack for turning the conversation from himself to you and making you important whether or not you were the least bit intelligent, talented or creative. He was avidly interested in your most humble endeavors, and you sensed right away that it was a sincere interest. To put it simply, he impressed me as being one of the nicest persons I had ever met.

I only spoke to him a few more times before he left school and later went to New York to live for the second time, but I felt an acute sense of loss when he left. He was one of those special persons, very real. I wanted to write about him. It took me almost a year to bring this about, and the preparations culminated on the sunny, crisp morning of December 31, 1971, the day before Monty's birthday.

We had arranged to meet at a little church a few miles out of McMinnville on the road to Beersheba while he was home a few days at Christmas. That was also the road to an ancient log cabin where we decided to go for our conversation. When Monty returns home to Tennessee this month after the close of his art show in New York, that is where he will live.

The cabin was a few miles further down the road. Monty explained to me that it was at least a hundred years old; he could tell from dates carved on the wood which he later showed me. The cabin was what was called a dog-trot house, that is, two main rooms on separate sides of the house. The only way to get from one side to the other is by the outside passage which connected them.

It was one of the most beautiful days that was ever made. We started to build a fire in the room which was once the living area, but decided instead to sit out in the bright sun which shone on the front porch and warmed us even though it was winter. It was almost noon.

Monty dragged out a very old bench, one of the few things left among the furnishings of the cabin, and we settled comfortably in the sunshine. Finally Monty talked about himself. His statements were never falsely modest; he was aware of what he had accomplished and what he would accomplish. He obviously believed in himself and especially in his art.

When Monty talks about himself here, most of what he says are direct quotes. I have omitted quotation marks to facilitate reading.

I questioned him first about how he became involved in art.

"It's as though I wasn't taught to be an artist so much as I had no alternative. I didn't select it, it selected me. Because I'm happiest when I'm creating, and my life isn't really worth very much to me when I'm not involved in creating."

When I was very young I used to tell my parents that I was going to be an artist, but of course I had no idea what that meant. I started drawing very early; my mother had a drawing I did of a duck when I was very young--four or five--and she kept it all of these years. When their house burned, it burned with a lot of other things. But I suppose I've been drawing all of my life, really. My training when I was young--there was no formal training because I attended a small country school, the Irving College School which is about ten miles out of McMinnville. I attended grammar school there and I graduated from high school there. There were no art classes as such so I was always graded on art, but it was part of my other courses. Unfortunately, that's one of the drawbacks of the education of that kind of school. There was no music offered, no art offered, and I was forced to take four years of agriculture.

I had several instructors who were very interested in me because I was different from other people. Two principles took a very active interest in me and always encouraged me. I had one woman who is actually related to me--she's an aunt on my grandmother's side who was my English teacher--she was perhaps the greatest influence. I wrote also; I've written poetry all my life, and she encouraged me in writing. I had her all four years of high school English and I should think that she was the most profound influence, just encouraging me to do something with myself.

Even my agriculture teacher was very interested in me. He was a very creative man, strangely enough. I used to literally cry when I'd go to class because I was forced to go, and I knew I wasn't going to become a farmer. But he was interested in me and indirectly he was an influence.

It's as though I wasn't taught to be an artist so much as I had no alternative. I didn't select it, it selected me. Because I'm happiest when I'm creating, and my life isn't really worth very much to me when I'm not involved in creating.

I asked him if he had then come to school at MTSU.

I first enrolled at Tennessee Tech, only for two quarters. That was in 1957 and really didn't work out very well, so I worked for 18 months in a local factory, saved enough money and enrolled in the Memphis Academy of Art. I was there a semester, and then I enrolled at MTSU. I was there a year. But I find it very difficult to work in groups--I don't create. It has to be an intimate relationship with another person. If I'm learning, I need to study privately, and I've sort of had to find that out trial and error. That classroom sort of education really doesn't suit me, because I'm a very private person, a very intimate person. I'm really very shy and very timid and I find that there are blocks against really creating when I'm trying to create in groups of other people. When I do my art now I close myself up alone and it becomes a very sacred thing because it's to private and unto myself. I almost have to do it that way. That's the reason that I really wasn't suited to the universities or even the art schools, because it's such a mass thing that they do and it just wouldn't work for me.

So that is why you decided to drop out of school last spring?

Yes, I know that my real creativity would be hampered, not because of the art department at the university, but because I'm really not capable of producing in that kind of atmosphere.

I am open to you, Monty said.

Is that because you decided to let yourself be?

Because I feel that I can be. I meant that as compliment---with some people I can't be and I think you will allow me to be very open, very frank. When I say I'm private and intimate I mean that I do well in intimacy with another person. My real communication somehow is better achieved if I'm just with another person. And I like being alone with another person in an

intimate relationship. I'm quite aloof from the crowd of people; I enjoy being alone, locking myself up and working.

* * *

Drawing, is that your main medium?

Yes, I feel that my real forte is drawing, the graphic. I painted for several years; I even did portrait commissions in oil in Washington, but I haven't painted in oil for about ten years. Because it's really not my medium. I feel that it's forced and I don't do well in it, whereas drawing comes as easy to me as opening my eyes, eating or sleeping. It's just a very natural thing for me, so I feel why not pursue that rather than something that is forced.

What have you done in this medium?

I have been doing drawings and prints since 1963, lithographs primarily. Do you know anything about lithography? It's printing from a stone, Bavarian limestone. It was developed as an artistic medium to reproduce an image drawn on this stone. A limited edition is usually taken for those who print directly from this stone--a limited edition of 20 or 30 prints--and then the stone is destroyed or the image is destroyed, and each print becomes an original work of art.

Is this how you did your book?

Yes, a litho book I call it. It was done with six images drawn on the stone and hand-printed by myself and Berne Miller of George C. Miller and Son, one of the finest lithographer-printers in this country. But it's such an exact art that if the artist really wants a very fine quality print, unless he is really adept at printing it's really best to leave most of the technical work to a master printer. I worked with him in printing but he really did the work. The book was done in a limited edition--25 volumes, six images drawn on stone with six of my poems.

What was the title?

Aion. It's the Greek. The essence of the book is just a long spanse of time, a kind of psychological prehistoric time. It shows evolutionary forms up until a kind of final, spiritual form. It has Oriental overtones, symbologies, Bhuddistic symbols, Eastern and Western symbols interwoven together.

Can you explain a little more about the process?

They're drawn just like a regular drawing, with litho crayons. They could be drawn with lipstick, anything oily because lithography works on the basis of oil repelling water. The stone was etched later with an acid which adheres the image that one draws to the stone. And the part, of course, which doesn't have the crayons, repels the ink and transfers it to the paper. It's quite a simple procedure, actually.

Is it a smooth stone?

Yes, very smooth, very beautifully grained. And it's a particular kind of limestone, a Bavarian limestone, supposedly the only really fine quality litho stone. They're usually three, four or five inches thick. I rented the stone, drew the images, and after the edition was printed the image was destroyed, the only number of prints that could ever be produced on this stone. I'm also going into etching now and I'm privately studying etching and engraving. I'm also going to be doing woodcuts and wood engravings.

Etchings on a metal plate--printmaking?

Yes, and I'll include some of those in my show, (which was held April 12-29, 1972) but I haven't studied etching and engraving as of yet. I'm just now getting into that and studying privately with a young Italian artist in New York means that I have the one-to-one relationship and am able to get more from the learning process. I feel that my vision is something that people cannot teach me, but the technique I need to learn. I studied lithography privately in Washington with a man who is very technically adept.

* * *

Is that one of the trees you just planted?

Yes.

It seems to be doing well.

I thought I would plant them in the winter when they were dormant rather than waiting until spring when the sap is rising. I also brought up the stones with the moss. I love Japanese architecture and gardens, the way they use stones, bamboo, flowers. I want to introduce some Japanese landscape here.

It's kind of incongruous, but nice.

* * *

So, you've done a limited edition of a book, but I'm sure you've done more than that.

I have produced several hundred drawings since 1962, many of which will be in my show in New York. I have worked continuously except for periods when I have been incubating. It's impossible for me to really create prolifically all the time. The past two years have not been very prolific, and I've just begun a new creative period a month ago--it's really very exciting for me.

I have about 200 very large drawings--some of them are six feet tall. I've done, I think, four sets of lithograph prints, and I'm working now on illustrations for two of my long poems which I hope to print in limited editions.

I also have another project which I hope to do which is to do illustrations for a volume of poetry by the late A.W. Powell who graduated from MTSU. We talked, the last time I saw him before his death, about doing a volume together. I'm going to do this as a kind of memorial tribute to him.

* * *

"I really feel sometimes that I'm more in tune with some of the more primitive cultures. I love African primitive art; I love Mayan sculptures; I love Tibetan art and Indian art and ancient Egyptian art."

One of the most exciting things happening to me--a young friend of mine, a young girl, who began to buy some of my drawings when I was in Washington in '64 is working on her masters in art history. She has done a couple of papers on my work, myth symbols studies relating them to ancient mythologies, ancient symbolisms. She asked her department permission to do her masters thesis on me, and she just got permission. So I feel very honored by this. She'll be starting soon, and she hopes to publish it eventually. She's going into psychological symbolism, relating it to ancient Egyptian and Oriental mythology.

If I had people writing master theses about me I would think that I was getting to be well-known.

I told someone recently that I felt honored merely because people that I've known masters theses written about have been dead for many years, and I'm still alive.



Laughter.

Do you feel that you'll be famous?

I don't think that I'll be famous; I think I might be known by a select group of people, and that's really what I would like to be. I love the thought of communicating to even a small group of people. Therefore, if it touches people inwardly it's a great thing for me, but I really don't think I'll be world-famous or anything like that--I don't even think about that.

I didn't think you did; it just occurs to me when you told me about the masters thesis.

Well, she's a very special girl and she's always related to my work. She bought a drawing called "Adoration"--it's a strange sort of beast-like creature bending over a white bird that is dead or dying that is emanating a strange light glow. She's had such a special relationship with the drawing. She wrote me a letter and said, "I played Beethoven for the drawing and he loves it very much." So she plays music for her drawing, she feels very intimately related to my work. I'm very honored by that, because it means communication, deep communication, not a superficial communication.

We talked a little about 19th century French poets.

"I love the thought of communicating to even a small group of people. . .therefore, if it (my art) touches people inwardly it's a great thing for me."

When you wrote and told me about turning your cabin into a special place, you told me about all your strange and unusual things from all over the world.

I have artifacts and ancient things, because I feel ties to ancient peoples. I really feel sometimes that I'm more in tune with some of the more primitive cultures than I am with modern cultures. I love African primitive art; and I love Mayan sculptures; I love Tibetan art and Indian art and ancient Egyptian art. I really feel very close to ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt.

I have collected a few things and had some very fine gifts given to me. For example, a small ritual urn from a sacred well in Yucatan. It's a ritual vessel which was supposedly used to hold the blood of young sacrificial boys. It has been in the water, of course, these hundreds of years, so it has a few little holes in the bronze. But it's marvelous, probably a museum piece.

And I have an ancient Chinese flower vase from the Han dynasty, several hundred years old, that was a gift to me from a man at the Phillips Collection in Washington when I was there. I have some ancient wood block prints from one of the first Tibetan Book of the Dead editions, several hundred years old, printed on Chinese rice paper. I have five or six hand-woven prayer rugs from Turkey and Persia and India. One of them is a very fine carpet, pure silk, several hundred years old. Some of them I hang on my wall rather than stand on them because they're such beautiful things. They're all magical to me, they emanate a real magic because they're so old; they speak of human history.

And you'll bring those all up here?

Yes, and hang them on these rustic walls.

This is a terrible thought, but how would you dare to leave all those things here without having it completely under lock and key?

I'm probably going to have special bars made for all the windows, because I'd be afraid to leave all the things----they're very precious to me.

It seems terrible that you would have to bar your windows--that it would take away a little from the place itself.

In New York, we live behind barred windows; we live in prisons. But here I'm afraid that I'm going to have to do the same because this house was filled with a lot of antiques and people have stolen every single one of them. All that's left is a bed, and an old iron plowshare. All the old things in here were over a hundred years old.

I want to know a little about your "philosophy of life," and/or art.

I'm really into astrology because I believe that it's a very valid science. I don't mean the astrology that you read in everyday newspapers, but I know an astrologer in New York, a fantastic, intuitive woman who has become well-known there for her abilities in psychological intuition which relate to her astrological knowledge. She's gone into astrological study from the very ancient roots of astrology. She pursues it as a science. When she first did my chart in 1967 it had a profound influence on my life. It was an incredible experience and the first time that I began to relate my personality and my philosophy to my feelings toward my life and to what I am astrologically. For example, I am by birth Capricorn because I was born on the first of January.

Happy birthday tomorrow.

But my ascendent sign is Libra and that's supposed to be a sign involved with beauty and aesthetics, lyricism and the love of books and of writing, and poetry. So I began to see that, and Eleanor told me that the ascendent sign is usually the sign that rules the personality, not the birth sign. So my personality is a Libra personality. I began to understand more nearly scientifically how I believe certain things and why I was an artist, because, I was very involved in what I consider beauty, if that isn't too ridiculous a word to use.

"I believe that for any spiritual salvation, philosophically speaking, to man, that he's going to have to revert back to a more natural state of being."

But I feel very close to the earth, very close to nature, and this probably has to do with my Capricorn qualities--it's an earth sign. I was, of course, born and brought up in these mountains, so I have in my psyche the memories of these mountains nature all through my youth. I wasn't born in a hospital, I was born in a very small house in these mountains here; and I remember that T.S. Eliot said, "Home is where one starts from." That's a very broad statement because I think it involves psychological things that are involved in childhood.

I love nature, and that's the reason I'm going to have to come back to live here. My work is in one sense very primitive because it has unconscious psychological images which are very related to ancient African art, contemporary African art, the ancient cultures. My sub-conscious is very strong, and the images permeate my work. I believe that for any spiritual salvation, philosophically speaking, to man, that he's going to have to revert back to a more natural state of being. I don't like what I really believe to be the unspiritual state of our society today; I believe that it's too materially oriented. There is little spirituality in this way of living. The only way I can live is for my life to have real spiritual meaning.

I remember in one of your letters to me, you expressed some measure of fear in going out into the "real world." It's a very dangerous thing to have to do, to be thrust out, especially with the world in the condition that it is today. For it was very frightening. I have had to just force myself out into it because I knew if I didn't I would probably die a repressed southern boy who was afraid to stick out my head from the mountains. I was scared completely to death when I left; I still have to push myself out without wanting to.

I've had some very frightening escapes in New York. Living there you begin to feel that the fight for survival is a predominant issue. You walk down the street and you never know if someone is going to stick a knife in you and take your two dollars that you might have in your pants. You don't take your life for granted there. It's made a great deal of difference in my attitude. I can't live in it all the time; that's one of the reasons I'm going to have to come back here for at least part of the time.

Yes, I do have my cake and eat it too. I think they're two different aspects of my personality and I need to fulfill both at different times.

Did you hear the bird singing? Apparently we'll get that on tape.

It's not that I'm confused about it now, although I once was. But now that I know a little more about the chemistry of myself, I know that those are two very honest, opposing elements of my life that need to be fulfilled. They're not aspects of a mind that's wandering and doesn't know what it wants; it wants both of them, and it needs them to fulfill itself.

I needed to go back to New York last April because I felt there were things that I needed to accomplish for my art, for myself, and I could only accomplish them there. I wanted an exhibition there, and I also wanted to make contacts in the book world.

How did you go about getting your exhibition?

When I was in Washington, I gave a private showing of a series of psychological drawings. I sent the C.G. Jung Foundation in New York an invitation because they had become interested in my work. They had thought of publishing some because it is very Jungian in symbol. They couldn't attend but sent as a representative Mary Davis. She came and saw my work, and that's the way I became friends with Mary. She knows a lot of people, and she's a very powerful woman in the art world. She introduced me to the assistant director of the Caravan House Gallery for the purpose of seeing my work. When the assistant director saw my work, an exhibition was planned. I find that this is the only way of making contacts in New York, through introductions from other people. It's difficult to go there as a stranger and get in. It might happen once in a thousand times, but it usually doesn't. You've got to know somebody.

* * *

"One reason I love this place so much is that it was the sacred grounds of the ancient woodlands Indians, and about 2000 years ago they made this area their site."

FM Guide, "serving the intelligent listener" reviewed Monty's show in their May edition and described him as "A master craftsman" who "uses his inordinate skill to portray the dreams and symbols of his American Indian heritage." They describe his symbols repeated throughout--"birdwings, intricate imaginary movements of winds, flowers, and symbolic forms." They note that rhythm rather than color, is emphasized.

Park East, a weekly newspaper serving the Manhattan area, states that Monty "displays considerable technical ability in all three media" which he exhibited--drawings, watercolors, and prints. "Monty Wanamaker's subject matter is strangely organic, psychoanalytic and symbolic. He frequently chooses birds, feathers and eggs as subject matter and, at times, one feels the artist is conducting a tour of his personal psyche and translating it in terms of an internal abdominal landscape."

Both publications' reviewers seemed impressed with the large pencil drawing of a bird-man wearing white feathered wings with hands which are eagle's claws, one feeling that it is probably an idealized self-portrait.

Fran Brandon, wife of the head of MTSU's art department C.M. Brandon, does her own review in the following article.



I refrained from calling my work "art" for a long time because I understood it in terms that the Africans do their images, as religious images. I don't usually do a drawing just to do a drawing, because they're really involved in my spirituality which is a very unorthodox spirituality. They're not art for art's sake or anything like that because they're done because they have to be done, like the African tribe does its masks for sacrificial dances. So in the way that you would call a piece of African sculpture art, so is mine done. Theirs is called art by people who collect them, and in that sense I think that I would call mine "art."

I remember what my friend Mary said when she first looked at my work in Washington. She said, "They're so inward, so private; it's almost as though I want to close my eyes when I look at them because they're so private, they belong to such a very personal world." But I feel that in their being so personal they're also almost supra-personal because they go beyond self to stored memory.



I believe very definitely in genetic memory. I believe that the psyche contains the memory of all evolutions, not so much of individual souls but of spirit, if I may use that word. I believe that the psyche remembers all that has come before it. This is what Tibetan philosophy believes; each individual is the last inheritor, the last result, of a long line of evolutionary beings--like a limb on a very huge tree, the last shoot that has come out. That last branch has involved in it all that has gone previously to make it. Thus the psyche remembers in a strange genetic kind of code all that has come before it, even prehuman forms.

My art contains a lot of prehuman, almost fetal shapes, a lot of shapes that involve the lower kingdoms, birds and animals. There are many hybrid forms--animal forms with wings like the ancient mythological griffins.

That's why it's a very difficult thing to give them up, to sell them. I really prefer to give them away. I gave one limited edition of my lithographs away. I needed the money very badly, but I gave them away because I couldn't stand the thought of just selling them. It's like selling one of your children or a reliquary object--a Christian chalice--or a Christ figure or something like that.

So how do you sell them?

It's difficult; the need to survive. I could have sold a lot of things in the last ten years, several hundred things to individuals, not through any gallery. That's the way I sell - sporadically.

I asked him about his writing, something I knew little of.

The Chamber Arts Dancer Players became interested in a long poem which I began in 1967, called *Trilogy to an Aquarian Age*, and hopefully it's in one sense a counterpart in words, to my drawing, to the visual. They want to choreograph it, and a young composer-cellist who's in the group wants to special music for it. It will probably be done on three different nights, and we hope that it might be premiered at the theatre of the Riverside Church.

(Monty has recently informed me that the date for the dramatic performance will be September 16, 1972.)

A grant would be needed for costuming, renting the theatre, and there is a staff of people, of course, so several thousands dollars would be needed. The director of the group has Ford Foundation grants that she draws upon, but she asked for a different kind of grant for this one. We're not sure if it will even come through, but they're a very fine group and they have no trouble getting money.

*"I have had to just
force myself out into it (the
world) because I knew if I didn't
I would probably die a repressed
southern boy who was afraid to stick
his head out from the mountains."*

The poem itself is very long, about 25 pages typewritten, a trilogy in three sections. It would probably be about an hour's performance.

I have been working on what will hopefully one day be a book; it's the diaries, actually, that I've kept since I began a series of work in Washington. They're diaries that contain very intimate things like the dreams that I had in regard to the drawings. I used to have dreams, sometimes before, sometimes after the drawing, very graphic dreams, very mythological, and very spiritual, that I always recorded. And I always recorded philosophical and psychological thoughts about my work and my drawings, things like that. So I have several volumes of diaries that have accumulated. I want one day to publish this.

* * *

We listen to a sound coming from the woods.

That's a pileated woodpecker which is almost extinct, a big huge woodpecker. I think they're finally been saved from extinction by the ornithologists. They come very near here; I saw one pecking at a branch. They're sort of like the ivory-billed woodpecker, now extinct. The ivory-billed were slaughtered and killed about the time of the passenger pigeons. This one was almost extinct, but it has been brought back now, enough that there are several hundred of them.

* * *



during what years did you live in Washington? I moved from Nashville to Washington in 1962 and I lived there until 1967 when I first went to New York. I was on the staff of the Phillips Collection, a museum, for five years as an assistant. It was while I was at the museum that Duncan Phillips, who was the director of the museum, a very nationally known critic, saw my work and bought one of my drawings for the collection. Shortly after, he died--he was a very old man. It was a very sad compliment he paid because one of my drawings was one of his last acquisitions before his death. That was a very profound experience for me.

I went to Washington because I knew that I wasn't ready psychologically or artistically for New York; I had to take it in steps. I knew that I was going to New York when I first was at MTSU. Of course, if I had gone then it would have been very premature. When I finally got there I was strong enough in the ways I needed to be to really cope with it; I would have perished before, had I gone there.

It was the right time to go. I gave up my job at the collection and said I'm going to New York, and I'm going to make it on my art. It was very difficult, but I did it for two years. I lived only off my art. I haven't starved--yes I have compared to what the average person would live on, eat.

I have a beautiful Persian cat; she's incredible. She was there with me, and there were often times when I would buy food for her and store it up, knowing that I wouldn't have any money soon, and do without something for myself, because I couldn't stand to hear her when she got hungry. At least I didn't do what she did when I got hungry--kill mice and meow and scream and groan and act as though she were dying.

* * *

I'm very involved in classical music. I love baroque music--Bach--and I usually always create to music. It's a real stimulant, it's like opium, music is. I love dance and the theatre. I love to read also. That's usually what I try to do when I'm not really creating but incubating in order to create later. During the times when I'm creating, I don't read so much; usually all I read is poetry.

I love science; that's kind of incongruous with the rest of the things. I don't mean mechanical sciences, but all the research that's done with the brain today, and the knowledge that's been gained about the human fetus prior to birth. That's very interesting to me.

I love old things; I like old clothes. I buy things sometimes in thrift shops. I'd much prefer to wear a sweater that's been worn than to buy a sweater and wear it out. The more worn and older the better. Because it's been touched by the human spirit.

Don't you worry when you're not creating anything about when you're going to run out of money and start starving?

Yes, that's a fear that I really don't need, but I'm afraid I have. There are enough responsibilities to one's art, about what one is trying to accomplish, not to have to worry about whether or not one's going to be eating tomorrow or the next day.

I have a part-time job that I work at three days a week in order that I don't have that worry. It's difficult for me to not

know if I'm going to eat. I have to have a certain amount of security, otherwise my creativity is stifled because the fears are too great.

So I work in an exclusive fabric store. It's an interesting job. To some people it would be more stifling than worrying, but to me it isn't because the fear is a very negative thing for me. This is interesting to me because I've done some fashion designing, and I've been commissioned to do costumes for a premier dance; the Chamber Arts group which is going to do my poem has commissioned me to do costumes for a solo dance.

* * *

What I see for myself is just to continue to create, to do justice to my creativity in a sense of learning techniques. I'm very interested in limited editions of books, so this is where I think I'm going in that direction. I want to do very fine editions, very beautiful works of art. I want to experiment, I want to do very unorthodox things.

I'm also exploring realms of portraiture. I've incorporated a photograph of my face into a body which was done as a drawing. The photograph was drawn on too, so there was a part of myself there, but there was also a sort of transcendental portrait. What I was trying to do was impose an inner reality upon the physical, external reality. That's the way I see the real portrait of a person, to show an internality, and that internality transforms the exterior.

* * *

Michael Ponce de Leon, one of the country's most esteemed contemporary artists has issued this appraisal of Monty's work:

Today, when the largest majority of our systemic society are masters in physical science and novices in the understanding of the mysteries of the spirit, the appearance of Monty Wanamaker, a new presence orbiting away from the usual path followed by others, serves to confirm that art can be an act of poetic faith, a function of nature through the artist's own temperament--in a genesis that unites him with the cosmos. Monty Wanamaker's work emanates from an attitude rather than a style. His process is an organism or relations rather than a system, and arises from a unique and personal aesthetic.

His work has a sense of transcendency that avoids the discontinuity of past, present and future while preserving the qualities of sensuous elements; swelling, undulating, and straining to burst into blossom.

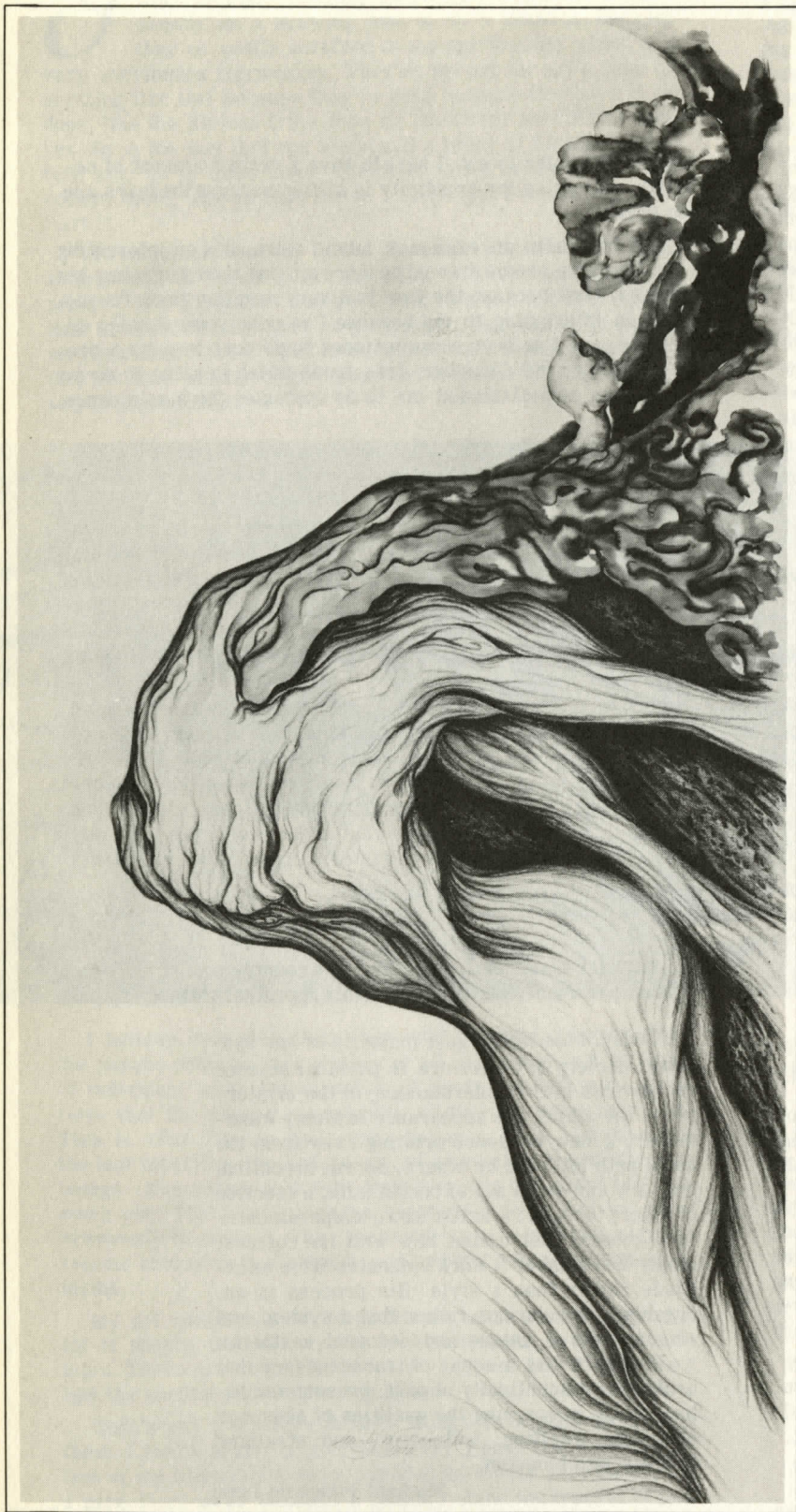
Michael Ponce de Leon

Our formal interview ended and we walked down to the head of the Collins River, and shot pictures of Monty, the cabin and the river.

It was indeed a special place, a special person and a special day. ●

the art of Monty Wanamaker

fran brandon



"Phoenix"

Pencil with watercolor

Monty Clell Wanamaker's one-man art show was held at Caravan House Gallery on East 65th Street in New York City on April 12 through 29. It was my pleasure to see some of the artist's pieces which he had in his studio, several of which he was in the process of framing, several weeks before the show. Monty does all of his own matting and framing; he takes great care in this process, believing that the framing is part of the art piece itself. Some of his watercolors are matted on velvet, then framed in metal, gold preferably. Monty prepares these mats by either the tie-and-die method, or by blotting--always he uses several tones that blend in a muted flow. Many of his larger pieces are matted in the usual fashion, on ivory or off-white parchment-like vellum with wood or metal frames.

It is impossible to describe Monty's drawings and prints without referring to his poetry which many of the pieces interpret. He has written a long three-part poem entitled, "Trilogy to an Aquarian Age." He deals in this poetry with his probings into primordial states of being; in his poetry one finds allusions to early forms of life on earth, the creeping things, the ferns, that mysterious creature, the coelacanth. Monty says that his mental concepts for his drawings and poetry come to him "in wholes" and that work with pencil, pen, or brush are prompted by the inner images that come to him.

One of the framed pieces that seemed excitingly different to me was an organic form executed in purple for want of a better simile I'll say that the form resembled that of a luscious turnip with the feeling of life bursting from the bulb, and leaves that were not green leaves, but orange leafings like the comb of a rooster, or the thickened live gills of a fish. Monty, in this ink and watercolor piece was expressing two central ideas--force of birth, and the repetition of forms which are found in all nature. For, is not the design of a rooster's comb somewhat like that of the breathing organism of the fish--the gills, and are not the gills like the branching of a fern, or at the same moment the convolutions of silt spreading into clear water? An onion, or narcissus bulb, or turnip possesses great inner pressure or force of life. A white lily springs from its bulb in the black loam. The crawling thing finds a way to emerge--stubby fins that can leave the pool. Monty says that in the writing of C.G. Jung he finds the greatest parallel for his own images. He paraphrases Jung: "The psyche remembers. In every one of us there are thousands and thousands of stored-up images that go back millions and millions of years, eons of time, all bound up in organic material."

Most of the drawings and prints done by Monty are quite abstract; all of them are done in curved, flowing line, never an angle. His humanistic figures are often as not neither male nor female. They could as easily be the blending of muscles in the arm, a mandrake, or the pattern of arteries--yet they seem to emerge, or burst outward with force and grace. In his "Ascension" one is enchanted with a womb-like form and the emerging humanlike forms that winnow into mermaid forms or curls of mist from the past.

Monty states, "There is great unity in all things. My own memory records primordial images that have been present with me since early childhood." Plants seem to interest this artist as much as animal life; there were several growing plants in his studio located about ten minute's subway time off the Manhattan theatre district. The studio is on the fifth floor of an old mansion with its marble foyer and halls leading to various apartments. Monty lived in Greenwich Village until recently, and he said that he felt lucky indeed to find this good location for his living quarters and studio. When I visited him he was framing two small illustrations he had done for a story used in the September 12, 1970 issue of Saturday Review magazine.

Monty seldom does entirely representational things. However, his newest piece is that of a lovely woman--a large painting which he calls "High Priestess." The woman's headdress is either of her own wealth of dark hair or of plumes. It is the

design of the black swan and it is impossible to tell where the headdress begins or leaves off from the tresses of the priestess. The figure reminds one of drawings of Norse goddesses--the black swan has mythological import. The woman is gazing upward toward the towers and turrets of a medieval castle. Upon close scrutiny the castle blends into the earth with its line of masonry becoming one with the possible geological lines that make up the history of our earth. These lines are the resting places of all forms of life, the fossils of living things that tell the story of creation and birth, rebirth, and change. This painting is an arresting piece--beautiful and thought-provoking.

Monty states that he has great love for mythology and ancient religions. Miss Beverly Bassett of Wayne State University in Detroit is working on a masters thesis which is a study of the delvings of our artist into religions, folklore, and mythology. It must be admitted that Monty Wanamaker's art work is unusual and worth examination and his friends here wish him great success with his chosen life work.●

"Ascension"

Lithograph





IS-WAS-BE... A LOOK AT



ARCHAEOLOGY

JAMES R. POWERS

What fascination holds the past that can lead men to spend a life-time digging into the earth with shovels and trowels in search of lost records of more primitive peoples? Maybe it's the suspense of anticipating the "great find" that will shed new light on man's search for his beginnings, or maybe it's some hidden primitive instinct that beckons man to re-discover a peaceful coexistence once present some millenia ago between man and nature. Regardless of the underlying cause, the archaeologists push on relentlessly.

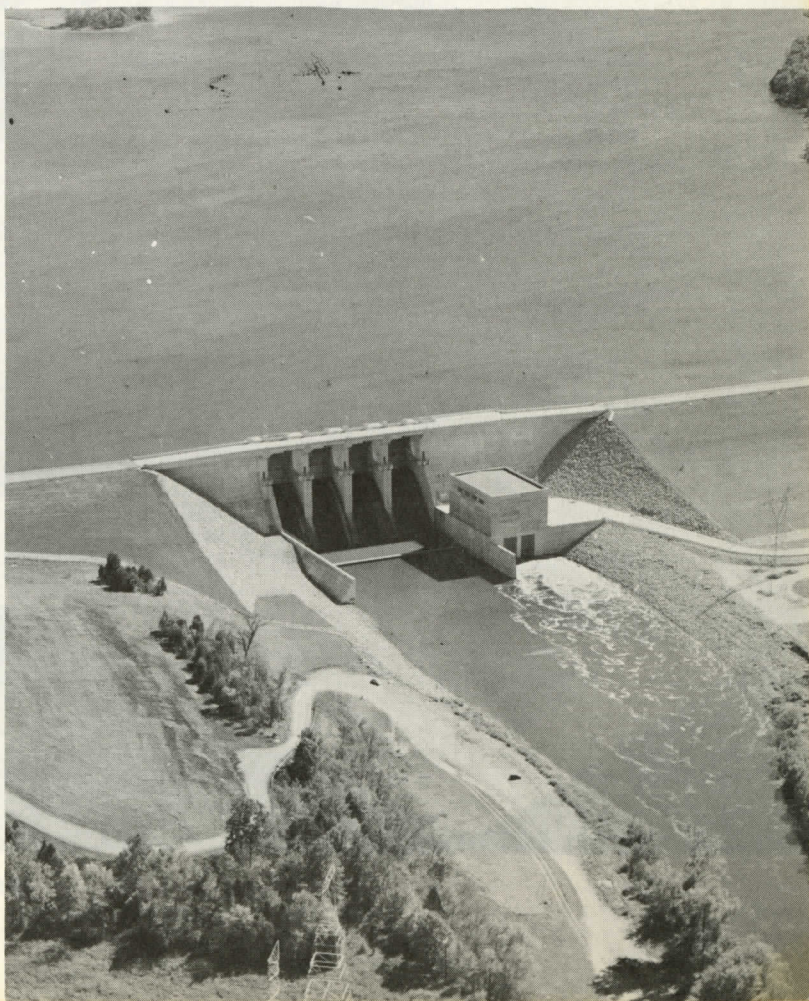
The reward of the archaeologist is satisfaction and answered questions. The reward of the treasure hunter is only monetary. The pure pleasure in days, weeks and months of toil in search of the remnants left by those now past cannot be measured or described in dollars and cents, for there is no relation between the two. The archaeologist has a deep abiding respect for the bones that were once men of flesh and feeling of yesteryear. They are the ones who were successful in nature. They were able to keep the continuity of the human race going against adversities no living men can imagine. Women today do not give birth in cool, damp caves by the light of a golden, crackling campfire. Men no longer risk their lives in search of large food animals with only stone weapons. I doubt if we would even want to try such things as these. The tribute to the crumbling bones that linger in the earth is that their accomplishments and perseverance enable us today to reap the rewards of a soft and easy life. What sacrifices they made for us, and they didn't even know of our coming existence. They surely loved us.

How have we changed so much? Have we completely forgotten the billions of human beings whose decaying bones represent the foundation of our existence? What sacrifices do we make for those who will come long after the flesh is gone from our bones and the beautiful brain no longer dreams? Will they respect our decaying remains? We madly build

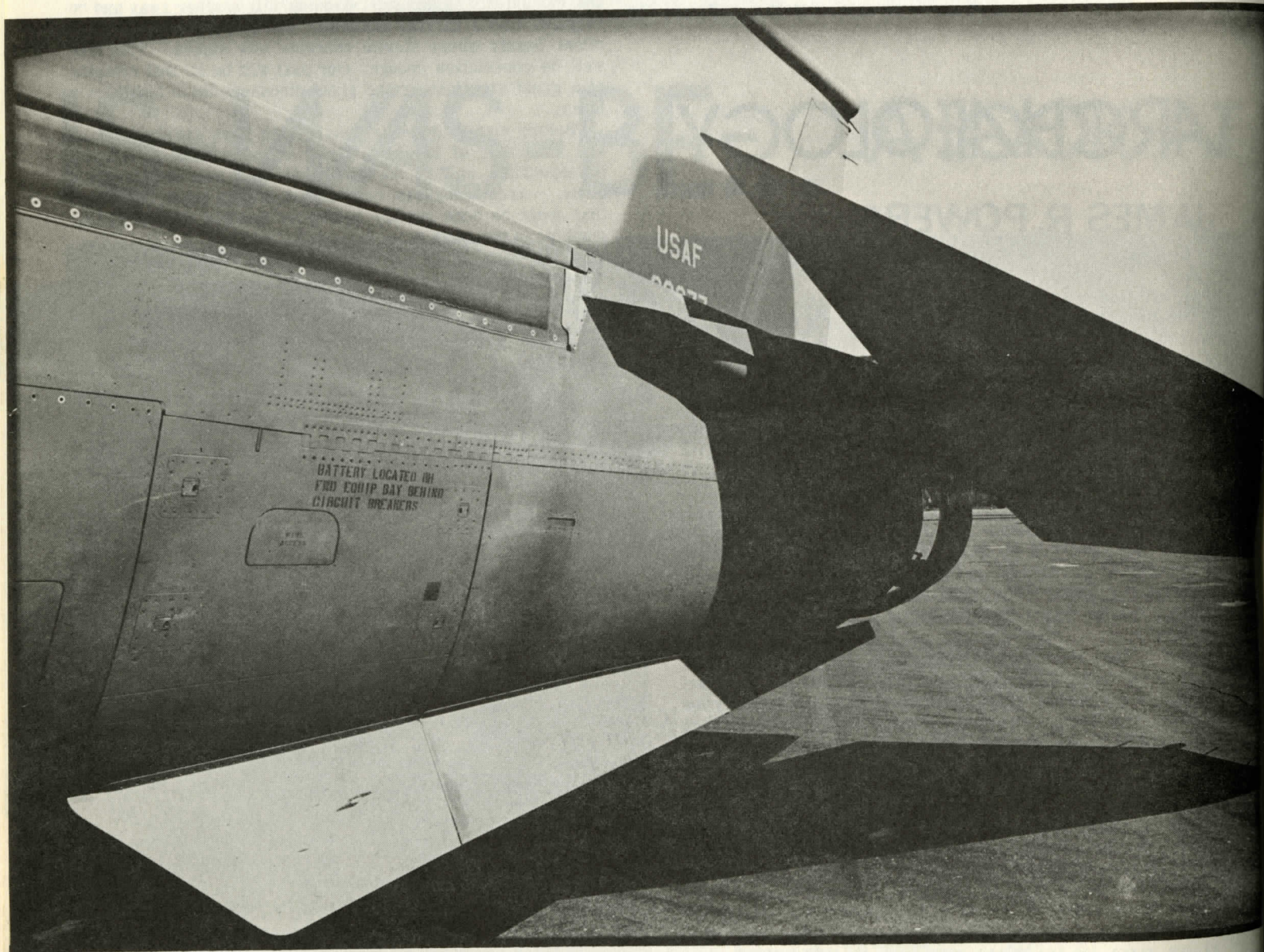
streets of asphalt and buildings and dams of concrete covering and destroying the record of the past. We are burning the bridges of humanity behind us. We show disrespect for the past and the future, while living and planning only for the present. We have no conception of our individual temporal relationship with the whole of the universe. It is sad that we have lost the beauty of a meaningful relationship with our natural surroundings. Our thoughts, actions, and even prayers are in the name of progress. Progress, the great redeemer in disguise, will win in the end and man will no longer inhabit the earth. Some other organism, probably much smarter than mere men, will dominate the earth, as others have prior to man's rule. Nature pampers and preserves those who understand and comply. Those who destroy needlessly and ignore the real world will perish in their own self-created artificiality.

There is much more responsibility attached to being a human being than just acting for the present. Every human being has a right to be a part of things that are natural and free. Those who deny us this timeless heritage are the enemies of humanity. There is still some consolation in the thought that we may someday bring about our own extinction, and that is in knowing that no matter what we do to our earth, when we are gone nature will reclaim it. Our monstrous buildings and monuments to misunderstanding will weather away and be recycled into a natural existence, and flowers will bloom in silent beauty where sterile concrete now stands. This may well be consolation enough. Our past will be all that remains of a great era, just as the great dinosaurs lie in fossil form today.

Before man is gone he deserves to have knowledge, true and complete, of his kind. His beginnings, his triumphs, his downfalls, and all the things that make men what they are today. Archaeology is only a part of this quest, but a part that must be done quickly before we destroy what little that remains in the earth.●



Reflections on Going Overseas: Two Moods



mood one two faces

I see desperation from deep inside.

The pain of choice and conscience,

challenge and courage.

Two faces with two different paths.

Two bodies and souls striving with full might

for a goal, a choice made.

So far apart in purpose, yet frighteningly close.

Cries of peace, cries of war.

The cries and pleas of a desperate

generation

that suffers a false world all too real.

The endless search for identity, fulfillment,

a different life.

A life of ones own.

A death that doesn't waste.

To be a man who has lived.

Two faces, two men.

Living men who have made a choice

to meet a living challenge.

The challenge of our world and our time

and our age.

Two men, two prayers, two lives,

One common bond-the great agony of

living.

These two faces.

(CONTINUED)

mood two last spring

The last Spring I never saw

Was the one I miss the most.

Mondays that were a

Rebirth of life,

Weekdays, workdays

that happily glanced

by.

Friday's evening with its

full promise of peace,

The lie of Saturday's

night with its

beautiful struggle

And Sunday to peace

again-

Peace in the park, on

the grass, in the sky,

in my heart.

The last Spring held

the peace of life.

Full, brimming, peaceful life.

I shall miss my last

Spring the most.

scott sloan

Ansil Cobb's Gourds

Jim Lynch



Ansil Cobb grew the biggest gourds this side of St. Louis. This had been a pastime of his for some thirty odd years and Ansil could show no less than eighteen blue ribbons from the Missouri State Fair for his efforts. Those eighteen blue ribbons were Ansil's proudest possessions and folks used to say that ol' Ansil would probably put a load of buckshot in any man who'd try to swipe those ribbons.

Ansil Cobb was also somewhat of a recluse. He wasn't an all-out recluse, so to speak, but he definitely wasn't partial to outsiders, and there weren't many insiders. Most folks thought of him as an eccentric old man and left him alone.

That is, except when state fair time rolled around. For the three days of the gourd judging, Ansil would rent a motel room near the fairgrounds and raise more hell than anyone thought imaginable.

Some of the stories of Ansil's antics at the fair would be repeated for years to come. Folks used to spoof that he could drink more liquor and solicit more women in that three day period than a normal man could in a year. Two years!

And if Ansil won, the victory celebrations became legends. If he lost, he went home and no one bothered him.

Last year he lost.

One afternoon when Ansil was weeding his famous gourd patch, a field representative from The John Deere Co. in Sykeston paid a visit. He said his name was Beavers and wanted to show Ansil their newest line in garden implements. Ansil didn't particularly

care to see any new garden implements; the ones he had were fine.

"Mr. Cobb," said Beavers, "I'm sure that if you just took a moment and glanced through our booklet..."

"Mr. Beavers, I do nicely with what I have thank you, and I'd appreciate it if you took your trade elsewhere," replied a ruffled Ansil.

Beavers was persistent and when Ansil walked off in a huff, the fourth leading salesman for John Deere followed. Ansil headed for the barn, went inside and shut the door.

"Mr. Cobb, investments into quality equipment could possibly save you hundreds of dollars a year," said the man from John Deere.

Ansil said nothing.

"I'm sure our company could give you valuable assistance in the planning of your garden," said Beavers opening the barn door.

"Let's hope so," said Ansil, and promptly unloaded both barrels of a 1911 model Remington shotgun into Beavers' overfed body, "let's hope so, indeed."

Two weeks later, another gourd vine popped up in Ansil's garden. On it was, what would prove to be, the 1972 Missouri State Fair Champion gourd--compliments of the John Deere Co., Sykeston. ●



Forum: The Black Woman--

By K. Holbrook

"Our women are encouraged by our men to strive to look and act as much like the white female image as possible and only those who approach that 'goal' in physical appearance and social behavior are acceptable."

There is indeed such a thing as double jeopardy. Rising up out of the ghetto of human racial misunderstanding in America is a victim of the two most damaging forms of chauvinism: racial and sexual. As one black co-ed at Memphis State put it, "Being born a woman just isn't bad enough. You have to be born a black woman to really learn to hate being female."

There is also a long history behind the eruption several years ago which finally forced the black militants to include black women in their movement. Black women who were involved in the struggle realized quite a few things about their situation in life from the attitudes of their men. When Black is Beautiful gave rise to a whole new feeling of capabilities, the black woman must have looked around and said hey, those guys mean me, too. She soon found out what is now self-evident. The black man, in many ways, had been taught to adopt the honky's view of not only women in general, but especially the black woman. She is now and has been for centuries the American dream's sexual maid.

The black man in this world cannot help but be influenced by the media's constant assault on his woman's worth as a female. Television has long been a studied culprit in pushing blue-eyed blondes and Miss America powdered ideals down the throats of an entire society. Happiness, we are programmed to believe, is a Caucasian, large-breasted, Presbyterian doll who had her hair and teeth straightened in the seventh grade and wants to be the mother of your children.

As time progressed, quite a bit of this began to sink in and is used as the basest excuse (subconsciously, of course) for the further shoving of the black man into the white man's plastic role in society. What kind of a society is perverse enough to convince a man to glorify motherhood in the case of his own conception, and desecrate what he himself pronounced sacred in almost every other act - with words, attitudes, vulgarities, and the selling of souls? Into this, the black woman is thrust: forced to function in a perversity of roles, complicated by the fact that even her own will not call her blessed.

The black woman is receiving the newest title of "castrating female" and unfortunately, her own man gave it to her. Abbey Lincoln, black singer-actress, describes the process aptly in The Black Woman:

When a white man likes "colored girls", his woman (the white woman) is the last one he wants to know about it. Yet, seemingly, when a Negro "likes white girls", his woman (the Black woman) is the first he wants to know about it. White female rejects and social misfits are flagrantly flaunted in our faces as the ultimate in feminine pulchritude. Our women are encouraged by our own men to strive to look and act as much like the white female image as possible and only those who approach

A Case of Double Jeopardy

...the black man had to push down the black woman, to be a man at all in a white world.

that "goal" in physical appearance and social behavior are acceptable. At best, we are made to feel that we are poor imitations and excuses for white women.

If this were the only way in which the black woman has been abused, it just might be easy. The black community has somewhere been convinced that the black woman is a subgroup of the black culture and that the black men who see them as their extensions must be the ones to deal with their problems. The closest thing to being a black woman is **not** being a black man. This is the myth meant to separate the obvious things all women share in common in America. The closest thing to a black woman is a white woman. They both are biologically exact copies of what they are designed to be: female. They both have the capabilities to bear children, function in housewife roles, and (Thank God) do more than that, if they only realize it. Separating them by race will not separate them as women.

What it all boils down to is this: the white man in America first taught the world that the black man was an obviously inferior specimen, then he taught the black man himself to believe this. Next on the agenda was convincing the black man to support white institutions by holding out to him the promise that he could actually "fit" into this society, even though he was biologically, and even morally by God's own will, "unfit."

The rest was easy. Make him want everything that represents the "white is right" doctrine. Make him want white women or the next best thing. Make him want to imitate white family life. The results are quite obvious: Kay Lindsey, writer and producer for Pacifica Radio writes in The Black Woman:

An inordinately high proportion of Black women become welfare mothers, usually without a husband, in the household, at least, and while the white agency outwardly deplores the absence in the household of a father figure, it does not take long to realize that the state has created an artificial family, in which it, via the welfare check, takes the place of the husband and can thus manipulate the "family" even more directly.

To retain the balance of power, the black man had to push down the black woman, to be a man at all in a white world. For the white man to retain his own balance of power, he had to push down the black man and the woman in society. Now the roles are taking us out of the house. The family as created by the white male is suffering. Women are now in shops and businesses instead of kitchens for the greater part of the day. The males have somehow lost their hold and yet they haven't. They invented a new myth for women, but especially for black women.

The Sexual Revolution. This mystic process that is supposed to equalize the sexual roles. Males will tell you that women are now sexually freed to be total human beings. What have they been freed toward? Toward concubinage. Another type of sexual activities a man has outlined for her, then she is obviously "repressed" and "hung-up", poor thing. The American Woman had fallen for this last one, too. They teach women to want marriage above all else and to avoid careers. Next, women are taught that they shouldn't want marriage at all, but still belong in a sexually repressed role. Not only do they tell females that they want sex instead of marriage, but they will also tell them that they are to look to them as to when they want sex. Black womanhood, at the bottom of the garbage heap, is therefore further dimin-

ished and humiliated. And she can only look to the black man, who can only look to the white man.

Who, in all of this, is she, as a black woman, and who is she becoming? Abbey Lincoln, again from the Black Woman:

We are the women whose strong and beautiful black bodies are still being used as a cheap labor force for Miss Annie's kitchen and Mr. Charlie's bed, whose rich black and warm milk nurtures the heir to the racist and evil slave-master.

We are the women who dwell in the hell-hole ghettos all over the land. We are the women who are sacrificed, as living cadavers, to experimental surgery in the white man's hospitals for the sake of white medicine. We are the women who are invisible on the television and movie screens, on the Broadway stage. We are the women who are lusted after, sneered at, leered at, yelled at, grabbed at, tracked down by white degenerates in our own pitiable, poverty-stricken and prideless neighborhoods. We're just too damned much for everybody. ●

**Black womanhood, at the bottom of the
garbage heap. . . can only look to the black
man, who can only look to the white man.**

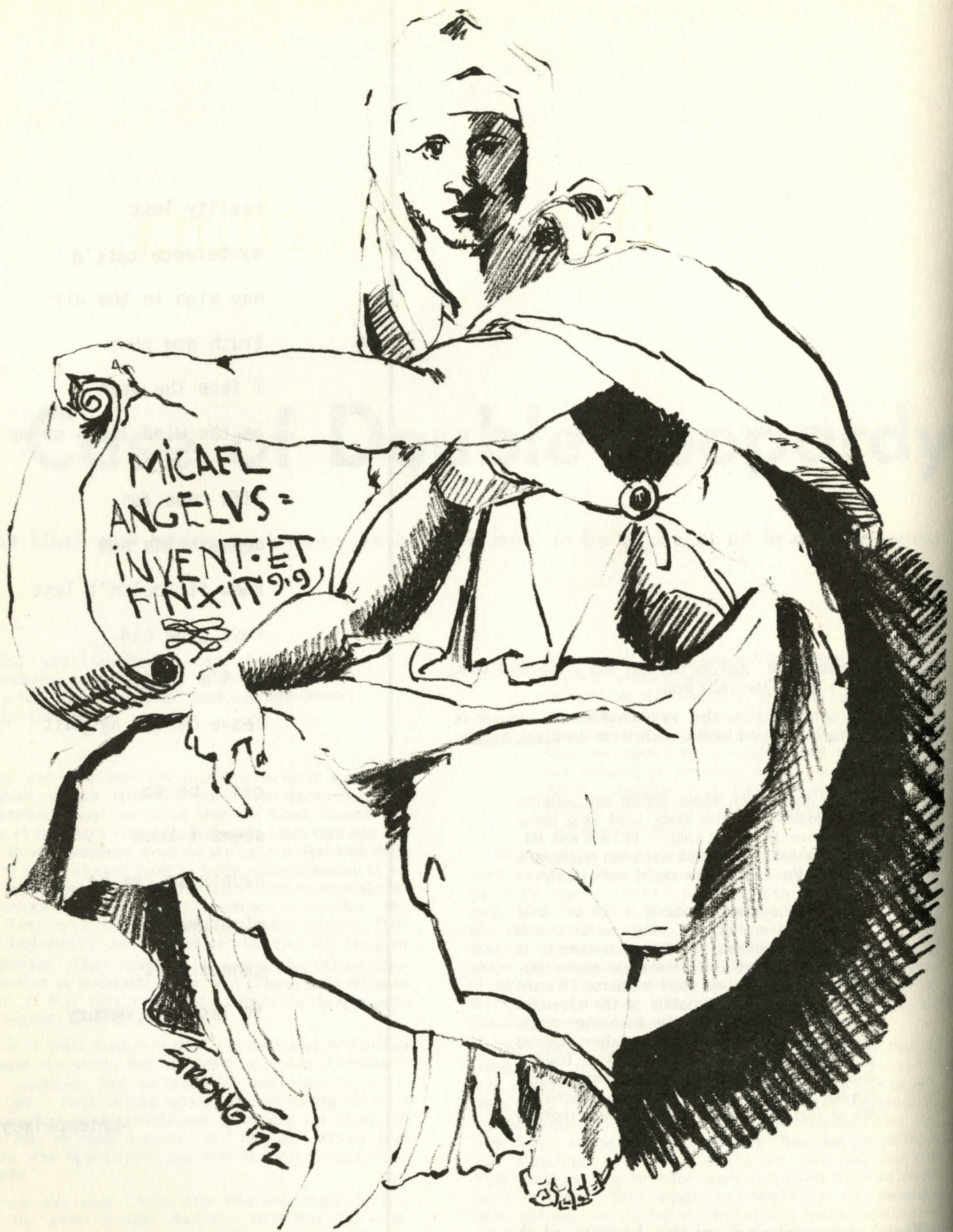
May, 1972

reality lost
exuberance toss'd
way high in the air
truth now gone
i face the dawn
as the wind lifts up my hair

life made fun
beneath the sun
knew it couldn't last
must grow old
so i'm told
leave behind my past

can't be so
seems i know
happiness can be
pleasure felt
cannot melt
it lasts in memory

-kmtempelmeier-



Vir et Machina

Dr. William Beasley

John Tollett probably did not know that Lord Byron had a club foot, but if he had known, he would not have thought that swimming the Hellespont was any great endeavor. John had quit Kerr Academy at the end of his sophomore year because he was needed at home and because the twelve mile one-way trip each day into Rome for something like school seemed to him a losing proposition. In time he inherited a farm, spread out over three hills on the eastern edge of Grifferson County, and he stumped over it, his own club foot and all, working cotton and corn from spring to fall, seeding, cutting, raking hay--stomping his club foot down like a hammer on the cock that tripped the rake and left the mellow hay in thick swales. At those times when the hay was exceptionally thick and the help equally as thin, John shocked the hay by rake, pumping his shortened leg with its gnarled and knotted end--covered with a home-tanned possum-skin hide--like a piston, leaving great bunches of hay for the men to lead on the wagons.

Sometimes he put in corn in a cleared hillside field. It never failed to amaze his neighbors to look up on that hillside when the corn was shoulder high, there to see the mule pulling steadily through the corn, the same amount of him always visible. Mr. Tollett, though, following along behind, was alternately in view and then out of view. When he came down on his good left foot, his big straw hat would rise up, a respectful distance from the mule's rump; but then when he went down on to his bad foot, the hat sank from view. Up, down; up, down. From early morning until dark he marched along behind that mule of his.

On Sundays he went to church. On Saturdays he went over to Owens general store on the main highway. The road that ran in front of his house was a one-lane county-maintained (when it was maintained) gravel thing that served him and the few other families that lived up the valley and in the hills in the northeastern part of the county. The road cut off the main highway in a valley, wound its way northward down property lines, cut up on to the hills themselves when its normal line tended to intersect with the creek that wandered down the valley. This was necessary because the creek overflowed every spring; and the county had laboriously hacked out a road that was mostly above the high water line.

John Tollett's farm was two miles up this road. To get to the store on Saturdays--or whenever he needed to go there--he straddled his bicycle and pumped it as furiously as he worked his rake. His record time, one way, to the store was six minutes; the record for the return trip was six minutes, forty-five seconds. For years he worked to reduce his time, but he could never beat 6:45. The fellows at the store said it was because of the extra weight of cheese and crackers

and cold drinks that he ate and drank at Owens, but they knew the reason was that there was more uphill going on the homeward trip. Yet they had watched for years with interest, amusement, and admiration as John, his now-thinning blondish-red hair waving softly above him, his blue eyes--separated by a thin-ridged, firm nose that lay down his face from his forehead like two stiff fingers set in sideways--showing more determination even than usual, his face, ordinarily a bright, clear red, still redder, prepared for another assault on the record. He could not get a running start, and he refused to let the men give him a push: he took off from a standing start at a point midway between the gasoline pump and the coal oil pump.

But it had been six or seven years now since he had tried for a new record; he was now content if he made it home in ten minutes, or twelve. Fifteen even was not too bad anymore.

Late one summer Saturday afternoon John and four other men and Tom Owens were sitting out front just before going when, off in the east, they heard the popping sound of a motorcycle. With their ears, they followed it as it whined along the straight stretch of road in the valley where the little village of Snead lay on one of the many twists of the Rocky River. Then the whine became guttural as the machine began to climb the hills that separated it from the men. When the sound began to come in undulations, the men could imagine the motorcycle swinging wide to come into a curve and out of it, and then going wide and into another.

"Reckon who that is?" said one. As he spoke, his eyes like the eyes of all the others, were fastened on the spot where the last curve broke over the final hill and the road fell away straight past the store.

Tom Owens said that it belonged to no one around there, for the two people who owned them in that area had gone to Nashville for the day, and they wouldn't much more than be back in Rome by now.

The machine and rider came in sight; the roar became again a high-pitched whine, and swiftly the helmeted man, his eyes protected by goggles, flashed by, giving the men a wave as he continued to accelerate toward the next range of hills looming against the twilight sky.

After he disappeared around the first curve, and the whine had dropped first to its guttural, undulating moan and then finally died out, John spoke:

"I'm a mind to get me one of them."

The men guffawed, and said to each other and to John how serious he looked, and how anybody that didn't know better would think he meant it. The expression on John's face didn't change, except to become just a shade redder.

"Dammit," he said, "I am a mind to."

The men continued to snort and giggle, and they took turns pointing out why he shouldn't have one, and the fact that he couldn't ride it if he did. But John said a bicycle had two wheels just like a motorcycle, and besides a motorcycle had a motor to help, and if he could work farm machinery he was bound to be able to do whatever he had to do with a motorcycle.

They let it go at that, because they knew it wasn't likely that John would turn loose of that much money at one time, bicycle riding being as cheap as it was.

Each succeeding Saturday at some time during the afternoon one man or another would ask John if he had been to see about his motorcycle yet. He always said in a simple, straightforward way, "I'm a mind to get me one."

On the second Saturday in October, after an early cold snap the first of the week, when the trees on the hills were bright, the sky clear and the air cool, again the high whine

of a motorcycle cut the air, this time from the direction of Rome. Again everybody watched, but this time the machine, instead of passing, slowed to a muttering stop before the gas pump. All the men rushed out and crowded around as the young driver cut the motor, swung his leg over and knocked the kickstand down. When assured that the machine was steady, he raised his goggles with both hands and set them nonchalantly on top of his head.

The machine was long, and red and black, and its motor looked more powerful than anything any of the men had ever seen. Its long saddle, covered with woolly sheep-skin, hugged close to the body.

Tom gassed the machine slowly. The driver, a young man of about twenty-five who said he lived in Rome, drank a Coke while he waited. After Tom had filled the tank, and while he was walking around the motorcycle to the pump, Sine Jackson cautiously threw one leg over the machine and settled gingerly onto the saddle.

The young driver walked over.

"Wanta ride, Mister?" he asked.

The mouths of all the men dropped open.

"Am I settin' about where I ought to be?" Sine asked.

"You'll do," said the young man. "Scootch back just a little, though."

Sine edged back, so that his tail was hanging over the rim of the saddle. The young man showed him where to put his feet when they started off, kicked the machine, gave a shove, and they moved out. For the first five yards, Sine's feet dangled and walked through the air just off the ground, but then they found their proper place, and the three of them, two men and a machine moved east, Sine holding on to the young man's waist, "just like he was a pretty young girl and Sine hisself young again," said Tom.

At the top of the hill they turned around and came roaring back. They drove past the store, and Sine let go of the young man with his right hand and waved. They went toward Rome to the top of the first hill where they turned around and came back to the store.

John was the last to ride. He had a grip on the jacket and shirt at the young man's waist as though they were the bottom end of a grain sack he was ready to heave in a shed; the cool wind whipped at him, sucking the breath from his nostrils. But he spoke to the young man anyway.

Hunching up and resting his chin on the young man's shoulder, he said, the wind streaming past them as they sped down the black road toward the first curve, "Can you teach me to drive this thing?"

"Sure," the young man shouted over his shoulder, right into John's face.

"Now?" asked John.

"What?"

John yelled, "Now. Right now. Can you teach me?"

They had reached the top of the hill. They stopped and maneuvered the motorcycle around for its return run. Before they left, John made his offer:

"If you'll teach me how and then let me drive it by myself today, I'll give you five dollars and fill it up with gas again."

The young man pushed his goggles back on his head. He turned around and looked at John.

"Mister," he said, "I could sure use the money, but damned it I know whether--" He looked down at John's club foot.

"I can do any damned thing with that foot I have to do. You tell me what to do with it and I'll do it."

The young man was not convinced.

A car came slowly around the curve. There were six or seven children in the back seat. Each one found a space at the side window to look out, and when the car went by they filled the rear window, looking at the old man and the young man astride the motorcycle, talking to each other earnestly.

"Ten dollars, then," said John. "And a tank of gas" He was almost shouting.

"The knob on this handlebar," said the young man, "controls the gas." He slowly and methodically pointed out the various parts necessary, gas feed, gears, brakes, to the operation of the machine. When he finished, he asked, "Understand?"

John repeated what the young man had said, pointing to the things he had pointed to.

"O.K.," said the young man. "I'll take it slow. You watch."

On the return trip, the young man demonstrated the moves several times.

At the store, the men watched the machine's halting progress and wondered what was going on. "Old John is learning how it works, I reckon."

"Yeah, he wants to see if he really wants one," said another.

When the two men returned and the rest found out John's plan, they tried to dissuade him.

"We've made an agreement," John said. "He's showed me how to work it, and I can do it. You all stand clear."

The young man dismounted and John took full possession of the saddle.

"Put it in gear," the young man said. "Give it gas slow. Take it easy." The machine was slowly pulling off. The owner trotted along beside it. "That's the brake right there," he said, pointing.

He continued to trot along behind, even after the machine, weaving unsteadily, but staying mostly in the road, headed east toward the hills and Snead.

For John there was simply the sensation of speed. Although he knew he was not going as fast as the young man had been going, he was aware now of the white line in the middle of the highway flashing into view and flowing off out of sight through the bottom of his eye. He was aware also of pockmarks on the black surface of the road rushing behind him as he went on.

"It's just that it's quicker than my bicycle," he said. That's all."

By the time he reached the top of the hill, he felt a certain pride in his accomplishment. With a little more practice, he was thinking as he began to begin to slow down, he could master one of these machines quickly.

He moved to cut down on the gas; but instead he actually gave it more gas and the machine leapt forward toward a sharp curve. The road maliciously faded away to his left, and it was all he could do to keep his motorcycle in the road. Then suddenly, and just as maliciously, the road began to fade away to his right. He fought the motorcycle into and through that curve, only to be faced with a sharp dip into a small valley, and, at the top of the far hill, another curve to the left, the first of a series of curves as the road unwound itself down into the valley at Snead.

All the time the motorcycle seemed to gain speed, no matter what John did. Nothing right happened. Nothing. The machine roared as though possessed of its own volition, as though John were along merely as a rider with no say in the operation of things.

John was turning and squeezing whatever could be turned or squeezed. Terminology and identification had gone with the

same speed that the white line was rushing rearward, with the same speed that the trees that pressed close to the road fled by. It seemed that a telephone pole no more than came in sight before it flicked by as though an eye were batted. Brake, gear, and gas became a jumble in John's mind, and the sense of relief he would have felt had he simply been able to identify, let alone operate, any one of these would have been immense.

In the meantime, he continued to gain speed. The road, on a downgrade, was now a series of curves, not very sharp. John held to the middle of the road, playing each curve as he came to it.

"I hope to hell there ain't no other damned fool on this road right now," he said, aloud, but not loud.

"Gadammit," he said, seconds later, "why the hell is this road so crooked? Why couldn't they make it straight?"

Then it was straight; but then, next, it suddenly began to fell to his right. He banked into the curve and roared down the straightaway toward Snead.

In Snead, the highway turned sharply to the right again, just across the river. With a mad high whine, John split the bridge exactly down the middle. But the turn was too short for him, and he went straight ahead, up under the projecting shed of a roadside garage, out the other side of this into a vacant lot, and, with a heavy tug, onto the highway again.

All the time he was twisting and squeezing.

Eastward from Snead, the highway traversed another row of hills, and the motorcycle began inexorably to climb them, showing no inclination to stop. John had a fleeting glimpse of the machine blasting into Chattanooga, ignorant of stop signs, traffic lights, and automobiles. He was about to decide to sit back and enjoy the thing, resigned simply to die with dignity.

The motorcycle, at that moment, began to lose speed. They were just below the crest of the first hill beyond Snead. The machine ran slower and slower. John began to calculate whether or not they would top the hill. If it died out before they went over. . . but if they did make it over and the motorcycle renewed its energy, it would be Chattanooga or a dignified death again.

Weighing his alternatives, John turned the motorcycle sharply to the right down into a shallow ditch that separated the road from a steep embankment.

The motorcycle didn't reach the embankment. With something like a groan and a sigh and a dying mutter and cough, the machine slowly leaned to its left side, and then lay inert. John disentangled himself, looked at Snead in the valley and the twilight sky, figured he was five miles from Owens store and began to measure that distance in his peculiar gait.

He was not halfway down the hill when he saw a car careening wildly around the curve in Snead. The goggled young man was half out the right front window; he was pointing up the hill at John.

The car drew up beside John. Tom and Sine hollered at John to get in. John was standing by the right front door, looking into the young man's eyes. The young man was talking to him.

"Get in, old man, or get out of the way and let me see about my cycle. Is it hurt? Goddamn, I shoulda known better."

"Here's your ten dollars," said John. "I'm much obliged. Sometime you stop by Tom's and he'll fill it up with gas and put it on my ticket."

Tom and Sine said again, "Come on, John, get in. Let's go home."

"I sure am much obliged," said John. The young man was running up the hill. John turned west and began to stump along, not looking back.●



BARTER THEATRE

Mr. "P's" Tradition In The Virginia Woods

Janice Dobbins

Robert Porterfield died last October 28th, but his legacy in Abingdon, Virginia, thrives. Approaching its fortieth anniversary, the Barter Theatre of Virginia boasts "a professional company of actors in the second oldest theatre in the United States."

What makes the Barter unique and what was Porterfield's role in its evolution? Like a number of actors during the Depression of the 1930's, Robert Porterfield was struggling to survive. According to a recent issue of Southern Theatre magazine, "the idea came to him of taking theatre to rural America where food was plentiful, money and entertainment scarce." Watching many of his fellow actors go without food and work, Porterfield's mind had turned from the glamour of the footlights to the reality of his native Virginia mountains. Food was bountiful among the mountain folk there, who had little else. Why not let them trade, or "barter" their produce for tickets to performances? The idea seemed sound on the surface, but only by implementing it could the results be seen.

A man of action, Porterfield called together twenty-two of his friends, unemployed actors and actresses from the New York theatres. In his convincing Highland accent, he described his homeland and the almost inconceivable stores of food there -- smoke houses filled with hams and sides of pork, heaps of vegetables and fruits, cellars brimming with homemade jams and preserves. The mountaineers had the food, and Porterfield had the living art. Hard work and a bit of genius fused the two into one of the longest-running private depression relief projects in the nation.

The troupe arrived in Abingdon in the spring of 1933 and set up in the local Opera House -- the same building which houses the Barter today. The Abingdon residents were skeptical of these outsiders at first, but by opening night the two groups had developed a mutual admiration that paid off in the box office. The monetary proceeds of that first season amounted to only \$4.30, according to the official history of the enterprise; but a surplus of several jars of preserves and a combined weight gain among the cast of several hundred pounds testified to the success of the venture. The posters around town had advertised the "Barter Theatre - New York Talent" for "30 cents or the equivalent in victuals -- with what you cannot sell, you can but a laugh."

Ninety percent of that first audience paid in produce. The first farmer at the box office purchased a season ticket for his family with a sow pig which became the theatre's mascot for that summer and has figured richly in Barter legend since. Porterfield kept the sow at his father's farm nearby and used the hams from her offspring to pay the royalties on the plays performed at Barter for years. In an interview quoted in The Commonwealth magazine of Virginia, (June, 1967) he said of the original bartered pig: "All in all, I expect she has done more for the cause of culture than any foundation or individual now living."

Numerous anecdotes of the early years of the Barter exist, two of which appeared in The Commonwealth in a 1967 article on "Mr. P.", as Porterfield was affectionately known in theatre circles.

One persistent mountain craftsman offered Mr. P a handmade coffin each season, only to be turned down continually by "Not this season, thank you!" The man did not have to miss the show, however, as he bartered walking sticks made of sassafras and apple tree roots. Actors in New York, Mr. P's friends and acquaintances, were soon "tripping the light fantastic" with the canes from the Virginia mountains.

Another patron of the arts at Barter inquired how much

milk he would have to trade for a ticket. Told that a gallon would about set the record straight, he sauntered across the street to where his cow was tied and proceeded to milk his ticket. He returned to the box office with it; and Porterfield asked if his wife, who had been standing near the cow, wanted to see the play. "Yeah, but by God, she can milk her own ticket!" retorted the mountaineer.

So went the beginning of the Barter. But unlike many schemes of the Depression, it did not fold with the return of prosperity. Neither did it confine itself only to Abingdon; news of the Barter spread throughout the country. By 1941, it had been officially recognized by the state legislature as the State Theatre of Virginia. In 1946, according to the Barter visitors' guide, it became "the first theatre in the U.S. to gain subsidy from its home state." Each winter, companies from the Barter toured the country -- first in cities near Abingdon and later all across the continent. Porterfield and his theatre even became recognized abroad, for in 1948, the Barter presented Hamlet at Kronberg Castle, Elsinore, Denmark, at the invitation of the Danish National Theatre.

The old Town Hall - Opera House building is now the permanent home of the Barter. During the early years, furnishings were often borrowed or improvised; but, in 1953, the theatre acquired the elegant draperies and seats from the Empire Theatre of New York. This story is another example of Porterfield's uncanny luck and ability to get what he wanted for his pet project. Learning that the Empire was soon to be razed, Mr. P contacted its owner, Lady Astor, who gave him the furnishings. The only hitch was that all had to be moved over a single weekend. The traditional comradery of the Barter fold again prevailed. Not only were all the seats, drapes, lights and accessories loaded into vans and taken to Abingdon within the time limit, but they were installed before the opening night that season.

Although much of the Barter Theatre's claim to fame rests in its unique origin and its history, it is now recognized as an outstanding professional theatre in its own right. The roll of former Barter performers includes such celebrities as Ernest Borgnine, Patricia Neal and Gregory Peck. Aside from providing entertainment in a rather isolated area, the theatre is noted for its excellent training programs for aspiring young actors and actresses.

Indicative of interest in potential stars is the annual Barter Theatre Award presented to the outstanding performer of the New York theatre season. The award itself has the Porterfield touch, for it consists of the "deed to one acre of Virginia mountain land, a Virginia ham and a 'platter to eat it off of'", according to Southern Theatre. But the real award -- a summer contract at Barter -- goes to the young star chosen from auditions in New York by the award winner. Thus Mr. P insured the influx of fresh, new talent each season.

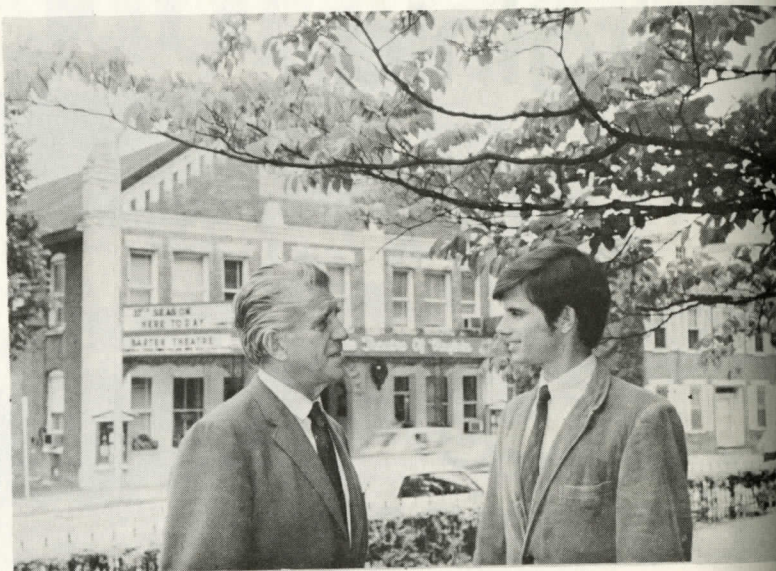
For many years Robert Porterfield "was" the Barter. Named the "First Citizen of Abingdon," he was described by one interviewer as "broad shouldered, proud of carriage, rugged of feature" and as "part dreamer, part realist, part showman." During his lifetime he spoke from the Barter stage during intermission, always concluding with typical mountain honesty. "If you like us, talk about us. And if you don't, please keep your mouth shut!"

Before his death, Porterfield set up a Barter Foundation with a board of directors, and he brought in Rex Partington Jr., as production-stage manager during the 1971 season. Mr. P wanted to insure that the show would go on. Apparently, it will -- from April through October each year. The attractions this season are Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing and

Our Town by Thornton Wilder. Real cash -- \$2.50 per seat -- has replaced produce, although a few old friends of the theatre still barter for their tickets. Featuring special group rates, the Barter encourages students to visit and will plan tours of its facilities for them by request.

By Broadway standards, the Barter is a small-time enterprise. Yet it "maintains at Abingdon the largest professional company in continuous operation outside New York," Joseph R. Judge sums it up in an article he wrote for the magazine *Amerika*, which is distributed by the State Department in Russia:

"The total effect of Porterfield's approach to theater is to bring the wide world to Abingdon -- the values and conflicts of ideology, the making of men and breaking of empires, pride and its falling, suffering and its cleansing, love and its fruits, and the loud laughter of comedy, all moving in a long pageant before the eyes and hearts of men and women in their own native hills." ●



MTSU graduate Jack Gilpin was an apprentice at Barter Theatre and later played there in *Money*. After graduating here in the spring of 1969, Gilpin sought additional theatre experience. Dorethe Tucker, MTSU theatre director, recalls: "I took Jack with me to the Southeastern Theatre Conference in Mobile. He tried out there for summer theatre; and of the many offers, he took the Barter."

As his former director, Mrs. Tucker was delighted with his selection and described the Barter as "one of the outstanding professional theatres."

According to his mother, Polly, who works in the Public Relations Office on campus, Gilpin served for three months during the summer of '69 as an apprentice, doing all sorts of odd jobs. After that, he was hired and appeared in the Barter's production of *Money* until he went into the Navy that fall. Gilpin got to know Porterfield rather well and even visited with him at his mountain home not far from Abingdon.

Having visited Abingdon several times to see her son perform, Mrs. Gilpin describes Mr. P as a "kind of homey, but marvelous and commanding person." She added that his death was "a great personal loss to Jack." ●

Four Theatre Critiques

The Prisoner of Second Avenue

"The Prisoner of Second Avenue" by Neil Simon was not as strong as the reviews had sounded. Douglas Watt in the Daily News (November 12, 1971) had praised the play and the cast, especially Lee Grant and Peter Falk, as well as the set design. There were many good laughs however, and the play was typically Neil Simon with all its repetition.

The background is the 14th floor of a high-rise at 88th and Second, with faulty plumbing, the bedroom window that only opens when it rains, the carryings-on of the two German plane stewardesses on the other side of the thin and cracking wall and other inconveniences. Later there is a robbery and finally a mental breakdown.

The conflict concerns a 47-year old "prisoner" who was an advertising account executive before losing his job. Next comes a nervous breakdown, and then his wife also loses her job.

The playwright, Neil Simon, is a veteran big-hit writer. No playwright in the past decade has consistently written for the Broadway stage as he has. Since 1960, including his first offering, "Come Blow Your Horn," and his current, "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," he has written a remarkable total of eleven Broadway shows. They include: "Little Me," "Barefoot in the Park," "The Odd Couple," "Sweet Charity," "Star-Spangled Girl," "Plaza Suite," "Last of the Red Hot Lovers," "The Gingerbread Lady," and the current hit, "Promises, Promises."

Follies

James Goldman's "Follies" was a real delight. It used nostalgia as its subject matter rather than as a mood, although it had that also. It was imaginative in conception, tuneful, humorous, and warm-hearted. It had been staged with exceptionally brilliant skill.

The action took place in an old theatre about to be torn down and replaced by a parking lot. It was obviously the theatre where Florenz Ziegfeld's famous revues had played, though in this play they were attributed to a producer called Dimitri Weismann. To mourn the demolition and remember past glories, there were assembled once-celebrated stars of old show, beginning with a veteran who had been around in 1910 and then on down to a beautiful belle of 1941. Each one in her own way was still a veritable broth of a girl, especially in her heart. They all had their memories of ancient friendships and rivalries, and they remembered husbands and sweethearts. It turned out to be a fascinating reunion.

The conflict took place between two husbands and their wives who were living in the past.

James Goldman, the author of "Follies," won an Oscar for his screenplay of the "Lion in Winter" which he adapted from his own Broadway play.

"Follies" was a fine performance. Alexis Smith was at her finest. The costumes were the best of any of the plays which we saw. The set, though drab, was well constructed and in very good taste. ●

Twigs

"**T**wigs is considered to be four thinly connected playlets, of themselves no more than sketches and as a totality without accumulation, by Martin Gottfried in Women's Wear Daily (November 16, 1971). He did agree, however, that the production gave a fine actress the chance to show off a brilliant talent by playing all four female roles in four entirely different scenes. These four little playlets hardly were able to challenge Sada Thompson's formidable ability, and she whizzed through them like a Mercedes in a pack of Volkswagens, he concluded.

Other critics corroborated this stand. They did not give playwright George Furth very good reviews; however, Sada Thompson was considered to be superb by all critics.

The background of each scene of "Twigs is the kitchen of each of three daughters and their mother on Thanksgiving Eve.

The conflicts of the four different scenes are as follows: Sister No. 1 is a widow who has just moved, and cartoons of appliances are pyramided. The divorced head of a moving firm shows up, and she needs a husband. Sister No. 2 was a never-was ex-starlet whose career died on the cutting-room floor. Her husband and an old Army buddy sop up beer and run through the great sports exploits of the past three decades. She tries to grab the spotlight of her own kitchen but loses. Sister No. 3 and her husband have reached a silver wedding anniversary that obviously isn't polished. The conflict begins with quizzing each other about extramarital affairs. The mother of the trio is a salty old Irish Catholic biddy who has one dying wish: that her Dutch common-law husband make an honest wife of her before a priest. This conflict is resolved.

The playwright George Furth, won a Tony, the Drama Critics Award, the Outer Circle Critics Award and a Drama Desk Award for his first play, the musical "Company." "Twigs" is his first non-musical play and his second effort as a dramatist.

In my opinion, Mr. Furth should have stayed with writing musicals. Sada Thompson saved the day, however. She is so versatile and a marvelous actress. She deserved to appear in a better play than "Twigs." Her own fault was that she moved a bit too spryly in her part of the mother who had just gotten up from her death bed. But all in all, she was simply delightful.●

No, No, Nanette

"**N**o, No, Nanette" received excellent reviews and has been quite popular on Broadway, but I liked it least of all the plays we saw on the tour.

Jack Kroll in Newsweek (February 1, 1971) said the production had "dignity, taste, and wit." He praised the dancers and was generally delighted with the nostalgia that the revival of this Jazz Age show has brought to Broadway.

Douglas Watt of the Daily News said this revival of a 1925 hit is successful because it was "shaped with a fine sense of style."

The background is the home of James Smith in New York City; the year is 1925. Later the second and third acts take place in the garden of Chickadee Cottage, Atlantic City.

The conflict is that Nanette wants to have some fun before getting married, but everyone is overprotective of her.

Considering the authors, composer Vincent Youmans wrote less than 100 songs during a 13-year career, but his catalogue includes "Hallelujah," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Great Day," "Without a Song," and "More Than You Know," as well as his Nanette hits, "Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy." Prolific bookwriter and lyricist Otto Harbach worked on 43 Broadway shows, including "Rose-Marie," "Sunny" and "Robertta." Bookwriter Frank Mandel, whose play, "My Lady Friends," was the basis for "Nanette," included among his many credits the books for "New Moon" and "Desert Song." Irving Caesar, whose lyrics for "Swanee," "Is It True What They Say About Dixie," "Crazy Rhythm," and "Just a Gigolo" helped raise him to the top of the ranks of American songwriters, is alive and well at 76, and delights in performing his own renditions of Nanette's hits in his Brill Building offices, just a few blocks from the theater.

In evaluation, Sue Smith was a weak character when played by Ruth Maitland. Bobby Van was by far the strongest dancer of the entire cast. The sets were lovely, however, and the best costumes appeared in the beach scene.●

jane jenkins

Lynn's Conquest

Dark Lynn,
Grave-black hair draped shroud-like,
Quickening eyes over coffee cups,
Would laugh and storm and be Lynn
Each day with me.
And each day I would love Lynn,
Sun-glistening hair streaming mysteriously young,
Eyes deep behind the coffee cup,
Her maiden singular detachment
Brushing against my wedding ring.

Vernal Lynn in Spring-time,
Budding with eternal promise of Flower,
Coated the room with sense of unconceived perfume,
And was Lynn.

Days come one on one,
As days will, and this day came thus unheralded
When we spoke together shielded by our coffee cups
And table imperative: yet were approached.
Stalwart standing, armour-encrusted,
The warrior-god, simple and lone,
His ring ungiven,
Stormed our castle and sat down.

Dark Lynn dissolved then:
Warped, twisted, twined
And boiled up before me a creature
Of myriad hands and fumbling fingers
Assailing the warrior with flashing teeth
Fawning cheeks and prayerful hands,
And vanquished all before it.

The chimes of Spring
Toll fragrance no more in Summer;
The battle won, the ring-giver taken,
I toasted the victory,
Arose a eunuch and walked away.

-George Kerrick-

JOE TEX:

The recording studio is relatively quiet. Electric guitars, pianos, and black instrument cases are scattered on the green carpeting. Slender, silver microphones stand crooked against the wall. Voices are heard as the producer and the engineers arrive. Suddenly, Joe Tex appears in the hallway, giggling lightly. You are immediately aware of his youthful face and small physique. You can easily believe that he was brought up on a farm in Baytown, Texas, that he originally began his career as a country music singer, and that he has a horse named "Flip Wilson".

A man in his middle thirties, clad in blue jeans, tennis shoes and long hair opens one of the cases and takes out his electric guitar. There is a loud pop as the guitar is plugged in.

Bobby Wood, a slim, tall figure, walks over to the piano. His hair is combed back away from his face, a black patch covers one eye.

Joe walks over to the piano to join Wood. Together they work out an arrangement for Joe's new record, "Baby Let Me Steal You". Joe writes all of his own material. Among his most popular million sellers are "Skinny Legs and All" and "Hold On To What You Got".

"1-2-3-4- Hey! Baby let me steal you, Baby, let me steal you tonight, yeah! . . ."

The piano accompanies Joe in the basic arrangement, the guitars join in, then the drums. Joe jerks his shoulders from side to side; the red lights reflect against his chocolate skin.

The musicians experiment with different sounds. Buddy Killen, the producer, watches as Joe relates to the others what he wants.

"Joe is unique in that he hears his parts and comes in with basic ideas," Killen says. "Sometimes we take some of his ideas and improvise."

"We have less problems in working with Joe than with any other performer. I have found that professionals don't need explanations. They respect the producer and follow his direction," Killen says.

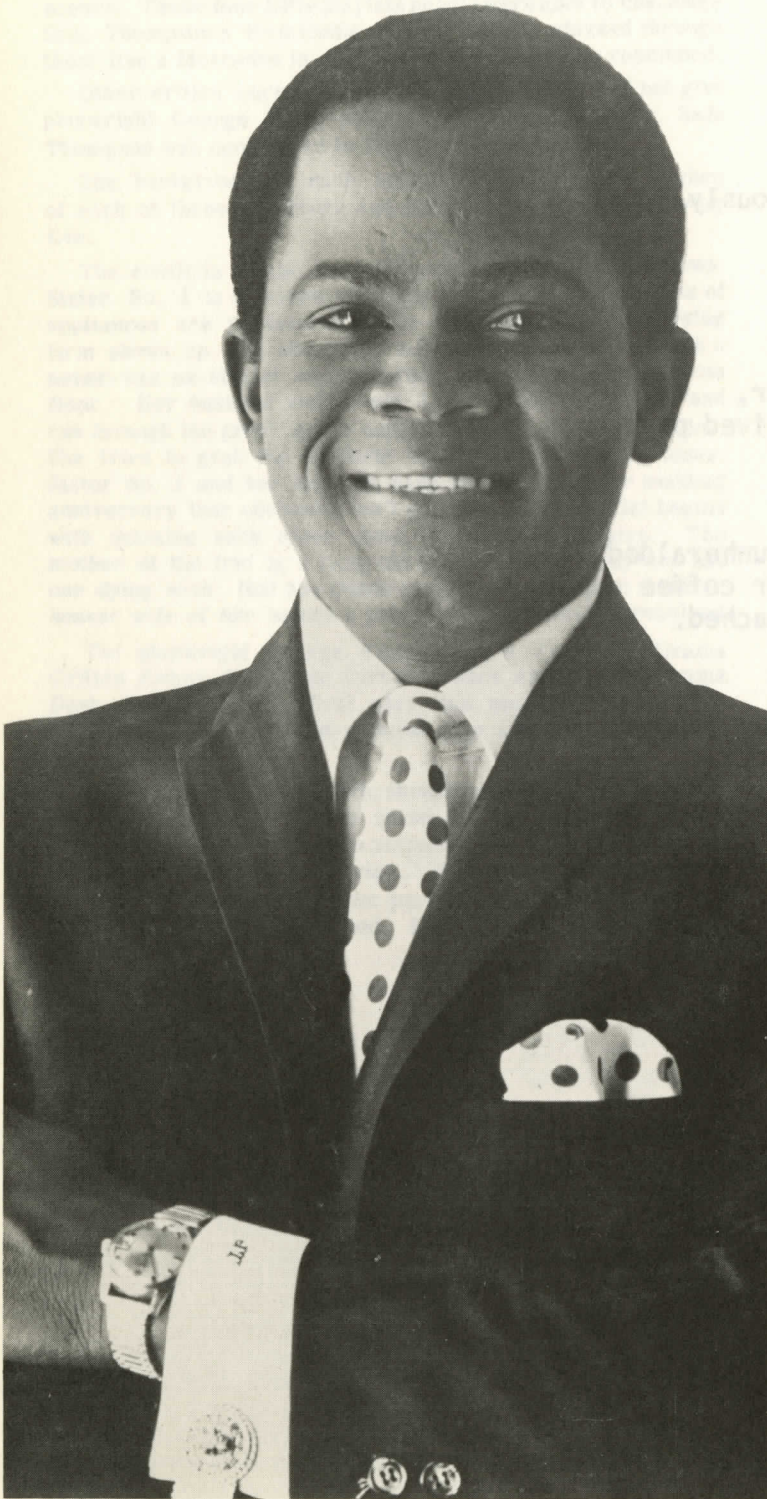
The actual recording is about to begin. Joe walks over to where I am sitting and says, "Hey, get up, please. You're sitting on my house shoes."

Joe is a man of comfort.

Everyone is ushered into the control room except for the musicians. The control room is cool and dark. Soft, white lights shine from above. The recording console, a huge, electronic board, is blinking red and green.

Ernie Winfrey, the amiable engineer, explains the makings of a record. His brown mustache twitches as he talks.

"Most people think that an artist just walks into a recording studio, sings into a microphone and the record is made. That isn't true. There are many phases in taping a record."



Supreme jive Artist

Linda Killen

"There is a 16-track tape on each track. Five or six instruments can be played on one track. The next day you can go back over the tape and dub in horns or voices. Tomorrow, for instance, we will take the tape we are doing tonight and dub in horns."

"The advantage of the overdubbing technique," he said, "is that you get better control and you can play with the tape until you get what you want."

Winfrey returns to his work, adjusting the volume and pressing the various controls. The board blinks brightly.

There is an air of anticipation in the control room. Red and pink lights reflect against the tinted window overlooking the session. There is still a bit of experimentation in the studio. Joe wants a funky, chopping effect. Killen hands him a Wah Wah guitar. Soon a thin, wiry chopping sound fills the room.

"Alright," the producer says, "Let's try it."

Someone brings Joe a cold bottle of orange juice. He pours the liquid into a plastic cup, sets the cup on a stool, then puts on a pair of gray ear phones. He is ready to begin.

Red lights appear in all corners of the room to warn against any unnecessary noises.

"1-2-3-- Hey!."

The room pulsates with music, your emotions are aroused, your body moves as you watch Joe record.

The cut is finished, then repeated in a quicker tempo.

"Let's pick it up just a skoshe," Joe says, "Just a leetle bit."

When the cut is completed, Killen notices a fault in the rhythm section. He rushes out into the studio. Together Joe Tex and Killen stand, jerking their arms, totally involving themselves in the rhythm of the song.

"One more time," Killen says.

Joe's performance is good, his voice exact, then suddenly he cracks midway during the song. His eyes grow wide and he giggles. "I don't know what happened on that one." The song resumes.

There are continuous attempts to improve the rhythm, the tempo, and the performance.

Occasionally, Joe makes mistakes. His timing is off. He winces, grabs his head and walks away, disgusted with himself.

"Is the tempo dropping or something?" he asks.

The room vibrates with the repeated rhythm. Everyone is growing tired. You become slightly bored with the repeated melody, but it is exciting. You think of the patience these men must have to do the work that they do.

"Okay, let's see where we are," Killen says.

The tape is played. The mistakes are pointed out. They attempt a more perfect arrangement. After several more cuts, Killen calls for a break.

Joe looks around, "If they're goin', the relaxing is going to kill my thang."

Joe joins Wood at the piano again. Joe's shirt is damp around his waist, beads of perspiration glisten on his head beneath the lights.

"The difference in doing live performances and recording," Joe says, "is that recording is more like work. You stop and go, stop and go. In entertaining you do your song and leave."

Joe definitely prefers live performing. He has been doing night club acts all over the country, including such major cities as Detroit and Chicago.

The recording resumes. Joe's performance is stronger and there is definitely an improvement in the recording's development.

Excitement builds as the song progresses. Joe dances, his arms jerk. He reminds you of a mouseketeer with his gray earphones and his animated expressions.

"Get on it! Ride it!" Killen yells. "It's sounding good!"

The cut is almost perfect.

"Come on, Joe, let's listen," Killen says happily.

Joe and the musicians file in to the control room. Joe looks tired and victorious, his throat feels scratchy.

The tape groans in the control room. Once again the song is repeated, only this time it is accepted by the producer. You have almost memorized every word and every note in the song.

"What do you think, Joe?" someone asks.

"Man, that's too funky!" he giggles.

Finally, the musicians prepare to leave. The tension has almost disappeared.

Johnny Christopher, one of the guitarists, walks around reluctant to talk about anything. His frizzy red hair and matching beard perfectly compliment his protruding, blue eyes. He has worked with Joe once before in Memphis.

"Joe is one of the easiest rhythm and blues artists to work with. He's a really talented writer, arranger, performer... 'sex maniac'," he laughed.

On the way home you recall Joe's performance. The melody lingers strongly in your mind; you recall the way his body responds to a beat. Funky. . . wasn't that the word Joe used? Joe Tex is funky, yeah, you think, he just might be the supreme jive artist.●

good-bye to heroines—a tribute to heroin

glittering eyes, innate cruelty
hard-hearted mistress to whose soul
we pray, we bow to her altar awestricken
contentment shattered in clutching hands
misery.

tangled hair, tangled dreams
twisted body around scarred voice
the bitter cold disguised in dreams
a gentle soul lost to life-
loneliness.

you frighten me you repel me i cannot touch the depth of you
when will your haunting leave me alone
portrait of a woman i have never known
pleading terrified
what can you give me
what can you give me
while i stand empty-handed but full

flaming sky, lonely night
death quickly follows the heavy step
splintered down her arm
electric in the smoky sunshine
emptied.

-kntempelmeyer-

On Vocabulary
Sharing burdens,
As can be expected,
is an unjust task.

The scope of the stint,
When based on quantity of person,
Or order,
is impermeable to one's mind.

The bumptious may count
Or Assort the burdensome
to his favor.
In his execration he finds
his burden small yet glorifying.

He is somewhat like this scop,
Who issues a burden, however,
This burden is not of ignorance.
It is as the unjustness of tasks.

-Don Ellis-

The Creative Urge

When loves are sung no more,
I shall put my banjo down
And clap my hands in dirge-time.

-George Kerrick-

Who's a Poet

So now it's come to singing
Praise to every long-lobed
licensee

Who swears he owns the
Lock and key to every curl you
ever grew.

Like a poet's knees that
tremble at the sight of night
You bleed: while neighbors
breed

Decisive tales of
How they won or lost the
Game that has no score.

-Ricky Glaze-

Cold, chilling fingers
Creep upon the warm
Pulsating flow of
Yesterday
As it makes its way
Through dry, cracked desert.
Stealthily the frigid tentacles
Seize all
Memory
And play death's dirges
On rusted
Ale cans.
Quickly there appears
The haunting recollection
Of the half-forgotten journey
Into
Nowhere land,
And even more furtively
The memories fade
Into rain-drenched Nightmares.

-Rachel Apple-

