

This month's cover is by Albert Bennett. An Eagleville junior, Albert is a mass communications major of the graphic arts sequence. He has had one year of photography including beginner and advanced. He is currently taking color photography. The cover is a line effect using orthofilm.



# COLLAGE COLLAGE

FEBRUARY 1974

### Notes

A word of explanation is in order concerning an illustration in the past, Autumn issue. Page two features a special effects composition by Gerald Moody. To give credit where credit is due, the illustration is a composition of photographs taken by **Susan Chritzberg** (man on the left) and by **Michael L. Fedak** (chimney on right), both alumni of MTSU. Our thanks to two fine photographers for the use of their work.

The editor-in-chief wishes to announce the addition of two new staff members. **Larry Reynolds**, MTSU junior from Winchester, Tennessee, replaces Gerald Moody as art editor this semester. **Libby Francis**, who served as co-poetry editor in the spring of 1973, replaces Rick Glaze as poetry editor for the May issue.

Attention should be directed toward Rick Glaze's poem, "Rosey" which appears in this issue (page 4). Rick, a 24-year-old potter, musician and poet, submitted his poem to a contest sponsored by the National Poetry Press, of Los Angeles, California. "Rosey" was chosen for publication in the annual poetry anthology published by that press.

The COLLAGE staff has begun its patronage drive to secure supplementary funds to publish the May special, a giant-size issue centered around entertainment. Readers desiring to contribute should make checks payable to the MTSU Foundation, specifically designating "for COLLAGE" on the check itself as well as on the outside of the envelope.

COLLAGE magazine did not win its All-American, Medalist, or First Class ratings from the Associated Collegiate Press by the efforts of its staff alone. Its contributors, readers, supporters, patrons and benefactors, as well as the staff, are all responsible for COLLAGE's success. The staff welcomes articles, essays, reviews, etc., which relate to the entertainment theme. Short stories and poems submitted need not be thematic. The staff has great hopes and plans for this special issue. Won't you share in these with us?

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### FEATURES

- 2 The Awakening, by Jerry Hilliard  
16 Allende and Chile's Press, by Glenn A. Himebaugh

### FICTION

- 6 Obsessions, by Ivan Shewmake  
26 The Greatest Potato Growing Area in the World, by Ralph Hyde  
32 . . . through a glass, darkly, by Alethea Holt

### Graphics:

- 21 Pen and Ink Drawing, by Klaus Kallenberger  
22 Pen and Ink Drawing, by Klaus Kallenberger  
23 Pen and Ink Drawing, by Klaus Kallenberger  
24 Etching, Truck No. 2, by Larry Reynolds  
25 Photo Etching, Tennessee Waltz, by Larry Reynolds

### FOCUS

- 4 Rosey, by Richard Allen Glaze

- 5 HIERONYMUS, by Klaus Kallenberger

- 14 TO LARRY, by g. w. bilbra

- 15 Flower Girl, by g. w. bilbra

- 16 Ode to Blue Belle, by Richard Allen Glaze

- 20 The House, by Meriwether

- 30 Untitled, by Nancy Nipper

- 31 BICYCLE KING, by Klaus Kallenberger

- 36 What's a Poet?, by Richard Allen Glaze

- 36 Ballad, by Balard Forbes

- 36 Eclipse, by Johnny Hunter

### POETRY

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# The Awakening

Before long, four years will have passed. These days the memories come back in bits and pieces.

A warm spring day . . . an atmosphere of tension, disbelief and bitterness . . . confrontation in the air . . . armed troops . . .

Classes must go on. That's why we're here, everybody is told.

Inside the hilltop building that soon will supply the backdrop for a drama seen around the world, both the journalism teacher and his students realize the futility of trying to carry on a class session as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening. So the time is spent in a discussion of what a newsman should do in a situation such as this, knowing that orders have been handed down to stay away. The decision: Anybody with a "nose for news" will want to be there as a spectator. "But stay out of trouble."

A crowd is forming for the rally . . . armed troops encircling the charred ruins of the ROTC building . . . "How about lunch?" . . . long hair . . . no bras . . . angry faces . . .

As the two journalism teachers walk toward the dining room, hundreds of young people are pushing their way toward the hill. Spotting one of his students, the older teacher warns, "You'd be wise to stay away from there." The student listens semi-politely but impatiently, then ignores the advice.

Lukewarm lasagna . . . a table with a view . . . a jeering crowd . . . marching troops . . . tear gas . . .

"Let's get out where we can see better," the younger teacher says, and his colleague agrees somewhat re-

luctantly. A good vantage point is behind the tennis courts. The armed soldiers move up the hill, forcing the crowd around the sides of the building and onto the soon-to-be-historic site. And to think that this used to be known to many as "Apathy U." But what the heck are those two guys doing playing tennis at a time like this?

"Do you hear that popping noise?" the younger teacher asks. It must be firecrackers. After all, everybody knows that they don't carry loaded weapons when they're called onto campuses. The older man doesn't wait around to learn the answer, but instead walks toward his home. The other teacher moves slowly in the direction of his office.

Relative quietness . . . non-involved students with arms filled with books standing nearby . . . an ambulance suddenly speeding up the hill and around the building . . .

Two students, sobbing hysterically, race from behind the building, shouting, "The goddamn pigs are shooting your classmates!"

A stream of blood gushing down the familiar driveway . . . four dead, nine wounded . . . evacuation . . . martial law . . .

And a teacher's life is changed.

And a befuddled nation goes to sleep with a sick feeling in the pit of its stomach, wondering what is happening to the country.

And the sick feeling turns out to be one of the earliest symptoms for the "silent majority" of a progressive illness.



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

COLLAGE

## by Jerry Hilliard

FEBRUARY 1974

## Rosey

What Bard of thought  
Brings Nature  
down? and hurls my Migrant  
Peace.  
Free mind and thought but  
Nothing more she  
Races toward the  
Sea  
Yes Races never knowing  
blue  
But always held outside.  
My feet too                   aching with the  
pain - yet  
the Rose will never die.

Richard A. Glaze

# HIERONYMUS

WHAT DO YOU DO  
HIERONYMUS?  
ON THAT DREADFUL MORNING  
WHEN YOU ARE NO LONGER KING,  
WHEN DOUBTS CROSS THE LINE  
FROM FUN AND GAMES?  
WHAT DID YOU DO?  
HOW WAS IT LOST?  
THE TALK BEHIND YOUR BACK  
SUDDENLY SEEMS AGAINST YOU  
WITH SNICKERING, AND GLANCING.  
NO MORE THE CENTER  
OF CONVERSATION.  
NOW THE OBJECT OF PLAIN TALK.  
WHERE WILL YOU GO.  
HIERONYMUS?  
ON THAT AWFUL DAY  
WHEN YOU ARE NO LONGER KING?  
PUSHED DOWN INTO THAT COMMON CROWD,  
ABSORBED INTO A TEEMING, CLAWING,  
CLUTCHING MASS.  
WILL YOU LOOK BACK AND KNOW?  
THE HEIGHTS  
THE SO CALLED PLACES OF A KING?  
IS ANYBODY WATCHING?  
IS ANYBODY LOOKING BACK  
OVER THEIR SHOULDERS WITH DREAD?  
HIERONYMUS?  
HIERONYMUS!  
YOUR DAYS ARE WASTING.

Klaus Kallenberger

# Obsessions

I saw it when it started. I was standing right here at this same window because Jimmy had his rifle out, and no matter what his daddy says, it scares me when he takes it out. It's even worse when there's a bunch of other boys, like there was that day.

They was standing just across the fence in the pasture, showing off their guns. Both the Miller boys was there, and little Billy Walker, and Andy Beetey.

Andy just got a new .22. His mother told me they had it for him for his fourteenth birthday. He was real proud of it I could tell, and the boys was looking at it and making like it wasn't so much.

They was passing their guns around and sighting down them at fence posts, and the cows, and anything else that was around. Willard, the oldest of the Miller boys, drew a bead on the top of that walnut tree, and said:

"I betcha can't even knock one of them walnuts off."

Andy never said a word, but took his gun and dug a shell out of his pocket and drew down slow on the top of the tree. There was a little crack and I saw a nut fall. He dropped the stock of his gun to the ground and stood looking at 'em.

Everybody else started loading up. They took turns, Willard going first because he was oldest. They all missed, even Jimmy, and his daddy says he's a good shot.

Andy raised his rifle again. The boys was all quiet, concentrating on where he was aiming. Andy fired and another nut fell. He brought his gun down slow and rubbed the barrel with the palm of his hand.

"I could knock off every nut on that tree with this rifle," he said, "if I wanted to."

Those were his very words. I heard them plain as day right through this window.

They all loaded up again and started banging away. Quite a few nuts dropped, but you couldn't tell who was doing what.

With so many boys shooting, I was afraid Jimmy might get hurt, he ain't got no sense of danger, so I stepped out on the porch and called:

"Jimmy, you come on to supper."

"Just a few minutes, Maw," he said.

"No. You come on in right now," I told him.

He climbed through the barb-wire and came on. The rest of the boys was still shooting.

You can't hear the noise from the kitchen, and when I went back out to the porch, I figured everybody would be gone. It was nearly dark. But as soon as I opened the door, I heard a shot.

It was Andy still going steady. He would load his rifle and fire and load again, as regular as could be. I couldn't see if any walnuts was falling, but almost every time I'd hear something barely thump against the soft ground.

Finally he dug in his pocket and couldn't find another cartridge. He looked around his feet and kicked at something, the empty shells I guess. Then he picked up a walnut and flung it up through the tree top.

With his rifle over his shoulder, he walked off through the gate and down the road.

A few minutes later Jimmy came down from upstairs where I'd sent him to do his homework.

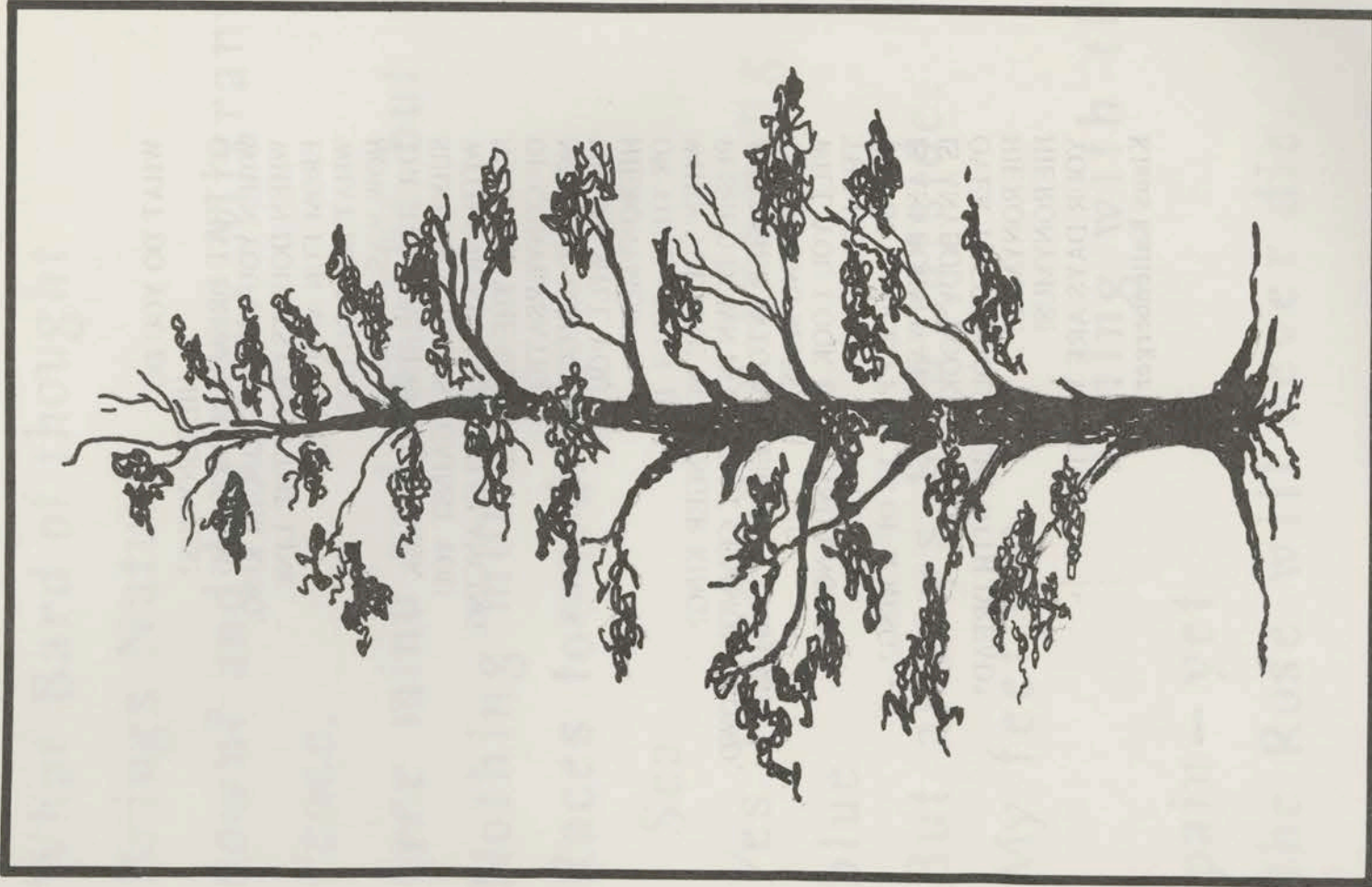
"Andy run out of shells," he said.

"What's he trying to do?" I asked him.

"Knock all them walnuts off."

by Ivan Shewmake

FEBRUARY 1974



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

"That's silly. What's he want to do that for?"

"Just because," Jimmy said.

I never had paid much attention to a thing like a walnut tree, but the next morning when I went out, I walked over under it and looked up. There was a lot of walnuts on that tree, seven hundred, maybe a thousand, spread out, hanging like little balls all over the limbs, some so close to the ground you could reach up and touch them, some so high up they looked like marbles. Andy didn't come back that day.

The next day was Wednesday, I think. Not long after the school bus had let Jimmy off, I saw Andy coming up the road. He was carrying his rifle, and he shot a Blue Jay sitting on a telephone wire, but he was careful to get where the bullet would go toward the open field with the woods behind it.

He came on through the pasture gate and past the tree. There was some birds around, but no more Blue Jays, which the boys most like to shoot. He walked and looked into the trees around the barn for awhile, and then he came on back toward the house.

At about the same place he had been shooting from before, he stopped and turned around and looked at the tree. Then he lifted his rifle, and fired.

Jimmy came out of the porch door with his rifle and climbed over the fence. They didn't say a word to each other but went to shooting down walnuts. Neither of them looked toward the front of the house where I was, and since there was just the two of them, I didn't say anything to Jimmy.

When I was back in the house, Frank came in. He was covered with dirt from getting in the last of the hay. He'd come in by the front door because our barn loft was full, and he'd been down the road putting our hay in some space left over in Mr. Miller's barn.

"Where's Jimmy?" he asked.

"Out with Andy Beeteey shooting walnuts off the tree. . . Do you need him?"

"No," Frank said. "Just wondered where he was." He chuckled. "Remember

when I was a kid. We used to do that."

"You didn't want them walnuts for anything, did you?" he asked.

"No . . . You better get washed up. Supper's almost ready."

"I allowed it was," he said and chuckled again.

Pretty soon I called Jimmy and we ate.

The next afternoon Andy was back. The two Miller Boys came over, too, after awhile, but they climbed up on one of the hay wagons that was parked in the pasture and just watched. Jimmy came by me.

"Aren't you going to take your rifle?" I asked him.

"Naw," he said, and went on out.

He went to set on the wagon with the Miller boys. They didn't talk much. Just watched Andy lift and fire. I wondered at the time why they was so quiet and weren't teasing him.

When I started to go, I saw Mr. Miller leaning against the fence across the road and looking over toward the tree. He had left his tractor in the middle of the field and come over to watch the boys while he rested.

I was busy making curtains in the front room the next day, and I didn't see anything. But when I went out to get a breath of air, I heard the pop of Andy's rifle around the corner of the house. Mr. Miller was watching from the fence again.

Saturday morning I went to look at the tree. There was a lot of walnuts gone high up on the left side. Andy had been working on that one spot. There was still a lot left though.

I noticed it was clouding, and figured Andy had better get over early, but it was two o'clock before I heard him. I put down the apples I was peeling and got up and looked out past my new curtains. He was by himself. Jimmy was with his daddy in town, and the rest of the boys must have been off someplace. Andy was firing faster and faster, cramming shells into his rifle as quick as he could. There weren't many nuts falling, and he had his mouth clamped down. He kept it up for a while, moving

closer and closer under the tree. There was still a lot more missing than there had been.

Finally, when he was right underneath, he let both arms drop, holding his rifle down toward his knees. Then he jerked it up like he was going to slam it on the ground, but he laid it down easy instead. I figured that was the end of it, especially when he picked up a piece of old dead limb. He drew his arm back like he was going to throw the stick into the tree, but instead, he smashed it into the ground and jumped on it with both feet. After he'd broken it into pieces, he picked up his rifle and went over and sat with his head down, leaning up against one of the rubber tires on the hay wagon.

I didn't want to watch him any more, so I went into the kitchen.

It wasn't long before I heard rain hitting the house. I looked out and it was really coming down. There was quite a lot of wind.

I thought Andy would come to the porch, but when I went to see, he wasn't anywhere around. I decided he must have gone to the barn.

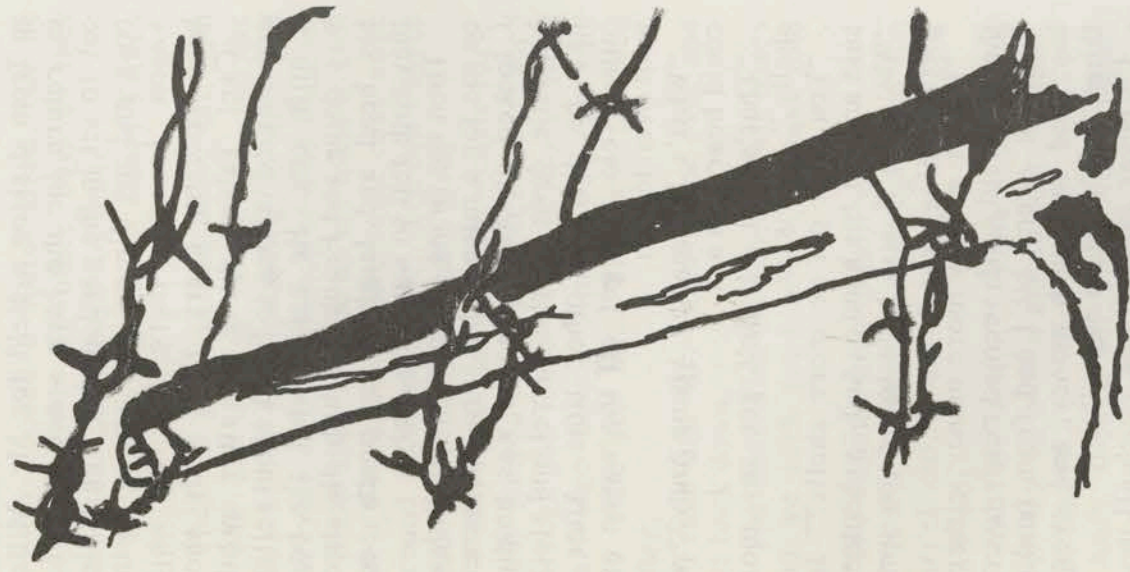
The tree was shaking in the wind, and I noticed how the walnuts were falling off. I was glad. The whole thing was making me nervous. What with that rifle popping all the time, you never could tell what it might cause. But if you'd seen that boy . . . Well, it had gone too far for him to just quit, so I made up my mind not to say anything. Still, I was glad for that wind.

Frank and Jimmy got back right after the rain stopped. When they came in from the porch, I saw I was right about Andy. He was coming out of the barn, dragging his rifle by the barrel.

It was cool and smelled good and fresh outside, so after a while me and Frank went out to sit in the yard. Jimmy was already on the wagon. The bed was wet, and I knew he was going to ruin his pants.

We drug two lawn chairs around and Frank wiped them off so we could watch.

"Do you think he'll get them all?"



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

I asked Frank.

"He'll get 'em if he wants to," Frank said.

The Miller boys had come up, and Billy Walker. Then I looked out toward the road and saw Joe. He's the old man that helps Andy's father with their farm. He's a nice old man, but funny in ways. Like last summer when he helped Frank with our haying, they came in to dinner the first day, and I had a place set for him, but he wouldn't eat.

I said, "Come on in this house, Joe. I got your place set and everything." But he just shook his head and said: "No 'am, I'd ruther not. No offense, but I brought my dinner and I'll just set out here where it's cool."

I was going to say more, but Frank said:

"Leave the man alone, Martha. If he wants to eat his own dinner, he's got a right to."

So I let him alone. But I watched. He had a brown paper bag, and he took a little loaf of home baked bread out of it. As he walked across the yard, he tore the end off the bread and began to pull the insides out and stuff them in his pocket. When he had a place hollowed out, he opened a can of sardines and poured them in. Then he took the bread out of his dirty pocket and crammed it back in the hole. Right out under that first oak tree he sat down and ate it.

It was the same thing for the other two days he helped. Except one day he had pork and beans instead of sardines.

And there's another thing I'd better tell you about, too. He always carries dimes in his mouth. I was in the store one day when he bought a bag of tobacco. He opened his mouth and got out the money and wiped each one off on his pants before giving it to Mrs. Aglie. Frank says he's never seen the time when Joe didn't have a mouthful of dimes. He says Joe says they taste good.

Well, Joe walked over to the wagon and leaned against the side for a minute before he got up to sit with the boys.

They talked low among themselves.

I watched Andy for a while longer, and them I went in the house.

The next day was Sunday and Andy didn't come. I half expected him after church, but his mother must have made him leave his rifle at home. I don't like for Jimmy to shoot his rifle on Sunday, either. Though that's when the men-folk do most of their hunting.

Monday afternoon, after Frank got in from disking a field for Mr. Miller in return for the barn space, we went out to set in the yard again. The Miller boys and my Jimmy was sitting on the wagon. Joe was there, too, his white head bobbing every time Andy shot.

Carl Tabley drove up after awhile and started talking to Frank about selling a milk cow. He asked what the boys was doing and Frank told him. He shook his head and laughed, but pretty soon they both fell to watching Andy.

Then the firing stopped. It didn't dawn on me for a minute that it had happened. I looked at Andy, and he was holding his rifle down by the barrel and stock, like he did that other time. After a minute old Joe got off the wagon and went over to him.

"What's the matter, young Andy?" we could hear him ask.

"That's all. I ain't got any more shells," Andy said.

"You ain't got no more shells?" Joe said and put his hand on Andy's shoulder. "Why, you'll just have to get you some more then."

"I ain't got any more money, either," the boy said, and seemed ready to cry. "I spent every bit I had from hauling hay, and my lunch money, and everything. I ain't got no more."

I'd never thought how much all those shells must have cost him. The poor boy looked pitiful enough to die.

Old Joe patted him on the shoulder a minute, and then he opened his mouth. He started to take out dimes and wipe them off and give them to Andy.

"You take this here money and get you some more shells, boy," he said. Andy's face was red, and I knew he

must be thinking that old Joe didn't have much money. But he took it.

"Thank you, Joe," he said. "I'll pay you back. I'll get 'em tomorrow when we stop at the store."

"What's wrong with getting 'em now?" Joe asked.

Andy looked at him puzzled.

Frank got up. "Think I'll go to the store," he called. "You boys want to go along?"

Andy looked a little dazed, but he followed after the other boys as they came tearing through the fence.

"Let's take my truck," Henry Tabley said.

They all piled in and drove off, with Frank and Joe up in the cab, and the boys in the back pounding on Andy and carrying on like a bunch of wild Indians.

Right then I made up my mind to find out if Frank didn't have some easy work around he needed done. You don't make much working pieces on a farm.

I stayed outside until they came back. Andy jumped out of the truck and crawled through the fence with his hands full of cartridge boxes. Jimmy was carrying his rifle for him. The rest followed after.

Frank and Mr. Tabley came over and set back down.

"Joe gave him enough for two boxes and we each got him two," Frank told me.

The walnuts went to falling.

"It's a wonder he don't burn that gun barrel out," Mr. Tabley said, shaking his head.

"And his arms," Frank said. "You ever try to hold a gun to your shoulder that long?"

Andy showed off for a little while. He'd walk around, and sight careful, and shoot, and pat his rifle, or put his finger in his mouth and touch the front sight.

But pretty soon he went back to the dead serious business of knocking those walnuts off.

That's how the rest of the day went.

For almost two weeks Andy came back every day but Sunday. The poor child stayed right out there working on

that tree until I thought he'd drop. The boys and Joe and the men would sit out and watch him. Mr. Tabley came back and Mr. Miller started coming over. And Andy kept on shooting.

On Sunday, Jimmy and Willie, the Millers' youngest boy, was playing out in the yard. I heard him arguing, so I went to the window to see. The Miller boy had a stick.

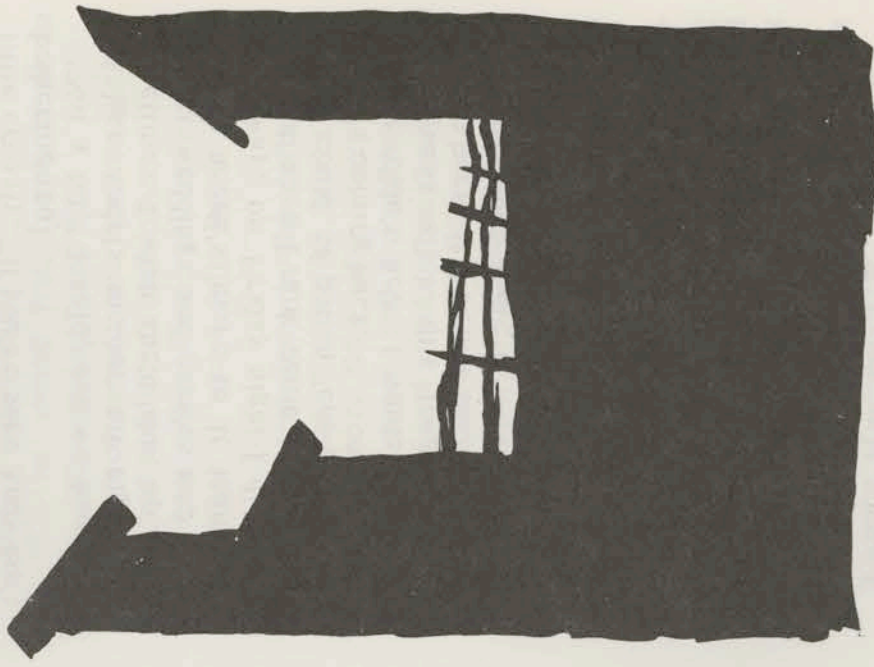
"You better not," Jimmy said.

"If we knock some off, it'll help," Willie told him.

"If you throw that stick, I'll hit you right in the mouth," Jimmy said. "That's Andy's tree! You leave it alone!"

"He won't know," Willie said, but he didn't throw the stick.

There was nice weather the whole time. Every evening after the work was done, they'd congregate. But it got so I couldn't stand to hear the noise, and I stayed in the house quite a bit.



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

The last Wednesday his mother called. It was just before time for the school bus, and I was thawing out some beef for supper when the phone rang. She said:

"Martha, is Andy bothering you?"  
"Why no," I told her. "Why would he be bothering me?"

"Joe told me what he was doing," she said. "I intended to put a stop to it, but his father said to let him alone. And even gave him some money!"

"He isn't bothering me," I told her.  
"I don't see how he could fail," she said. "To tell you the truth it's been a relief to have him out of the house. I've had everything to do. Did you know that Cynthia Crawlie's little girl is getting married Saturday? I have to get my hair fixed and a world of things . . . I know I could get them to invite you if they thought you'd want to come."  
"No," I told her.

"Well, all right then," she said a little crossly. "If you're sure Andy isn't bothering you . . ."

"Not a bit," I said, and we hung up. I like Andy's mother all right, but sometimes I wish she'd shut up about all her weddings and parties and such.

Well, there's more to it than that. Anyway, on Friday night I didn't go out, but when Frank came in, he said: "He could of gotten 'em all tonight, but he's coming back."

"Why didn't he?" I wanted to know.  
"I guess after this long he didn't want to hurry it," Frank said.

I understood that. It was this way, you felt, like if you hurried it was just a job you had to get done. Something that didn't mean anything. You knew Andy felt different. He wanted all Saturday to watch it happen.

While we were sitting watching television after supper, I remember I did say:

"Do you reckon he'll be glad it's over?"

"Andy . . . ?" Frank said. "Yeah, he'll be glad to be through with it now. He'll be real glad, I guess. But he'll remember it different."

got it.

There was only the one left; the one way up on top. All of a sudden I was afraid it would fall before he could get it. There wasn't a sound. He aimed and fired, and it came tumbling dead and fast out of the tree. Nobody moved.

Andy walked under the limbs and looked up. He ran his eyes all over the tree to make sure there wasn't a one left. Then he went back to where he'd been shooting from and dropped his gun butt on the ground. He didn't look at us.

I don't reckon any of us knowed what to do then. We just watched Andy as he turned and looked up in the tree again, and loaded his rifle and fired through the top at nothing. I wondered if that was for our benefit, but he didn't even seem to know we was there.

He went over by the wagon and grinned quick at the other boys, like he was embarrassed or ashamed. And without a word he started off toward the road. Joe got down from the wagon and went after him. Just through the gate, he caught up, and took Andy's rifle to carry it for him. They went off down the road. Joe had his arm over Andy's shoulder.

Maybe there should have been cheering or something, but it didn't seem right. I remember thinking it had all been for nothing. The men just sat there. The boys jumped down from the wagon. Willard looked up in the tree and shook his head, and then they started whooping and throwing walnuts at each other.

Andy's father said:

"I'll be seeing you. I got to go to some fool wedding," and left.

The men moved into the house, grinning and nodding at each other.

I went after them, trying to figure out what it was I felt. But it was just empty.

Frank went down to the cellar to get a gallon jug of cider he thinks I don't know is more than cider. They went to the living room, and I could hear them talking low and wistful about hard things they'd got done when they was young.

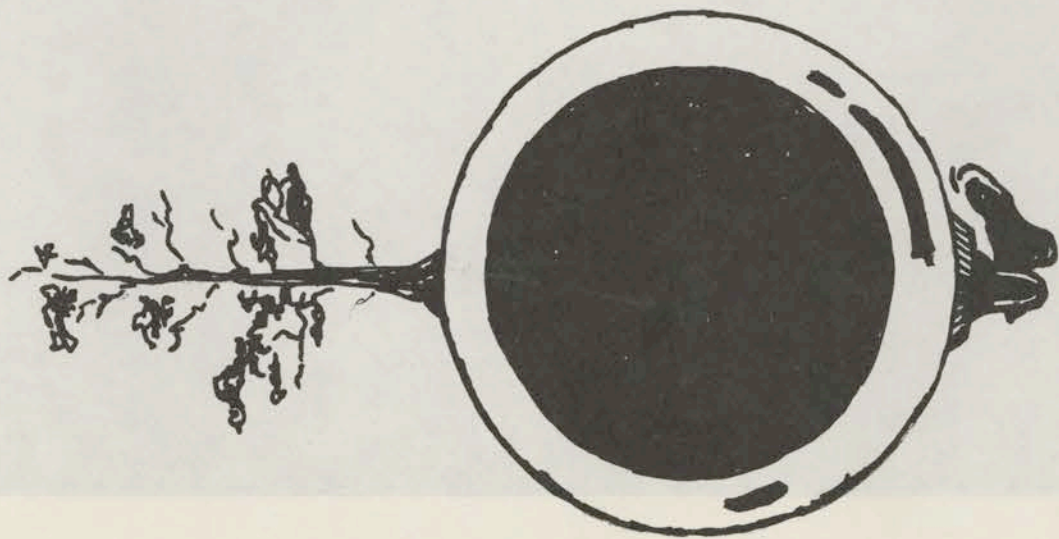
I hoped Andy would feel that way about it later.

But there was work to do and a family to take care of, so I went about my business.

I'll never forget it though. I'll never get the sight of that little boy standing out there out of my mind. He looked so lonesome and . . . alone, looking into that tree.

Sometimes now, when I think about it wrong, it seems silly.

But I saw it all . . . I was standing right here at this window when it started. And there was nothing false about it. ●



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

"Did it make any difference . . . us all watching?"

Frank didn't answer for a minute. "Now that I think about it . . . Some . . . I reckon it did make some difference. But he woulda done it anyway."

"That poor child," I said. "I'd hate to think we made him go on when he didn't want to."

"We didn't."

Frank smiled at me. I tried to get him to talk more about it, but he wouldn't. He'd just grin, like he knew something I didn't.

I got up early Saturday to get my work done. When I took the garbage out, I looked up in the tree. The walnuts were hidden at first, but then I began to see them. There was a cluster of three far out on the left side, and two hidden in the leaves of the middle. And way up on top, one hung by itself. I knew then he'd saved that one special.

Everybody started comin' over to the house. They knew Andy was goin' to finish off the last of those walnuts.

A few minutes after ten, Jimmy came running in and said:

"He's coming!"

It was a lot later than anyone expected it would be. The men went to gather in the yard.

Andy came up the road with Joe. When he got inside the gate so I could see his face, he didn't look as glad as I thought he'd be.

The boys were already sitting on the wagon. Joe went over with them. Nobody said a word.

Then I noticed Andy's father standing by his pickup out in the driveway. You couldn't have seen him from down the road. He hesitated for a minute, and then he came over where the rest of us were and nodded hello.

"Joe told me he'd finish it this morning," he said.

The men nodded back.

Andy moved slow and certain. He loaded and aimed, and a walnut came tumbling. Then another, and another, and one more. And then he missed. He looked at the tree. On the next shot he



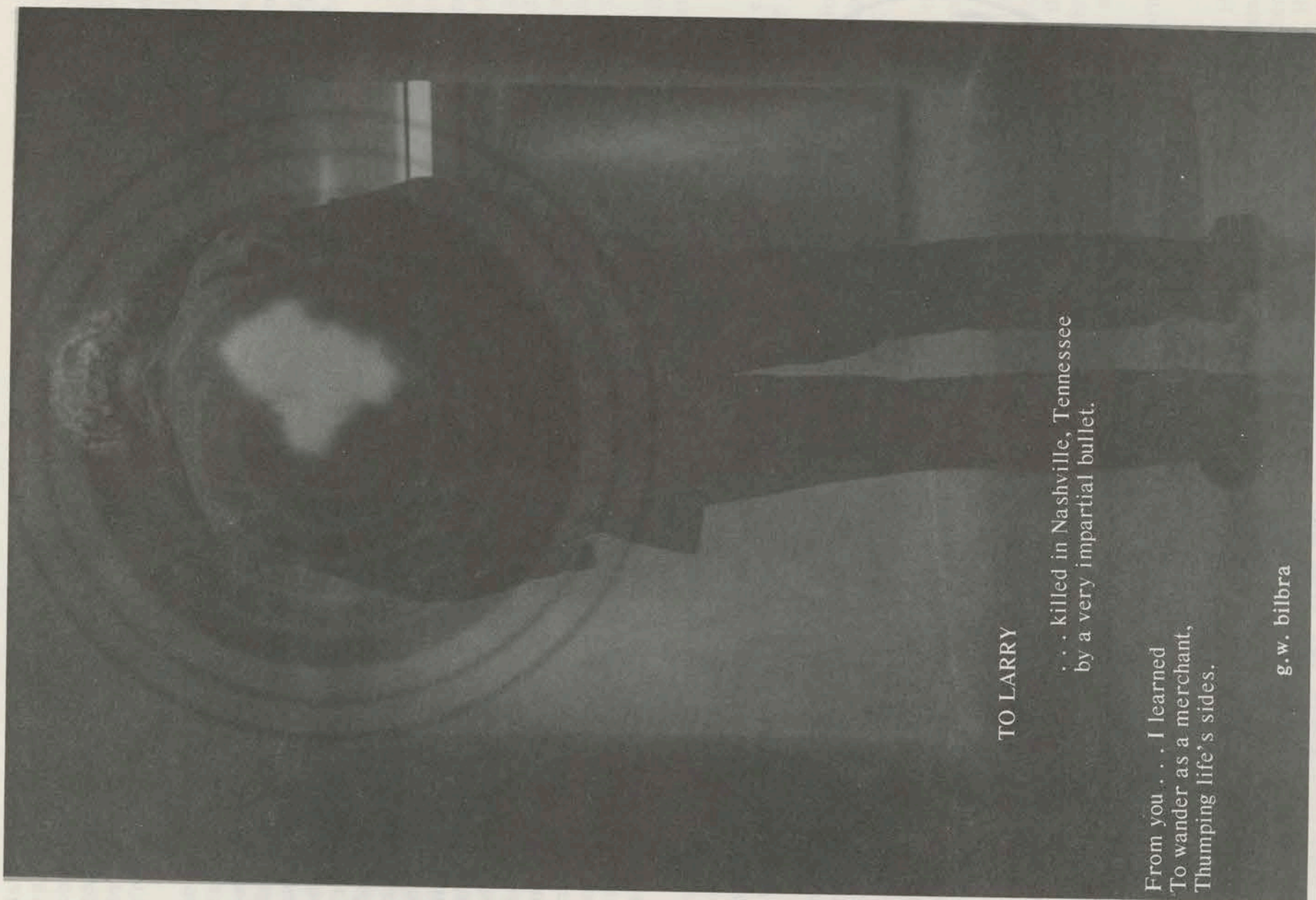


Photo by Steve Crass

COLLAGE

## TO LARRY

. . . killed in Nashville, Tennessee  
by a very impartial bullet.

From you . . . I learned  
To wander as a merchant,  
Thumping life's sides.

g.w. bilbra

## FLOWER GIRL



Photo by Carlos Knight

Hey, Flower Girl,  
What do you think as you sway there all day  
And watch the lives pass by your buds?

Do you love,  
Do you hate those eyes who glance but pass,  
Staring through their feet or their upright noses?

Hey, Flower Girl,  
What do you think  
Of that man at your side  
With book and beard and thoughts of you?

Did you plant  
Did you pick him in the park  
While he was green,  
Or did he drift to you with the misting morning?

Hey, Flower Girl,  
What do you think when the freezes and icefingers come,  
When the frost coats cover your stalks still green?

Do you laugh,  
Do you grieve in the green house your infant flowers  
As they wilt in the wombs -- in the dark -- from the cold?

gwb/ljb



Photo by Ginny Bruce

## Ode To Blue Belle

Dance  
and  
Dream  
Your restless heart  
Oh feel your bone and  
braid.  
One  
Can go  
Gentle oh  
Burning night and  
Miss your starlit  
laid.  
But  
Why have  
You  
Set to rest  
This glimpse? your ocean  
wide.  
Gust  
and  
Great and  
Fathoms more  
Await your handsome stride.

Richard Allan Glaze

# Allende and Chile's Press

For Salvador Allende Gossens, ill-fated former president of Chile, that nation's long tradition of press freedom provided an enigma that he failed to solve effectively during his nearly three years in office.

Allende, 65, the first and only freely elected Marxist president in the Western Hemisphere who died during the Sept. 11, 1973, overthrow of his government by the military, had talked repeatedly of his desire and determination to accomplish sweeping change through established legal channels, rather than through violent overthrow.

He boasted frequently to visitors about how the press had remained "free" in Chile under his regime. As recently as October 1972, Allende told an eight-man delegation from the Inter-American Press Association, which was in convention in Santiago, that his administration would operate within the framework of the Chilean Constitution, that the freedoms of the Chilean people would not be infringed in the political, economic and social process he was trying to carry out, and that freedom of the press and, generally, freedom of expression would be upheld at any cost.

But the evidence indicates that behind this facade Allende worked diligently to bring about the downfall of Chile's independent/opposition press.

The platform upon which the Unidad Popular coalition presented Allende as its candidate in 1970 spelled out clearly the ultimate fate awaiting Chile's media. "In general," it noted, "those activities that regulate the country's economic and social development, such as . . . communications . . . and paper . . . are to be nationalized. A section of the platform under "Culture and Education" dealt specifically with the mass media, saying in part:

The means of communication (radio, publishing houses, television, newspapers, film) are fundamental in helping to form a new culture and a new man. Therefore, they must be given an un-educational orientation, and freed from their commercial nature. Social organizations must have access to the media, and the ominous presence of the monopolies must be eliminated.

In its efforts to achieve the goal of media nationalization, the Allende government combined three basic tactics, in addition to presenting the Marxist line on the open market place through its own media. These tactics included harassment, infiltration and economic sanctions or, as some were inclined to define it more vividly, "economic strangulation."

There would appear to have been several contributing factors behind Allende's decision to take this indirect route toward media control, rather than risk an outright undisguised attack on the channels of communication. Among these factors were:

1) Chile's unique historical / social / cultural / political milieu. Allende, long active in Chile's public eye, realized that the nation's traditions of democratic government, free expression and tolerance were deeply embedded. He recognized, too, the strength and influence of Chile's well established communications media and the relatively high level of involvement of the people with those media.

2) His own pledge to achieve his goal of a Marxist state only through strict adherence to peaceful, legal means. Allende, it appears, firmly did believe that Marxism could be brought about through due process of law, a feeling

## feature by Glenn A. Himebaugh

FEBRUARY 1974

not shared by such renowned fellow travelers as Cuba's Fidel Castro. As Juan de Onis wrote in the New York Times Magazine of Dec. 17, 1972, Allende claimed that this was "Chile's historic opportunity to open a 'second way' to socialism without the human costs of revolutionary violence."

3) Circumstances surrounding Allende's narrow election in late 1970. Because Allende had won only a 36 per cent plurality in the popular balloting, the Chilean Constitution required that Congress choose the new president from among Allende or the runner-up, conservative former president Jorge Alessandri. When Allende turned to the Christian Democrats, the dominant party in the Congress, for the votes he needed, the Christian Democrats identified the press as one of the specific areas of national life that would have to remain untouched by Allende if he were to receive their support. This Allende ultimately, if perhaps superficially, agreed to.

4) Chile's chronic socio-economic problems. Allende inherited many problems of this nature, and his policies created additional ones. Their mounting seriousness, accompanied by increasing restlessness among the citizenry, required continuing immediate attention, resulting in a lower priority for the handling of the press despite the fact that the independent/opposition media were illuminating these problems consistently.

All of these factors must have played a role in Allende's decision to take a behind-the-scenes approach to media domination.

**More recently, the Allende government, acting under a security law dating back to 1937, issued an order requiring foreign news agencies operating in Chile to provide the presidential palace with copies of all news dispatches sent abroad.**

**It has been estimated that about 8,000 Popular Unity Committees were formed in Chile, extending not only to the media but also the factories, offices, universities and neighbors.**

He waged a relentless campaign of harassment against the media, particularly the radio stations and opposition newspapers; perhaps his favorite target was his most bitter critic, El Mercurio, Chile's most influential daily newspaper. Allende actually succeeded in forcing El Mercurio to suspend publication for 24 hours in mid-June of 1973, marking the first time in 73 years that the conservation publication had failed to appear. Editor & Publisher Magazine carried the full story in an editorial on June 30.

Earlier attacks on El Mercurio illustrate the variety of forms media harassment took under Allende. They included tax investigations, charges that the paper had violated state security laws, charges that it had been financed by ITT, an alleged firing on one of the paper's reporters by a presidential guard, even the distribution of bumper stickers reading "Chilean: El Mercurio Lies."

Reporters from several Chilean publications found themselves jailed from time to time. Radio stations found themselves being taken over increasingly frequently in recent months as demonstrations in the streets and national strikes brought on crisis after crisis.

Foreign journalists, too, were harassed. United Press International's Santiago office was closed for two weeks in September 1971. More recently, the Allende government, acting under a security law dating back to 1937, issued an order requiring foreign news agencies operating in Chile to provide the presidential palace with copies of all news dispatches sent abroad. That was necessary, the government said, to keep its ambassador's better informed about what news was being sent abroad.

Infiltration, a second method used by Allende against the media, is exemplified by the formation of "Popular Unity Committees" (unions) at the various media and by the establishment of a national association called Journalists of the Left. Allende himself addressed the organizational meeting of the Journalists of the Left on April 10, 1971.

It has been estimated that about 8,000 Popular Unity Committees were formed in Chile, extending not only to the media but also the factories, offices, universities and neighborhoods. In at least two instances, workers succeeded in seizing control of provincial Chilean newspapers (La Manana and El Sur) for a period of time.

A less publicized, but nonetheless potentially effective, form of media infiltration is to be found in the fact that Chile's only school of journalism, at the University of Chile, was operated in recent years under Marxist control, according to a New York Times report.

But it was the use of economic sanctions that proved, perhaps, the most successful weapon in Allende's arsenal. Through price controls, wage hike decrees, and especially through a rapidly expanding control over advertising, the government exercised a growing influence over the media. As early as 1971, El Mercurio was forced to reduce its size from 48 pages daily to 24 or 26 due to the loss of advertising revenue. And Arturo Tarud, vice president of the Chilean Broadcasters Association, was warning in 1971 that, "With this economic strangulation, freedom of expression is seriously threatened..."

The Inter-American Press Association's Committee on Freedom of the Press and Information summed up succinctly what was happening in the face of governmental economic sanctions in its report during the IAPA annual meeting in October 1972:

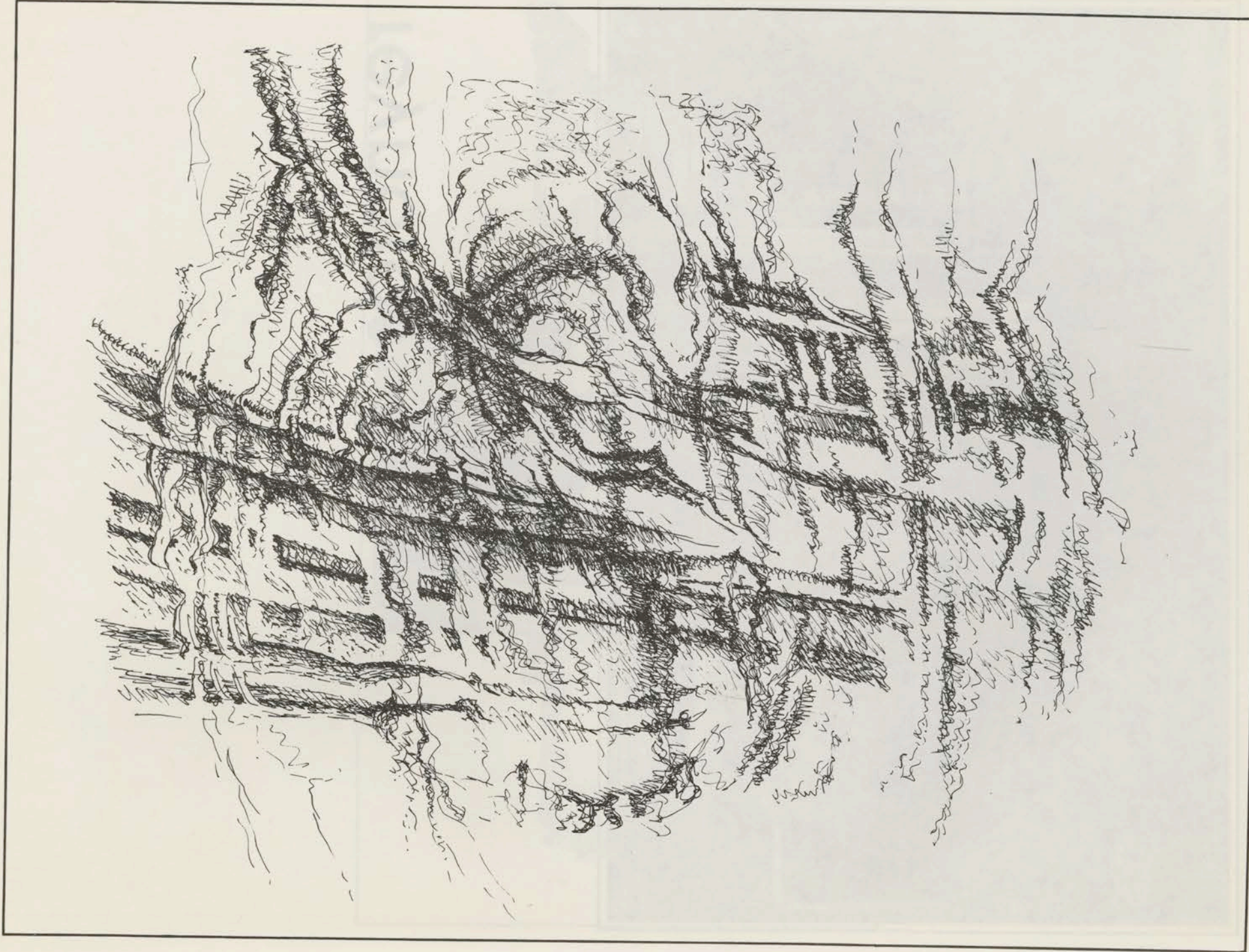
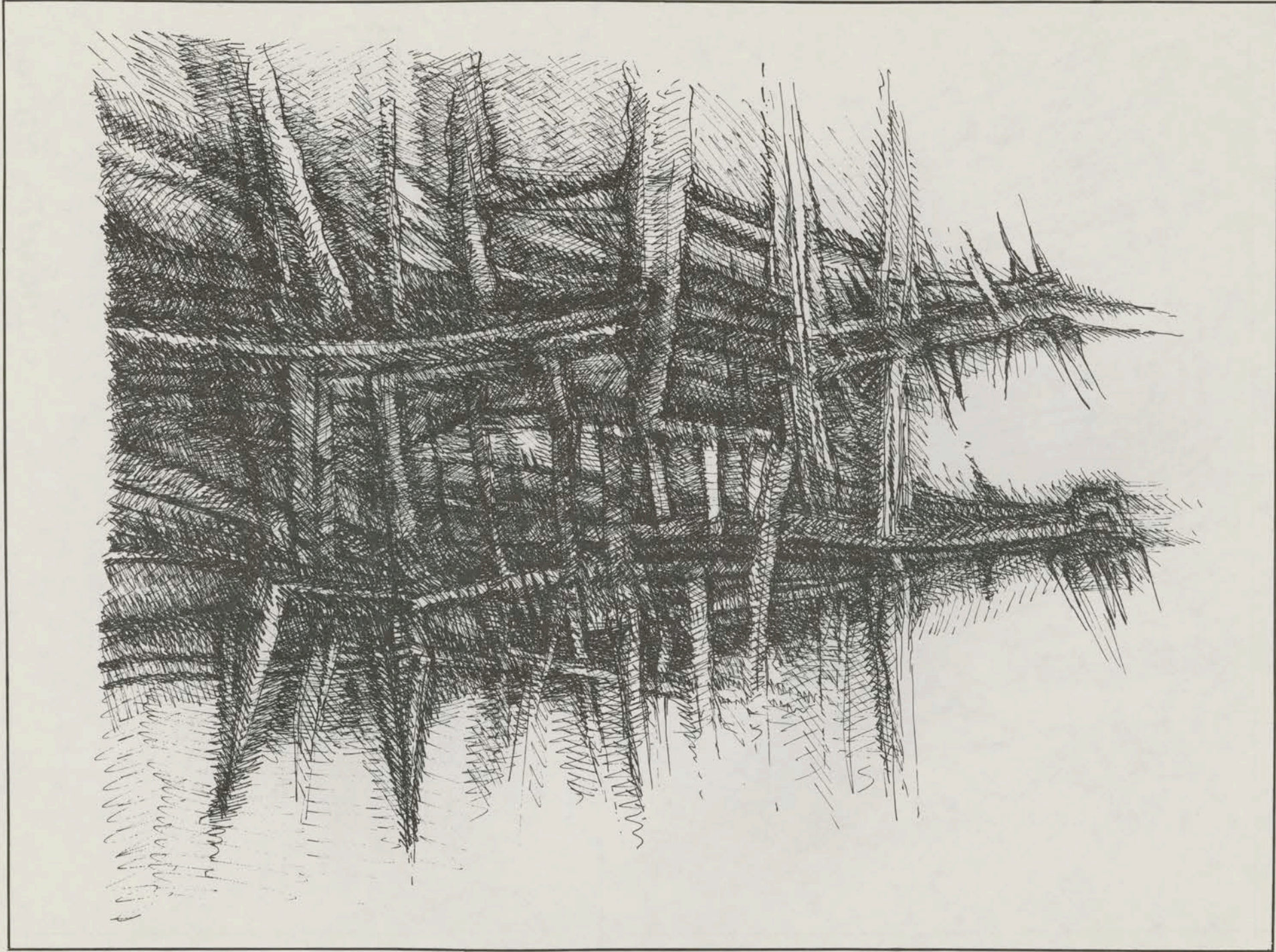
**The nationalized banking system of Chile also played a role in Allende's scheme for media control, . . .**

... Newspapers are having a difficult time, from the material point of view, because the government continues to transfer private enterprise to governmental control. This circumstance makes it possible, to an increasing degree, to deprive newspapers of advertising. The state administrators and interventors at the state industries and commercial enterprises withhold advertisements from newspapers that are not supporters of the regime. The same procedure is followed by government departments and fiscal services, which on certain occasions also pressure private concerns into joining the boycott against independent newspapers. This policy is also extended to the radio stations and to the only television network that has managed to stave off attempts to control its broadcasts.

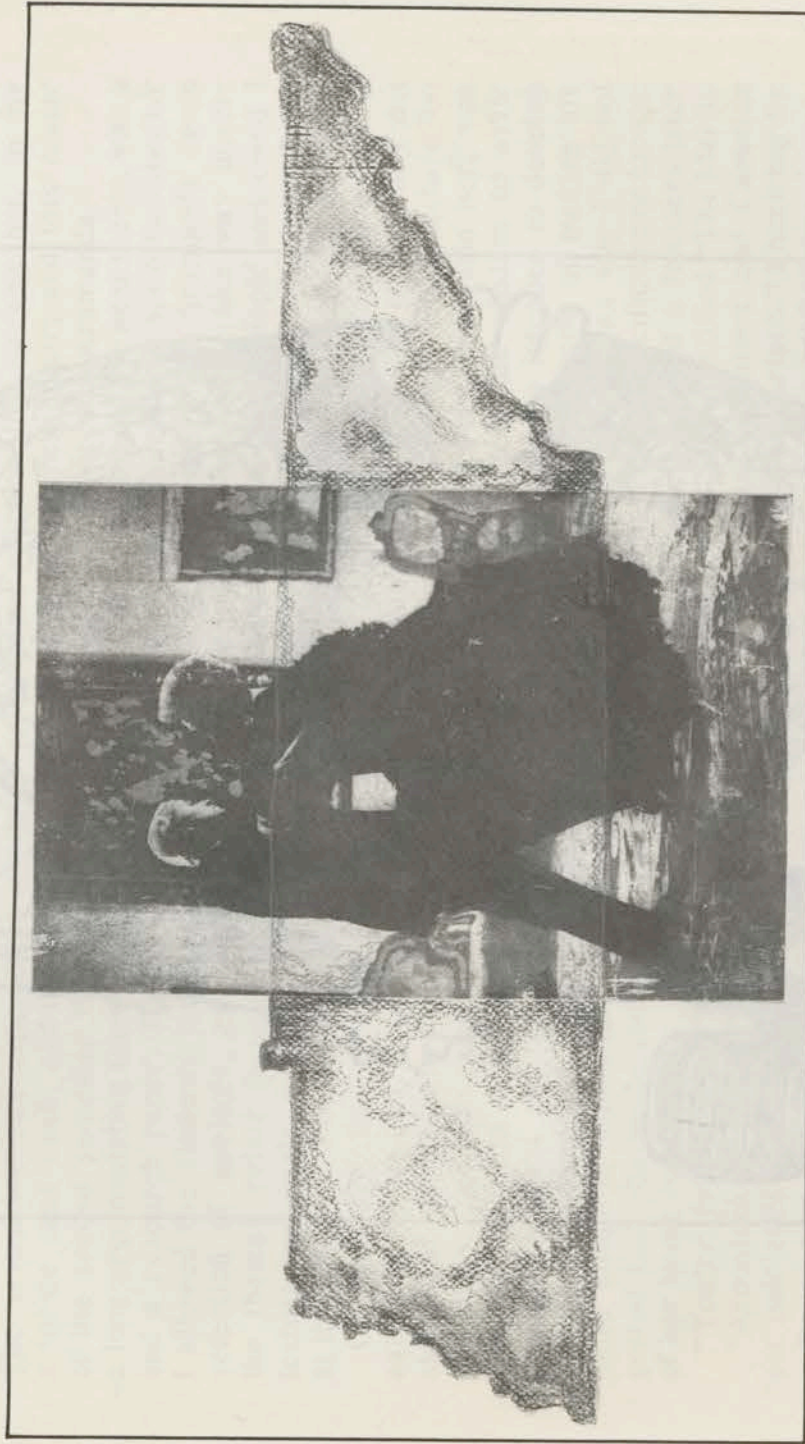
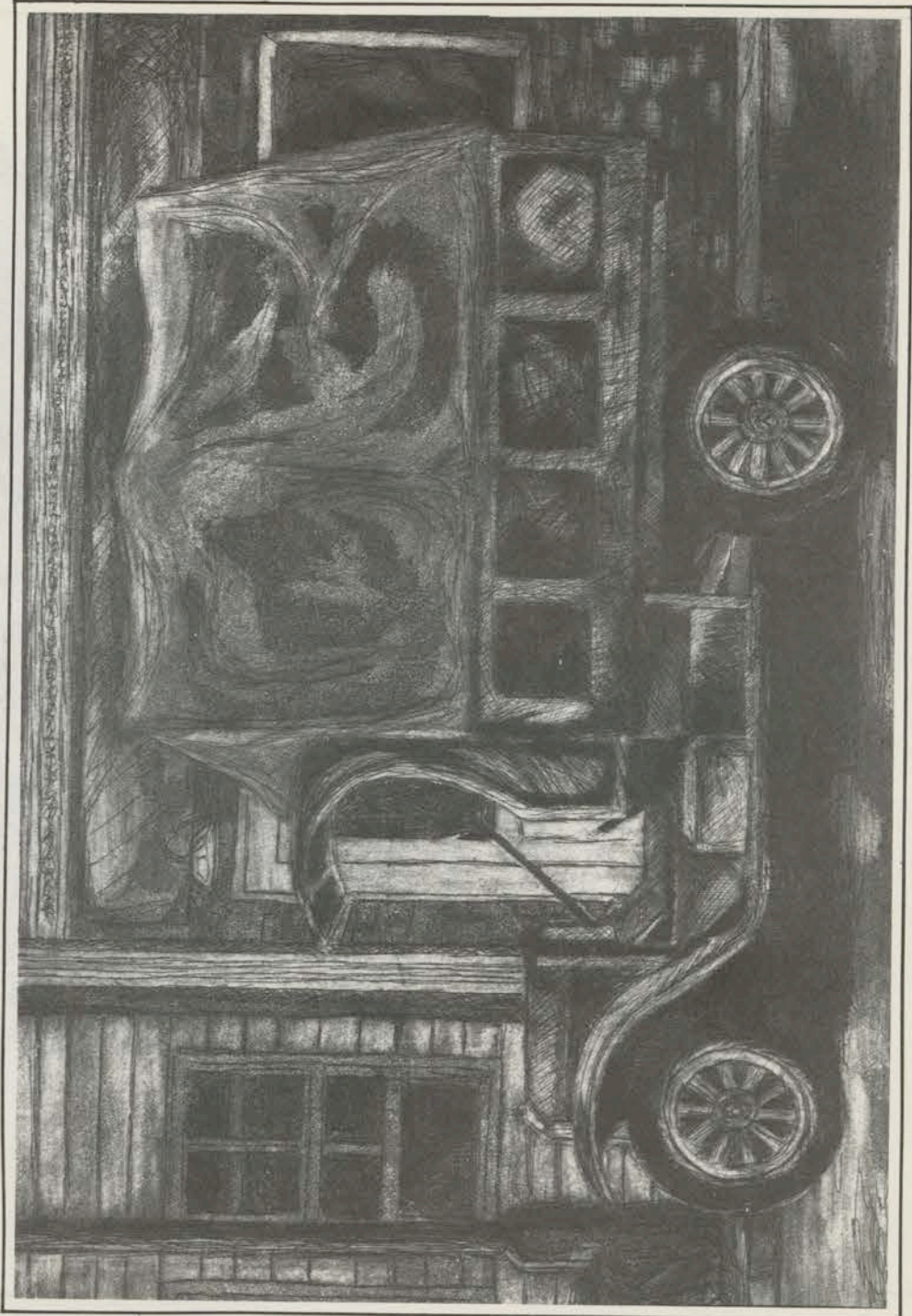
The nationalized banking system of Chile also played a role in Allende's scheme for media control, for when the independent media went to the Central Bank in search of funding they invariably met with a cool reception, and often with rejection. Zig-Zag, a major magazine publisher which went bankrupt and was nationalized as Quimantu publishing house, is a good example.

The Allende government also conducted a continuing, but unsuccessful, campaign to nationalize Compania Manufacturera de Pepeles y Cartones, Chile's only private newsprint producer and a major supplier for the country's newspapers.

It is possible that, given more time, Allende's tactics might have succeeded. There were, to be sure, mounting indications of hardship among the media -- sales, closures, belt-tightenings -- brought on especially by economic straitjacketing. But it is all a moot question now. Time was a luxury Allende didn't enjoy; it ran out for him on Sept. 11, 1973. ●



# reynolds



# The Greatest Potato Growing Area In The World

Recently I have developed a phobia which I do not find described in psychological literature: I fear potatoes. Like other phobias it doubtless originates in the unconscious, and I am convinced it is somehow related to an experience I once had as an English instructor in a New England college.

It was in a section of freshman composition that the experience occurred. The instructor was expected to assign a theme each week; and toward the end of the second semester there were due a long argumentative theme, a narrative, and a research paper. From the outset I allowed the students latitude in their selection of subjects, asking only that the themes relate in some way to the textual materials we were discussing at the time.

On the day that I made my first assignment, one girl, Aramanda Jenkins, stopped at my desk after I had dismissed the class. She was absolutely unable, she said, to think of a theme topic and could I suggest one to her? Since I believe that one can write well only those things he is familiar with, I suggested that she write about some phase of her home community.

"You're from Maine?" I asked her. "Aroostook County." For a moment her pale eyes brightened.

Being new from the South and unacquainted with New England, I could associate with the name only a novel (which I had never read) written long ago by William Dean Howells; yet slowly in the misty labyrinths of my brain something was taking form, and then it came to my tongue.

"Potatoes," I said.

Aramanda Jenkins' pale eyes glowed. "Aroostook," she said fervently, "is the greatest potato growing area in the world."

"Then there is your topic," I said heartily, relieved that the difficulty was so easily solved.

And her theme, entitled "Potato Growing in Aroostook County," was duly written and handed in. I remember that my first glance at the title gave me a curious feeling: I visualized a great area in which only one potato was growing. The title was so similar to a newspaper caption that it was not, in my opinion, entirely clear; and this minor objection I voiced to Aramanda.

When I assigned the next theme, which was to make a comparison of two similar things or qualities, Aramanda again stopped by my desk. She was unable to think of a theme topic and could I suggest one to her? I must have shown a mild irritation, for she hurriedly asked if she could again write on potatoes. I said that I saw no reason why not and gave her a brief lecture on initiative. The course, I told her, was designed to help the student to write better. It was also intended to develop in the student the habit of making his own decisions; that was why I did not arbitrarily assign specific theme topics.

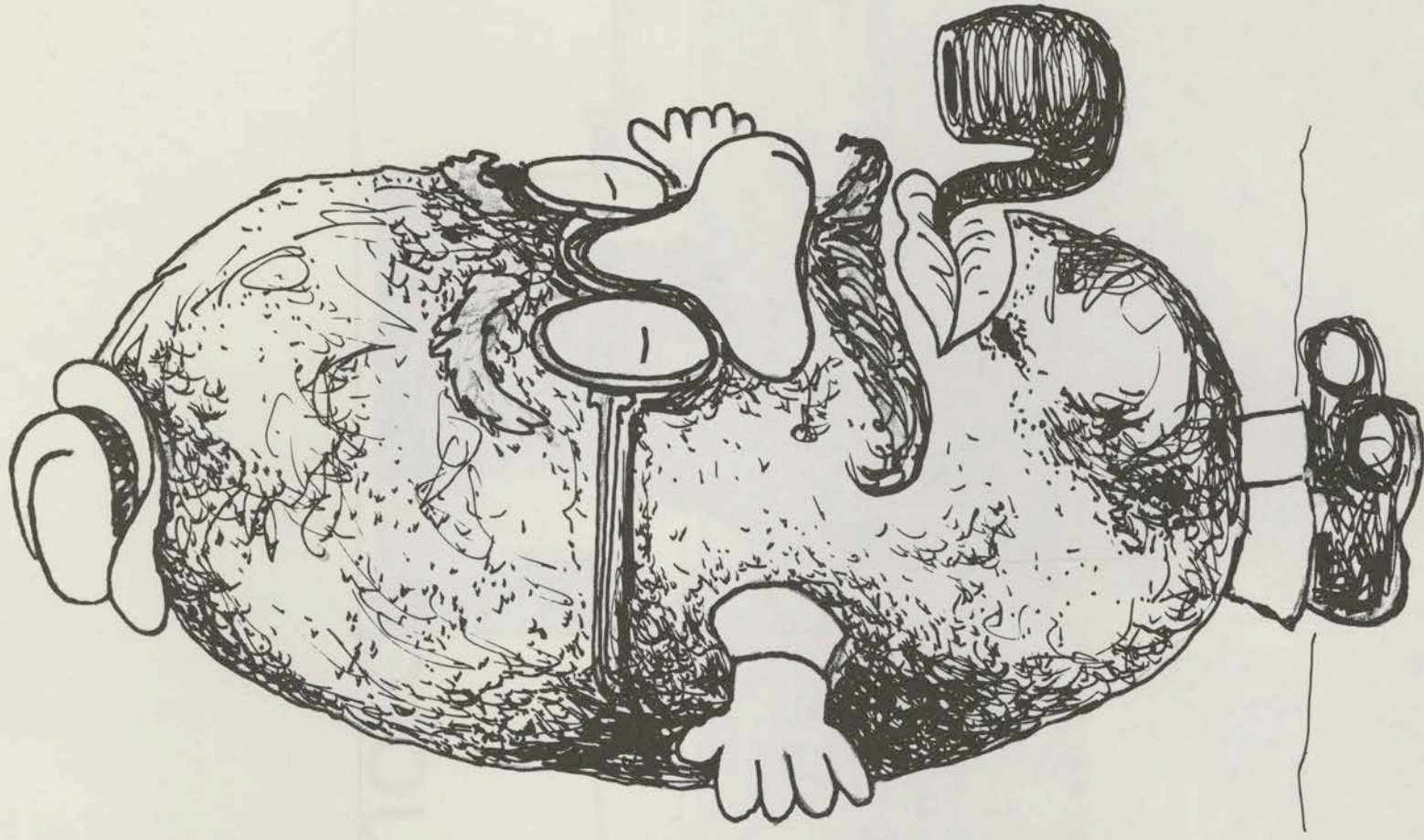
She thanked me and a few days later handed in a theme entitled "The Merits of Aroostook Potatoes and Canadian Potatoes: A Comparison." I need hardly add that the native product was demonstrated the superior one.

By now we were in a section of the text which contained essays on progress. This time Aramanda did not ask for help on her theme topic, and I congratulated myself on having induced in her a tendency toward independent action. In due time her theme was handed in. It bore the title "Recent Progress in Techniques of Potato Cultivation in Aroostook County."

The next section of the text con-

## short story by Ralph W. Hyde

Drawing by Larry Reynolds



tained essays on government. Aramanda's next effort was entitled "The Potato Price Support Program in Aroostook."

The fifth section of the text dealt with various economic and political ideas; Aramanda's fifth theme was "The Potato as the Bulwark of Capitalism and Democracy in Aroostook."

The sixth section in the text dealt with prejudice against minority groups; Aramanda's sixth theme was "Negro Migratory Potato Pickers in Aroostook County."

The seventh section was studies in urban and rural life; Aramanda's seventh theme was "The Potato Brings Urban Conveniences to the Farmers of Aroostook."

The eighth section was concerned with ideas of success in American life; Aramanda's eighth theme was entitled "The Potato as the Bastion of Culture and Economic Well-being in Aroostook County."

Since it was evident that Aramanda was in a rut, when I assigned the next theme I asked to see her for a moment after class. But as she stood at my desk I realized that I had no grounds on which to reproach her: she had been writing conscientiously about something she was familiar with. Moreover, I could not charge her with a lack of imagination, for within the limits of her subject material she was accomplishing wonders of ingenuity. So I lamely suggested that her titles tended to be florid and rhetorical and that she should make them simpler.

As time went on I found that I was tensely waiting for each new set of themes. When they were handed in I hurried with them to my office to see what Aramanda had written next. Nor did she disappoint me, for her next four themes had these titles: "Varieties of Potatoes Grown in Aroostook," "Methods of Distribution of Aroostook Potatoes," "Methods of Cooking the Potato," and "Types of Soil Required for the Potato."

But when she followed these with two themes entitled "Virus Diseases of the

depending upon their social class, as Mr. Pound, Mr. Peck, and Mr. Bushel. Aramanda, I concluded wearily, would have to make her hero a potato farmer.

The narratives came in. I dismissed the class five minutes early, I dashed hurriedly to my office, I thumbed rapidly through the papers until I arrived at Aramanda's sedate and restrained handwriting. I opened her narrative to the title: "Murder in the Taj Mahal." It was a tale of Oriental splendor, of bloody daggers, swooning beauties, hidden trapdoors, secret passageways. There were, I well remember, seven gory murders in all.

I searched frantically but in vain for a potato. There was no hint that such an edible existed. There was, however, a mandrake whose presence in the story revealed that Aramanda must have done a little casual research in occult lore in the library. But my over-all reaction was that of disappointment, of frustration, of bafflement.

A few days later we began work on the research paper. I made an appointment with each student, scheduling Aramanda for the first conference. She appeared at my office and stood deferentially in the doorway until I asked her to be seated. I made one or two attempts to speak, but her placid face disconcerted me.

"Miss Jenkins," I said at last, "I must say that I was unprepared for your surprising -- not to say bizarre -- narrative."

"I've always wanted to write a murder story," she said.

I looked at her keenly. Her face was as calm and unruffled as a Maine lake on a windless day.

For a few moments I deliberately remained silent to see what she might have to say, what explanation she might offer for the wrong she had done me. But she quietly waited for me to speak, her pale blue eyes looking not at me but past me so that I felt an almost uncontrollable urge to turn and see what was behind. She gave the impression that she could sit in my office in a

straight-backed chair, unperturbed, forever.

I rattled some papers on my desk. "Well," I said tentatively, "have you thought about what you wish to write on for the research paper? How about something in penology? Or, say, juvenile delinquency?"

Dismay flickered over her face and was gone. "If you want me to. I did want to write about something else, though, and I've already written to Augusta for material."

A warm glow began in my stomach and I relaxed to let it suffuse through my entire body.

"And what is that, Miss Jenkins?"

"I wanted to write about something I've not written on before," she said. "I'd like to write on the history of the potato in Aroostook County."

\*\*\*

But I never quite recovered from the shock of Aramanda's little fling. The idyll, once broken, was never fully restored. Murders and mandrakes and potatoes started getting mixed up in my dreams. Nor were my waking hours without care, for wisps of the dreams followed me through the day. I would find myself gazing speculatively at French fries before I ate them. I recalled some of the superstitions about the mandrake, and by some alchemy the potato appeared to me to share in those mysterious and sinister properties attributed for so many centuries to the mandrake root.

In time all this was repressed, only to return recently as a full-fledged phobia. But I still wonder about Aramanda. I would guess there is a fair chance she is serving time for murder in the state prison at Thomaston. Or perhaps she is employed in some little Chamber of Commerce in Aroostook, writing brochures in praise of the greatest potato growing area in the world. For Aramanda's sake and for the sake of the Chamber of Commerce, I hope it's the latter. ●



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

As I waited impatiently for the narratives, my thoughts wandered again and again to Aramanda. Could she conceivably write a narrative with a potato as a character? I viewed the problem from every angle. I found myself gazing abstractedly at Aramanda during my lectures, my lips forming words whose meanings escaped me, while I pondered the extent of her resourcefulness. I caught myself thinking about it as I lay in bed trying to sleep. Once I fell asleep thus and was wafled into a dream-land whose inhabitants were addressed,

I'm a loner,  
 A rootless being,  
 Who has promised a million things  
 To faceless  
   human beings  
 I met somewhere along  
   the way,  
 never caring enough to remember  
   their names.

Yet . . . I do not keep these  
   promises  
 so self-absorbed . . .  
 wrapped up in my private  
   cloud . . .  
 cushioned from  
 hurt . . .  
 immunized against  
   pain . . .  
 I think as though I am  
   the only one  
   who  
   exists . . .  
 It is as if I am the  
   only being  
   Which God has granted  
   the privilege of  
   life.

I am void of any feelings  
 except  
   mine . . .  
 The world offered me  
 nothing;  
 I  
 do not  
 need it.  
 I am as alone as Adam  
 when God created him . . .  
 I  
 need  
 no one.  
 But yet . . .  
 God made  
   Eve.

Nancy Nipper

## BICYCLE KING

BICYCLE KING!  
 THEY ARE GOING TO GET YOU.  
 YOU, WITHOUT A FOLLOWING  
 YOU, WITHOUT POLITICAL POWER.  
 THEY HOLD ALL THE POWER  
 THEY ARE ALL POWERFUL.  
 ALSO THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION  
 ALSO THE MODES OF PRODUCTION.

BICYCLE KING!  
 YOU ARE A DREAMER  
 AN IDEALIST  
 A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.  
 A WEE SMALL VOICE IN THE WASTELAND  
 YOU DREAM OF THE HIGHWAY'S DEATH  
 OF GREEN FIELDS WITH WILD THINGS  
 IN THEM, FREE AND WILD  
 OF GREEN CITIES WITH NICE THINGS  
 IN THEM, COOL AND CLEAN  
 YOU GO ON ABOUT LOVE AND NEIGHBORS  
 TRIPS TO THE COUNTRY  
 TRIPS TO THE LAKES  
 JUST TO BE THERE

QUIETLY VISITING.

BICYCLE KING!  
 your platform of not undoing

YOUR TENET OF FITNESS AND HEALTH  
 IT IS UTTERLY UNSUBURBAN  
 UNPATRIOTIC  
 IT SOUNDS VERY RED TO US.  
 YOU'D BETTER INTEGRATE AND BUY  
 A CAR . . .

Klaus Kallenberger



# ... through a glass, darkly

She listened quietly as the rain poured down, occasionally rattling the pane which mirrored pieces of her reflection against the darkness of night. An old Clark Gable film finished up the late movie and as the anthem started to play, she switched the dial and walked absently through the room in search of a Kleenex. Sinus season.

She was warm and safe once again, having not been so for so brief an encounter that time now seemed to swallow it up. But it was still there, that moment, curiously detached in the maw of reality, swimming about silently. She wished she could feel something about it now, but found she still could not. Her actions, then, seemed as something apart from herself -- almost as if the moment had happened, not to her, but to someone she'd once known, an acquaintance of long ago.

Never once had she thought of her condition in relation to herself. That is, it was real at the time in that something must be done; but it wasn't, in that there was no feeling for the small, cellular organism that had sought security and shelter within her womb.

She began to suspect its existence soon after she and Jim had parted company; he had found someone else. She never really understood how he'd come to feel the way he now did, unless he'd been living a lie with her. She never had suspected that. Their relationship had been built on trust, on a shy sort of love which hesitated to make itself known but which had finally burst forth one warm day in late spring.

The staleness of an old relationship was momentarily transfused with her newfound joy as she vacillated between the two, hesitant to give up an old sureness, the old security, for something new and untried.

"Well, the worst that could happen is the broken nose I'll get when I fall flat on my face again," she thought to herself as she took a breath, cut those old ties which bind and stepped into the shakiness of another world. "I can't believe this is me," she mused to herself.

The relationship grew about the two of them. They did crazy, kid things: laughing right out loud when it pleased them, picnicking and playing guitars, even poking about old graveyards. The fears learned from past relationships began to melt away, and one day she realized, quite suddenly, that she was alone of herself in a relationship with one whom she implicitly trusted. That feeling made her feel safe and warm as he took her to him when they lay alone, together in the night.

It had not come easy to her, the physical encounter. She had no idea of what the real thing was like, but he had been patient and slow, sensing her timidity and naivete, teaching her and loving her until one night she had come to him, achingly and longingly, seeking the fulfillment only he could give.

And suddenly it was over, his love -- if there had ever been love on his part -- the sureness, the safeness; and she found herself crying, angry and hurt. On that day he had held her close as though to comfort her, but she pushed him away, "Please . . . don't . . . you're just making it worse," she said. He was momentarily taken aback. "Why?"

"Because I love you and I . . . I don't know what to do." And that look of innocence, of care and concern, suddenly deserted his features. He turned abruptly and walked away.

She was angry, yes, for she suddenly realized the true worth of what was

## short story by Alethea Holt

FEBRUARY 1974

COLLAGE

Drawing by Larry Reynolds

herself and of what they had had together. A tumble in the bed, the car, the park at night. Those nights had been theirs, but daylight brought a whole new understanding of what their relationship had meant to him -- and that was very little.

Two weeks later she was pretty sure something was wrong. By her own calculations, at six weeks she saw a gynecologist, an elderly woman, and typically enough, with a heavy, foreign accent -- like the Mrs. Olson who sells "Folgers" coffee, mountain grown.

"And, ah, how long were you living wis dis man?" asked Mrs. Olson, rolling her "r."

"How odd," thought the girl to herself; she'd never thought of him as a man, but as an overgrown boy.

"Oh, I . . . wasn't living with him. I only, we only . . . I didn't mean for this to happen, but he told me to trust him and I did," she said staring at the floor intently. "I guess I got taken for a ride," she said ruefully. There was a silence as the older woman bottled the specimen and labelled it with an alias. "Do you think I'm pregnant?" she finally asked the doctor.

"Well, the cervix is discolored . . . yes, yes I do--however, it is possible I am wrong," Mrs. Olson replied.

"But do you think you are wrong?" persisted the girl.

"No, I don' zink I am wrong about dis."

There was another silence as she tried to make the diagnosis real to her way of thinking, but she simply could not. It was alien to all she'd ever experienced. As limited as that had been, to her it accounted for a lot.

"Hef you decided what to do yet?" asked Mrs. Olson.

"An abortion, I guess. I can't afford to keep the baby . . ." That, too, had an odd ring, "the baby." It wasn't even a baby yet -- just a bunch of cells multiplying and dividing on a time schedule of life all its own. "I work and I live alone; I want to go back to school next fall. I can't go to my parents."

There's no chance that the fath. . . the, the boy I was with . . . he won't come back. He's with someone else now."

The woman shook her head as she finished filling out an information card. "Der iss something to be said for old-time ways."

"I'm inclined to agree," answered the girl, wryly.

There was a pause, then Mrs. Olson said, "Call me tomorrow morning and I will let you know for sure -- dese lab tests, you see."

"Will all this cost much today? I only brought thirty dollars with me."

"Dat will do," said Mrs. Olson. She looked at the girl in the chair and cleared her throat. "Ah, do you haf enough money for your bus ticket?"

"Oh, I brought a car; but it's parked . . ." she suddenly realized her immediate dilemma. "I don't know how much that will . . ."

"Save out two dollars," ordered Mrs. Olson. "You can mail it to me later."

"Thank you very much. Is there anything else I need to know?" But the doctor had turned away and merely shook her hand loosely at the girl. "Call me in dee morning," she reminded as the girl closed the door.

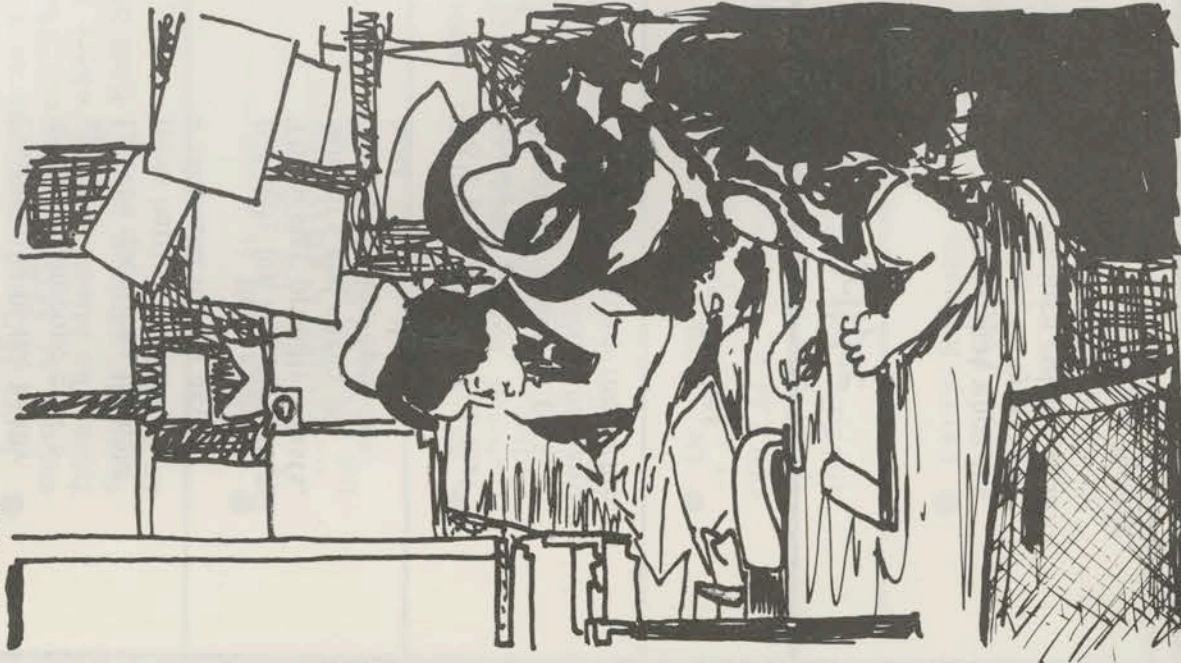
The report was positive. She was pregnant. She still had another six weeks to make up her mind, though. Anything might happen in six weeks. She still loved Jim. She would gladly take him back again if he would just come back and share this responsibility with her. But he did not. He never knew she was pregnant and she never told anyone. He seemed to avoid her, anyway, even though she'd written him a letter attempting to reconcile their parting. He'd never replied.

In the ninth week she made her decision, for now it was no longer his, even had he shown any interest. She phoned her boss at work saying she was sick and would not be in. He was most sympathetic. She borrowed her friend's car to meet her appointment; it was only fifty miles to Atlanta. She drove the streets seeking a place to park, off the

main thoroughfare, so that she would not be noticed as she entered the clinic. Never know who you might see.

She half-expected to see someone she knew in the waiting room, then realized the thought was ridiculous. "If there is, she'll never tell, will she?" she thought with relief, looking unabashedly at the number of people in the room.

She sat listening to the sounds within the room while ostensibly reading *A Separate Peace*. A young woman, twenty or so, came in. Her escort waited about the room, trying to be of some use to her. Finally he just stood in front of her and said softly, "Honey, I'm sorry." She angrily motioned him to leave. "I'll check back later, O.K.?" No answer; he left.



Drawing by Larry Reynolds

In the front of the room a group of younger people, obviously in attendance to one of the girls, were loudly and brassily laughing at one another. The girls flaunted back and forth to the magazine rack as well as the receptionist's window. It struck her that their shallowness was a superficiality behind which they, too, were hiding from reality.

When her name was called, the girl carefully marked her place in the novel. In one of the back offices she gave, first, a specimen, then a blood sample. Then she returned to the waiting room. Five hours later she was again called, to another private office, this time to discuss the procedure of abortion. It was scary. It might hurt. Something could go wrong. Needles were involved . . . she winced inwardly. She understood what would happen now and returned again to the waiting room.

Another three hours later the doctor, this one a man, was ready to begin the operation. She felt the first two shots and the widening sensation within. She also felt a nauseating scraping somewhere inside and the suction which followed. Though she breathed deeply to counteract the cramping, she still felt the blood leave her face and her hands and feet. The cramping grew worse. If he didn't quit soon, she knew she would have to throw-up.

The doctor switched the machine off and withdrew what felt like a factory of equipment from within her. Then he left the room. The attendants attempted to staunch the free flow of blood, and she was grateful for their assistance. They helped her from the table to the recovery room, where she was settled into a reclining chair. Other girls were present, most of whom she had seen before in the waiting room. Some joked around now, others were white-faced and tight-lipped. Some boy called the clinic and the attendant announced this to a girl, the one who had angrily motioned her escort from the waiting room, but who now appreci-

ated his apparent concern. "Isn't that sweet?" she cooed.

In the hour she waited in the recovery room, she soon began to feel like herself again. The cramping subsided and she took a cookie offered by an attendant. Then she was given her sack of clothes and a place to change. Later she met with a special counselor who attempted to discover her "true" feelings and thoughts concerning her abortion. Failing at this, the woman asked her how she felt about birth control pills. The girl had the presence of mind to admit that her situation, as unplanned as it had been, was risky, and under similar circumstances might occur again. After all, she had discovered (not unpleasantly at the time) that she was indeed human. As for the abortion, she had no particular feelings one way or another. She was, as with all new experiences, at an emotional stage of acceptance without analyzation, having not yet assimilated the whole of the experience. A few friendly words of advice from the woman who then set a check-up appointment and gave her a packet of pills, and she departed into the dry, windy night.

Back on the freeway, she missed the interstate ramp and had to try again. That same night she went to the plaza, but bought nothing upon remembering the amount she had already had to spend of her meager account. She returned to her apartment and, after reading a little more of the novel, went to bed.

So had life gone on ever since, right up to the moment when she stared out of the window one rainy night. She wondered then if she would ever be able to accept her past as a part of herself. The someone she's once known, the acquaintance of long ago stared back at her momentarily from the glass. The image blurred as rain from the gutter above the window overflowed across the window. She moved over a little to recapture the reflection, but the eyes which gazed back through the glass, darkly, were not the same as before, for they now saw Life more clearly.●

### What's a Poet

Poets bleed  
From Seedy  
wounds  
Blood as red as clay  
People read  
and soar to heights  
that only raise their pay.

Richard Allan Glaze

### Ballad

Conforming to the heady  
mood of someone else's  
sport  
Leaves questions brought  
from battles fought  
a thousand minds ago.

It's only fun and merriment  
The jester proudly boasts,  
But airs and cares he  
cannot see lay open any  
host

To a scrutinizing eye that  
knows he lies  
About the game we play.  
Yet who can doubt humanities  
bout or cover up the flame.

Balard Forbes

### Eclipse

isn't it funny that when the  
sun and moon kiss  
they turn out the lights.

Johnny Hunter

## ● about the authors

● **Mr. Glenn Himebaugh**, assistant professor of mass communications, is the author of "Allende and Chile's Press," a feature written during his enrollment last summer at Southern Illinois University. Mr. Himebaugh, who is currently working summers on his doctorate in journalism, is a former advisor of COLLAGE. He has been published before in COLLAGE magazine and is currently the instructor of feature writing classes.

● **Ivan Shewmake**, MTSU alumnus and presently assistant dean of student affairs, is no new name to COLLAGE readers. Ivan has been writing short stories for COLLAGE since 1970 when "Symbiosis" appeared. It was followed by "Goat" in 1971, "Kittygod" and a reprint of "Symbiosis" in 1972, and by "The Narrow Way," which appeared in 1973. "Obsessions," his latest work, is the story of a young boy's passage into manhood.

● **Jerry Hilliard**, currently an assistant professor of mass communications at MTSU, authored "The Awakening." He comes to MTSU from **The Miami Herald**, where he worked on the copy desk. He was formerly advisor to the Kent State University campus paper, **The Daily Stater**.

● **Alethea Holt** is a pen name for an MTSU student whose anonymity is due to the controversial nature of the story's subject, abortion. "...through a glass, darkly" is a short story, fictitious in nature, but based on the gossip and hearsay of a small Southern town.

● **Mr. Klaus Kallenberger**, whose pen and ink drawing graphics are featured in the **Focus** column of this issue, is a graduate of Bethany College of Lindsborg, Kansas. He received his M.A. at the University of Kansas at Lawrence and has been at MTSU for eight years. He taught jewelry, silversmithing, and other art courses.

● **Dr. Ralph Hyde**, who provided COLLAGE with the title and article "Looking Back: A Reflection" for the May 1973 Patronage Issue of COLLAGE, presents readers with a short piece written from the perspective of a callow, young instructor. One finds this story amusing and filled with more than potatoes; perhaps a little bull?

● **Larry Reynolds**, MTSU junior, whose etching appears also in the column, **Focus**, is a mass communications major of the graphic arts sequence. The etching was a class project while Larry was a student of Mr. Larry Brooks at MTSU. The project took approximately two months to complete.