



Peace

Once I walked through the woods in springtime.
I wandered for miles—

And

Never touched a twig.

—Barbara Burton

What is a Woman?

“I did but see her passing by, and yet I love
her 'til I Die.”

What is a woman?

A woman is fair, she is radiant, she is gay.

A woman is joy, she is beauty, she is love.

A woman is understanding and sympathetic.

A woman is serene, she is strong, she is
steadfast.

A woman is dazzling, she is simple, she is
true.

A woman is queen and handmaid.

What is a woman?

A woman is soul.

A woman is eternal.

Vicki Hill



The American Revolution Reconsidered

By Richard B. Morris

Review by James K. Huhta

As both a concept and a reality, revolution is one of the oldest forces in human civilization. The overthrow of established social, political, and economic systems to be replaced by others is no new thing. The problem of revolution has been pondered by men of all ages - Plato and Aristotle, Polybius and Plutarch, John and Sam Adams, Robespierre and Voltaire, Marx and Lenin, Sun Yat-Sen and Mao Tse-Tung, and, most recently, Stokely Carmichael and Martin Luther King, Jr.

Today the forces of revolution, both peaceful and violent, continue their relentless stalking of the earth. In the setting of peaceful revolution, fundamental changes are being wrought, for example, in Europe with the European Common Market and in the Western Hemisphere with the Alliance for Progress. On the other hand, violent revolutionary forces are seen at play in the Chinese Communist bloc and in certain newly-emerging African nations.

Consequently, an understanding of revolution - both peaceful and violent - is justified not only on the basis of the long history of human society, but also its immediate relevance to the entire world today - and undoubtedly in the future, both near and distant.

American society, as it nears the two-hundredth anniversary of its own violent separation from England, views today with some grave hesitation revolution-like portents - dissent, mob violence, conservative retaliation, extremist organizations, and the like. What was that first revolution, the revolution that John F. Kennedy recalled in January, 1961, when he said "We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution?" In what respects is it reasonable to conclude that the American ship of state is moving into ever more dangerous waters? How revolutionary in its implications are the demands of the student at Middle Tennessee for a Student Bill of Rights? Or the plea of the American Negro for open housing? Or the dire warnings of the Presidential Riot Commission?

Richard B. Morris, a nationally recognized authority on early American history and Professor of History at Columbia University, is one of the nation's genuine senior intellectuals. Morris contends in his *AMERICAN REVOLUTION RECONSIDERED* (New York: Harper and Row, 1967) that the American Revolution is an especially timely problem to understand today. "What Americans took from their Revolution, above all, was a tolerance of change, an ingredient which, it needs scarcely be pointed out, is an indispensable in any approach to contemporary problems. . . as it was in reshaping our own world back in 1776." Further,

by hearing the melancholy end of his relations and Morris states, "We still share the conviction of the Revolutionary generation that governments should rest upon the consent of the governed, that the rights of minorities should be respected, and we are still moved to action by exploitation, injustice, poverty, and ignorance." Morris has structured his considerations into four related essays: "The Historians and the American Revolution," "The Two Revolutions," "The Diplomats and the Myth-makers," and "Confederation and Constitution: Fulfillment or Counter-Revolution."

In "The Historian and the American Revolution" Morris assesses the gradual reshaping, or reinterpretation, of the image of the American Revolution in our history. He severely indicts the characterization of the upheaval held by the popular mind of today - "exemplified by a statuesque and easily recognizable Founding Father standing up in an open boat, which rowers are desperately maneuvering through the ice-choked Delaware" - and attributes much of the blame to fanciful nineteenth century writers (historians would be too pretentious a label for them) on the order of Parson Weems and Jared Sparks who have perpetuated to today an image of our early history which lacks the depth, subtlety, and complexity which was our Revolution. Attempts in the twentieth century to spell out the reasons for the American Revolution have, in Morris' judgment, failed. The "imperialists" (Charles M. Andrews, George Louis Beer, Herbert Osgood, and others) gave us "illuminating digressions about the customs service and treasury, the war and admiralty departments, and in that sense it has been peculiarly parochial and myopic. It tends to lose leaders and principles in the thickets of bureaucratic orders, and by concentrating on administrative problems relieves everyone of culpability for the disaster."

The twentieth century reaction against the whiggish writings of the last century has produced the "Namierists" (so-called after the late British historian George Namier) who, in their defense of Mother England, have ventured into "genealogical diggings" and "furiously atomistic efforts" which have served only to stir up an interminable controversy over insoluble and intrinsically trivial issues. The Namierists have even demonstrated that George III was not really crazy, he only acted mad. It is Morris' contention that American historians only as of late are prepared to accept the American Revolution for what it was - "a political and constitutional struggle over sovereignty, a battle where who was right was more important than whose pocketbook was being picked."

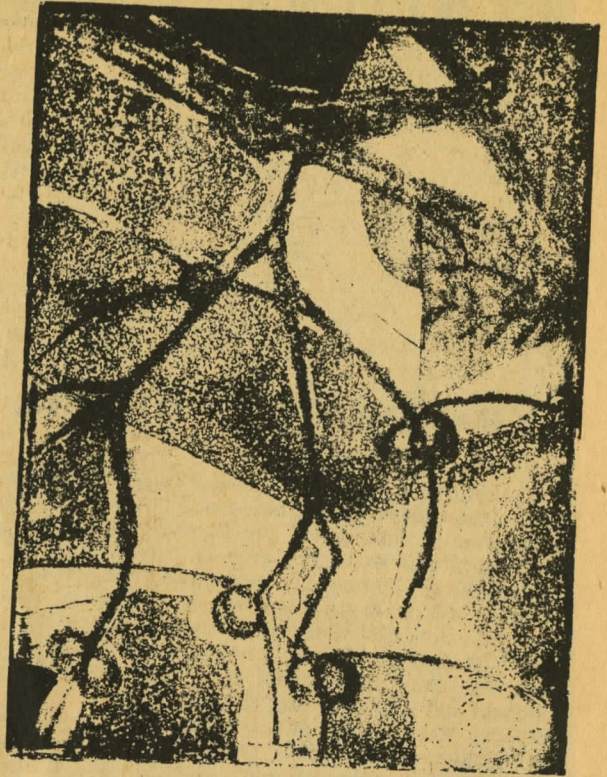
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In Chapter II Morris expands his conclusion of the first chapter to evaluate the struggle of American against American as compared to the latter chapter's assessment of American versus Englishman. He begins by identifying the images (both happen to be "facile oversimplifications, but they have never been erased from either the public memory or the judgment of serious scholars") of the American Revolution as the classic example of a political revolution stressing principles of orderly change and constitutionalism, and the French Revolution which stands as the classic model for social revolutions which arrayed class against class. As one of his noteworthy suggestions for the historian of today, Morris contents that "if one pushed still more deeply one would discover that the American colonists had fled the inequities of the Old World society only to create a society which differed more in degree than in form from the ancestral mold." At another point Morris reinforces the suggestion by observing that "it is a pity to mar the charming landscape of social affability which contemporary commentators on the Revolution are painting, but it is required of scholars that they look below the surface, and if they do they may well find that in the Thirteen Colonies on the eve of the Revolution the rich were getting richer while a class of depressed and indigent persons was growing." It is Morris' belief that the social upheavals that contributed to the coming of the American Revolution make the event "not an event in American history alone but a turning point in world history, not a single crisis settled in a brief span of years but a broad movement of liberation which has not yet run its course."

Chapter III, "The Diplomats and the Mythmakers," was undoubtedly developed by Morris out of his widely-acclaimed monograph *THE PEACEMAKERS: THE GREAT POWERS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE* and is included in this present study to bolster its bulk. The chapter stands at odds with the rest of the book's concern with the underlying relevance of the American Revolution to human civilization today. Morris attempts to rectify the discrepancy by concluding this treatment of the negotiations over the Treaty of Paris of 1783 by contending that what the American diplomats yielded was trivial "while they remained adamant on the crucial issues - obtaining absolute independence and a continental domain for thirteen littoral states. For a perspicuity spiced with audacity, for a tenacity tempered by flexibility, a free people is eternally in their debt."

In recent months state after state, Tennessee included, has enacted riot legislation to curb the threats to domestic tranquility. If only the War on Poverty could be organized with the same swiftness and technical skill now being arrayed to insure the security of a fearful majority. England in the 1760's and 1770's failed to act decisively and constructively against latent social issues far deadlier than taxation and representation. With the causes of unrest left unmet, no legislative prohibitions - and no military solutions - could contain the explosion of the American Revolution.

Some historians contend that the first battle of the American Revolution was the Boston Massacre in which the first to fall was Crispus Attucks - a Negro. Does the brutal slaying of Martin Luther King, Jr., foreshadow even greater tragedy in the months and years ahead? Is this proud young republic which Lincoln called mankind's last best hope ready to flounder on the shoals of apathetic liberalism, paternalistic moderation, and debased bigotry? It



The concluding essay, "Confederation and Constitution: Fulfillment or Counter-revolution," examines the problem of the national political machinations which culminated in the Federal Convention of 1787. It is Morris' belief that Whig (pro-American revolutionary) leaders of a moderate-stripe seized control of the revolutionary movement from the democratic radicals and moved vigorously to reconcile the wants and needs of the diverse political factions within this country with the pressing needs would be optimistic to conclude by noting that only time will tell - but that would presume that much time remains.

In and around the time of the birth of Christ, the famous Roman philosopher and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero recorded the universality of the plight facing every citizen in every democratic society in every age:

"Various are the causes of men omitting the defence of others or neglecting their duty towards them. They are either unwilling to encounter enmity, toil, or expense; or, perhaps, they do it through negligence, listlessness, or laziness; or they are so embarrassed in certain studies and pursuits that they suffer those they ought to protect to be neglected. Hence we must take care lest Plato's observation with respect to philosophers should be falsified: 'That they are men of integrity because they are solely engaged in the pursuit of truth, and despise and neglect those considerations which others value, and which mankind are wont to contend for among themselves.' For, while they abstain from hurting any by the infliction of injury, they indeed assert one species of honesty or justice, but they fail in another; because, being entangled in the pursuits of learning, they abandon those they ought to protect. Some, therefore, think that they would have no concern with the government unless they were forced to it; but still, it would be more just that it should be done voluntarily; for an action which is intrinsically right is only morally good in so far as it is voluntary.

of an infant nation waging war against the trans-Atlantic military giant that England represented. The welding together of these diverse elements prompted the compromises that gave birth to the Confederation, the failure of which brought further evaluation and compromise between group wants and national needs terminating this time in the Federal Constitution. "The result, a vitalized federalism and a tightening of the bonds of union, precipitated a greater revolution in American life than did the separation from the mother country." Additionally, "triggered by the pressures for decolonization, the American Revolution quickly burgeoned into a broader movement of national self-determination, constitutional re-creation, and social and intellectual liberation."

In this pioneering and highly-readable evaluation of the American Revolution, Morris has touched upon the origins of the historic, and today very timely, American preoccupation with human values and equal opportunity which are the forces that undoubtedly distinguish the American Story from the history of the rest of Western, if not all human, Civilization. Democracy and decency, not opportunism and bigotry, are the hallmarks of the America of the 1790's, 1830's, 1890's, 1930's, and, now the 1960's.

Today the United States writhes in the agony of burning cities, mob violence, and murder. Revolution? Morris stressed the necessity of understanding intense aspirations of groups within a body politic. With that thought in mind, consider the following, written by a Pennsylvania frontiersman in the 1770's, which this reviewer would like to present for the contemplation of the reader:

"From the mountains we have but too much reason to expect our dreadful enemy; the wilderness is a harbour where it is impossible to find them. It is a door through which they can enter our country whenever they please; and, as they seem determined to destroy the whole chain of frontiers, our fate cannot be far distant. . . . What renders these incursions still more terrible is, that they most commonly take place in the dead of the night; we never go to our fields but we are seized with an involuntary fear, which lessens our strength and weakens our labor. . . . We never sit down either to dinner or supper, but the least noise immediately spreads a general alarm and prevents us from enjoying the comforts of our meals. The very appetite proceeding from labour and peace of mind is gone; we eat just enough to keep us alive; our sleep is disturbed by the most frightful dreams; sometimes I start awake, as if the great hour of danger was come.

"What are we in the grand scale of events, we poor defenseless frontier inhabitants? What is it to the gazing world whether we breathe or whether we die. . . . The cool, the distant spectator, placed in safety, may arraign me for ingratitude, may . . . call me by the most opprobrious names. Secure from personal danger his warm imagination, undisturbed. . . ; but let him come and reside with us one single month, let him pass with us through all the successive hours of necessary toil, terror, and affright, let him watch with us, his musket in his hand, through tedious, sleepless nights, his imagination furrowed by the keen chisel of every passion; let his wife and children become exposed to the most dreadful hazards of death; let the existence of his property depend on a single spark, blown by the breath of an enemy; let him tremble with us in our fields; shudder at the rustling of every leaf; let his heart, the seat of the most affecting passions, be powerfully wrung

friends; let him trace on the map the progress of these desolations; let his alarmed imagination predict to them the night, the dreadful night when it may be his turn to perish, as so many have perished before. . . . Yes, he will cease to glow so warmly with the glory of the metropolis; all his wishes will be turned toward the preservation of his family. Oh, were he situated where I am, were his house perpetually filled, as mine is, with miserable victims just escaped from the flames. . . his situation would suspend every political reflection, and expel every abstract idea."

Fear? Insecurity? Political exploitation? Is there any fundamental difference between the "Frontier Power" cry of the pre-revolutionary white frontiersman of the 1770's and the "Black Power" demands of the Negro today for political and economic equality? In the 1770's North Carolina conservatives recoiled in horror at the ominous rumblings of insurrection and revolution heard on the frontier. Their response?

"Such an instance of a traiterous and rebellious conduct and behavior, such a lawless opposition to Government, such an open defiance of Law and contempt of authority I could never believe or suspect. . . . Such a behaviour is a disgrace to our County and something more than a dishonor to our King and Country. This spirit must be suppressed and properly punished or we may no longer expect our persons protected or our properties secured by the Laws of the Land but to lye open and exposed to the attacks of lawless violence and brutal force."



Percy Poet

He tried some
pills called
epihilax but no
sudden insights

he bargained for
strophes but nobody
sells decent
strophes these days

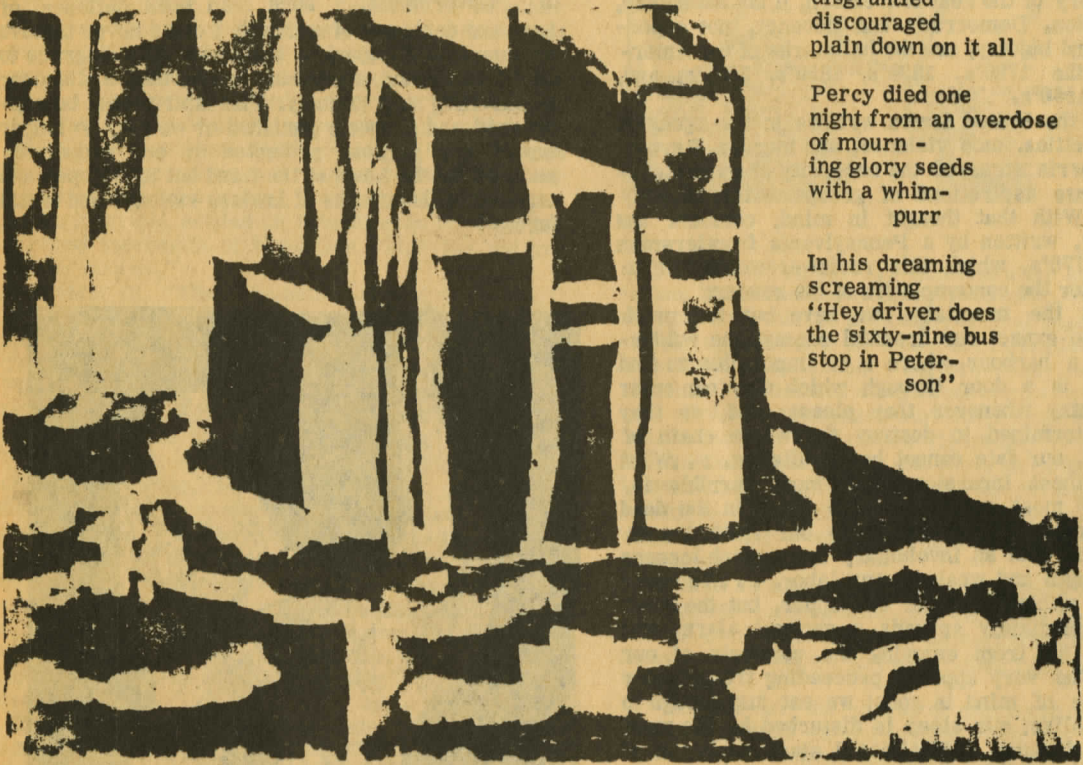
his best deal got
him an old metaphor
and a nature image
for a pair of sandals

disgruntled
discouraged
plain down on it all

Percy died one
night from an overdose
of mourn -
ing glory seeds
with a whim-
purr

In his dreaming
screaming
"Hey driver does
the sixty-nine bus
stop in Peter-
son"

Monaco





Some tell you that He is dead.
But dread errors they utter.
He lives.

Inside a select few.
If only they could see the tear stained face of a young sinner
Whose body is filled with salvation.
If only they could feel the greed, sorrow, love, joy, raging
In his body.
Yes, there in His body He is living.
Thunder shattering love leaps from His soul,
Though few listen for He is a meek and small victim of life.
But he has more than the others:
Understands time's secret-knows who love is.
Knows that He is love.
But these tabernacles are few and growing fewer.
He's not dead, dirt sinner, but dying away.

Don Smith

Listen Sinner

Ignorance's Comment

Go away.
Leave me alone.
I hate you.
How stupid of you to talk only of
theater, folk singers, and art.
Sometimes these things are pretty.
But that is all.
It has no meaning.
Spend your time talking of weath-
er, whores, and war.
You're odd.
I hate you.

Don Smith







A Child's Day

The child arrived just as the sun was born;
The hopeful rays promised a clear day.

His too-small eyes opened and he met the new
sun.

Two older children sacrificed their food for
him,

But soon a dark cloud blotted out the sun:
The child had to provide his own sustenance
now.

From the cold, dark ceiling there came one
golden ray,

And the child reached forth and held it dearly
forever.

As dusk approached, the cloud slowly vanished.
But the sun had weakened, as had the child's
sight.

Dusk infringed upon the afternoon, stronger
now,

And many a low gloomy cloud succeeded in
hiding the sun's eternity,

But the child never saw the darkest cloud.
Night arrived first.

—Gerhard Bock



The Man of the Mountain

The man of the mountain
Stopped to gaze
On sights and wonders
Seen each year
From youth
 long since vanished-
His lovely reflections
Filled the twilight hours.
Falling snow settled on his limbs
Long since weak and withered-
Quietly did he gaze upon them-
Covered by wonderous crystalline structures.
"How much like life,
They seem to me," he said.
"Born as they are, amid the wind,
So soon out cast and on their own-
They show unequalled beauty
Till the heat of age bares on them,
For any them to drift and melt
And weakly, meakly,
Leave the either they inhabit,
Leave the brief life they have known-
Becoming as though they had never been."

Youth

In the midst of a turbulent world
Stands a monument to the future
A score of dedicated youth
Who fight gallantly
To preserve and protest
Their individuality
Stand on the threshold
Of adulthood
Fearing to turn the key,
Yet lacking the courage
To return to their childhood existence.
Knowledge gleaned from years
Of child-like curiosity
May some day give them
The needed strength
The desired courage
And the all-important will
To push open the door
And enter
The strife-torn world
Of their future.



—Ginny Ray

The Nutshell

Walls move in and out,
Life is rapidly ebbing.
Peace is a rare plant
That grows from the seed in this nutshell.

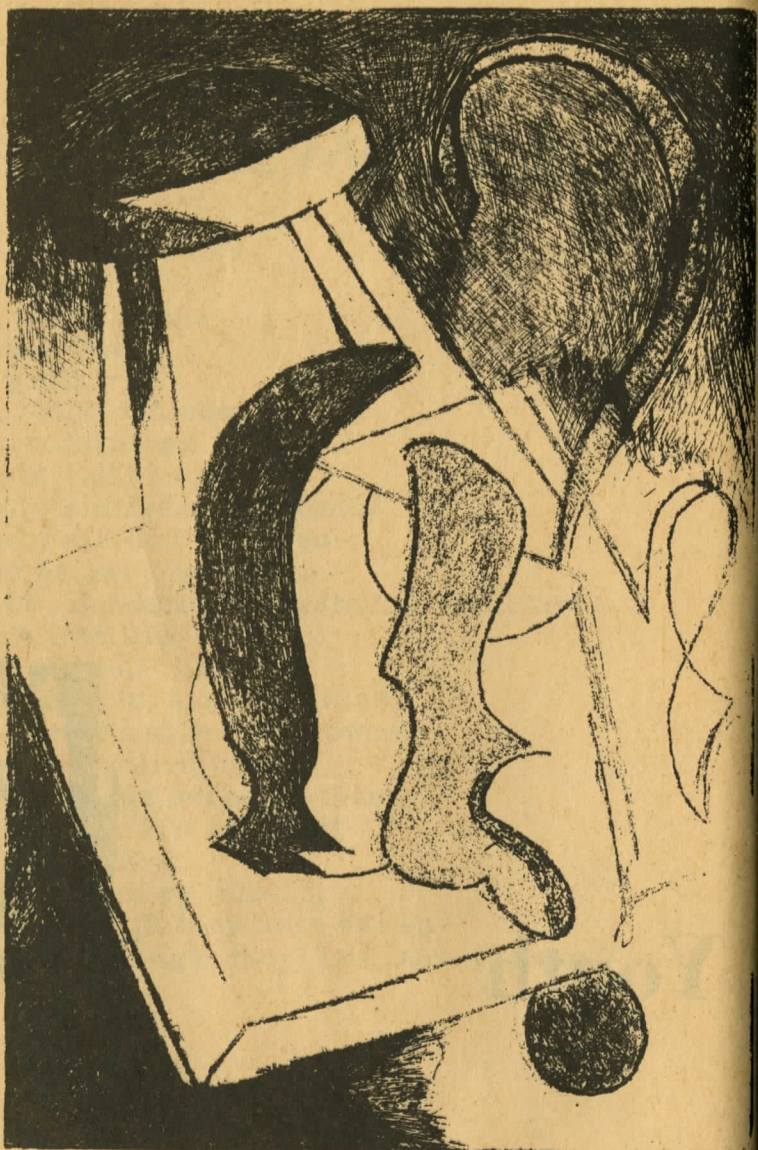
The disturbed play together
In their common bind — solitude.
Hatred is a common woe.
Ceased fighting continues.
People give up themselves permanently.
The dead haunt the living
In their shrouds of black.

Trips are taken, though no one moves,
Lives are taken before life.
The elderly cling to the past,
And try to avoid the nutshell.

Black are the faces,
White are the dreams, which
Disrupt the Zombies inside
The ever-shrinking nutshell.
They may never flower
Into the design for which
They were put inside the nutshell.

Buildings grow where fields flourished;
Highways creep across the country.
Gone forever are the scenes
Of the nutshell opening.

Philip N. Tarpley



Recently an MTSU teacher told his class that Christianity, for the last one hundred and fifty years, has been on the decline. The vast majority of the class agreed with him.

Maharishi, popular advocate of transcendental meditation, has had huge success because youth, he says, are "in search of some highly spiritual experience which they don't find in education or at home."

The controversial Bishop Pike, in a speech before thousands in Chicago last October, stated that Christianity is fighting a losing battle for survival because the churches continue to provide only archaic and narrow-minded doctrines which people can no longer accept. However, he has found that never before has interest in morality, justice, and spiritual values been so high. People are searching desperately for sound and beautiful, yet reasonable, ideals to believe in and to live by.

A Hebrew prophet, several thousand years ago, cried out in anger, "Your sacred festivals: I hate them, scorn them; you offer me your gifts, I will not take them. . . No more of your hymns for me! I will not listen to your lutes! No, let justice well up like fresh water, let honesty roll in full tide. . ." (Amos 5:21). The popular mind today identifies religion with sacred festivals, gifts, hymns, and lutes, but not with justice and honesty.

But the church faces another challenge which, ultimately, is even greater than any of these: the increasingly rapid growth of the Bahai Faith.

The Bahai Faith is not a cult, but an independent world religion with its own Sacred Writings and laws. It is not a sect of any religion, any more than Christianity or Islam are sects. It is not a mixture of teachings taken from other religions or philosophies; many of its principles cannot be found in the writings or traditions of older faiths. It has no paid clergy, no rituals, and no unbelievable doctrines.

The Bahai Faith, founded in 19th century Persia by Baha'u'llah has

been called "a portent of the future" by Arnold Toynbee. *Ebony Magazine* says, "The Bahai Faith, far from being an exotic Eastern sect, is uniquely practical, and speaks with great authority to the troubled mind of contemporary man." Its followers call it "the religion for today." It is totally dedicated to world peace and service to humanity. Its nearly 3,000,000 followers believe in and practice a high standard of morality and honesty, based on a spirit of love for God and for all mankind.

Though Bahai's have great respect for Christ and Christianity, many Christian clergymen are disturbed by this Faith. To see why, one must know its history: In 1844, a Persian prophet called the Bab (Gate) proclaimed that God would soon send a mighty World Teacher who would ultimately destroy hatred and prejudice and lay foundations for world unity. After six years of bitter persecution, during which his message spread like wildfire, the Bab was shot in Tabrig by order of the government.

In 1863 Baha'u'llah, (Arabic for "the glory of God,") a Persian nobleman, gave up his titles, wealth, and luxuries to announce that he was the One foretold by the Bab.

With utter contempt for narrow-minded church dogma and literal

unsuccessful attempt to stop the spread of his teachings.

From his lonely prison room in Akla, in the Holy Land, Baha'u'llah wrote thrilling words of power and love. In beautiful, inspired language, he revoiced eternal spiritual truths, and taught that God is one, that mankind is one, and that religion, though often shrouded by human interpretations, is progressively revealed by God in every age. He said each man must investigate truth for himself, that religion and science must be in harmony, that men and women must have equal rights, that all prejudice must be abolished, and that education must be universal. In 1867, he wrote to world rulers, calling for world peace, world government, a universal auxiliary language, and disarmament, warning that disasters would befall mankind if they ignored his summons. (They did.)

Throughout his noble and courageous life, Baha'u'llah earned naught but suffering, yet millions, in every country, including scholars, scientists, royalty, and just plain people, are proud to bear allegiance to his name. After all, the Bahai Faith was the first religion to condemn slavery, to enjoin monogamy, to state the equality of men and women, and to advocate interracial marriage. It is a world-embracing spiritual community, like tiny

Baha'i: 'A Portent of the Future'

interpretations of Scripture, Baha'u'llah identified himself as the "return of Christ," and the "Promised One" of all religions through the ages. For making this claim, and for teaching people to love one another he was tortured, exiled, and imprisoned for forty years. Twenty thousand of his followers were executed in an

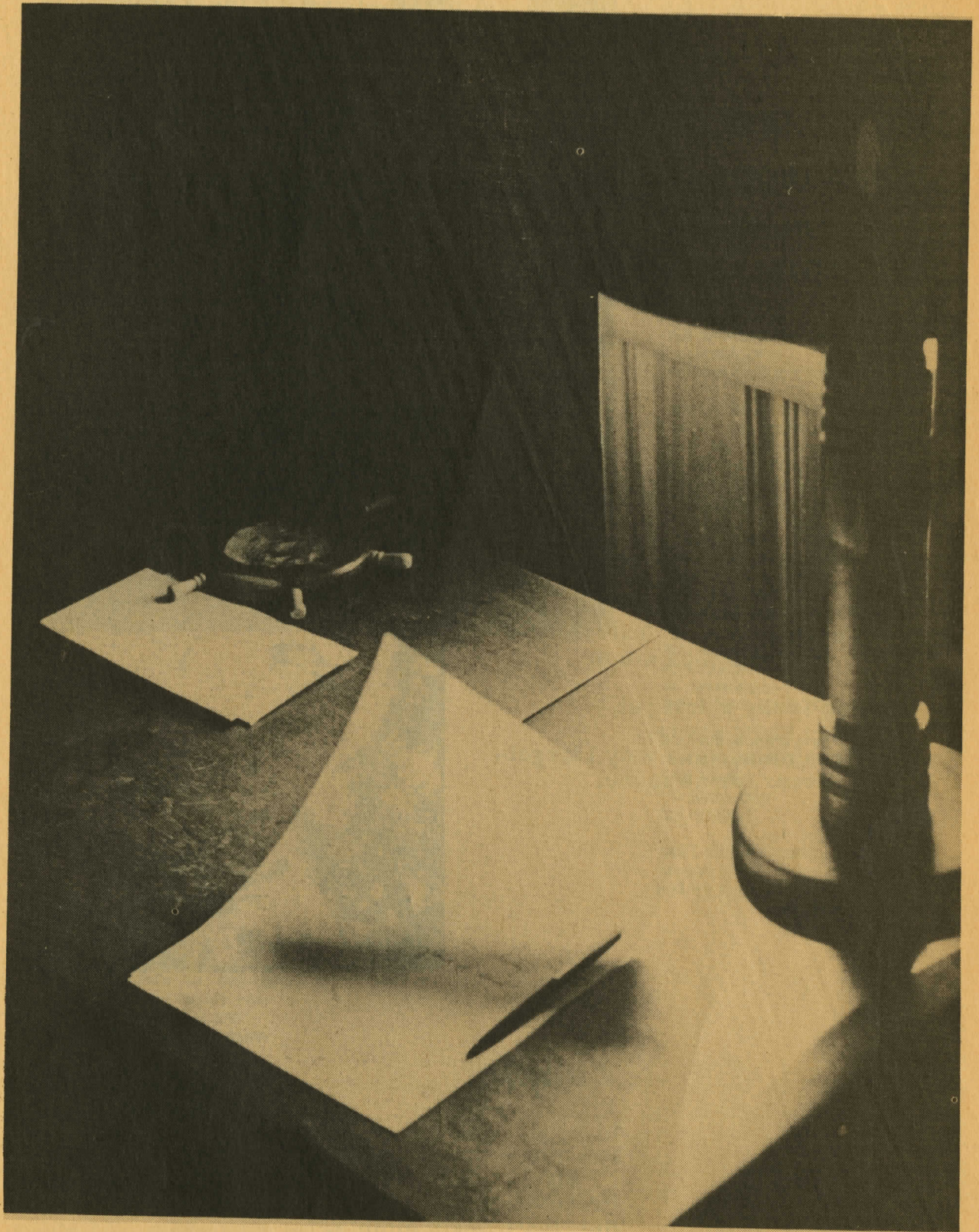
"islands of world peace," growing at a fantastic rate.

Small wonder, then, that Christianity is alarmed at the swift rise of the Bahai Faith. As the late and famous Professor Ben Jowett said, "You must watch it and never let it out of your sight. . . The future alone knows its import."

Eleanor

Wind played with the latch;
Opened the window,
And struggled with the
Heavy drapes.
(Moved —
Heavily.)
The room was filled with
The smell of rain
And old drapes.
It (the wind),
Finding its freedom,
Teased the light things
In the room;
Then, seeing its victim,
Leaped
Across the room
And blew the unfinished
Letter
From the old desk.
She entered the room then,
And being unaware of all,
She stopped the
Lovely war.
Closed the window,
Arranged the drapes,
And finished the letter.

Jayne Russell



This One Mood

This mood. . .one of many. . . .
A past. . .I haven't any. . . .
I came. . .I will go. . . .
My feeling and emotions grow.

A future. . .yet to be. . . .
This present. . .a part of me. . . .
Seeing, listening, learning all,
Experiences behind me fall.

Delta of our minds, we gather
All our works we bind and tether,
Leaving the future what we have been
We bless ourselves and hide our sins

Barren

Hope again has gone its way,
Leaving me behind;
Leaving me a barren day,
Justice not on mind.

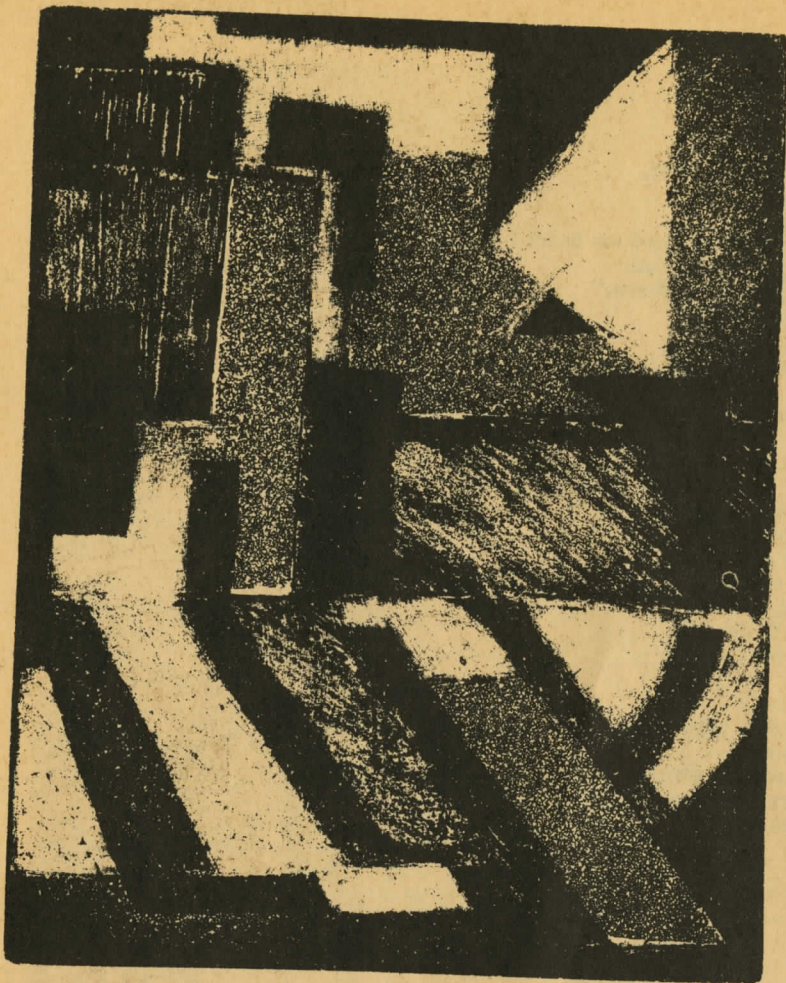
Longing is my spirit yet,
What, I know not for;
Dreams as such may I forget-
Never, or no more.



Simple

Life
Is a who - sez - so, you-do, yessir -you're-right-
sir
Proposition
But, isn't Death simple.

2min—Peters



At the Guggenheim Museum

All afternoon we looked
at paintings
without saying a word

and on the way out
while I got my coat
you stoped to stare
at the round roll of
winter sunlight coming
through the big window

I stood close
behind you without you
knowing I was there
watching your
hair dip to your collar

just standing without
touching you
or speaking to you I
would have stayed forever

but behind me a man
seeing a painting
said loudly
"it looks like
my ceiling"

and I slid my arm
around yours
and we went home
Monaco

Shot Down

Thank you for the letter
I appreciate it but
I must tell you something

I went out with you before
just to be sure of how
I felt and I decided that
it isn't right for me to
go out with you when I
don't care that much about
you - I hate to see someone
spend time and money and
take advantage of it and
I'm sure you feel the same

Some people just don't
click and I think that's
the way it is with us

Thank you for taking me
out before it was fun but
that's the way it goes
Monaco

The Only Ones

By Officer Candidates:
Jack Raby, Jr. and Ronnie McAlpin

Take a man and put him alone,
Put him five thousand miles from his home,
Empty his heart of all but blood,
Make him live in sweat and mud.
This is the life I have to live and to the Lord my heart I give.
You "Peace Boys" rant from your easy chair
But you don't know what it is like "Over there."
You have a "ball" without even trying,
While here, men are always dying.
You burn your draft cards, and march at dawn
Plant your signs on the White House lawn,
You all want to "ban the Bomb"
There is no war in Vietnam.
Use your drugs and have your fun,
Then refuse to use a gun
There is nothing else for you to do,
And I am supposed to die for you?
I'll hate what you do, until the day I die,
You made me hear my buddy cry —
I saw his arm, a bloody shred,
I heard them say, "This man is dead."
It is a large price for him to pay,
Not to live another day,
He had the guts to fight and die,
He paid the price, but what did he buy?
He bought your life, in losing his —
But who gives a darn what a soldier gives?
His girl, his wife, his mothers, his sons,
Yes, they are "The Only Ones."

To a Lonely Thought

Standing in the mist and dust,
And all that's lost in mixed disgust,
I know again what I always knew;
I'm mingled in the hated few.

I'm lost and know not where to stand;
I am a stranger in my own land.
And from here I know not where to go —
I am a stranger — a stranger — a Negro.

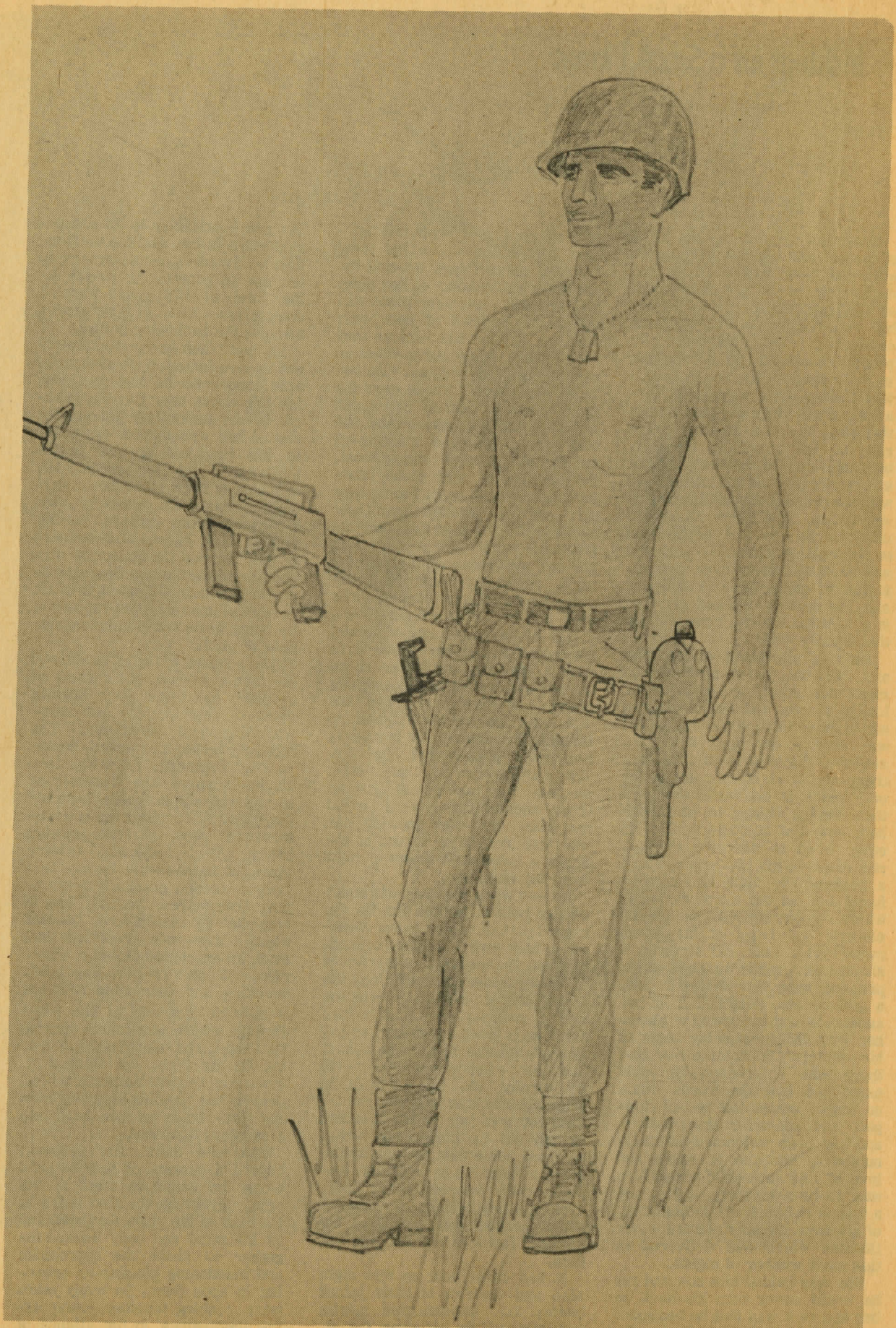
And my country will soon call on me —
To fight a war across the sea.
I'll bleed and die for my country — true;
For all Americans this I'll do.

And when I return — if I return,
From that war across the sea;
A stranger again — a stranger again —
In my homeland I'll be.

Standing in the rain and mist,
I long for the love of eyes that kiss.
But I am a dreamer, lost and alone.
Why must I reap what I have not sown?

Sylvester Patrick Brooks

100-440-241



Incident on a Small Planet

This was the temple, his place of peace and the tie-point which quivered back into a moist and dark cleft in the pleasant mural of earliest childhood. His street, his run, and, in a changing but comforting way, his very own people—all passed and favored him in their familiarity. Step . . . step—feet finding their way—no feffort—a long time since any path's been that easy, that soft—so his thoughts ran on and gradually the gray buildings sank to multicolored flat structures patched and interspaced with the green of doubtfully growing vegetation. The place he sought must be nearby and he listened to the ancient wind which guarded and haunted this beloved ground. It was the same, he knew the sound and the love which had married it a lifetime ago—he remembered that equally well.

He was seventeen at the time and, as his years allowed and mind demanded, a seeker after lonely places and the creatures which dwelt in such places. Laurel was such a one and, of all the seekers, the most lovely. She was there—at the right time and at the only place in his world that was then saying things to him. Her happening—and he could think of no other word to describe the way she came to his life—was as much a part of the night in which he found her as the warm darkness which reluctantly split before the electric cyclops of his small motorcycle. Tall and straight, a shadow among the shadows which pressed upon the deserted lane, a girl became detached from her substance and he slowed to pierce her with the questioning beam of his vehicle. He realize now that there was no reason he could name and that the words would no longer come. But he had stopped, had spoken to the shadows, and had been welcomed into their numbers, into the presence and love of this dark child whose face was to be a mystery, a joy, and a plague to him from the beginning of his days—the span of that somber lifetime which was delivered in this most somber of nights.

She was behind him now and yet he could never turn his back on her and so it was that he had spent so much of his life backing into the future, his face ever turned towards things past, his mind burn-

ed and imprinted with the brilliant but setting sun of his love. Thinking these things brought the momentary sensation of her upon him and for a moment there was the warm imprint of her body, pressing against his back as they rode through many nights—down an eternity of dark streets. "Do you know who I am?" These were the first words he heard her speak and he could not answer and she told him a name, a warning—"I am the one they are talking about, the one people with clean hands no longer come near. I am called dirt and the women turn their backs while the men take terrible freedoms with their eyes." And her own eyes gleaned in the passing night, reflecting back the lonely streetlamps whose glowing orbs sped by in the overhead gloom.

Day of days and night of nights! He would remember those eyes with a memory whose presence burned and waxed as a consuming plague. He didn't care who she was and he couldn't begin to imagine the device that would let him even guess what she was. The indifference of that distant moment was as unreal now as those ancient times when he did not know her. Not knowing her was like not being aware of the sky's color—unthinkable—a myth from the stone age.

He was upon the crest of a small wooded hollow. Behind him lay the ragged path of beaten grass whose waist-high wall had fallen beneath his feet. Before him a small rivulet of muddy water traveled along the field's edge, eventually winding into a shadowy grove of bushes some ways down the grassy slope. He had left the last house behind and the wind was master here. By turning his face into it he acknowledged the eternal movement of cool air which breathed in and out by monstrous waves as from some vast caverns in the earth's heart. The chill of that place crept into his weary body, evoking a brotherhood of shudders which jerked and convulsed the smooth features of his ageless face.

It had been cold on that night also and the fire of their joined bodies and intermingled spirits had felt all the warmer for it. But now the cold was an ultimate reality bleak and physical, mock-

ing and complacent in its possession of his being. And the masterfully cold wind signed its ownership on him in penetrating gusts as the total of his years carried themselves down grassy slopes towards the beckoning hollow.

He had taken her in—completely and unquestioning. With a remarkable innocence he had portioned his life about her. Hastily, pushed by an unfamiliar thirst, the cup of her womanhood was taken to his lips and drained to the mellowness of its dregs. His drunkenness knew no bounds. Overleaping reason and reason's sway, it passed from endless flowing vintage days, beyond an awareness of self, beyond the ability to mirror and define the beguiling microcosim in which he floated, in which he waited unawares the rupture of tis outer walls and the unpleasantness of birth.

The sun was dying as he entered the trees. Already the insects of eventide had begun their droning counter point—quietly but overwhelming and persistent. The foliage overhead hastened the oncoming darkness, throwing deep shadows upon the mouldering leaves whose spent bodies here and there parted to admit the upward-thrusting head of some silvian bloom. On his right hand twisted vines of honeysuckle began their devious ascent, gradually overtopping themselves, arching into a fragrant groundward descent whose numerous repetitions had made an enchanted cloister, a corridor of heavy air, darkened, brooding and incredible redolent with the essence of the white flowers whose tiny forms studded its arched and vaulted walls. Turning to his right, he entered it, crouching to clear the portal which, despite his stooping posture, threw the grey hairs of his head into a careless disarray.

She was there. Her presence caused a current of fear to pass along the sensitive tract of his sping, erecting the fine hairs at the base of his neck. He shuddered as his mind and body worked together to shake the oppressive and maddening phantasies creeping in upon them. So many years were rushing together, compacting themselves in the silence of that somber hollow, that the heady oncoming of their flight crushed



him, jarring and benumbing his sense of time and space. Yesterday was here and the present had become distant and unreal, forced into irrelevancy by the overwhelming power of this place and his love. The place-his love-they were as one being, a giant creature which rocked the cradle of his life-now gently, bringing on the dreams of things past-then harshly, reeling him into a renewal of tears, sear and bitter-all the more so for their ancient source. And in this infancy of distress he whispered a word, a sign of his love-a name, the name of a girl vanished.

Reciting the prayers for the dead, he felt his knees buckle and sink into the yielding earth until they encountered the resistance of the stone buried there. One by one the cold and distant stars were making their overhead appearance, each filling its appointed post in the glittering hosts of heaven. Then from out of their midst, from somewhere beyond the furthest edge of the galaxy, past the silent seas of luminescent gas whose drifting vapors filled and bathed the outer fringe of the milky way, there came an order.

And by the order his hands were lowered into the richness of the earth. The imperative ancestral message packed the inner dome of his skull, tuning an unused instrument, reactivation the long-banked furnaces of his origin. "You are who you are and therefore you will dig." Each word fitted the code to which he was inevitably keyed. There was the air of a cathedral about the place and as he groped in the beloved soil the feet of a mighty god paced about this most sacred alcove.

Impatiently, impatiently - as though all the restless spirits had reached the end of their endurance and were flying in from the many corners of his past to press upon the downward-groping fingers of his strong hands. Suddenly the whiteness of alabaster flashed from beneath his encircling grasp, forming a palid wound in the forest's ebony floor. Working outward and down, he caused the outlines of a small tablet to gradually appear at the base of the shallow pit whose brink he hovered over in an ecstatic midwifery.

And it was delivered and held aloft before the altar of the moon. And the shitness of the stone answered in kind the first beams of that mistress of the night from where she sailed against the sky, new-risen and reborn. This beloved burden, whose weight was by no means contained solely within its rocky boundries, was of such a nature and bearing in the life of the creature whose hands clutched it that his cheeks, the perfect roundness of which was never meant to bear the track of a tear now glistened with an outpouring

of bitter grief. So was that he wept, and in the manner of his weeping a small wedge of the universe's foundation was shifted ever so slightly that men, and creatures who thought as men, might take notice and believe again in the mystery of life and the possibility of a bond between this individual in his earthly grove and the innumerable lords and masters whose rule and tenures encompassed the very stars in this silent night.

Then a force not his own wrenched the stone from his hands and sailed it into the darkness in an eerie flight which ended in self-destruction against an unoffending oak whose massive trunk showered white fragments round and about its spreading roots.

Opening his mouth and with hands spread to the heavens, he gave testimony of sin. He screamed. And in that instant he was no more. What was left fell to earth and the woods resumed their nightly silence.

They had all witnessed the elimination-it was well that so many were there to see it-the regulations required this to be so. Such a thing had not happened for many creations and the Elders had not come easily to destroy one of their own. Member by member the band dematerialized from the place, resuming again their proper sphere in time and space.

According to the Chief Elder, whose mind-force was respected and known by all, there had never before been such a complete deviation witnessed in a planetary ambassador. The process was known, plotted, and even programmed-very early in their racial history. Furthermore, they had also been aware of the high contamination factor belonging to this strange little planet. But all that was for the people in Theory Control, it never sunk down to the level of field workers-at least not until now. They had sent their best and within a short time, only a little more than twenty years in our time, he had cracked-so completely that even now his mind-force was being reassembled and screened by Personnel. Perhaps even then the risk in using him again would be too great.

The report which found its way back to their lonely outstation a long time after read:

Re: Your ambassador to planet 4, S.S.31, Galaxy 9-Coord. A-9-2. Referred to us for redistribution and realignment of mind-force. Diagnosed as unusually acute social contamination case with rather complete memory falsifications and dangerous perversities peculiar to planets of this type. Not recommended for reassignment. Central Control for your Department wishes reaffirmation of artifact destruction before resumption of



above planet's surveillance.

Theory Control-Section 4

The answer was yes-the placque and the female both destroyed. The placque-the stone-that was the odd part-when they had destroyed the female it was thought that the memory-cycle would be interrupted, the curcuit of self-destruction broken, and the ambassador cured. But it had not been so and then there was the stone. Of course they had not had at the time a way of knowing how far the contamination had progressed. It had been complete, even to the point of his procuring that silly little stone and, following the traditions of that planet, making marks upon it in the primitive communications called writing-marks which were within the conception-range of the planet's creatures. And then, burying it at the site of the female's destruction. The primitive language section of the decoding bank worked it out;

LAURAL-
BELOVED OF
FRANKLIN PETERS-
DESTROYED HERE.

Of course the stone's presence was not uncovered until his next routine screening session. After that the Council had met and in full session they had projected against the ambassador and his stone with consolidated mind-forces. Incredibly-it had taken almost an hour to do the job, something like a record. So ran the thoughts of the Chief Elder as he traveled the time-space warp on his way to the office. So they ran.

The Student — a universities most important product.

The student — the reason for the teaching profession.

The student — the most important person ever in a teachers classroom or office.

The student is not dependent upon you — you are dependent upon him.

The student is not an interruption of your work — he is the purpose of it. You are not doing him a favor by serving him — he is doing you a favor by giving you the opportunity to do so.

The student is not a cold statistic — he is a flesh-and-blood human being with feelings and emotions like your own, with prejudices and biases — even though he may have a deficiency of certain “vitamins” which you think important.

The student is not someone to argue with or match wits against or to confuse with your great knowledge of a specialized field — he requests your counsel and advice.

The student is a person who is building his future on your teachings. You are expected to have sufficient imagination, fortitude, devotion to duty and determination to stick with the teaching profession in spite of the comparatively low salary. The student will forever be indebted to you and those debts will be repaid many times over in later years via many channels.

The Student



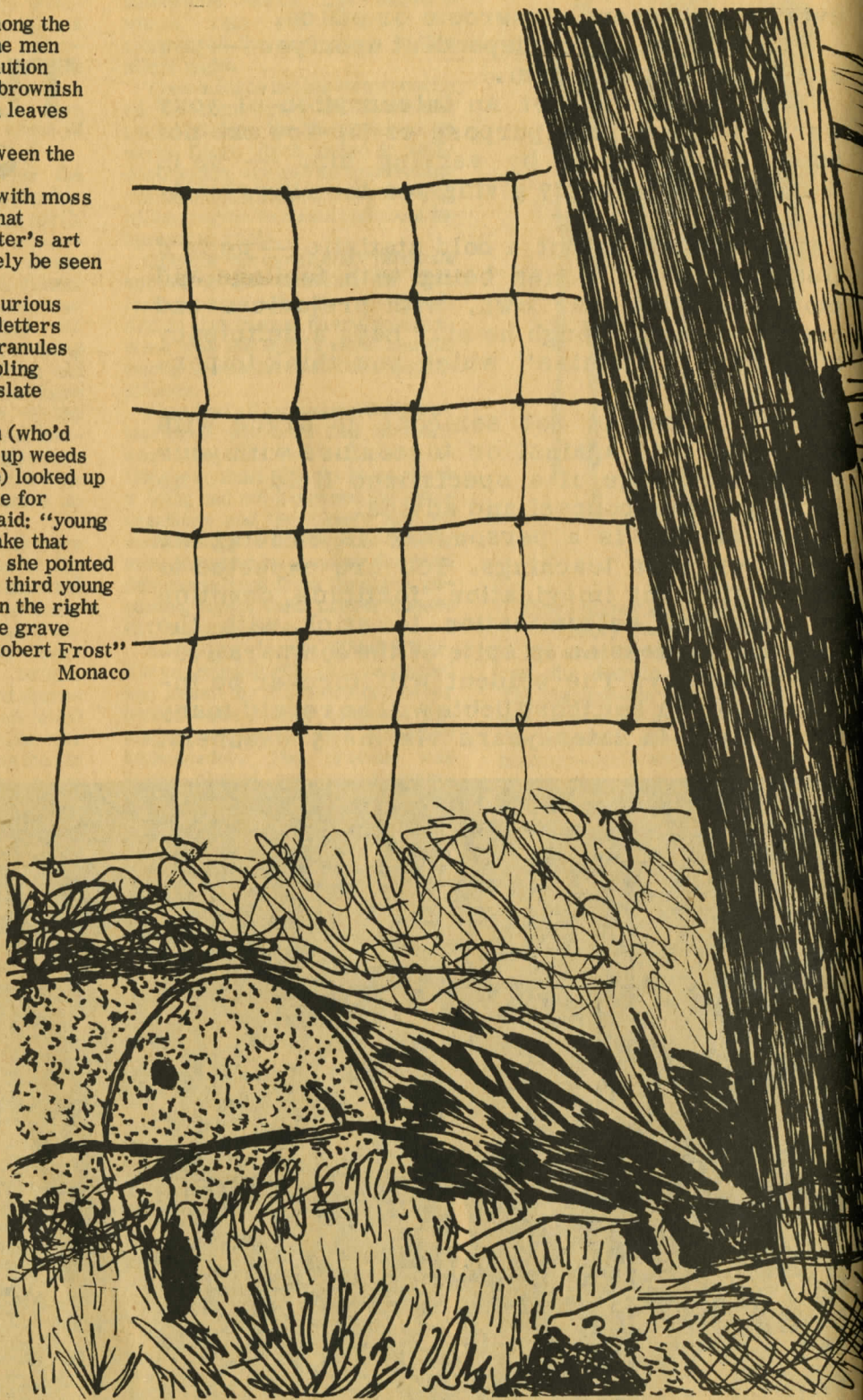
Old Bennington Churchyard

I walked among the
graves of the men
of our revolution
scuffing up brownish
fresh-fallen leaves

walking between the
gravestones
so covered with moss
and lichen that
the stonecutter's art
could scarcely be seen

the carved curious
figures and letters
lost in the granules
of the crumbling
marble and slate

and a woman (who'd
been pulling up weeds
near a grave) looked up
and taking me for
a stranger said: "young
man if you take that
road" where she pointed
"down to the third young
maple tree on the right
you'll find the grave
of our poet Robert Frost"
Monaco





Jo Ann

Max Gover



Winter Maze

Billy Fuqua

Study in Agony

Sandra Lappin



Iron away your dreams, little mistress.
Lose yourself in music,
Dance your dance, stretch your heart.
Feel all you love, all you are.

For when it's done
The dream will be but yours alone
Shared with an iron, a shirt, a cool morning,
And lost to a hot day.

Susan Hurlburt

Silence

Silence swells to hear the few
words
That shock a nation into thought,
That once was a simple answer
Now is a deciding factor sought.

Who is this man who threw the
world
By adding words so least expected
And sent a nation into twirls
Of avoiding disaster suspected.

A president born unto death
And lost unto the world he guides,
Steps aside to keep from that death
And from pending disaster hides.

He is not our favorite man,
His people are in discontent,
Over his Vietnam bombing ban,
And his finances to others lent.

But this man has ages so much
in face,
Twenty years aged within the four,
He has spent in ravishing pale
To save a nation from losing more.

Some believe that he has to fail,
And others look to him for aid,
But only history left to hail,
A man who a leaders price he
paid.

Wayne Shaw

The Garden of the Prophet

By Kahlil Gibran

Review by Linda Myers

The GARDEN OF THE PROPHET was published 10 years after THE PROPHET in 1933 and was intended to be a companion piece for the more famous work, as indicated by the publisher. It is currently in its 22nd printing. THE PROPHET, Gibran's most renowned book, has sold over 3 million copies in the American edition alone, with other works following closely in sales.

It is difficult to call this work just poetry or prose or philosophy because it is a little of all of these wrapped in a delicate tissue of otherworldliness and beautiful phrases. It is sprinkled with seeming platitudes, but in reality many of his phrases have become so well known that they have become platitudes through constant usage, such as the phrase regarding the forest within the seed.

In this day and age of coarse reality, the idealism and simple beauty in the writings of Gibran are a pleasant relief. In considering ugliness, for example, he says, "Is it not that which you have never striven to reach, into whose heart you have never desired to enter, that you deem ugliness?" He

finds beauty in even the most repulsive of subjects, and if nothing else, causes one to think in a different frame of reference than he did before.

Many of his thoughts are not detailed or complete and lack explicitness; however, since this is the case in most of his writings, it can only be assumed that this apparent lack only adds to the charm and poignancy of his works.

The volume is illustrated with seven drawings by Gibran and a page of copy from his original manuscript. The illustrations are vague and seem to have little or no relation to the reading material. They are linear in style and have been compared to the works of Rodin and Blake. In them are reflected Gibran's love of simplicity and his feeling of the totality of expression embodied in the human form.

Kahlil Gibran cannot be dismissed lightly. He has a message for many in all walks of life, everywhere. His use of language can only be called majestic, his writing timeless and beautiful in its simplicity.





The Nativity

And there were in the same coun-
try
Shepherds keeping watch over their
flocks.
And suddenly the lambs of the
flock said,
"Let us go, let us see, let us be."

But the shepherds said to the
lambs,
"Who are you to want to go and
to see and to be?
Have you not be fondled pink and
succored blue?
Do not listen to those who ap-
pear to you from apart
and speak and stir you up in
the land.
They are hell red."

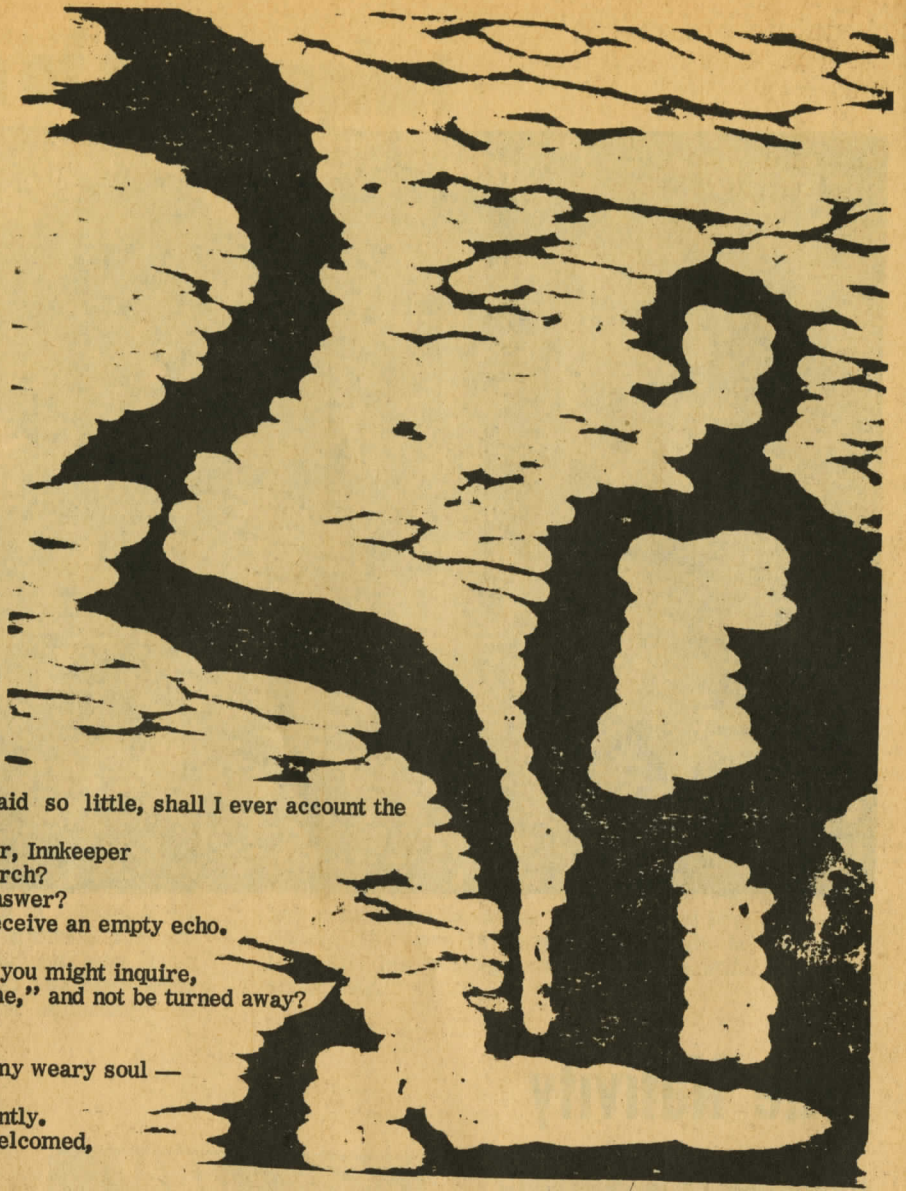
But the lambs cried out, "It is
not the voice from without but
from within.
It is the time for the cool green
coming of age.
It is the time for the sacred
rites.
Let it be during the Spring when
the air is warmed and we can
dance in the streets."
And straightway they did as they
were told by the voice.

And the shepherds were sore
afraid.

Spring

Spring is greens,
All different ones,
And colors.

—Eileen Dorris



I owe so much and have paid so little, shall I ever account the cost?

Innkeeper, Innkeeper

Oh, troubled heart why do you search?
And if you search, will you find answer?
Bewildered, you cry out only to receive an empty echo.
Are you destined to wander —
Or is there an open door at which you might inquire,
"Could you find room inside for me," and not be turned away?
Innkeeper! Innkeeper!
It's cold outside,
A minute at your hearth to warm my weary soul —
Perhaps an errand I could run?
For sustenance I've had none recently.
'Twould be such a comfort to be welcomed,

I...

You've closed the door.
Maybe somewhere else...
Tedious world, how hard it is to hope when your soul is battered
and worn.

Is that a light I see?
How warm and friendly it smiles through the darkness.
A good soul perchance will hear...

Innkeeper! Innkeeper!

It's cold outside,
A minute at your hearth to warm my weary soul —
Perhaps an errand I could run?
For sustenance I've had none recently.
'Twould be such a comfort to be welcomed,

I...

You've closed the door.
Maybe somewhere else...

Such a hollow feeling inside both body and soul,
I don't suppose anyone will hear my plea.
Oh trial of life, am I to be acquitted?
Surely this purge must end.
Such a pitiful dwelling,
Far worse off than I perhaps.
Innkeeper! Innkeeper!

It's cold outside,
A minute at your hearth to wam my weary soul —
Perhaps an errand I could run?
For sustenance I've had none recently.
'Twould be such a comfort to be welcomed,

I...

You...
You opened the door...

'Innkeeper, Innkeeper'

Drink to me only —
so you won't feel lonely
but fine.

In wine
lies truth,
and

the vermouth
and rum
and whiskey too,
turn age
to youth.

The sage,
the wise,
the sooth
undoes disguise.

So — truth prevails,
and nothing fails, —
Alas!—
In vino veritas.

Hazi





First the wind will come
And make the dried grass scream in pain.
Its voice will be heard one thousand times.
And following close behind, Silence.
And then the yellow leaves will fall.

The water will come to know of this,
And make its attempt to rush past the scene.
Eyes closed.
Terrified.
Over the marred stones — and carry a few with it,
And then the yellow leaves will fall.

None will escape.
None will find rest.
No sleep.
No peace.
All will writhe in the agony of that day — forever.
All will feel life exploding
Into the one thousand fragments of death.
All will
Nothing.
And then the yellow leaves will fall.

But what of the sun?
And what of the sun?
The sun??
It will turn its back on all that is happening.
It will make the earth beg for witness of the horror.
But it will hear nothing.
See nothing.
And then the yellow leaves will fall.

Jayne Russell

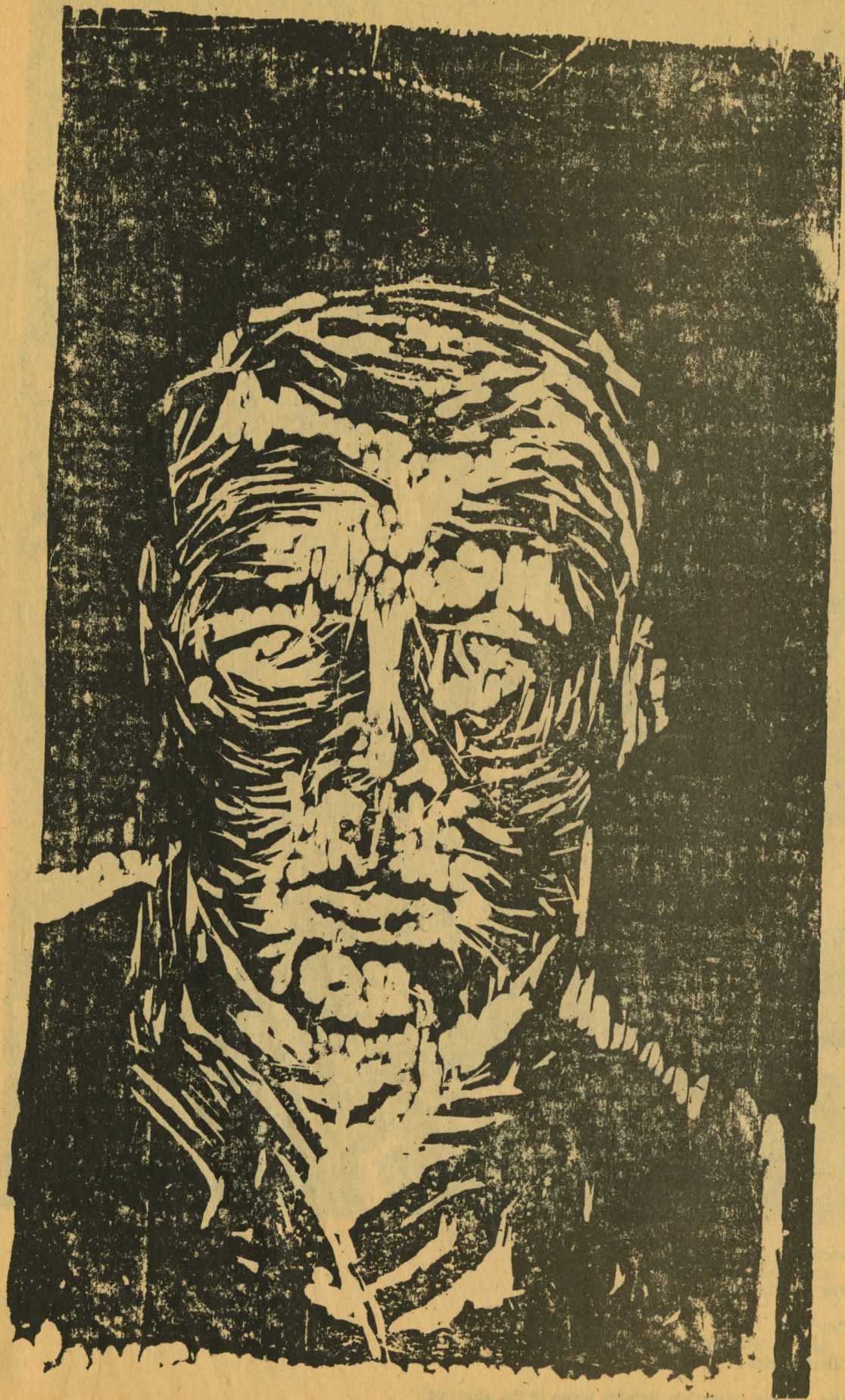


Scream
And the pain goes away
For a little while.

Cry
And the world revolves more slowly for you —
Silently, and

Die, and the motorists driving home in the afternoon
Sound your horn requiem.

Silent Requiem



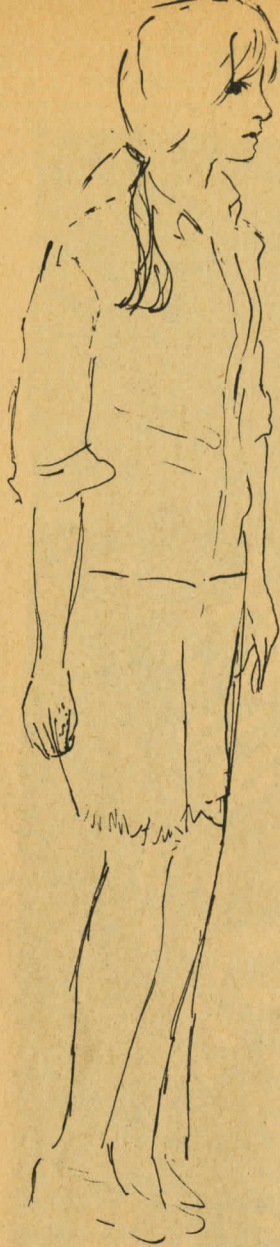
With Me as I Die

God has given it to me to say to you that there is no hell, except on earth.

The Bible is filled with what men and women want in a God. The problem lies in men giving God our weaknesses as well as our strengths. Mercy and Gentleness are attributed to God as are Anger and Vengeance. If we understand anything, it is a concept of weakness. Anger and Vengeance are certainly breaks in our armor. If we apply anything, it is the concept of weakness. Women are allowed Mercy and Gentleness as part of their strengths. In men, who are in a sense gods and still dominant, these otherwise strengths are seen as characteristic of effeminance, a mildly critical term.

As long as the Id fancies itself God, we will continue to impress the less Godly with our subtleness at the bayonet. The Dragon Lady will be our honed right hand. After we have reduced the flesh of our enemies, we will, in self-defense, create our legends. If we were not sure of the Hill of the Angels as a stepping stone to the B-52, we would die gurgling by our grenades. In any case the flesh is death. It remains to us to so live that we need not believe lies that have stood as Ozimandius for the duly elected Fuehrers uber alles.

Do not go gently as I have.



Her Heart's Tailor

Stitch stitch

(Be not surprised you do not see
a wispy bow, some wrapping green
or small perhaps some sweet perfume)

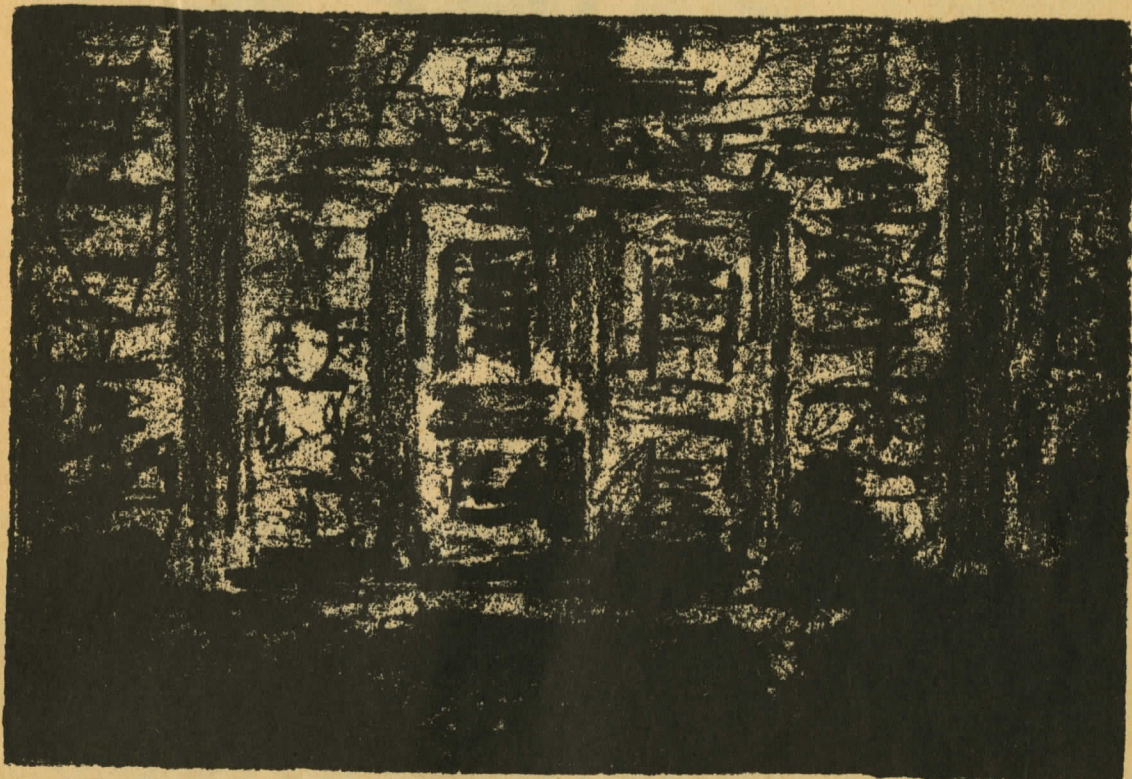
Stitch stitch stitch stitch

Today I bring my first love-gift
For you I've sewn a silken breeze upon a pastel
sky,
The old old trees embroidered do not seem so
high
And do they whisper to you now the way we
heard them then
right on the bias of this earth-bare burlaped
glen-
Here we threaded our way for hiding
and raveled these endless crimson threads
that in our hearts held fastened a secret satin
lining.

O, how can a tailor sew these things-
The velvet feel as hand in hand we wove strong
symbols
And covered each other with lips design
printing in shadowy silver line the nectar of
our kisses
The warm tabby sun lying at our feet
as breezes ran through calico grasses
quilting quiet sounds like angels' faded tapestries
of humming
And He, then pleased
had nothing He thought to do at all.

Today, the same, He smiles, He sees
Her tailor busy
Her tailor happy
Her tailor sewing
Sewing, sewing for her heart
soft story-clothes of love

Stitch stitch stitch stitch



702 N. Church St. and Adjacent Avenue

Ebony Avenues glazed with strafe of rain.
Streetlamps reveal the slant of rain.
And creeps the darkness back again
To shade the haze of soiled sounds
And leather feet, their silence pounds
Against the black and cement earth.
And somewhere someone giving birth
And somewhere someone dying.

By Don Kerr Smith
from consultations with
the real Spurgeon

Nightmare

Tom Hilliard

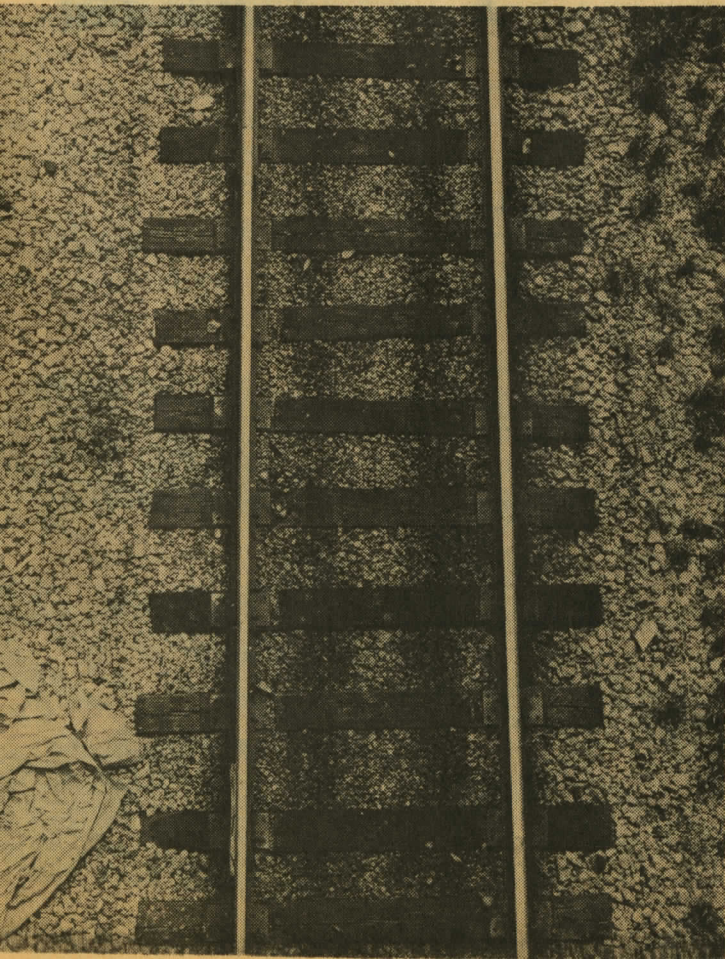


Untitled

Tom Hilliard

Jane

John Dodson



Right Track

John Dodson



I cannot think of the means
and yet you say I should Try.
Maybe being creative on George Washington's
birthday is an answer,
But answers are seldom best
when thinking of them later
you doubt their worth.

There is no real pleasure in life,
but I can find a question to ask,
While looking backwards at a flower
would I know you any better than before?

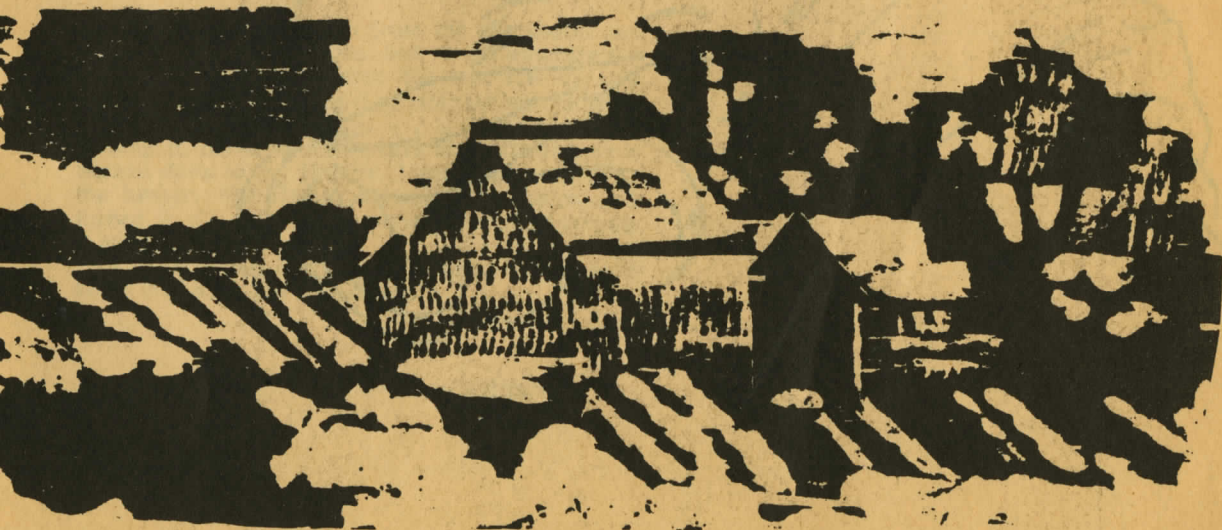
* * *

To know better is to wonder after
your only flower now, or
in your backward eye.
To know me better is to wander after
your only living flower and
in your backyard lie.

Renner-Aune
'68 Feb.

born out of English jails and Slavic peasantry,
transplanted to the east of Eden, America,
rising out of the wilderness, blooming into
fulfillment.
Efficient and industrious people, great monu-
ments themselves,
not one but all imprisoned by their massed
individuality,
Unselfish, trapped by the little and the great,
all for the Cause.
Being sucked into the vortex of emptiness,
Drowning in their well of loneliness,
Feeling the pain of something lost, seeing only
decay, and tasting their bitter drops of
despair,
Still crowding even more into their day, hoping
for this feeling to go away,
Finding time still without end.
Desire so great, so hopeless,
How long will this night remain?
Light from darkness, joy from pain, blessing
and mark both from Thee?
Empty shells of existence, filled but not fulfilled,
All are but one, driven to Nod from the east
of Eden,
and the Lord set a mark upon them.

Jon Em





Gas Trip

The room was warm from the gas heater set close to the head of the bed. I sat watching the flames, looking back over the last few days. I could not cry tonight. The cigarette pack had one in it, I had saved it until now. . . I lit the cigarette, holding it, my eyes drawn back to the flames, as it burned down to my fingers. I put it out, moving to the heater. The flames danced in confusion as I turned it off, blowing out the last flame and turning it on all the way.

I lay on the bed, waiting. I could smell the gas as it filled the room. I breathed deep.

by Sonny Williams

The Interdependent Relationship Of Psychology and Christianity

by

Ed Kaeser

In recent years, theologians and psychologists have attempted to bridge the gap between the disciplines which they represent. It has been a team effort to provide healing for the whole man in all his dimensions. The purpose of this paper is to explore briefly this relationship.

It might be well at this time to define "psychology" and "Christianity." Psychology is the science dealing with the mind and mental processes, feelings and desires. The science of human and animal behavior. Christianity on the other hand, is a belief in Jesus as Christ or in the religion based on the teachings of Jesus.

Many people in our society are plagued by guilt. Often Christians suffer from serious guilt complexes because of their attempt to take the demands of their religion too seriously. The problem with the hyperguilt-ridden Christian is that he has guilt for the wrong reasons. According to Swiss psychiatrist, Paul Tournier, psychoanalysis is valuable, in that, it can shift guilt to its proper cause. The first task of psychoanalysis is not to eliminate guilt, but to properly identify guilt. For example, a person may be ashamed of his sex drives because of religious taboos placed upon them by parents and preachers. This is guilt for the wrong reason. However, it is quite a different situation when a male uses a female as simply an object to gratify selfish desire. There is a real basis for guilt when a woman is used as a thing. This diminishes her personhood, destroying her integrity and self-respect. Purpose and will to live are built around this foundation of self-respect and integrity.

Modern psychiatry can help a person explore his complex attitudes, emotions, fears, and urges to a remarkable degree. This means that the vast subconscious of an individual can be carefully explored for one's true motives for action. In a psychiatric interview, a person talks out his guilt feelings, among his many other conflicts. The psychiatrist acts as a sounding board, in that he feeds back what he "hears" the patient saying. Often, by getting the facts of a person's situation out into the open, he is able to gain a clear perspective of what his conflict actually is. Less emotion is attached to this conflict as a psychiatrist explains it. Therefore, a person who chooses to seek the Christian approach to confession will have a sound basis to work from. Psychiatry has helped to discover the real guilt, hence, confession is made possible. As a Christian, I realize how blinding guilt and sin are. I want all the help I can get, and psychology has an essential part to play in this process of guilt relief.

Christianity needs the insight of psychology in regard to one's self-identity. A person's ability to function normally in society can be deterred by a wrongly developed self-identity. For example, Erik H. Erikson says that in the development of a child's conscience, an exaggerated, judgemental God, as taught by parents, "can be bad for the spirit for morality itself." Erikson says of children, "They develop deep regression and lasting resentments because the parents themselves do not seem to live up to the new-conscience which they have fostered in the child. . . The whole matter (of morality) is not one of universal goodness but

of arbitrary power . . . It is as if morality, to him, became synonymous with vindictiveness and with the suppression of others.

Therefore an attempt to make the child religious has actually backfired. He has such an unhealthy model of Christianity that he is repulsed by a Christian life. This rebellion against an inaccurate model usually comes to a climax during late adolescence or college years. If preachers and parents were more educated in the developmental task of youth, they could more properly explain Christianity.

In our churches today, morality is taught in terms of rules and not principles; the negative and not the positive. The Holy Bible actually prescribes a broad, sweeping perspective of positive principles. The Ten Commandments became drastically obsolete when Jesus Christ said for example, "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.' But I say to you that everyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery in his heart." (Matthew 5:27, Revised Standard Version)

Jesus was fighting the legalism of Judaism of his day. Legalism quenches the vitality of healthy religion. Jesus was more concerned with a man's internal attitude than he was of that man's adherence to a list of rules. It is important to recognize that no one (not even parents and preachers) can escape the responsibility of a pure inner attitude. Therefore, if parents taught a pure inner attitude and honesty, instead of a list of don'ts, a healthy conscience could be achieved by all involved. This, in turn, would mean that a clearer and more healthy self-

identity would develop. Again, psychology should be a reminder to Christians and a serious instrument of Christians in their task of developing whole men.

Psychology, being a science, deals with the systematic study and experimentation of observations. Psychology, being a science, also attempts to be completely rational and objective, but the moment you introduce a value system of goals and truths, you have moved from the sphere of science into the sphere of religion and philosophy. Among the many alternative value systems which are valuable today, we are suggesting the contribution of that person Jesus of Nazareth. Since philosophy and religion are known and understood by intuition and subjectivity, we must approach these vital truths accordingly. However, even here observation and experimentation have a vital role. Just as in science, experimentation is made on the basis of an "intuitive hunch," so is the validity of Jesus Christ known by a "faith-experiment." In other words, there must be a commitment of time and energy to verify the proposition set forth by the person Jesus Christ. This paper is not meant to be a completely comprehensive analysis of those propositions, but the following two propositions will be explained: love and sin.

When Jesus was asked by the Jewish legal experts of his day to name the most important commandment, he talked about loving God and neighbor with one's total being.

He was not talking about the love of compatibility or companionship (*philia*). He was not talking about the love of physical passion (*eros*), even though both these have their legitimate role in the love process. However, Jesus was talking about the unselfish love (*agape*), which demands personal sacrifice for the sake of others. It is not based on

any value possessed by the one who is loved. *Agape* love is loving the unloveable. It is not based on natural desire or spontaneous compatibility. It is based on an act of will. Loving, "*agape* style," can penetrate the companionship and physical passion types of love and bring them to a new level of happiness. The three types of love (*philia*, *eros*, and *agape*) must be kept in delicate balance for the maximum in personality integration or wholeness.

Furthermore Jesus was not talking about hating or rejecting self, but being able to make others feel loved. Jesus was talking about a kind of self-respect and concern which commands appreciation.

Karl Menninger, who was the chief of the psychiatric staff of the Menninger Foundation of Topeka, Kansas explains the healing power of love in his book, *LOVE AGAINST HATE*. After forty years of practicing psychiatry, Dr. Smiley Blanton, in his book, *LOVE OR PERISH*, says, "For without love we lose the will to live. Our mental and physical vitality is impaired, our resistance is lowered, and we succumb to illnesses that often prove fatal."

But what does the organized church have to do with this concept of love. At least it has preserved this scripture through the centuries and a remnant has practiced the truth therein. Recognize also that the validity of a principle or truth is not established necessarily by how many people obey it (else no one would die in automobile accidents). This brings us to an explanation of a concept of sin.

Dr. Hobart Mower, past president of the American Psychological Association says, "Usually we mean by 'sinner' somebody who has broken a rule or violated a law; someone who doesn't conform to accepted moral and social standards. But that isn't what sin means in the Bible! Sin is not the accidental breaking of a rule, but

the willful violation of a personal relationship. We don't sin against rules, we sin against persons.

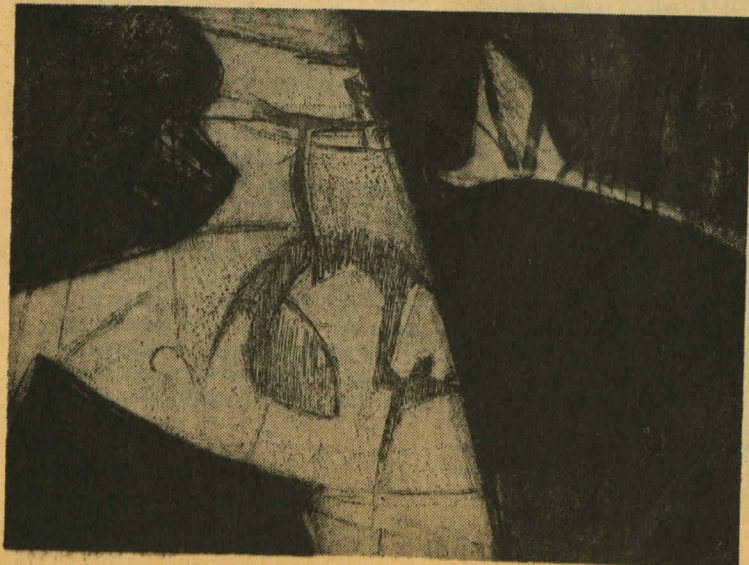
A religion of rules can become a dangerous matter. Christianity and depth therapy are in agreement that mature morality demands the freedom of the personality. "Jesus, the leader is also the liberator . . . he creates personalities which are free because they love."

E. La B. Cherbonnier points out that a man's morbid preoccupation with his own moral balance sheet causes him failure. He becomes a miser of the spirit, and is rendered incapable of love.

This is what sin is all about, the incapacity of man to love and help his neighbor.

However, even though a person understands the concepts of love and sin, it is quite another thing to have a dynamic motivation for this ethic. Jesus goes beyond the other religious leaders of the world in that he died in selfless sacrifice for what he taught and lived. The resurrection of Jesus from the grave demonstrates his power even over death. As irrational as this proposition seems to be, it does open tremendous possibilities for those willing to commit themselves in a pilgrimage of faith-experiment. We simply present this proposition to you for your observation and experimentation. The followers of Jesus Christ, in their faith-experiment have discovered the strength to love.

It is a good idea, then, for the Christian to bear in mind that many insights, whatever the theoretical framework in which they originally appeared, are by no means essentially rooted in that framework. Good psychologists and psychotherapists are better than their theories. God, in His providence, has endowed them with human qualities that are useful in healing disorders of mind and spirit. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." (Galatians 6:2)



Dance?

Dance. . . What is it? How did it begin? How has it changed? What is its significance in America?

Dance began before man could even speak — first as a form of expression in religion. The history of dance continued as a part of religion and was so danced by the Hebrews of biblical times. It remained a part of Christian religion from the early years to the Renaissance. Only in the last three hundred years has dance separated from the Church leaving its music behind in the form of carols.

Religious expression originated dance. But there is no exact definition of dance; it can only be defined in terms of other expressions also undefinable. "Dance is a form of communication very much like poetry, music and painting." This explanation has been contributed by Mrs. Anne Holland, instructor of modern dance at MTSU.

"It is primarily the symbols of languages which vary among the arts," Mrs. Holland further explained. "Dance, music and painting speak through the senses of the eye and ear. They need no words to be understood. The common fallacy of most persons in watching a dance performance, or in viewing a painting, is in trying to put a logical and verbal statement to an experience which attempts to bypass the logically verbal statement by going directly to the emotions by way of the senses. Music expresses non-verbal thought. Painting uses symbols of line and color. Dance movement and gesture are arranged in space and time to express non-verbal thought."

As dance moved away from the church it became a series of formalized gestures. Choreography was limited to certain

stylized movements. But today, anything goes. Dance is as unlimited as music, art, or poetry.

In every country except America dance is considered an art with a place all its own. Americans, however, tend to include dance as part of the theater or music and not as an independent art.

"Dances Way In and Way Out" was presented Thursday, April 4 in the Dramatic Arts Auditorium by the Orchesis and the Modern Dance classes of Middle Tennessee State University to illustrate the flexibility of dance today.

Dances varied from a western-style hoedown to a personified dance of death. Sets ranging in variety from a simple slant board for tumbling dancers to a floating illusion of outer space were designed and constructed by Tina Johnson. Choreography and costume design were by Mrs. Anne Holland, director of the program.

"Hoe Down," the first dance on the program, was a light effect of the movement patterns of people in relationship with each other. As the title indicates, this dance is in the western style.

Contrasting the western style, but also a light member, "Jazz Study" followed in the characteristic of many television dances. Choreography for the Henry Mancini arrangement was by the dancers themselves.

Sharon Tucker, a Nashville freshman, portrayed a sensuous young woman in her own interpretation of Saint-Saens "Delilah."

"Gossip," a humorous dance, deliberately used the gestures of gossipy women to "speak" not in words, but in movements and actions.

Another humorous dance, "The Queen Was in the Parlor," portrayed a queen alone and plagued

by various worries which she eventually conquered.

"The Mind Is an Island in Space" was the first serious dance. Posed against a floating set, the dancers tumbled and twisted, first in individual patterns, symbolic of the independence of the human mind, and second in a group pattern, symbolic of the independence of the human mind upon another. In conclusion the dancers returned to their original settings much as the mind returns to its past through reflections upon what has been.

Dance to poetry? "Impressions in Color," a poem by Anne Holland, was illustrated by the dancers as they seemed to weave an image of many colors though expressing each color individually, exemplifying the art of dance without music.

"Death of a Dove" was a red-and-white color contrast with an underlying theme of war and peace. This was an original score composed by George Clinton, a senior from Chattanooga.

Choreographed by six-year-old Mary Holland, "Autumn Leaves" was performed by Danita Anderson, Dawn Anderson, and Mary Holland. This children's number was composed by Ruth White.

"Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens concluded the program with Death, personified by Carolyn Bowman Jones, beckoning mysteriously to the compelled.

"An article in a recent TIME magazine featured the kind of dance we are approaching," stated Mrs. Holland. "It's closest to a poem in that it uses movement of the human body for the symbols and images whereas a poem uses words to create images."

by Vicki Hill

Come and dance with me
And we'll pretend to be
Everything that we are not
Every wild and wonderous thought

Come, come play with me
And what you want, we'll be
The wind, the sky, the sun, the moon
A lilting air, a lispig tune

We'll be a fairy in the grass
And smile and laugh as mortals pass
Wishing they could dance as we
Knowing that can never be

And then you know, we'll be a cloud
Light and soft and full and proud
High above the dreary world
We'll run and wisp and twirl and swirl

And next I think that we shall try
To be a lively lispig sigh
Made by a soft and gently breeze
Who's strolling through a grove of trees

Or shall we be a golden leaf
Our life it may be short and brief
But in such beauty we will live
That our short life, one can forgive

We'll be a bird and fly so high
We reach the moon and touch the sky
We'll be a flower in the fields
With colors only nature yields

We'll be a reed, we'll be a fern
We'll be a fire, we'll glow and burn
We'll be them all, just us, just we
If you will come and dance with me

Susan Chrietzberg





They wanted a happy sound
So they took children's voices.

They wanted beauty,
So they took a newborn dawn.

They wanted peace,
So they took a meadow in summer.

And killed them with a flower.

Hollyhock And Wild Onions:

A Poem Dedicated To Mrs. Olivia Olyer
(Who Treated Me Like Her Own Son).

Once at the wake and break of day
When leaves were green as the wildest onion
And dew sparkled warmly on the hollyhock,
Mrs. Olyer lost her wash to a blue-tick hound.

“And not the first time,” she screamed at the
wantom cur
Asking support from neighbor Blake whose
fence was high
And face so vague she then didn't wish to see
his vacant stare
Over the canna into her year-d-at her griefs which
must be hers
Alone
She thought-
A woman and mother standing alone by the red
and pink
Yet sturdy stalks of hollyhock.



All is Well in the City

Concrete and steel, people shopping and laughing,
Holiday lights along the crowded street, faces
pressed against the panes,
Drawings on the sidewalks, children playing
hop scotch,
All is well in the city, all is well.

Glass and stone, parking places here and
there,
Red lights and caution signals, horns honk
and honk,
Ball in the streets, kids dodging the cars,
All is well in the city, all is well.

Porcelain and plastic, haggling over bargains
and sales,
Merrily blinking neon lights, traffic jams mak-
ing tempers flare,
Painted yellow lines, bicycles in and out of
traffic,
All is well in the city, all is well.

Dirt and trash, people starving and half-clothed,
Unshaded bulbs and naked wires, wall paper
peeling off the yellowed walls,
Gang fights in the alleys, slums devouring
human souls,
All is well in the city, all is well.

Jon Em

Yorkville Is Silent

there is only
the occasional
drum-roll rattle
of garbage can covers
on the pavement
the hiss of tires
from the East Side Drive

the announcer
on the all night
concert says it is
five fifty-eight

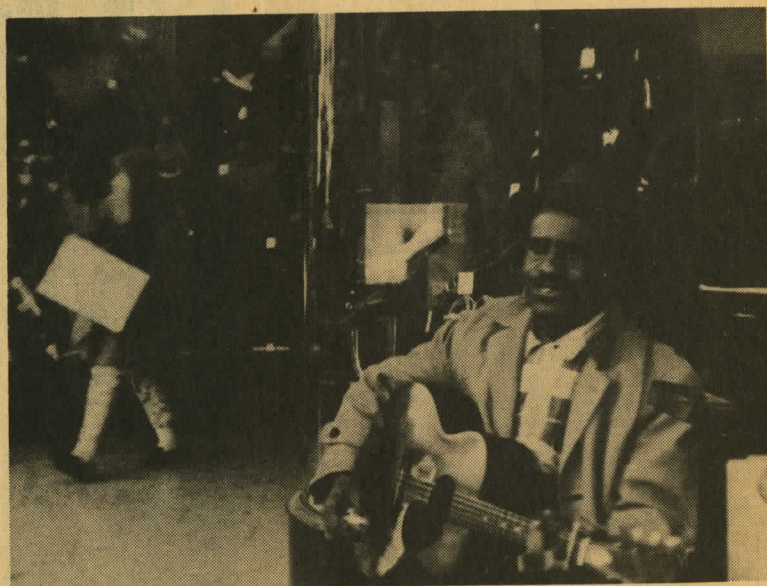
I make my initials
in
the windowpane moisture
then rub it clear

across the courtyard
a light goes on
and lasts
a minute
a minute and a half
two

from over east
another light
cuts orange
through the mist

through the hollow
wall the man
next door coughs
in his sleep

and from the river
comes a foghorn
once
twice
a third time
it signals for passage
through Hell's Gate





Leaf Poem

A brown leaf like
A mad monarch
Swirled and spun
On a wild wind
Beyond the empty space
Of my window
'Til cast from its fickle kingdom
Swooped down
To lie, ignoble,
In the gutter.

Eileen Dorris

