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COLLAGE—student magazine of mtsu



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DING! DONG! SO WHAT?

Impatient to be shed
of melodrama,
10, 2, and 4,
why's and wherefore's,
idle chatter about
insipid people,
and the fragrance
of stewed cabbage
and pinto beans,
I tried to close
my eyes and
trace a rainbow
on my eyelids,
arching majestically
above a verdant
meadow of yellow
jonquils wet with
a gentle spring
rain
that gave a musky
smell to the
newly plowed
fields bordered
by syrupy sweet
honeysuckles
as I ambled
listlessly
down
a crude cow path
beneath the
sacred dogwoods
and utilitarian
maples
that spread
a canopy of
pink and green
over my
windblown hair
as my bare
feet left
a lonely
trail in the
warm, moist
dirt

which
followed
me down to the
rippling creek
that played
a medley
of my favorite
tunes
as I
dangled
my gangling
legs
from the
flat rock
in midstream
bequeathing the dirt
on my
now refreshed
feet to the
cool water
which threw
my face
back at me
reminding me
to quit my
revery
and
fetch some
logs for
the dying fire
that flickered
wearily on the
hearth
and
reminded me of
the sad reality
that the infantile
refrain
"Ding, dong, the witch is dead"
would all too soon
be fulfilled.

Patrek



SLUMS

stench,
it permeates every breath that
mortals breathe, some would
dare to call it the inferno

it is
It's ninety-five in the slums
The child is dirty
some women cry, some are drunk,
some will die.
The child is dirty,
or maybe it's a monster
afraid, I am,
it has been overlooked too
long.
We have a program,
Society will see that it is
taken care of,
Society will not let them down,
have they ever, maybe before,
but now it will be solved.
resolved, we are,
society will solve it all.
But the child is dirty.

We will clean the child.
Soap, or maybe money, will
turn the tide, will turn
down every street, climb
every stairway, enter every
room, and clean the
child.
bright and new,
Society says that will
surely do,
But maybe its a
monster.

David McKinney



NATURE IN THE CITY

A thousand little circles form in a puddle
As raindrops grace it and then disappear
Amidst all the angry city muddle
In the blackened city run by fear.
How strange it seems to see a sight
So marvelous, yellow, and wondrous bright
As the sun up above the skyscrapers tall.
I'm glad it's there to reign over all.
Even in man's most sordid hideout,
The wind blows, the snow falls,
and the moon comes up when
the lights go out.

Tom Wade

ON/OFF

The harsh glare
of the cruel
incandescent light

catches my nudity
as I sit alone
at midnight

and bounces it off
the four walls
that have become
my lone companions

and makes even them
turn cold and silent.

When I turn it off
and renew my
frantic battle
with darkness
and the night

I can hear them snicker.

Patrek

Appalachia

Tread Softly

Utopia is a
pair of loving arms
that work magic
with a warm
embrace

and the contented
smile of one
slumbering in
the protective
folds of love

who exhales the
ether of dreams
and gives a cozy
glow to the night air.

Susan K. Reed

Parts

Life's beauty lies in it's viewer's eyes,
Dwelling on the sad parts can make you blue.
Friend, I know how you feel, 'bout ready to cry,
But it's not black or white, just an in between hue.

We all must sign up for a few broken hearts,
Some bad times, squabbles, and strife.
As always there will be good and bad parts
To the endless- motion mechanics of life.

Tom Wade

Damon & Pythius

I am your friend--

sometimes
when we are alone
when you are strong
when I need you
when I am in the right mood
when no one else demands me
when you are calm
when we are parting

I am your friend at other times too--

if you can find me
if I have time
if you don't take long
if you aren't exacting
for a few months
until we part

They are mere acquaintances with whom I --

spend my time
have fun
go places
do things
talk
eat and sleep
share my problems
develop my personality
fill my life

They mean nothing;
YOU are my friend
(do not question it!)

so long
see you around
maybe-

COLLAGE, MAY 1969--5

ON PROPHETIC DREAMS

by Gary Matthews

Slumbering in the night, a teenage girl dreams she is in an ornate place she has never seen before. She notes the paintings on the wall, the artistic columns, the marble statuettes, and the man in dark glasses who tips his hat as he walks by. The dream is so strikingly vivid that she never forgets it.

On a real-life tour through Europe several years later, she is startled to find herself in the exact room of her dream, perfect down to the last detail! While she gapes in wonder, a man in dark glasses walks by and tips his hat.

A woman telephones her out-of-town husband in the middle of the night. "I only wanted to make sure you were all right," she explains. "I had the most awful dream about you being killed by a man with a mole over his left eye. His initials were X.D." Her husband laughs and assures her that it was "only a dream." Next morning he is found shot. Xavier Duncan, a man with a mole over his left eye, confesses to the killing.

The foregoing accounts are admittedly fictitious. Yet millions of people have seriously reported experiences equally as strange in real life--dreams which foretold the future in ways so astonishing that coincidence must be ruled out as an explanation. The most recent examples I have run across are related in *NOT EVERYSEA HATH PEARLS*, by Louie Albee Mathews, and *GOD LOVES LAUGHTER*, by William Sears. Dr. Louisa Rhine, wife of the famed parapsychologist Dr. J.B. Rhine, has compiled a great number of such psychic dreams, as reported by apparently sincere people, and published them in a book called *HIDDEN CHANNELS OF THE MIND*.

Similar stories have been found in every society on the globe, and in every period of history. In innumerable private conversations with physicists, psychologists, psychiatrists, biologists, surgeons, chemists, lawyers, teachers, and the like, I have found many eminent pro-

fessional people who admit they are convinced that such things really happen.

However, there is a large and influential number of scientists and philosophers who are by no means ready even to consider such claims. Clinging blindly to the unproven nineteenth-century theory that anything real can be explained physically, they ridicule as superstition or hallucination anything which does not fit into their miniature frame of reference. Needless to say, such a narrow-minded outlook is illogical and contrary to the spirit of true science. The problem of prophetic dreams is still quite unclear and deserves a careful and competent scientific investigation.

The purpose of this essay is not to form conclusions about prophetic dreams. It is to show what conclusions might be drawn if they should happen to be real. Even scientists who believe in prophetic dreams and extra-sensory perception rarely consider the implications as far as modern science is concerned.

Let us imagine that a man has a vivid, detailed dream, which actually comes true in life ten years later. Let us grant that the dreamer could neither have caused the fulfillment of his own prophecy, nor have been right by pure chance. Exactly what factors would be involved in such a situation?

For perception to take place, three things must exist: 1) the thing which is perceived, 2) the thing which perceives it, and, 3) some force which interacts between them transmitting information. For a man to see an apple, there must be a man, an apple, and light rays from the apple to the man's eye. If he hears a bell, there must be the man, the bell, and sound

ON PROPHETIC DREAMS (cont'd.)

waves from the bell to the man's ear. In physical perception, the force transmitting data is invariably composed of either particles, or waves, always occupies space, and has existence in a particular point of time.

For genuine prophetic dreams to take place, however, a person must perceive an event which does not yet exist at that particular point in time and space. For this to happen, data must be transported from the future into the past, through the time barrier! If this be true, then obviously the force which carries the information does not occupy time, but rather transcends it. And it is a lead-pipe cinch that whatever does not occupy time cannot occupy space, since time and space are simply different forms of the same thing (at least so says modern physics).

In order to explain genuine prophecy or precognition, then, it is necessary to postulate what might be called "abstract energy"—energy which has absolutely no spatial dimensions, no time dimensions, no mass, form or substance, but which nonetheless exists! Like truth or beauty, it would be completely intangible and totally immaterial; but, unlike them, it would be an actual force producing observable effects.

Materialism is today receiving sledgehammer blows from research in the field of extrasensory perception. Therefore many materialists, realizing that they cannot much longer deny ESP, attempt to give all forms of ESP, including prophetic dreams, a mechanical explanation. "It is not," they say, "that non-physical forces are operating here. The brain like a radio simply picks up waves from some still unknown form of physical energy, and nothing more. If man can foretell the future in dreams, he has only perceived the present through these unknown physical waves, and subconsciously deduced the future from that."

Such incredibly shallow thinking on the part of presumably intelligent people is beyond belief, yet the theory is often advanced. Let us analyze it and see exactly what it would entail.

To correctly forecast an event which is to take place as shortly as ten minutes from now, one must, consciously or unconsciously, take into account all the different variables which will influence it from the time the prophecy is made until its fulfillment, and calculate the results which interacting variables will produce. For instance, to correctly predict (without mere guessing) the fall of a coin which someone is about to flip, one must know every muscle, bone, nerve, blood cell, oxygen molecule, and gland in the person's body, and every single thought in his conscious and subconscious mind (since these all have effects upon his motions), and every outside stimulus which affects his thoughts and actions, however minutely or unconsciously (every person receives billions of separate stimuli per second!), and the exact size, shape, and mass of the coin, and every force such as gravitation, air currents, heat, and the like, which can influence the fall of the coin. But this is only the beginning. One must, after perceiving all these and many more factors, extrapolate the future course of events from them. Each second further into the future one calculates, the number of variables which must be taken into account increases by geometric progression.

The infinitesimal flukes which change history are countless. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin when a floating spore of mold drifted into his culture dish; this event has changed the life of every human being on earth. For someone living before Fleming's discovery to calculate perfectly an event which would happen only some years after the discovery, he would have to know that particular dustspeck would drift into that particular dish at that particular moment. This would require knowing the position and motion of every air molecule several years before, plus all the factors which influence their movement (light and heat from the sun, moon, and stars; gravitational pull such as causes earth's tides, cosmic rays; meteorites;

ON PROPHETIC DREAMS (cont'd.)

the precise position and motion of each particle in the interstellar dust-clouds through which the earth's orbit passes; each tiny motion by a living creature; etc.). Even to hint at all the variables which would affect an event ten years in the future would require more volumes that can be found in all the world's libraries. The number of such variables, if not infinite, is inconceivable greater than the number of atoms within the human brain itself. The brain could not possibly count them, much less make calculations based upon them.

However, let us grant for the sake of argument that the brain, on aware of the different factors involved, could unconsciously deduce the future from them. How is it to obtain such information in the first place? To physically perceive every molecule in the earth's atmosphere (including those on the other side of the earth!), some sort of energy must travel to the brain from the molecule. Since presumably the brain would receive energy from each molecule within range, and since physical energy travels in straight lines, the sum total of all impulses received would be blended into a meaningless blur which no one could sort out! Clearly, any sort of energy which might conceivably transmit such information meaningfully could not travel through space--it would have to transcend space and time, so we are right back where we started from.

If the reports we receive about prophetic dreams are true, then, we may consider that fact as proof of the existence of spiritual forces beyond time and space. How, we might ask, is man related to these forces? In what way does he detect them?

Something which transcends physical limitations might easily perceive something material, but a purely physical thing could not possibly discern forces which transcend all physical limitations. Therefore if man is truly able to register information from such forces, there must be something within man on the same plane as the forces themselves. In other words, an intergal part of

man's personality must be immaterial or abstract, having no mass, shape, or size, and lifted above space-time limitations.

Any reality which does not occupy space cannot be composed of either particles or waves. Anything which is not composed of particles or waves obviously cannot be decomposed or disintegrated. If, therefore, the consciousness or personality of man contains such a reality, it would be distinct from his physical body and could not cease to exist simply because his body is destroyed. To illustrate by an analogy, sunlight reflected in a mirror does not cease shining just because the mirror is broken; it can shine without the mirror. However shocking it may seem, such considerations bring up the possibility that prophetic dreams and extrasensory perception may prove not only the existence of the human spirit, but its continued survival after death.

Scientific study of psychic dreams has so far been too sporadic to produce sufficient evidence either for or against such beliefs. A major difficulty is that a researcher must take another's word for it that such a thing has happened to him. Under such circumstances, there is no way to rule out the possibility of hoaxes. Anyone wanting attention, publicity, or a good laugh could make up a convincing story and no one would know the difference. To remedy this, the following approach could be used.

A research center for the study of dreams could be set up, and through various advertising channels the public could be asked to cooperate. Anyone having an extremely vivid and lifelike dream would be requested to write it down immediately, describing it in detail, and send it to the center, which would file the dream unopened. If the dream later came true, the person who contributed it would need only to obtain documentary proof of the event, and contact the research center, which would open the letter and compare the dream with what really happened.

Under such circumstances it should be simple to sort out hoaxes and coincidences, and

Action--UPward Bound

Most students need an extra push or a small amount of motivation to continue their education, but one group of prospective high school graduates needs an even bigger push than most.

Upward Bound's objective is to offer this push or motivation, according to Mrs. Dorothy Howard, full-time counselor with the program. Upward Bound is designed to generate skills and motivation necessary for education beyond high school among people from low-income backgrounds and inadequate secondary school preparation.

The federally-funded, national program, which began in 1966, is locally based at MTSU with Robert Womack, education professor, as director. Approximately 50 high school juniors and seniors from Murfreesboro, Shelbyville and Lewisburg presently participate.

"Upward Bound Guidelines" says the program "remedies poor academic preparation and motivation in secondary school and increases promise for acceptance in a college environment."

Mrs. Howard added that participants in the program are recruited according to their need, whether it be financial, cultural or psychological. They remain in the program two years.

Fifteen former Upward Bound students now attend MTSU. Mrs. Howard said they periodically come to her for counseling and advice.

When asked what seems to be the participants' main problem, she said, "The students do not know how to go about things such as finding jobs. Many times they are embarrassed due to their lack of knowledge about such things."

Counseling offered by Upward Bound helps to solve problems faced by the students. Mrs. Howard meets with the students for counseling approximately twice each month.

The highlight of the students' involvement in Upward Bound comes in the summer months when they attend classes. They reside for eight weeks in MTSU dormitories during the summer session.

Summer classes concentrate on the communicative arts, according to Mrs. Howard. The classes are taught by MTSU professors and teachers from the three high schools involved in Upward Bound.

Math classes feature the practical application of the subject, such as banking procedures and how to handle money. The students are given an allowance which they use for personal needs.

Other subjects taught during the summer are English and history. Concerning classes, Mrs. Howard stated, "We try to get them to open up and discuss in class. Some of the students are withdrawn."

During the summer afternoons, the group participates in skits and various recreational activities such as swimming, basketball and movies.

The enrollees also travel. Every two years the Atlanta Braves furnish tickets to a ball game to the group. According to Mrs. Howard, the overnight trip to Atlanta to see the Braves and visit Six Flags Over Georgia is an unforgettable experience for the students, some of whom have never been in a motel.

Mrs. Howard added that the Upward Bound program has long-range goals. If these students will go on to college, they will make better citizens in the future by being able to get and maintain better jobs.

Presently about 50 per cent of the Upward Bound students continue their education in college, with some enrolling in various vocational or technical schools.

Mrs. Howard added that she feels more of the students in the present group will attend college.

She commended the MTSU office of student aid for the help it offers these students. She added that it is one of a few student aid offices participating in Upward Bound which gives the students all the financial aid they need when they start to college. This aid is offered in the form of work scholarships and OEO grants.

Persons involved in helping students in Upward Bound realize the help it offers young people. Two years' enrollment in the program can make future progressive citizens of the students. It will certainly guide them upward.

by Fay Davenport

COLLAGE, MAY 1969--9

to a rebel

Be not controversial
challenging the establishment.
Be not a pacifist
with unpatroitic views.
Visit not the slums
for more than a pitiful glance.
Be not a friend to a whore,
a hippie, or a homo.
Love not a Negro
nor dance with him.
Love not your brother too seriously
for love is dangerous!
Join God's children in their pews
lest they still their twiddling thumbs
to watch your reputation.
--Janice Ducker

Boulders lie silent

Boulders lie silent
With moss and green-growing ferns
Gathered at their feet,
Each protecting the other
From the world.

dep

EL AMOR, R.I.P.

El Amor
se bambolea
del arbol
de prejuicio

en que
el mundo
le clavaó

con acusaciones agudos
y miradas
perforadas

nacidos
de la Culpa
y La Estrechura

de
las
mentillas
infantillas

por quienes
la Verdad
y
la Belleza

son los juguetes
de
las
lenguas
bifurcadas

que
apuñala
lo que
no pueden
comprender.

ANTONIO

YESTERDAY

Yesterday
we played a game of
chaos and
mind-bending
on the outer rim
of dim reality

until we tottered
precariously on the
tightrope of finality
and nearly tripped
over our mutual
psyche.

Today we stand together
in the face of "yes or no"
and divest our
spirits for a time
of the burden
of redundant
camouflage

Smiling within at the
beautiful simplicity
of reciprocity which
long eluded our
uncoordinated
grasps and now,

George Washington and
Ayn Rand notwithstanding,

we achieve a welcome
stalemate which
shows the futility
of struggling
against one's
own shadow
and vice versa.

If this spot of infinity
never dawns again--
though inevitably
it must and
shall--

We can ever recall
with a warm
glow the
second when
we
dropped our
inborn facades
automatically
and
shared our
souls.

I have known a man.
I have lived.
I am.

Where to Eat and Why

Food, food--it's everywhere in Murfreesboro. But where are the goodies? Ah! that's the secret which COLLAGE promised in the April issue. Our rating staff has run the gamut of the good and bad in Murfreesboro, and has arrived at the following conclusions:

ROSE'S--What? You've never tried eating at Rose's? The service in this case is strictly cafeteria-style, and the menu is limited to specials on plate meals. However, the service is fast and efficient, but the recent increase in prices are somewhat distressing to one on a rather limited budget. Most importantly, however, is the fact that the food is very good. Cleanliness of the cafeteria and its surroundings indicate a management interested in very sanitary environment. Of special interest are the occasional steak specials offered there.

BONANZA--Speaking of steak, just down the way from Rose's there stands the Bonanza, pardner. Naturally, anything with a name like Bonanza would specialize in steak. But, if your taste buds demand shrimp, you may also find this sea food there. Service is generally rather fast here, since it is essentially a cafeteria-style restaurant. Quality of the steak sometimes varies, and you might run into some minor trouble if you are especially picky about the way you want it cooked. Nevertheless, the dinners are well worth your investment if you want steak on a budget, and the management is quite courteous. General overall cleanliness is good, but sometimes may be a bit slow in the case of a rush hour.

DON'S--Strange indeed are the ways of the waitresses here. Sometimes service is excellent--at other times, it would pay not to be to picky with the lady who serves your meal. Still, the offerings are quite good, with regular plate dinners a special plus for the food served. Prices are better than most other places of its type. Smile at the waitresses--sometimes it's good insurance, if

nothing else.

CITY CAFE--City Cafe is that delightful place that reminds one so much of the L & M and Don's that one might think he has entered the wrong eatery. Yet, City graciously has friendly waitresses (a distinct advantage if you don't like things poured in your lap), fine food at quite reasonable prices, and a nice, "homey" sort of management. The only distinct disadvantage comes if you're looking for a place with atmosphere. City simply doesn't have that. The food is much the same as other uptown restaurants--special dinner plates with rolls (delicious home-made ones). Standards of cleanliness are rather high.

SHONEY'S--Remember the problems that were encountered with Shoney's curb service? If you decide to eat inside the place, you're going to have a wait--first, you'll have to find somewhere to sit, which sometimes takes longer than you might think. After you have finally struggled and prevailed in search of a roost, and your order has been placed, you may have an even longer wait getting your food. Well, anyway, Shoney's sandwiches are rather good, and the shrimp and steak plates are priced on the average with most places in town, although the tab is certainly higher than Bonanza's. Write it off on atmosphere. Cleanliness is generally better than most others, but not really that high. The waitresses are friendly--perhaps they understand the trials you face in waiting to eat there.

SOUTHERN DIPLOMAT--For that rare time when you're really loaded and you want to impress your date, you might try the Diplomat (formerly Al Sullivan's). The atmosphere is quite cozy in the Frontier Room--it should be if you're going to pay the tab to eat there. Naturally, the food is quite good, but it's not that fancy, so you can't expect squid, etc. Steaks are very good there, and the salads are truly fresh. Memories are made of such places where the food and at-

mosphere blend well. Make the most out of it.

OMNI HUT--All of the match-book covers bear the legend "created in a million miles of travel" and certainly, this has to be the ultimate in experiences around drab old Murfreesboro. Although the Omni Hut is located in Smyrna, it never has any lack of business, so you had best phone for reservations if you plan to dine there. Of course, the specialty is Polynesian and Oriental cuisine, but you may decide on a good old American steak if your American stomach can't cope with Won-Ton soup or sweet and pungent pork. Prices are steep, but well worth the unique quality of the food. For the uninitiated, there are four basic meals to choose from, providing four or more persons order the same meal. Very nice. Cleanliness is extremely good here, and service is excellent. Also, thank goodness, the natives are friendly.

And that, dear reader, ends the inspection of Murfreesboro's eateries. The gallant COLLAGE staff has saved you the torture of wasting your coins on rotten goodies. So until the next time we juggle our peas on the butter knife, we wish you and your comrades many happy gastric experiences.

PRONE

A poet lay
haphazardly
draped over
a public bench
inebriated by the
clean smell of the
autumn wind
and the blinding
radiance of
a blue sky
rippled with
tiny white
flakes of
cloud

listening to the
invigorating whir
of the changing
seasons that
is marked by
the lonely
leaf that
soars and
tumbles
about
the

shifting currents of
air
which
remind
me
of the magic whirlwind
and the stealthy
winter
snowstorm
that
brought me
a moment
of warmth,
a vision of self,
and
you.

TESTIMONY

The morning broke cold, gray, and overcast;
There was nothing
Just an immense silence;
The house was strangely still;
It was as if time had ceased to be,
And I knew that my friend was dead.

Then I remembered all past times
And all the past things he had done,
And I realized, in that faint instant of insight,
Which presents itself to so few men,
That it was not my friend who was dead,
But I.

DISCOURSE

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Down through the annals of the history of man there has always been social change. Each successive generation produces its own intellectuals. These intellectuals, by virtue of their youth and their ambitious progressive nature, easily identify the faults and weaknesses of the established regime of the previous generation. They then go about orientating a method by which to reform the old systems and bring them up to a plane where they can fulfill their original purposes.

In regard to all new ideas there is opposition. This is most certainly true in relation to the philosophies of the younger generation. The establishment simply refuses to deviate from the status quo. They desire the social life of the world to continue in its present monotonous state. They wish to quell emotionalism and expression of thought and substitute instead rationalization and conceptualism. They have no desire to find meaning for their placid existences, but they wish to bog everyone down by a doctrine of social norms and conventionalities. They wish, in short, to make every human being another head in that vast nose-picking herd--society!

The reason for the so called "generation gap" now becomes very clear. It is simply the stubborn lustfulness of both the establishment and the reformer. Each side refuses to concede anything to the other. Each faction wants its own concepts and ideas instituted immediately, without regard to anyone else.

It seems to me that many of the younger generation have one thing in common with the establishment--conformity. Everywhere one hears the call to "do your own thing." But it is strange that if one's own thing is not in coherence with teeny-bopping hippomania, then one is an outcast to even the Flower Children of Love. There is a great cry from youth to find man's true identity, yet one must do this along "hip" lines of beads, beards, booze, and blondes. In truth, the new "bunch" is, for the most part, as bad as the old.

Gary Lemmons

TWO WORLDS

Tiny drops of water dim my eyes
And slip silently down my cheek
To vanish in my hand.
They come with joy
With sadness
With fears
Purposes unlimited.
Still they come.
This time it's joy
Sweet price for victory.
Now it's quiet peace
At being back in competition.
Sadness fills my thoughts.
My sheltered world
Is quickly coming to an end.

The road will be long
And narrow.
Many have travelled it before me,
But did they pay the price
Which I must?
Most of them gave up only dependence.
I must give up not only dependence
But a part of my life
Though short lived
Which has come to be an outlet
A beacon
A hope
An open drive
Work for pleasure
Pleasure in winning

Experience in losing
Living in all
Now this world
Must be left behind
It may be recovered
Again, it may not.

God, grant me the peace of mind, the power of will,
the determination of heart, and the devotion of soul
to be able to return to familiar surroundings with
increased knowledge, undiminished patience and intense
determination to improve on that which was left behind
and make it as nearly perfect as possible in the future
world.

Ginny Ray

Dear Russ,

You asked me how you could get good grades in college when you start next year,

1) learn to brown-nose.

2) get in a frat. that has the most tests on file

3) don't get carried away with learning passing tests is what counts

4) Don't think, just tell the prof what he wants to

1. a. n. Don't let him know

GRADES MUST GO

In Shirley Jackson's eerie short story, "The Lottery," a village holds a drawing each year to decide whom they will stone to death. In our colleges and universities, we do it twice a year.

One character in Miss Jackson's story raises a question about why the villagers continue to perform this inhuman ritual, but an elder quiets him with, "We have always had a lottery."

So it is with grades, and mid-terms, and true and false questions, and multiple choices, and essay questions (choose 3 out of 4), and bell-shaped curves, and Dean's lists, and no-doz, and blue books, and crib sheets, and proctors, and the rest. We have always had them—or something akin to them.

We have indeed always had them, although there is literally not a shred of research evidence which supports the present grading system. They are about as accurate as the gas mileage statements out of Detroit and about as objective as an old maid telling you her age. That we have tolerated grades for so long makes me seriously question whether we have even fewer brains than we do intellectuals on our campuses.

Grades must go. Their only genuine function is to serve certain administrative conveniences. They do allow the registrar and members of the deanery to decide who is on probation, and who can take an honors course, and who sits on the dais at Phi Bet banquets, etc., but they are too destructive to be allowed to continue to debase what a university could be.

FIVE REASONS WHY GRADES MUST GO

Grades separate students and professors into two warring camps, both armed with dangerous weapons, none of which have anything to do with a notion of a community of scholars. The grades keep student from teacher and teacher from student as effectively as if each wore the sweaty jerseys of two arch-rivals fighting for a bid to a bowl game.

A student cannot praise a professor's teaching within earshot of other students, or he would be slashed to ribbons for "brown-nosing." However, in the comfortable privacy of a professor's office, the slippery students keep their appointments, and get in the brownie points which, they have well learned, are one of the practical ways to up their grade point averages.

Sadly, this same information keeps many students with integrity away from the professor's office.

If praise can't be given, open criticism of a professor to his face is even rarer. It simply would not be politic. Even if you had some hint about how to make his course better, the implied disapproval would surely earn retaliation. So it passes that students and faculty—the two groups on a campus which most need to find each other—are separated by a wall as impenetrable as barbed wire, and it is called a transcript.

Grades over-reward the wrong people and often punish students who need to be punished the least. There is something basically immoral about a system which passes out its highest institutional appreciation to a meritocracy based on memorization, clever use of mnemonic devices, test-wisdom, and various symptoms of anal compulsiveness.

The Dean's list is made up of just too many such people—grade grubbers who seem to lack a certain spark of creativity, sensitivity, and humanity. The finely-sifted ones who make the honorary societies are often not necessarily dishonorable, but their unmitigated self-advancement tends to make you wonder why the university makes so much fuss over such people at graduation. The world is dying from selfishness and yet the academic world gives asterisks for it on commencement programs.

At the other end of the continuum, grades have been used systematically to screen out black students, to decide who to ship out to Vietnam, and to firmly remind those who will not conform that they are failures. It becomes increasingly clear that those who knuckle under to the grading system and learn what reality is all about ("Look, the guy likes Buber, so I give him Buberisms all semester,") are the ones who reap the rewards. Those who question the system or resist it often get flunked out, neatly and sometimes finally.

Grades tend to destroy what learning should be all about. Students sign up for snap and crap courses they neither need nor want, but which give a sure "B" without requiring many papers, or much reading, etc. Students avoid courses which they might be curious about but cannot afford a low grade in because it would mess up their "cum."

Craftier students soon learn to

Grades must go (cont'd)

balance their 15-18 semester hours with a mixture of hard markers and easy markers, and like good consumers, they budget their time each night and study a little of this and a little of that. Passionately wanting to go and learn something in real depth is somehow looked upon as slightly uncouth. After all, those "meaty" courses with a mid-term, a term paper or two, a final, and three snap quizzes scattered here and there (so we can divide by 5 and get a good, objective average in order to give you a good, objective grade) have to be spread out carefully if one is to "keep up."

Only the wastrel reads novels or plays which are not assigned, and no one except a fool spends more time in the library than he needs to pad^{but}, with the right number of footnotes, a paper which the student guesses the professor will like (whether the student cares deeply about it doesn't matter). Grades make it almost unthinkable to consider writing a paper which might later be sent as an article to a magazine like Moderator.

Pragmatism, then requires students to begin approaching the selection of courses like the directors of a conservative mutual fund picking out a portfolio of safe investments—everything in moderation. It is little wonder that so many graduates later join the Book-of-the-Month Club to be told what to read and allow the Theatre Guild to pick their drama for them.

Grades reinforce an archaic notion of "competition" which may well turn out to be deadly in the 1970's. Sure, life is competitive, at least if you are in the business of selling storm windows or aluminum siding. Yes, Ford, Chevy, and Plymouth would like to slice each other's throats for a bigger chunk of the market, and all three of them would like to rub Volkswagen off the map. Nevertheless, the skills of cooperation actually dominate a sane man's life much more than do the skills of competition.

God save the marriage where the man is in constant competition with his wife. Pray for the family where the siblings are turned against each other's jugular veins. Most of our efforts to make our neighborhoods and communities healthier and happier depend on some complex forms of cooperation. And almost everything the college graduate does today to make a living demands cooperation. Almost everything gets done through committees, and the really valuable co-worker

knows the intricate skills of group process, and has the humanity necessary to control his ego and his competitive instincts. The point is, we don't have to teach competition; the beast in us is instinctively competitive. But we had better do more thinking about how to help ourselves become more civil so that we develop some range of responses beyond "What's in it for me?"

Competition for grades has made today's campuses lonely places. There are entirely too many students working for their own slightly sullied advancement into the above \$20,000 brackets. Altruism and a sense of community just don't exist at most colleges and universities. Too many pages are slit from library books, making it impossible for the next person to get the assignment, and in one of those classes where the prof proudly tells you he will give as many F's as A's, just don't be absent, because you won't find many people who will give you their notes.

Four years and more of this kind of competitive treadmill might prepare a college graduate for ruthless dashes down the expressway at rush hour, but I surely would not want to be the first Negro to move into his block.

Of all the destructive things grades do, probably the ugliest is that they contribute to debasing a student's estimation of his own worth. The emphasis and extreme focus upon grades, term after term, seems to squeeze a student's identity and self-image within the narrow confines of his transcript.

Students everywhere are in a quandary. They have too little else upon which to test themselves. They are saddled with an extended adolescence. They have no real opportunities to be either independent or courageous or to test under duress their love of their fellow man. As a consequence, students often stake their identity, almost their total sense of self, upon that grade point average.

We do not know how many of them, in the lonely hours of the night, sit and divide their grade point averages out to the 10th decimal point. However, we do know that a large percentage of the suicides at our universities stem, in part, from those decimals—at least, from misguided interpretations of their significance.

How could we have allowed those numbers to spew widespread feelings of inadequacy, inferiority, and lack of

Grades must go (cont'd)

power among perfectly useful and decent people? Have you heard of students who have given up careers because they thought they just didn't "have it" when they received a low grade in a basic course in their major? The worshipping at the shrine of numbers is a kind of madness which we accept almost without reflection, and which has about as much validity as treating a cancer with a spray deodorant.

The pursuit of grades has dried up the average student's sense that he can shape and change the world around him. With his eye on the carrot at the end of the semester, he does not really believe that he can make a course better. He doesn't really believe that students can and should have some stake in evaluating their education. It is almost heresy for him to believe that he has some valid insights into the hiring and firing of professors. Not wanting to antagonize the grade givers, he does not complain about large classes, irrelevant lectures, inappropriate assignments, unnecessary pre-requisites, or even an unreadable textbook.

How many of our students simply do not know who they are because for so many years they have been jumping hurdles put up by other people? Finally, on their own, they do not seem to have the resources for making meaningful choices or building values to live by. Otherwise, would so many of them end up like the characters in John Cheever's Shady Hill suburb? Those urbane, handsome, ivy-league types going off to high-paying jobs that they hate, (made-tolerable by martinis at lunch), marrying attractive-but-shallow girls, raising children who greet them with, "What did you buy me?" and tolerating terrible abuse from their bosses so as not to get fired and thereby jeopardize the country club membership the \$40,000 development house, the vinyl hardtop, and their credit with the othodontist: Is that what a college education is supposed to produce?

Over and over I hear the phrase, "Well, that's reality." I think we are long overdue in examining a greater reality behind the grading system. It may be called "reality" to say, "All colleges have grades," but all colleges do not have them. It may be reality to say, "Grades are the only thing that graduate schools are concerned about," but the best of the grad schools are not all that concerned

about them. When people say, "Well, that's the system," I want to shout, "Systems have been changed."

I believe we ignore at great peril the greater reality of a learning environment in which students and professors become increasingly alienated from each other, where cheating and the con-man are daily operative, and where what a student gets out of a course can be boiled down to a single, crude letter of the alphabet.

I am convinced that a real onslaught upon the grading system could have dramatic and immediate positive impact upon our universities. If nothing else, many of the most flagrant academic abuses might be flushed out into the open.

Professors who can't teach will be forced to face that truth if we take away the protection of their dangling A's and F's. Professors who can teach but who get more of the institutional rewards from doing research or playing grantsmanship, may get back to teaching. Busy-work assignments will be challenged and so will those fraudulent reading assignments (2,000 pages a weekend?). Students will shape and change many assignments they now merely accept. Assignments will be more individualized and the curriculum will take on a new relevancy. It is no wonder that the old guard, including those Uncle Tom students who say, "Why, I don't see what's wrong with the grading system. Mister Charlie, he treats me real good, especially at transcript time," will resist doing away with the present grading system.

Change is coming, however. The danger is that we may merely be satisfied with a little tinkering here and a bit of adjusting there. A limited pass-fail system will not be sufficient to remove that inane cry from our colleges, "Wadjaget?"

What we really need is a sweeping awareness among students that they are being short-changed at that super-market they call alma mater. They need to realize that they are the customers and, as such, they have every right to demand that they get a real education. They must learn to see through our ruses. They must not allow themselves to be bought off with green stamps which they glue into their transcripts and turn in at the redemption center at graduation time for credentials. Grades must go. ■

Sidney Simon is Associate Professor of Education at Temple University.

Essence

Doom, doom, doom,
with the sounds of sonic booms;
how it looms, how it looms,
in the night.

In the night, night, night,
with a breeding of bare fright
and a scream of pure delight,
in the night.

In the night, night, night,
where there is no spark of light
and no friendly sign in sight,
without hope.

Without hope, without hope,
in the darkness, how we grope,
and we struggle with our minds,
wasting time.

Wasting time, time, time,
and a far off temple chime
correlates back to our minds
the way we go.

The way we go, the way we go,
and I'm sure we know the road,
but I fear we do not heed
the way it leads.

The way it leads, the way it leads,
yet we move with daring speed,
and we cannot change the "set"
from towards death.

Toward death, toward death
and some encomiastic rest,
yet being mortal man,
we build our house upon the sand.

Upon the sand, upon the sand,
there we make our feeble plans,
and though we cannot find a flaw,
soon they fall.

How they fall, how they fall;
oh how bitter is our gall,
and we give one final nod,
then we rest beneath the sod.
Beneath the sod, beneath the sod,
we return unto our gods,
and no more on earth we dwell,
and I guess it's just as well,
for what is man?

What is man, what is man,
not of clay or even sand,
not of zinc, mold, or rust,
but just a glob of useless dust,
and what am I?

What am I, what am I,
but the product of a lie,
wasting time from sea to sea,
writing silly poetry,
but soon it shall be gone,
and no more on earth I'll roam.
Life will never be fulfilled,
but at least I know I've lived.

Lemmons

Recapitulation

Empty, stupid, unmeant
words of complaint,
suspicion, and
accusation are
the only things
that hold
a solemn
shadow
to drab
reality.

The thin wall of
conversation, ragged
at the edges, pushes
back for another
fleeting second
the horrible
flood of
solitude
and
the
black
sea
of
cold realization that,
as always, the night is lonely.

PATREK



BREVITY

Shortness of Man's life;
A snow statue on a warm day.

CHEMISTRY?

True love of two people;
An unalterable compound of elements.

A FEMININE FINALE

Transformation from Tom-boy to lady;
A blossom from a stinging bee.

Fay Davenport

ENIGMA

WITHIN THE WALLS of my being, feelings chose sides
And go to war.
Hellos, smiles, rain watching, sleep thoughts
Become battlefields for self's armies
Fighting skirmishes over what I shall be.

Lines of battle are drawn, re-traced,
Then erased and re-drawn depending on
 involvement's traps
 love's ambushes
 my freedom hang-up and
 the way of the wind.
I've found myself in the eyes of strangers
 discovered identity in Stanyan Street
 remembered my name in laughing
Only to lose myself again in the maze
 of right and wrong
 blank stares and silence

Mind's war games
Self vs. Self.
The loser on losing, wins
The winner remains lost.

--Gay Garner

not a warning--just a reminder

So Spring has come back again this year;
The earth resurrects once more;
The passions of love and hate run high,
And life is no longer a bore.

The sun, the heat, the fresh pure air,
Like a virgin undefiled by man,
Flaunts a beauty like unto the sea,
Which sweeps upon the golden sand.

Yet in the height of this regime,
Man, with every breath,
Unknowingly moves to the fall of the Age
And the visit of old friend Death.

Lemmons

Tomorrow

The salty, restless sea of time
Laps at the footprints of our Love
Imprinted on the beach of Life.
As sands of fate shift 'neath our feet,
The bleeding sunset yields its crown
Of light unto the topaz moon,
And spills its crimson warning out
Across the milk-white virgin beach.
I fear the unmapped dunes, and sands
Of future stretched ahead in dark;
You also hesitate, but then
Our unveiled eyes meet candidly,
Reflecting dreams and hopes and love.
Now with faith in tomorrow's dawn,
We hand in hand continue on;
For here together we belong.
The footprints of our love upon
The beach of Life have washed into
The ocean of Eternity.
The nascent dawn now wears again
The crown of light; and you and I
Know that tomorrow will be ours.

GISELA DELLIMEIR



GAMBLING IN GRADE POINTS

by Layman D. Moyers

Written by special request of
Collage.

The Associated Student Body of MTSU, by resolution of the House of Representatives and Senate, has recommended modification of our present system of recording the averaging letter grades. The Faculty Senate is presently considering the proposal and the president of the university will make the final decision of the matter in the near future. This summary is for the benefit of those students who do not fully understand the proposed change not the inequities of the present system that make such a change desirable.

Even though some nine hundred (900) students are placed on academic suspension in one year, it is not the intent of the proposal to infer that the university standards are too high. The element of chance, however, is playing too large a part in deciding which students are suspended and which remain in school. The current system obscures actual performance levels, prevents instructors from discriminating within wide ranges of performance, and works statistically to the disadvantage of students on the lower side of the curve.

Rationalizing Letter Grades

Some years ago teachers began expressing doubt that they could evaluate so precisely as to assign such exact marks as 87, 93, or 68. They maintained the best they could do was assign an A, B, or C, indicating ranges that would include five points or so on either side. Presumably, this would allow for measurement error. But in order to compute averages it became necessary to assign numerical values of 4, 3, 2, 1, and 0 to the letter marks. Those single digits were used in computation as though they were exact points, precise to the smallest decimal fraction--a situation they had intended to avoid. The measurement error of plus or minus five points or so had become plus ten and minus zero. The value assigned is at the limit of the letter range and includes all interim points up to the lowest limit of the letter above.

Performance levels do not fall at four or five precise points, but are distributed over a continuum from highest to lowest. There will always be the student who "just barely" made a C, and the student immediately below him who did "not quite" make the C, with the result that the second student was dropped to the bottom of the D value and received only half the quality points made by the first one. And the performances of the two were so close that the teacher who could not evaluate within less than "plus or minus five points or so" could not have been sure which one deserved the better mark. If both had been a fraction higher or a fraction lower they would have received identical grades.

The concept of measurement error is sound, but it would be better to allow instructors to assign "high D" marks, such as 1.8 or 1.9 (D) and let the plus or minus five points range from that point, rather than lowering some almost a full quality point, leaving others untouched, and assuming measurement error will average out from the new positions. If intermediate marks could be assigned the demarcation lines would lose their sting.

Significant Digits

It is statistically undound to assume accuracy of averages to three significant digits by computing from marks given in one significant digit, as is the current practice. This is doubly important when we recognize that improper rounding procedures are used. Any performance from 2.999 to 2.000, for example, is recorded as 2 (or 2.00) and averaged as though each C was at the lowest extremity. The equivalent of a 2.8 (C) is rounded to 2.0 rather than 3.0. This becomes critical for borderline students.

Consider the second semester freshman with an average of less than 1.50, who therefore must average 2.00 in the current semester to avoid suspension. The data below assumes three three-hour courses and the "maximum possible" assumes standing at the extreme top--1.99, etc.):

	Course I	Course II	Course III
Grade	C	C	D
Quality points	6	6	3
Max. possible value	8.97	8.97	5.97

Quality point average, current system:
15/9 - 1.67 Effective average, assuming each mark at top of letter range:
23.91 equals 2.66

All we know about the above student's average is that it is between 1.67 and 2.67. His actual average performance may have been almost 2.67, but we compute it as a firm and accurate 1.67 and maintain he has failed to meet the required 2.0 average to remain in school.

There are those who consider the 2.00 as being a middle-C and covering the range from 1.5 to 2.5. This would infer that a mark or average of 1.6 would be a low C. But it takes a 2.0 average to pass. It becomes apparent that, if C means average (as the catalog defines it), and if 2.0 is really the middle of the C range (and also the minimum passing average), half our student body will not graduate. Some instructors manipulate grade assignments within their individual courses in an effort to alleviate the effect of such inequities.

Possible Rank Reversal

Many, if not most, individual course grades are arrived at through computations that provide final rank order and numerical grades. The numerical grades are then converted to letters for recording and converted back to another numerical system in order to compute grade point averages. These conversions and reconversions constantly introducing errors that can lead to reversal of ranks among students.

Consider two students, X and Y, having three grades assigned on the 100-point scale, converted to letter grades, and then averaged, using A - 90-100, B - 80-89, etc.:

(Continued on Page 26)

GAMBLING IN GRADE POINTS (cont'd.)

	Student X			Student Y		
Grades (100-point)	80	80	70	89	79	79
Average	76.7			82.3		
Letter Grades	B	B	C	B	C	C
Letter Values	2.67			2.33		
Letter Values	3	3	2	3	2	2
Grade Point Average	2.67			2.33		
Original Grades listed in 10-step 4-point scale	3.0	3.0	2.0	3.9	2.9	2.9
Average in 10-step 4-point scale	2.67			3.23		

Student Y had an arithmetical average almost six points higher than Student X. But after averaging by our current system, Y found himself with one-third less quality point per credit hour than X. Because of the unfortunate position of Y's grades just below letter minimum values, he has thrown away eight quality points just below letter minimum values, he has thrown away eight quality points while X has lost none. And it would not have happened if the original or ten-step (two-digit) marks had been averaged. These are extreme examples, but less extreme ones are continually distorting the rank picture.

The Large C Group

A recent statistical summary indicates some fifty-eight per cent (58%) of our students have cumulative averages in the C range--between 2.000 and 2.999. If individual classes had even as few as forty per cent (40%) in the C range a normal distribution would have some students in the top third of the class getting the same mark (C, or 2.0) as some in the bottom third. It is inconsistent to discriminate to the point of suspension at 1.5, 1.7, 1.9, 2.0 and even 2.25, when our grading system will not permit an instructor to discriminate among the middle half of the students in his class.

Assume a student had an average of 2.05--a very low C-minus. Further assume he took a full semester's work and made the equivalent of a C plus in every course, a mark which might well have been in the top third of the class. He would find his C-minus average had been lowered even more; his average for that semester (2.0) was less than any grade he made (earned). If the instructor could have given a C-plus (2.8 or 2.9) that would have happened. There is often as much difference in performance between the low C and the high C as there is between the high C and a low A.

A student with fifteen B grades and one high C would have a high C average. To regain his B average he must make an A, which would involve passing probably less than twenty per cent of the class from his usual position of B. But for the student with fifteen C grades and one high D, it will involve passing some forty or more per cent to get the B necessary to regain the C average. If marks such as B-plus and C-plus could be given the C student would not be placed at such a disadvantage and the averages of both students would be more meaningful.

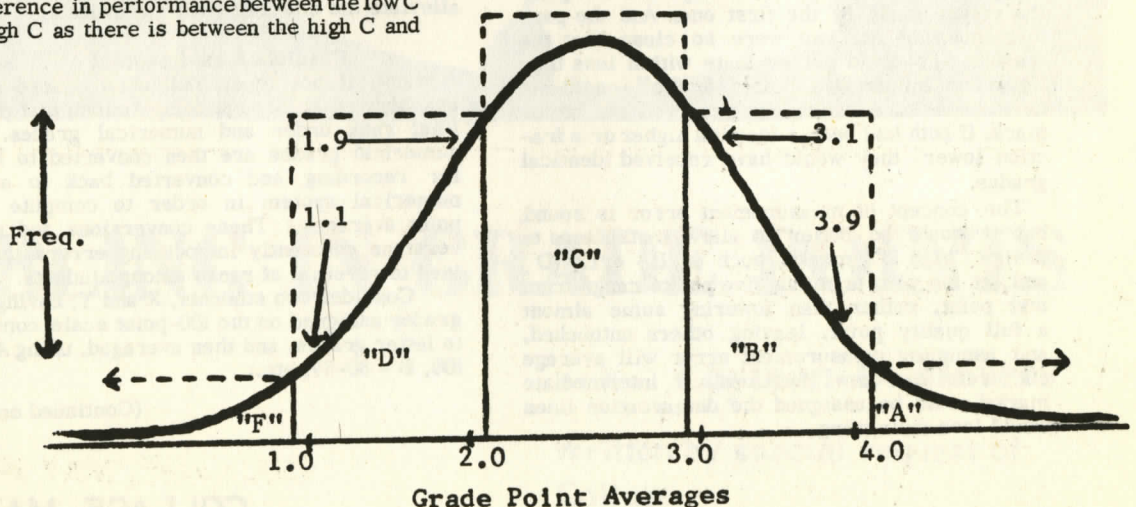
The Unique A Group

Much comment is heard about "identification of the gifted student" but our grading system does not assist in such identification. There is no way for an instructor to show that the work of one A student is better than another. We recognize the "straight A" student, but if he ever gets a B-plus he is henceforth a B-plus student. Ten extremely high A marks and one high B is better overall performance than eleven low A marks. A student who feels secure in the low A range has no motivation to try for a high A. It helps but little to announce that averages above 3.8 will be considered an A, especially since the 1.8 will not be considered a C, nor the 2.8 a B.

Penalizing the Below-average Student

Assuming a normal distribution of grades, we find the D students are discriminated against as compared to those in the A and B groups. (These remarks assume the median to be in the C range, but the discrimination is present on the low side of the curve regardless of the letter range in which it falls.) Consider the normal distribution curve below, upon which letter grades have been superimposed:

(Continued on Page 27)



GAMBLING IN GRADE POINTS (cont'd.)

Although credit is not currently given, relative performance levels of B-plus, B-minus, D-plus and D-minus have been indicated above as 3.9, 3.1, 1.9 and 1.1. Since the density of scores increases as we approach the mean from either side, it can be seen that more B students forfeit .1 point than forfeit .9 point when the grade is recorded as 3.0. On the other side, more students receiving D marks forfeit .9 point than forfeit .1 point when the grade is recorded as 1.0. Students on the low side of the curve (D range, in this example) are literally throwing away more quality points than those on the high side.

The above diagram depicts the mean as falling at about 2.5. Actually, about fifty per cent (50%) of our first semester freshmen (sixty per cent of freshman males) have cumulative averages of less than 2.0. Less than ten per cent (10%) of our freshman males are doing either "above average" or "superior" work by the catalog definition of those categories.

Recommendation

In order to minimize the element of chance and the inequities described above, it is recommended that grades be reported and averaged in a ten-step two-digit scale as follows:

A --- 4.0 through 4.9	D --- 1.0 through 1.9
B --- 3.0 through 3.9	F --- 0.0
C --- 2.0 through 2.9	

If two digits are acceptable, it would seem that all ten steps should be available for instructors who desired to use them. For those who desired to use only three steps, the following values are recommended:

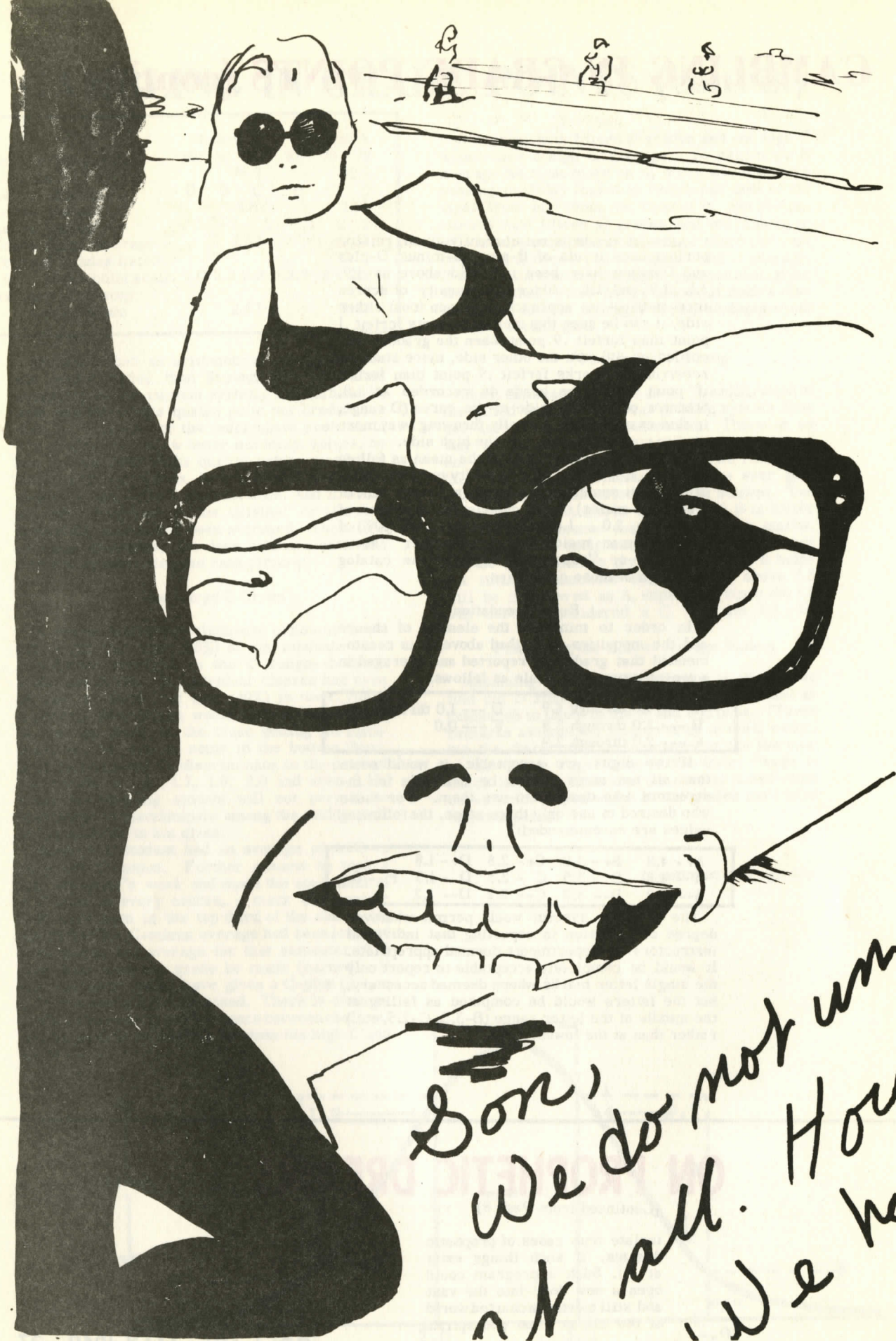
A+ - 4.8	B+ - 3.8	C+ - 2.8	D+ - 1.8	
A - 4.5	B - 3.5	C - 2.5	D - 1.5	F - 0.0
A- - 4.2	B- - 3.2	C- - 2.2	D- - 1.2	

The ten-step system would permit whatever degree of precision in reporting that individual instructors or departments deemed appropriate. It would be completely acceptable to report only the single letter marks where deemed necessary, but the letters would be computed as falling at the middle of the letter range (B-3.5, C-2.5, etc.) rather than at the lowest limit.

ON PROPHETIC DREAMS

(Continued from Page 8)

isolate true cases of prophetic dreams, if such things exist at all. Such a program could open a new door into the vast and still mostly uncharted world of the human mind and spirit.



Son,
we do not win
at all. How
we he

OF BEAUTY AND BEASTS

A SHORT STORY BY AL C. NOTGRASS

His eyes scanned her body there on the beach, all brown. The black hair fanned about her head, which rested on a small pillow. Gritting his teeth, he felt emotion surge inside of him as his eyes wandered from the strong, relaxed face down the sleek neck to the barely covered bosom. A drop of sweat oozed from some pore on his forehead and trickled its way down to an eyebrow, causing him to blink his eye and wipe the moisture away.

"Please move away from the sun," she said.

Her voice was strangely deep. He moved off to one side. An impulse to utter something was smacking at his lips, but he said nothing.

"Could I help you?" she intoned.

"Admiring. just admiring." His throat was peculiarly dry and the words did not tumble out graciously.

He turned away and walked toward the water, and, as he neared the edge of the breakers, he turned to look at her again. She had not moved. She was neither ruffled or insulted.

The makeshift sign on the door read Dan Aldridge--Attorney at Law. It had been hung there by Dundee, who had a habit of reminding Dan of things he did not want to think about at certain moments. Dan gave the door a shove and stood in the hall as the room opened up to him. There were the beer cans from last night, overflowing the trash can and scattered about on the floor. To the right, in a bed, was Dundee, with his head propped upon a pillow, his body clothed only in shorts. One hand was behind his head and the other was holding a magazine. He didn't even hear the door squeak open. The window to his left was opened to let in the breeze, which flapped the dirty drapes, hanging from the window sill like flags.

"Danny-boy!" chuckled Dundee as he noticed Dan in the door. "Enjoy your early-morning dip, there, counselor?"

An image of the girl flashed into Dan's mind. He didn't want Dundee to know her, for some reason. He wanted to selfishly enjoy the thought-picture of that body against the sand and that deep voice of hers. He decided to change the subject.

"Only one week left," he said, "Better work fast if you think you're going to find anything here."

Dan thought about the university. He remembered his classes. And he remembered the halo of hair, scattered on the beach.

"We work all year up there," he said, as he fell into his bed across the room, "and then vacate the place for here for three lousy weeks, and then we go back, of all the stupid things to do!"

"It's a sneaky capitalist trick designed to overthrow the working classes," replied Dundee. It was his favorite way of avoiding questions.

But Dan enjoyed being unknown for three weeks every year. He liked being a nobody for a while. He liked it very much.

Next night, Dan's Austin squeaked to a stop in front of a drive-in market.

"Let's grab some beer," he said, matter of factly.

Dan looked up just in time to see the black hair and that body of yesterday go into the market.

"Tough," said his partner.

"Grab some PBR and I'll look around for something to munch on," he told Dundee, who snickered and headed for the booze department.

Dan saw her face. He maneuvered himself about to get a better view. Her dark tan was in beautiful contrast to her white halter and bell-bottoms. She grabbed some candy and started to move in his direct-

OF BEAUTY AND BEASTS

ion, so Dan wheeled and headed for the door, where Dundee was waiting.

As Dundee sat in the car, Dan waited on the fender of his Austin for body-beautiful to emerge.

"Can I help you with that?" Dan asked, as he reached for the sack in the girl's arms when she walked past him.

She smiled as she handed over the goods and led the way to a Triumph convertible. Dan took the sack to the passenger bucket and laid it gently on the padding.

"The shoulders are familiar, but I don't recall the face," she said as she reached into her purse for a cigarette;

"I'm the Mr. Personality from the beach yesterday, who was staring at you," he said, as he reached over the sack with a lighter.

She leaned her head back and a stream of smoke shot out from between her lips. Dan felt his heart easing up through his esophagus on the way to his throat.

"I'm Dan Aldridge from. . ."

"Sandra May."

"Huh?"

"And I'm Sandra May."

"On your way home?" Dan tried.

"That depends," she retorted.

"Let me drop Dundee over there, and I'll pick you up in thirty minutes, if you'll tell me where."

"You already have," she mumbled.

"What?" asked Dan.

"Nothing, nothing. Just come with me. Your friend can drive, can't he?"

"Don't explain," said Dundee as Dan shuffled over to the car with his keys dangling, "I'll see ya' God-knows-when."

A week passed. It was time to go back. Dundee was ready. Dan was not.

"Forget it, man! Forget all about it!" argued Dundee, sitting on the edge of his bed, looking across the floor at Dan.

"Don't bother with an argument," said Dan, calmly, "I'm not going back right now."

"Look at it this way. . ."

"I've looked at it every way, Dundee!" screamed Dan.

"You know, of course, how much trouble this is going to make for you. Draft board, parents, university. . ."

"Look--it's my problem, so don't worry about it."

Dundee finished packing and left to catch the plane. Neither of them spoke or said good-bye.

The new Dan Aldridge lay on the beach. The sun's heat blanketed his body in a soothing warmth. Sandra was beside him. A large crowd smothered themselves in suntan oil and conversation. Dan just stared straight at the sun from behind a pair of sunglasses. He thought about the letter he had received that morning. It had begun:

"Son,

We do not understand at all. . ."

Dan felt a tear wash slowly down the side of his face. It dropped to the sand and nestled softly there, among the grains.

NIGHT, the murderer

The night is cruel--
It entices shadows to
believe they have
a soul and forces
them to dream
that they are
worthy of
respect and
love--

Then, as the vision
of worth reaches
its height and
a mad hope
for once is
granted
credence

that this time will
be different--the
help of love
will chase
away the
chill of

the unknown, Life turns
its back and stabs
me with silence.

PATREK

Walter Hill and vicinity

Bear me away, on
a stardust sprinkled
trail
with the
sounds
of now cushioning
my
consciousness
against
the
latent
reassurance
of
proximity
and kinship,
to
the
familiar scenes
where we fished
for truth
and each
other
and where I
now see my
heart dangling
helplessly from
the twisted hook
of separateness.

Donald K. Fitzgerald

COLLAGE, MAY 1969--31

