



COLLAGE WISHES TO THANK MR. HAROLD
BALDWIN, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST AND
HOPE FOR YEARS TO COME. HIS MOST
RECENT MIRACLE IS THE NEW PHOTOTYPE-
SETTING EQUIPMENT WITH VARIABLE TYPE
STYLES AND SIZES.

MAY 1971

CONTENTS

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POETRY

Because I Met.....	5
John Michael II.....	10
Henry.....	11
Rivers.....	30
Vacation at the Shore.....	33

also several untitled poems

PROSE

Black Artists.....	2
A Tribute to George.....	6
Veera short story.....	12
The Abortion Controversy.....	26
Leatherbook Anthology.....	36

GRAPHICS

Excerpt One.....	15
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Cover photo by Ronnie Polk

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 4

BLACK



ARTISTS

European artists "discovered" African art in the late nineteenth century. The rediscovery of African sculpture was the inspiration of Cubism, a movement which has had a profound influence on modern art. However, this African heritage had little influence on the early black artists who painted before the Harlem Renaissance; all painted in the conventional styles of the day and most of the work was a sad reproduction of what was thought to be "good" art of the time.

The 1920's produced the New Negro Movement, sometimes called the Harlem Renaissance. During this period black Americans entered a period of great social and intellectual ferment. Young black men and women, particularly in the cities, began to examine their society, to criticize its white values, and to search for their own cultural heritage. They seized upon Africa as a source of racial pride and soon black American artists were producing works which revealed a romanticized view of the "motherland" which they had never known. Along with the renewed interest in Africa came new concepts of beauty. The black face and the black body were finally accepted as suitable subject matter for fine art. The spirit of this first wave of cultural racialism was concisely stated by the poet, Langston Hughes: "We younger Negro artists intend to express our individual dark skinned selves without fear or shame."

No longer did black artists ignore racial themes or consider the production of "Negro art" an unwarranted restriction. The artists were freed to submit their own world to artistic exploration. Poor imitations of pale, "pretty," and mediocre landscapes by white painters were replaced by paintings depicting the faces, the scenes, and the world of black Americans.

Yet, though the black artists emerged during the 1920's and 30's, none achieved the conspicuous degree of success which was earned by black musicians. Why was this so?

The Afro-American scholar-aesthete of the 20's and 30's, Dr. Alain Locke, listed the following necessities for the development of a good art: proper public appreciation, adequate financial support, competent and impersonal criticism, and social and cultural representativeness. Social and cultural representativeness was stimulated by the Harlem Renaissance, but the other necessities to the development of fine art among black Americans have been more elusive.

Proper public appreciation has continually been a perplexing problem to the black artist. Although blatant prejudice is not the problem it has been in the past (when black artists were not allowed to exhibit work in white galleries), subtle discriminatory forces remain. Black artists generally lack close contacts with the white art establishment. Therefore, they have not been as likely as their white contemporaries to get grants and scholarships or to have their work accepted in important exhibits. Various organizations, such as the Harmon Foundation, have attempted to remedy this, but in encouraging black artists, they have also tended to limit the potential appreciation of the artist to those of his race.

Adequate financial support for art has always been lacking in the black community. The economic status of black Americans has quite naturally not produced many patrons of the fine arts. Lack of conspicuous economic

Patricia Lebkoecher



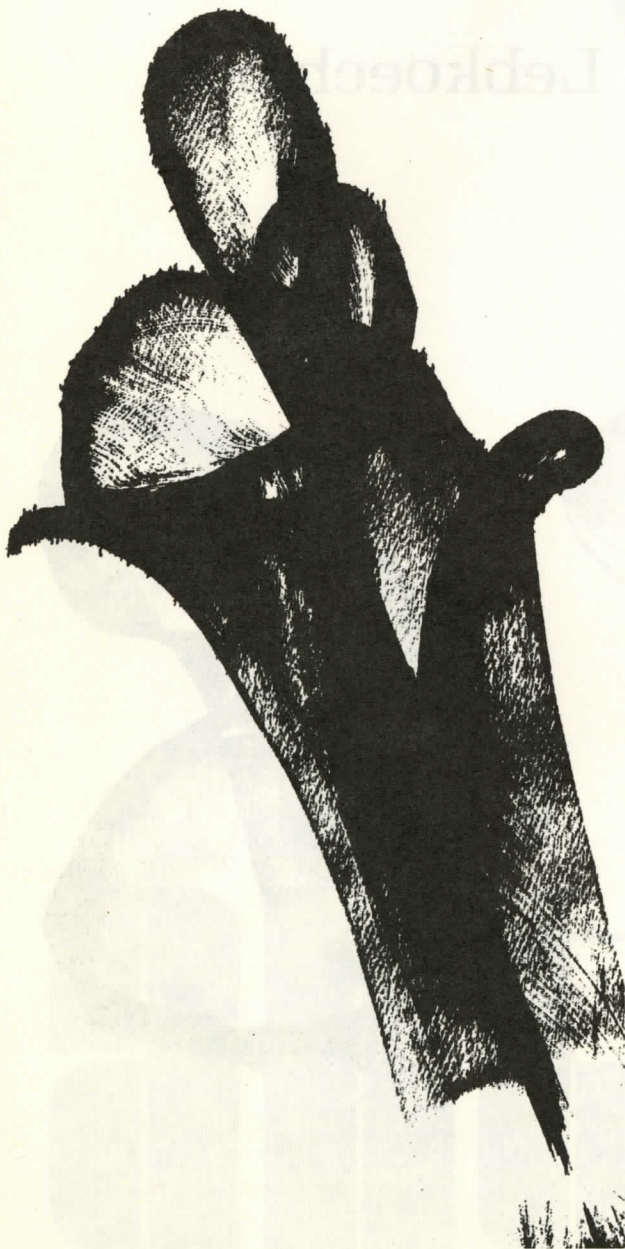
success among black artists has served to make black families reluctant to encourage artistic talent. Whereas musical ability could be encouraged and sponsored within the black community, and turned to economic gain outside the community, artistic ability has been considered far less useful. The family much preferred to encourage the young toward medicine or law as a profession with a better prospect of earning a living.

Competent and impersonal criticism has also been lacking among black artists. Since many have remained outside the mainstream of American art and feel that establishment art is not speaking to them or for them, these black artists have not benefitted from the criticisms and analyses which have been directed toward their white contemporaries. Criticism of the work of black artists has in the past been artificially reserved to black critics. These critics, though perhaps competent, have rarely been impersonal.

Social and cultural representativeness in the work of black artists has been a particularly troublesome problem. The turn toward racial themes which was inspired by the Harlem Renaissance perhaps inevitably stereotyped black painters and sculptors as "Negro artists." "Negroness" in art was, and often is now, promoted by black writers and critics. But emphasis on racialism in art, although once useful in stimulating cultural pride, now serves to exclude black artists from universal appreciation and tends to confine their acceptance to those of their race. Black artists have used their art to make their protest of American society, and in making that protest have been accused of being sociologists or social commentators rather than artists. Black artists who have *not* graphically depicted their cultural heritage but have made esthetic ideas their primary concern have been accused of being aloof to their own race. This has been the dilemma of a black artist in the past and remains a problem for many.

Certainly the Afro-American artist has been victimized by American attitudes. In a society which has not valued art in general and which in its history has had little respect for black men, it is not surprising that few people know the name of even one black painter or sculptor. Yet the music of black Americans is universally accepted and appreciated. Black musicians have given Jazz and its musical descendants to the entire human community and have not been accused of turning their backs to their own race. The visual art, like the musical art, of black Americans should also be universally acceptable and appreciated without denying the racial background of its creators.

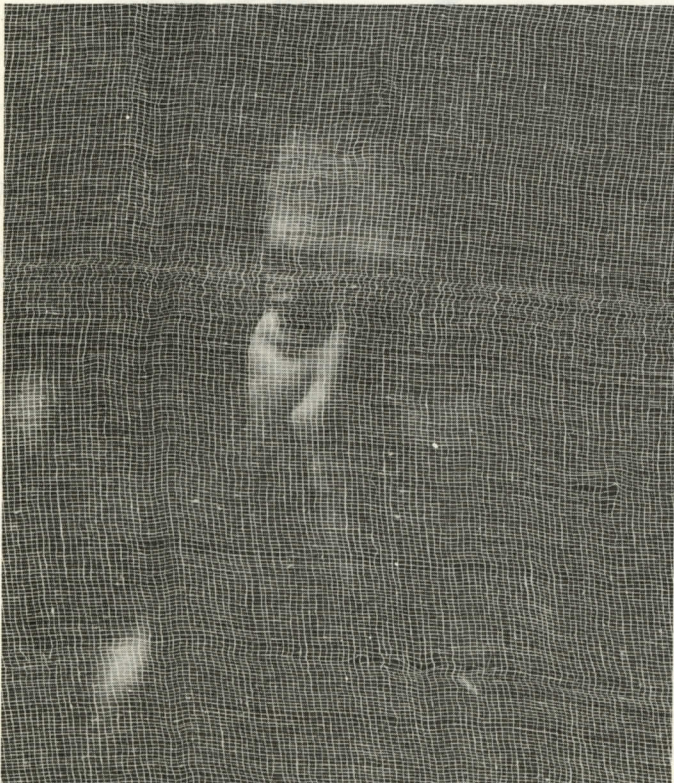
Today, painters such as Sam Gilliam, Carroll Sockwell, and Bernie Casey, and sculptors like Richard Hunt, are making reputations as artists who happen to be black—not as "Negro artists" who create only to register protest. When these artists are accepted simply on the merits of their work, and not as representatives of an ethnic group, then their art will receive whatever acclaim it deserves. Proper appreciation and acceptance for the black artist will have a price tag. He must relinquish dependence on patronizing agencies and gimmicks which appeal to interests in "Negroid" subjects alone. Aesthetic consideration should be paramount. Only then will the black artist achieve the degree of success which has been accorded to his brother the black musician.



BECAUSE TODAY I MET AND TALKED OF LITTLE THINGS WITH BOB
AND KNEW WE BOTH MEANT MORE THAN WE SAID, AND BECAUSE
EVELYN SAID SHE WOULD PRAY FOR MY SOUL AND I DIDN'T
WANT HER TO, AND BECAUSE I LEARNED OF AN UNBEARABLE SAD-
NESS I CAUSED UNWITTINGLY, AND BECAUSE I WAS ACCUSED OF
A CRIME I DID NOT COMMIT. . .

Others will come
And they will not know
(as your house steadfastly crumbles)
That they are accomplices
But with sunglazed lips
Voice the empty, traditional condolences.
And if you cry at the proper time and
With the proper amount of unction
They will tremble
And smear dung on their faces
For your holy sake.

I will not watch.
I come only to watch you build,
To help when I can,
To see your gentle hand
Constructing walls
From snow and grass and little things that crawl
Alike,
To gape in awe at what your innocence
Has not had time to learn.



SAMMY NICELY

Someday you will hate me,
For I never told you snow
Is beautiful as it is,
But it pleases me
To watch your hesitating beauty
Because your goading laughter
Is never more than I can bear,
Because your praise is not given lightly,
Because the thousand tiny worlds
That glisten when you move
Are never foreign to my being
I will hold you
While I can

A twisted and insane face has humanity today.

When you fall
I will merely turn
And walk away
Sickened
By the destruction
I knew would come
And say nothing.

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN



A Tribute to George

Clay Tucker

photos of the Preservation Hall
Jazz Band by Sammy Nicely

George Lewis died in New Orleans on the last day of 1968. He was sixty-eight years old. On that day he joined other great, now dead, black clarinetists from New Orleans--Johnny Dodds, Alphonse Picou, Omer Simeon, Jimmy Noone, Lorenzo Tio (both the father and the son), and Wade Whaley--who shaped the foundations that made possible everything that can today claim any kinship at all with the music called jazz.

I first met George at that tourist bargain, Preservation Hall, where, for one dollar, a customer gets free passage in and out for four hours so that between sets he can sip hurricanes from Pat O'Brien's or carry out beer from across the street. The front line that night, in addition to George, included Alvin Alcorn on trumpet and Louis Nelson on trombone. I chose to join the band for cokes in the carriage way between sets. George and Alvin talked to my son, then a fairly good school trumpet player, while I just listened and watched George in his fastidious way adjust a cigarette to his thin holder. Somehow one did not ask George the usual questions about what he thought of Bunk Johnson in the old days, how he learned to play, or who influenced him the most. George, whether playing or just chatting, was to listen to not to ask of.



After all, the history of George Lewis is well documented. Jazz lovers know the details: how he bought his first clarinet for four dollars when he was sixteen (or was it five dollars when he was ten?); how he taught himself to play and never learned to read music. There was the important recording session in a barny, uninsulated room somewhere in New Orleans that resulted in the Climax Records issued by Bill Russell, who was to become the white-haired jack-of-all-trades of the French Quarter and the mentor and promoter of George until Allan Jaffe, the proprietor of Preservation Hall, gave George and other old-timers a permanent location of sorts. Many know that Bunk Johnson, rediscovered at age fifty-eight, took George, Jim Robinson, Lawrence Marrero, Slow Drag Pavageau, Alton Purnell, and Baby Dodds into the Stuyvesant Casino in New York in 1945 and sparked the so-called traditional jazz revival of the forties. It was common knowledge that George returned to New Orleans to become a lasting influence in jazz. Finally, the influence became international with tours to England, Germany, Sweden, and Japan.

Complete with clarinet and case, at liberty and ready to travel, George would not have weighed a hundred and thirty pounds. But on the bandstand he was assertive,



firmly in command of his sidemen, demanding and getting the exact tempos, and selecting the tunes with taste and imagination. George always managed to include in his programs selections not frequently performed by other jazz bands. *Limousine Blues*, *Salutation March*, *Indian Sagua*, *Pork Chops*, and *Listen to the Mockingbird* are examples that come immediately to mind.

Some belittling critics have charged that George was mediocre, folksy, simple, primitive, and inept. Others, also finding him folksy and simple--and naive, quaint, and charming as well--saw him, for almost the same reasons, the most accomplished of artists. Both attitudes are inadequate if not wrongheaded. To hear the music of George Lewis--to listen carefully and really hear it all--is not just a folk experience devoid of more sophisticated and technical overtones. It is emotional, esthetic, and intellectual.

On several occasions I can remember friends of mine, hearing George for the first time, concluding that since he did not get the same sound that, say, Benny Goodman did, he was therefore simply out of tune, lacking in technical expertise, and offering nothing that a good teacher could not have improved for him in about a month. Such a conclusion indicates inefficient listening, a misunderstanding of the medium in which George performed, and the foolish error of finding jazz bad or good depending on the extent to which the music does or does not violate educated concepts of music. It is the snobbish jazz listener who is the loser if his conditioned sensibilities are so violated by an irregularity in the first measure that he does not pay attention to the myriad satisfactions that follow in the next six choruses.

George's playing had a folk orientation but also a complex technique and a highly developed creative sense. To hear George completely was to understand that in New Orleans ensemble playing the roles of the three basic horns are not as rigidly defined as they are in orchestrated jazz or in what is known commercially as Dixieland, and that the melody line is likely to wander excitingly from instrument to instrument in the ensemble as fits the mood of the moment instead of being totally confined to the trumpet as one might expect. The patterns of phrasing in the New Orleans idiom are likely to be longer and more flowing than in Chicago style where the patterns tend to be short and choppy, implying breaks at fixed intervals in the ensemble. The organic form of a selection by a New Orleans band involves the principle of climax achieved by chorus building.

Whether the choruses are ensemble or solo, the musicians must have the goal of climax, particularly in the sense of intensity, clearly in mind as the music proceeds. Just as the trained musician improvising in modern jazz may utilize substitute chords against a complex pattern set down by the piano and the bass in order to achieve a deliberate atonality, so did George Lewis. The result was no less valid because George did it naturally rather than "on purpose."

Such were the enrichments of George's playing. As I stood in the carriage way of Preservation Hall chatting with that slight, smiling man, I was reminded that it was Leroi Jones who had recently pointed out that Negro music is primarily the expression of an attitude about the world, that it is secondarily an attitude about the way music is made, and that a white man is not likely to comprehend either. Jones was right. And I knew I should never ask George *how* he did what he did. It was enough to glean the enrichments from the next set.

Anyone who writes about a dead musician has a problem with tense and time. It is never exactly correct to say that George "was" or "is." By the existence of his recordings he still lives. There is a twinge of regret that the records are not easily available. While most of them are not yet really out of print, they are not to be found in the local department store, the neighborhood hi-fi component outlet, or even in music shops. The records of the more or less standard labels may sometimes be found in a hole-in-the-wall in the French Quarter or in a sprinkling of jazz specialty stores, mostly on the West Coast. There are a few small, obscure, almost private labels for which George recorded. One needs addresses from collectors. European record shops still have much of what George has recorded, but that is for the discouraging reason that George, like all black jazz musicians, is appreciated more in Europe than he is here in America where the music all started.

George did not project the usual image of a defender of his race. He was, however, a subtle and effective advocate of black. As an ambassador of black jazz he may have been more effective abroad than Louis Armstrong since Armstrong often seemed to be placed in the uncomfortable position of being used, through no fault of his own, as the ambassador of white America through the guise of black jazz--quite a different thing. George was a credit to the black man's music and to more than that, and I feel better for having briefly met him and some of the musicians that worked with him.



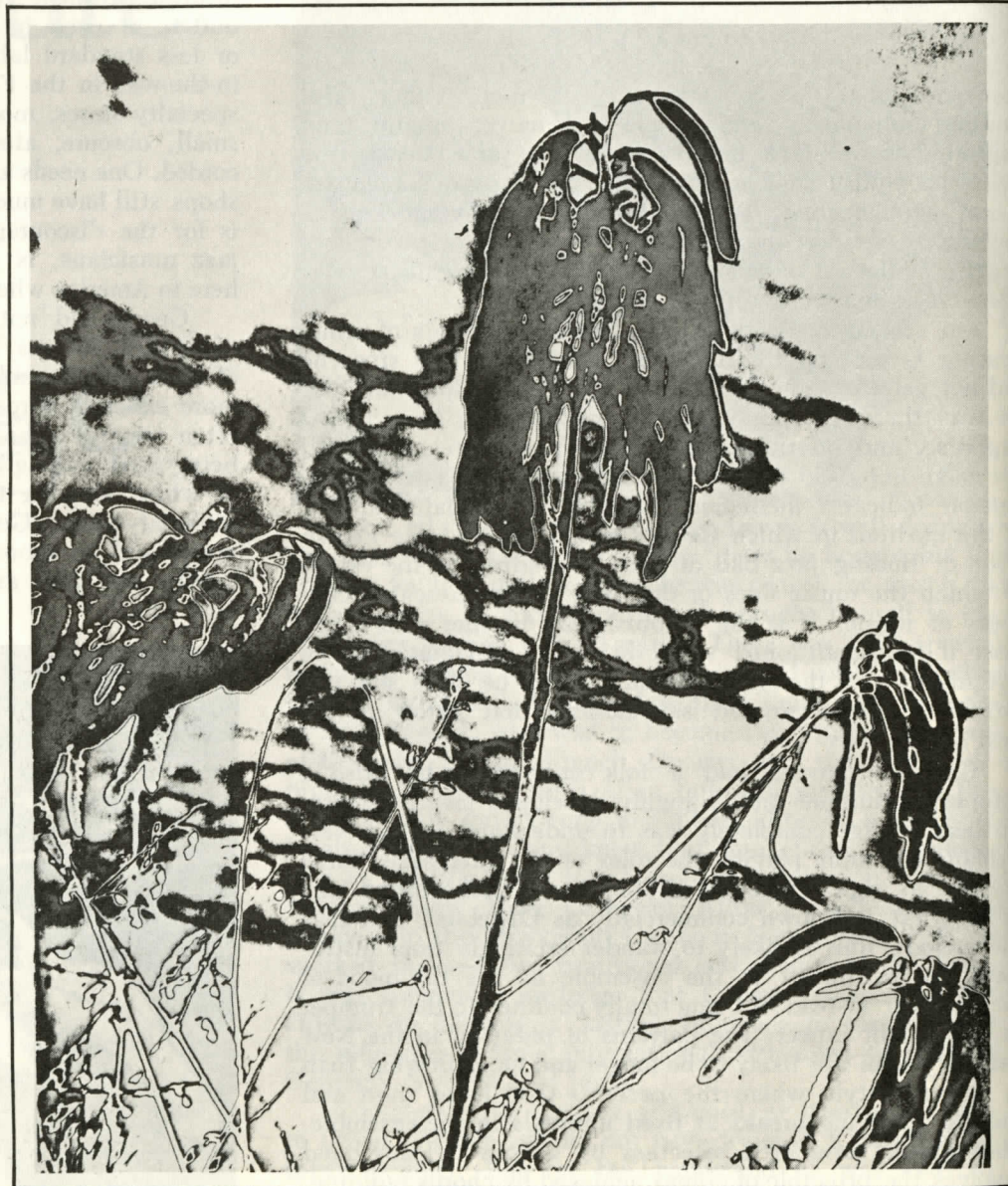
I have walked in strange fields
And felt your warmth
Tying me down
Never to be whole again.

I have seen you walking
While your long hair blew wildly
In an instant so real
It is still happening.

You never asked me why,
But I told you.
I smiled because I was
Happy.

You just smiled.

JACK LORD



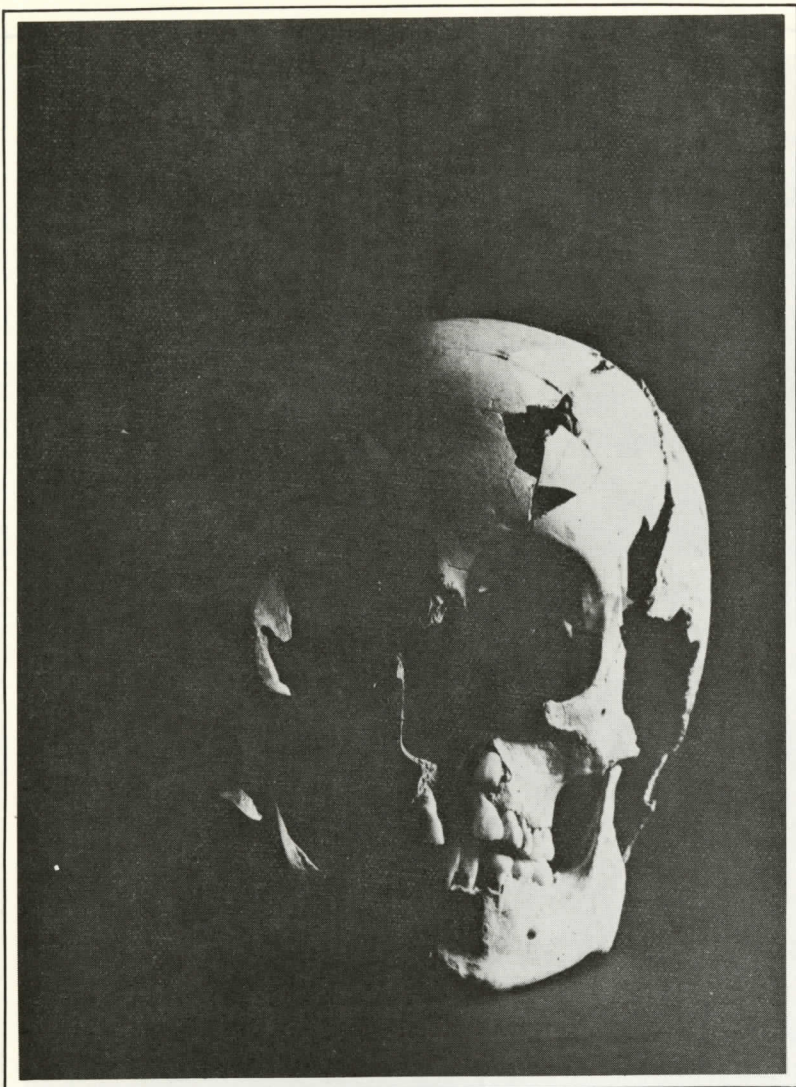
STEVE MALONEY



SAMMY NICELY

I wish we had a sandbox
with some of those tacky
red and blue pails
and shovels that bend
when you dig too hard.
I would throw sand in your
face
And you would throw
your shovel at me.
Then we could talk.
It would be
good.

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN



STEVE MALONEY

John Michael II

First,
They brought in that old window frame
That sat on top of the junk pile by the wood fence
In the back lot (the paint was peeling off),
And set it up against the east wall
Where the afternoon sun would hit it.
Then they peeled the yellow flesh
From his face
And stretched it like canvas
Across the bottom half
And secured it with red thumbtacks
(except the lower left corner where
they left a broken pane to show).
When they had looked at it awhile
And decided it was good,
They took his long yellow hair
And glued it in schitzophrenic patterns
All across the upper panes until it looked
Like mutilated burlap.
Then they threw a wild party,
Touching it many times
With their drunken hands.

Christopher Darwin

Dust has gathered on it now,
But the faded wallpaper still makes
An excellent frame.

Bristly poet soft of soul,
Gathering rainclouds and dried tears,
Collecting sadness and reasons.

In a third floor collecting box
Of elusive ideas,
Of the rare and common,
Of incidents and ideals,

Walking a campus both curious and shy,
Pausing while I capture a scene,
Darting as butterfly from thought
To thought.

Where did I take you?
To a land you didn't want to know,
To a deeper sorrow than before,
To a sad time?

Courting the Devil as easily as you court a lover,
Searching for a kind of truth;
A reality with firm handles.

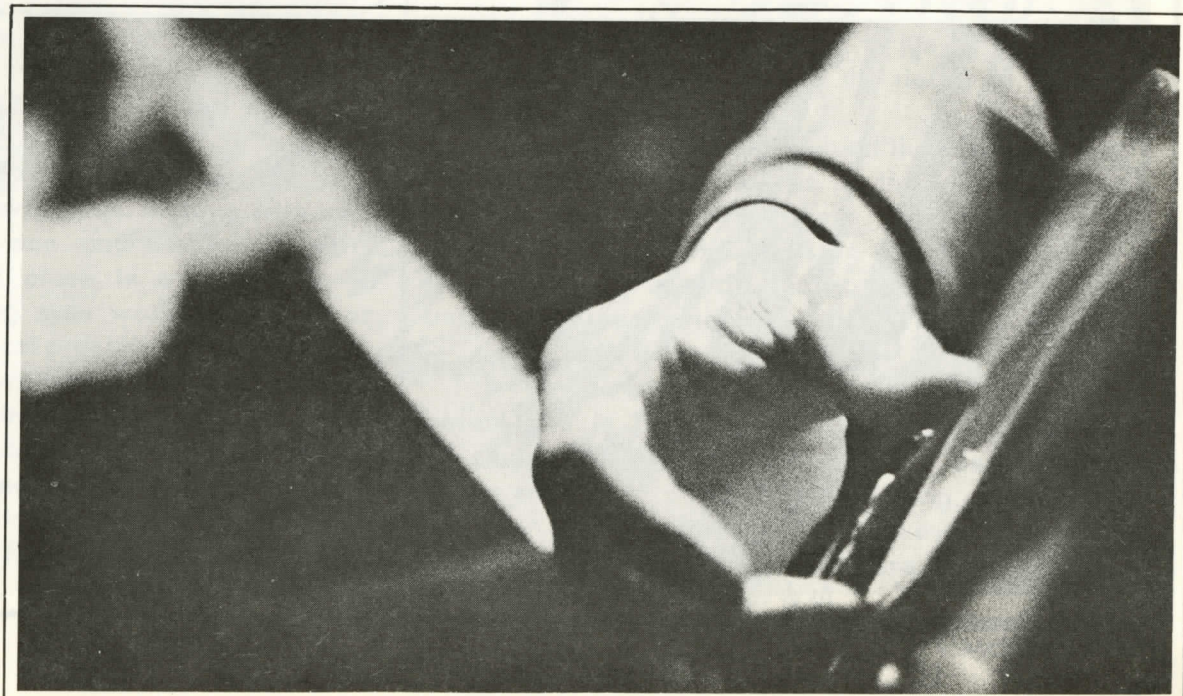
Singing after me:

Is there a pain so large so small?
Is there a white translucent wall?
Is there a falling without the fall?
Is there room in the front for all?
Is there a crawling without the crawl?
Funeral dirge but without the pall?
Is there a giant that stands so tall?
Widowed black in a pearl knit shawl?
Is there a pursuit to march
Is there a pursuit to match the call?
That chases me down the horror hall?

I sit and dream on the grassy mall.

Henry

Mike Hurt





STEVE MALONEY

Veera

M. L. Dua

idiomatic assistance-

Teena Andrews

There are many people in the world who will praise a beautiful woman. They may admire her hair, her lips, her eyes or indeed her entire being to such a point that they fall in love and desire to marry her. This story relates the longings of a young man who was in love with such a beautiful young woman and wished to marry her. The incident took place in a small town in India where the young man was working as an assistant to a local medical practitioner.

Every day this young man Anil worked long hours in a clinic assisting the doctor by doing all sorts of tasks. He would often go in as early as 7:00 in the morning and work until noon, take a break from the hot midday sun until 4:00 and leave at 7:00 in the evening. A high school graduate who had majored in science, he was efficient and indus-

trious in his work. In addition to his duties at the clinic, he sometimes assisted the doctor in visiting patients in their homes.

One day Anil stood behind the counter alone in the clinic making a list of the names of the patients who had visited there that day. With his head leaning on the register and concentrating intently he was unaware that someone had entered until a sweet feminine voice startled him.

"Where is the doctor, sir?"

He raised his head and saw a girl standing before him in front of the counter. For a moment he could only stand there gazing at her. He had never seen such a beautiful girl--long, silky black hair, thin, rose-like lips, and big blue eyes.

The girl spoke again. "Where is the doctor?" she repeated. "My mother is ill."

Coming back to his senses he at last replied, "Please be seated. He will return in a short while."

The young man could hardly move his eyes from this beautiful girl and stared at her as she sat there. Too soon the doctor returned and left with the girl to visit her ailing mother.

This was only his first meeting with the beautiful girl. The next day he took special pains to dress neatly and waited anxiously hoping for her to return. All day patients came and went, and he began to despair. At last, late in the evening when all the patients had left the clinic he looked up and saw a lovely girl in a white dress coming up the road. Yes, it was she! His heart lifted with gladness to see her again. She entered the clinic and he greeted her cheerfully, "How is your mother feeling today?"

"Much better than before," she replied in a friendly manner and handed him the prescription slip. He reached out to take it from her and as his hand touched hers he felt a pleasant sensation akin to an electric shock run through his entire body.

"Your name please," he said as he gave her the medicine.

"Veera," she replied and bid him farewell.

Veera.

He said the name to himself repeating it over and over.

Veera continued to come to the clinic every day to obtain her mother's medicine, and the young man became more and more enamored with her. He would give Veera her medicine at the end of the day after all the other patients had gone and gazed at her adoringly as long as she was in the clinic. Veera soon noticed that the young man was interested in her and asked him his name.

Many days passed in this manner and a great friendship developed between them. When the doctor was not in and Anil was not busy Veera would come and the two would sit talking for hours about many things--books and times past and love.

At last her mother recovered and Veera no longer needed to come to the clinic. Anil was so greatly disheartened that he began to pray, "O God, send Veera here again. May her mother again become sick." But even his prayers were in vain. Veera did not return and Anil was deeply sad.

Several weeks later as he sat on the terrace of his house Anil's best friend Raju came to visit and asked Anil to accompany him to a fair just outside town. Only half-heartedly he agreed to go with Raju.

The fair was crowded as far as the eye could see with throngs of people viewing the rides and exciting events and browsing at the stalls of colorful goods. Anil's eye looked over the crowd and he saw only one thing. There was Veera with a group of girls buying bangles at one of the stalls. Anil rushed to her, overjoyed. Veera was surprised and glad to see her friend and gave him a warm welcome. Anil led her away from the crowd to a shady spot where they talked for many hours as they had always done in the clinic. Anil thanked God and his good friend Raju who had brought him to the fair that day.

Days passed and one evening Anil returned home from work later than usual. "Son, you are late," his mother said. "Your friend Veera has been here waiting for you. She left just minutes ago as it was getting dark.

Overjoyed, Anil asked his mother, "What did she say?"

"She left this for you," Anil's mother replied, handing him an envelope.

Anil took the envelope from his mother with excitement and quickly opened it. Inside he found a wedding invitation and a letter.

Dear Anil,

I do love you, but not the same way that you love me. There is a great difference between your love and my love. You know that I have no brother; I love you as I would a brother. I realized on the day of the fair that you have misunderstood the feeling that I have for you. Always, since the first day I met you, you have been as a brother to me.

My marriage ceremony will be held tonight at eight o'clock. I would be honored to have you present in the marriage party and shower your blessings on me as a brother does for his sister. Would you do that for me?

Veera

Anil's mind ceased to be conscious of the world around him. His heart pounded and he felt faint. For minutes he sat in a daze, many jumbled thoughts whirling around in his head.

At last Anil got up, knowing what he must do. He put on his coat and left the house, calling as he went, "Don't worry, Mother, if I am out late tonight. I am going to join Veera's marriage party."

excerpt one

intro

The Art Department of Middle Tennessee State University is understandably proud of its studio offerings and the exceptionally fine faculty who teach in studio. It is possible for students to get a total of seven courses in each of five different major studio areas: painting, printmaking, ceramics, sculpture, and jewelry. Weaving is fairly new and because of space and equipment, only two courses have been offered in this area.

The demand in weaving has been greater than the department has been able to provide and more offerings will be made available as soon as need for space and equipment can be worked out.

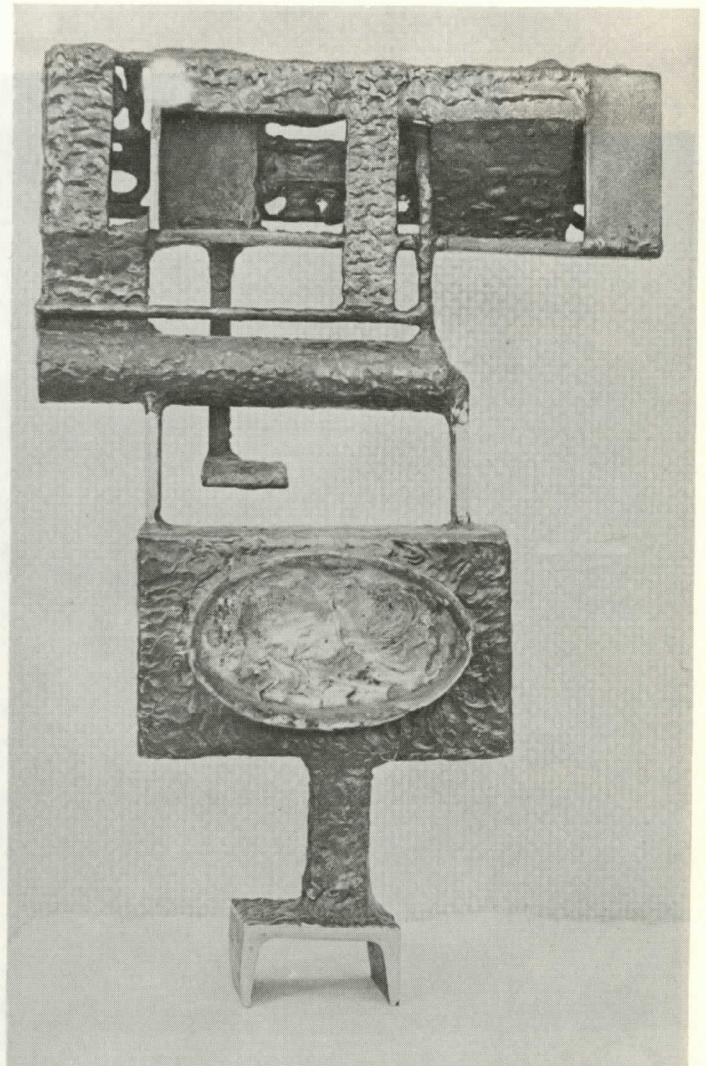
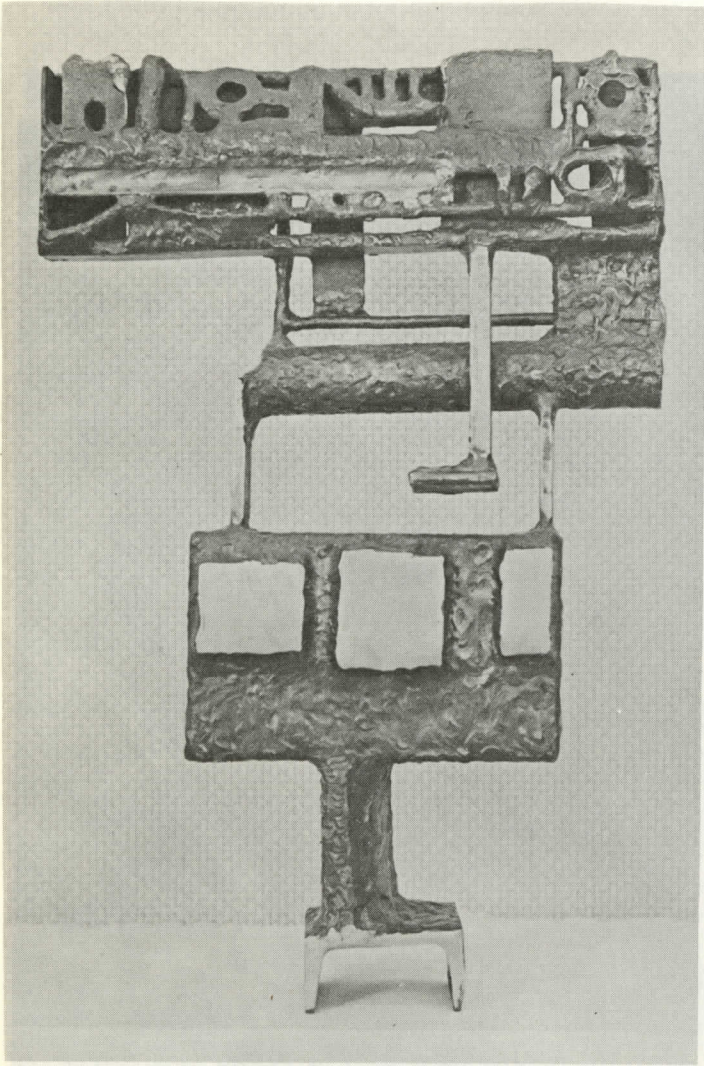
Each of the studio areas is represented by specialists: Mr. David LeDoux in Painting, Mr. Larry Brooks in Printmaking, Mr. Lewis Snyder in Ceramics, Mr. James Gibson in Sculpture, Mr. Klaus Kallenberger in Jewelry, Mr. Phillip Vander Weg in both Painting and Sculpture, and Mr. Roy Mills in Weaving.

The **Art Barn** houses the studios with the exception of printmaking and weaving. The Art Department Gallery is also located in the **Art Barn** and an extensive gallery program is carried on.

The department is proposing two degrees at the graduate level: The Master of Art in Art and The Master of Teaching in Art. For the present these degrees will be offered in the field of Art Education. We also anticipate additional offerings in the field of general education as well as additional offerings in specific areas. The Art Department Faculty feels the work at the graduate level will also strengthen the undergraduate work within the department.

Dr. C. M. Brandon

gibson

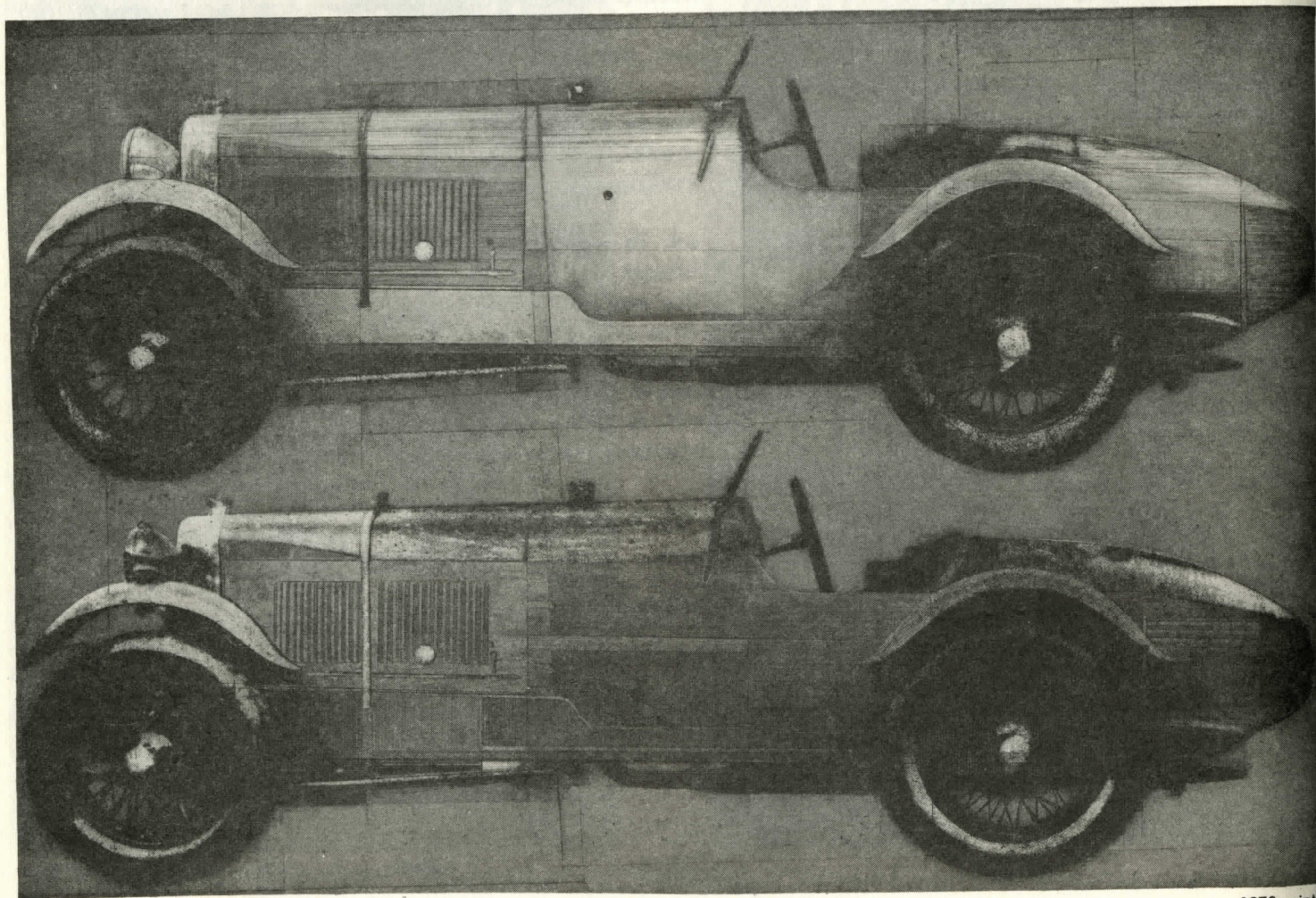


j. gibson "icon" welded steel 18" high

brooks

The Art Department at Middle Tennessee State University is pleased to announce the opening of the Larry Brooks exhibition. It is possible for students to get a lot of good ideas from the work of this department. The exhibition is being held in the art gallery on the second floor of the building. The exhibition is open from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day. The exhibition is free of charge.

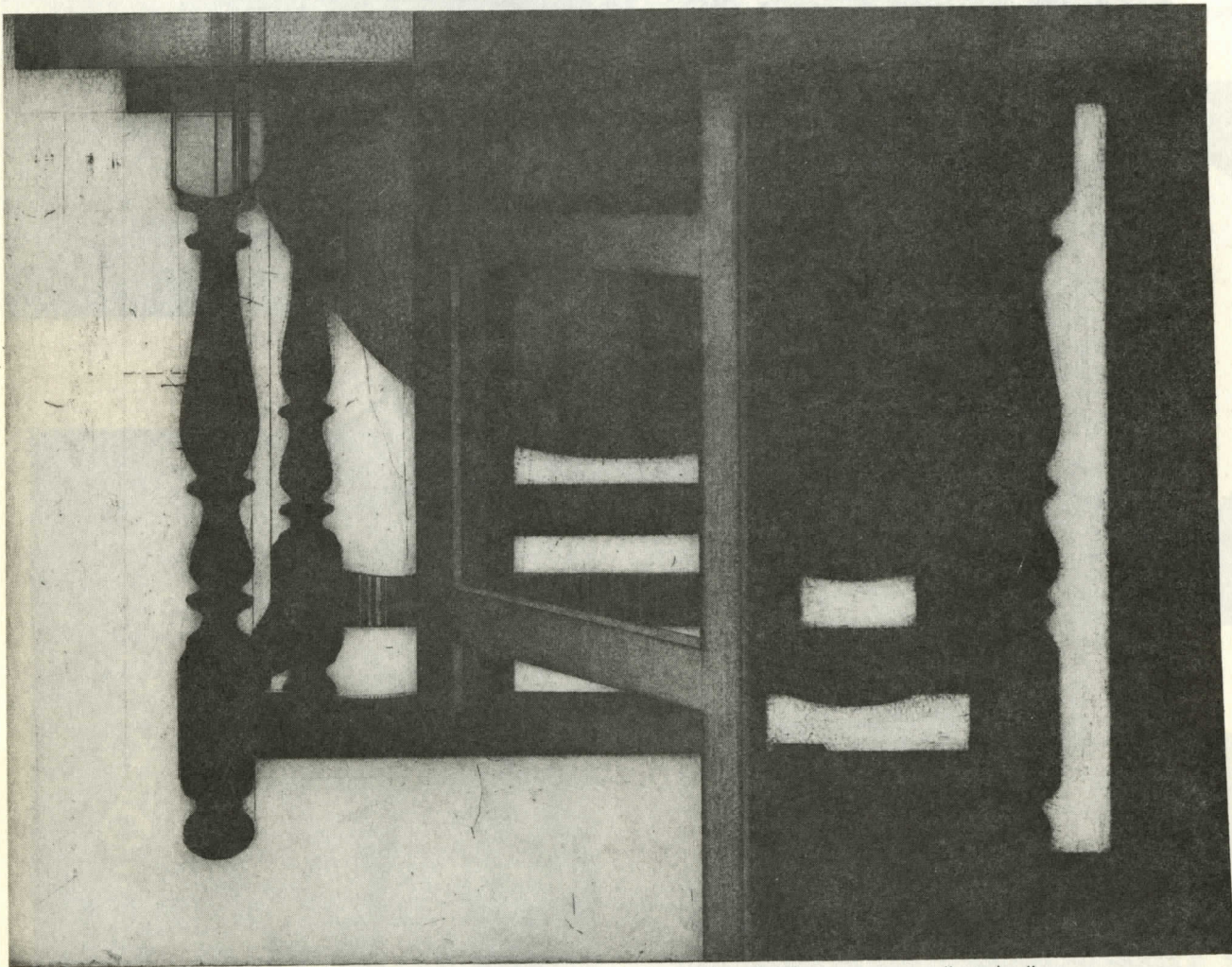
The demand for a museum has been greater than the department was able to handle. The exhibition will be made available to other departments. The exhibition is being held in the art gallery on the second floor of the building. The exhibition is open from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day. The exhibition is free of charge.



larry brooks

"one for you, one for me"

1970 print



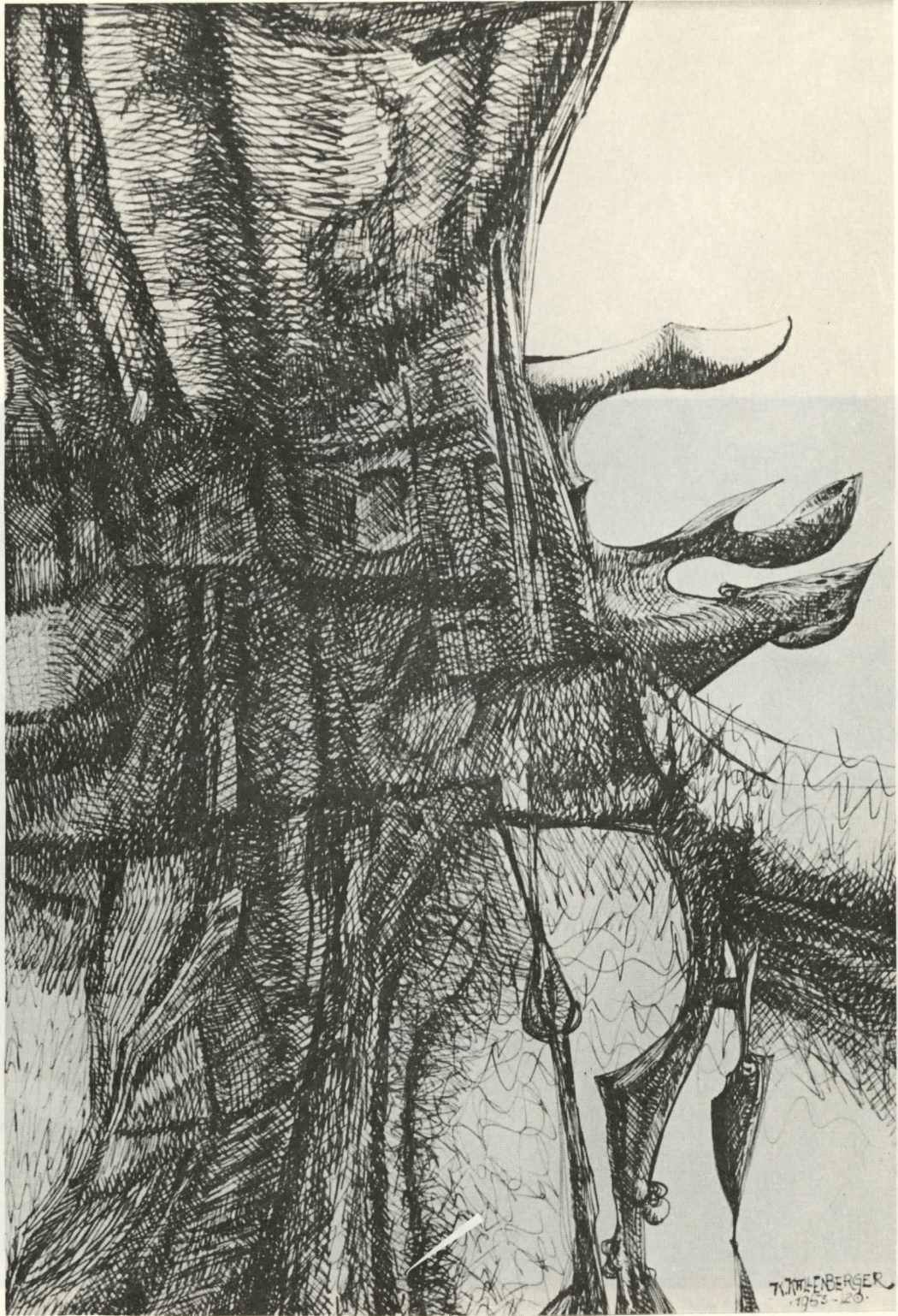
larry brooks

"gate boy"

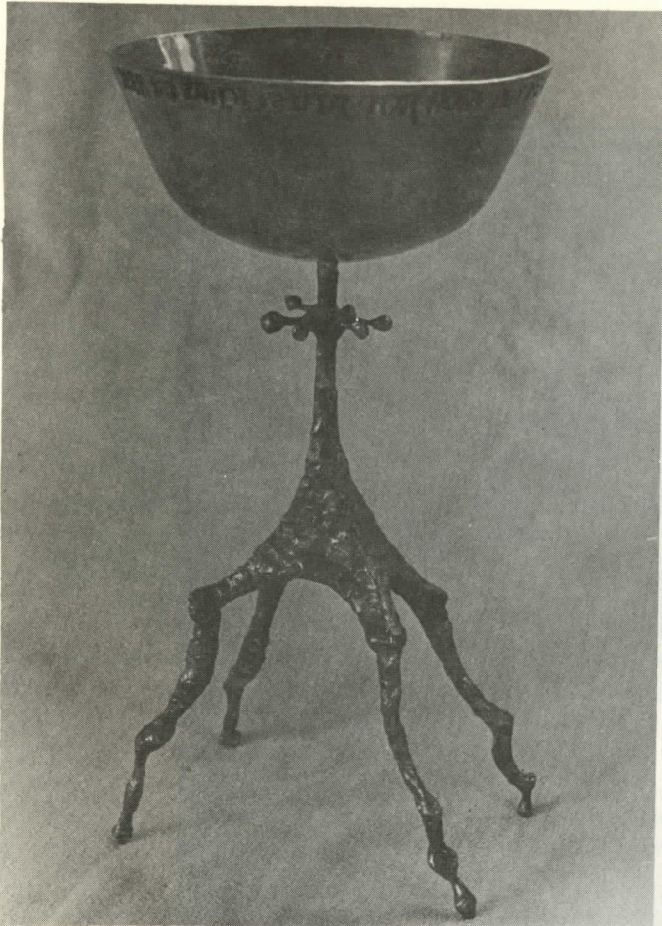
1969 print

kallenberger

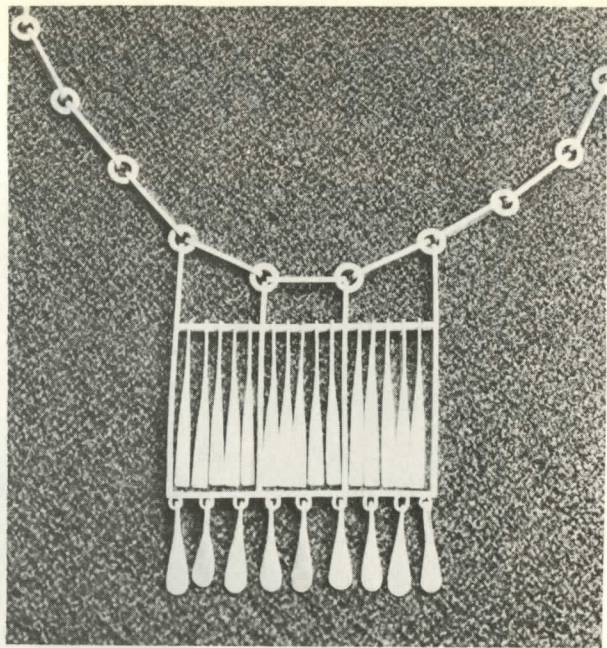
brooks



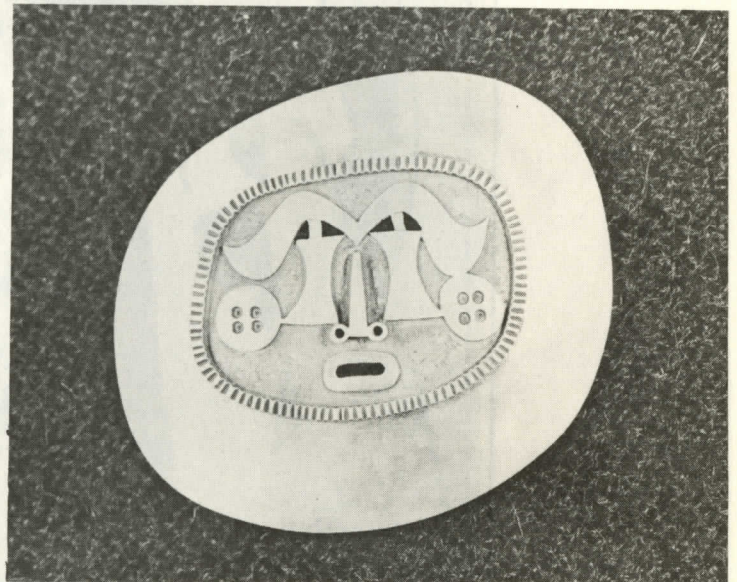
k. h. kallenberger "dulexis II" pen and ink



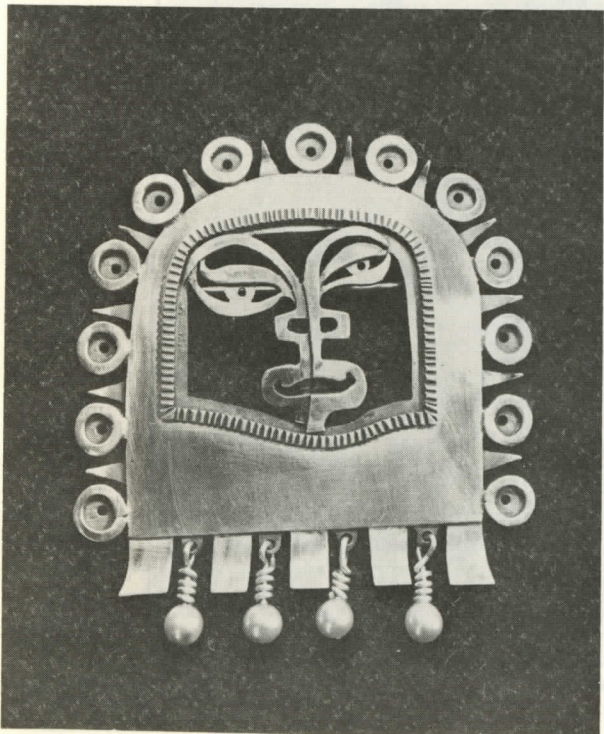
k. h. kallenberger copper and steel chalice 10"



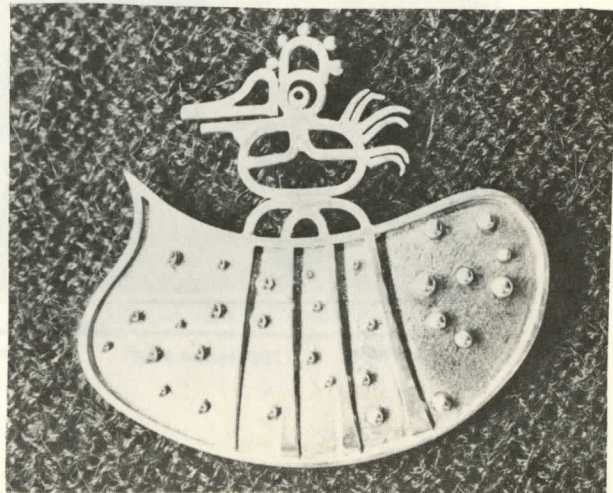
k. h. kallenberger sterling necklace



k. h. kallenberger sterling pin



k. h. kallenberger sterling pin



k. h. kallenberger sterling pin

vander weg



phillip vander weg "double-figure marisol" mixed media drawing



phillip vander weg

"figure seated #25"

graphic pencil

snyder



lewis snyder ceramics

thanks

"excerpt one" is an effort to show a variety of the professional art of the studio instructors of this university. Collage would like to thank those of the art faculty who responded to our invitation to display excerpts of their work. Our apologies to Mr. Roy Mills, whom we were unable to contact before our production deadline. Special thanks to Mr. Larry Brooks and Mr. Klaus Kallenberger for their assistance in layout design.

Whenever the laws that govern the collective actions of people lose their accuracy, or their political or social expedience, then such laws should either be revised or repealed. The books of statutes from state to state across this nation are replete to the point of disgust and social and legal embarrassment with laws that are archaic and no longer germane to the original purpose for which they were enacted.

A prime example of such is Tennessee's Abortion Statute. This law is not only archaic but was even enacted in 1883, some 30 years or more after the original purpose for the enactment of the first abortion statute, passed by the first state of this nation in 1827, had subsided as a scientifically accurate and socially rational entity.

The history of abortion legislation in this nation dates to 1827 when the state of Connecticut passed the first abortion law. The legislative brief presented for the passage of this law stated, in essence, that the law was needed to "save the lives of mothers." Prior to this date, no state had an abortion law nor did any state have antibiotics, "Lockjaw" antiserum, sterile or aseptic surgery, nor blood transfusions. An abortion at that time was a medical procedure agreed upon by a woman and her physician; it was also a medical procedure which, when done either in the hospitals or clinics of that early date, was fraught with an extremely high mortality rate. These women died of "puerperal" sepsis, lockjaw, and blood loss, so much so that women were said to be "dying like flies."

The level of the art and practice of medicine and surgery in the 1820's was so rudimentary and unscientific that it is astounding now to review pictures of physicians and surgeons at work and to note that they were dressed and ready for surgery "decked out" in their Sunday best black frock-tailed coat, grey

pin-striped pants, white wing-tipped collar and black bow tie. They were further shown just simply washing their hands at a basin and drying their hands on a common towel laying across the edge of the basin. The physician was then ready for surgery or the delivery of a baby. Is it any small wonder then, that women were dying "like flies" and therefore needed the protection of a law to reduce the number of deaths due to abortion procedures.

It is of critical note at this point to remind the reader of this treatise that every legislative "brief" presented for the passage of abortion laws in the state of this nation addressed itself only to concern for the life of the mother and gave absolutely no legislative concern to the developing fetus.

Further, it is with deep respect that I discuss now the role of the church on this issue of abortions. For eight centuries, the church (collectively) had held that the soul was infused into the developing fetus at the time of "quickening," this being that time at the fourth or fifth month of gestation when the woman felt the developing fetus moving within her for the first time. This event was termed infusion of the soul by "delayed animation." Great religious writers and theologians like the Spanish Jesuit Priest Thomas Sanchez of the early 16th century and the great moral theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas wrote that abortions were permissible if done prior to "quickening." This was generally the stand of the church in an era when the church **was** the state and the state **was** the church. It is also of note to state that no woman has ever been excommunicated from the church for having had an abortion incident to rape; nor are, or have the aborted products of conception prior to the fifth month been given the benefits of Christian burial anywhere in the world except in one little province in South China.

**"THE HISTORY OF ABORTION LEGISLATION
IN THIS NATION DATES TO 1827..."**

THE ABORTION

"WHAT ARE THE RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CONSIDERATIONS HERE?"

All was acceptable from the standpoint of the church and from a legislative standpoint according to medical and scientific limitations of the era until the decade of the 1860's. Then several events took place which raised new moral issues from the standpoint of the church and ought to have raised scientific questions about the legislative feasibility of passage of subsequent statutes based upon the original legislative premise:

1. Sir Joseph Lister in England discovered the principle of sterilization and ushered in the era of aseptic or sterile surgery.

2. Metchnikoff of Austria devised his method of making the obstetrician's hands safe for delivering mothers free of infections and was dubbed "the saver of mothers" although he was adjudged insane.

3. Louis Pasteur in France discovered the technique of immunization against diseases such as "lockjaw."

So, it was the work of these three scientists that removed the prime cause for the deaths of women incident to abortion procedures, operative infections and "lockjaw." Therefore, on a scientific basis, not another state should have passed an abortion law after the 1860's.

However, it was another scientific discovery in the 1860's too which forced a change in the moral outlook of the church referable to abortions. A German Scientist by the name of Keber, engaged in experimentation in fertilization techniques in rabbits, rats, and mollusks, saw a revelation in his microscope one day. He observed a sperm approach and penetrate the cell membrane of an ovum, drop off the tail, and the head and neck proceed to the nucleus of the ovum in the procedure which we know of as fertilization. When this information was disseminated to the Vatican at Rome, the Pope in 1895 then issued a new dictum which stated that all abortion procedures were criminal

and destructive of life because it was now concluded that life began at conception because the soul was infused at the time of conception by the process now known as "direct" or "immediate animation."

Therefore, that which started out with a medical premise had now developed a firm religious and moral stance, and it is this religious and moral stance that now constitutes the only stalemate to sensible legislative disposition of this statute in 1971.

What are the religious and moral considerations here? These considerations accurately address themselves to that which is right, just and religiously correct as follows:

1. From a religious standpoint, interpretation of the Biblical story of creation forces us to ask the question about the infusion of the soul at conception. The story relates the fact that God created man in his own image and then breathed on man the breath of life and man became a living soul. The import here is quite clear.

2. The justice of legislating morality and religious precept in a democracy such as ours. One of the basic tenets of our form of government is freedom of religion and religious belief. Therefore, we must not legislate in a way that imposes individual religious precept on all of the people of this nation.

3. The justice of a woman's right to her own personal being without being forced to become a ward of the state the moment that she becomes pregnant.

4. The scientific correctness of accepting half truths about the disposition of the soul during the biological aberrant of identical twinning, a situation in which the fertilized ovum splits in half with the identical halves going their own separate developmental ways, mirror images of each other. The question can be asked of the disposition of the soul (invulnerable and indestructible) at the time of the split. Does the soul split also, and if so, when does the half soul become a whole soul, or is one identical twin without a soul? These are questions that are correct to ask.

5. The justice of forcing a woman, pregnant by virtue of rape, to nurture and give birth to an infant whose very presence within

CONTROVERSY

her represents an extension of the crime that the rapist forced upon her. To such extent that if it is right and just to prosecute the rapist, it should also be right and just for the woman to prosecute the extension of the crime of the rapist growing within her body.

6. The truth in the necessity for physicians to make a sincere decision when called upon as to who will live and who will die, given a situation in which a woman has a malignancy of the uterus and a viable pregnancy. If the physician carries out his pledge to treat the sick, then surgery or radiation is resorted to, the use of either one of which will result in the death of the developing fetus. While untreated, the woman will surely die and perhaps the fetus also. This is not a rare situation, and a decision must be made which certainly does not place the physician in the role of playing "God" in the taking or giving of life.

Finally, in summary and conclusion on the Abortion Controversy, let me make the following statements:

1. A sufficiently large faction of religionists and the collective church are duly guilty of lack of realism and hypocrisy in that they say through their lips that they neither approve of contraception or abortion even when medically indicated. They would further have you believe that the only prevention for an unwanted pregnancy is "abstention," knowing full well, however, that their followers resort both to contraception and abortion procedures in actual practice.

2. Other moralists feel that the use of contraceptive devices constitutes the total answer but are totally unaware of the fact that none of the marketed and purchasable contraceptive devices are one-hundred percent accurate, each of these devices having varying percentages of failure. Nor are the moralists in this group aware of the fact that the "loop" is simply a "glorified abortion" in that its use does not prevent fertilization but prevents implantation of the fertilized ovum into the wall of the uterus.

3. Yet other moralists do not rationalize that sexual discrimination allows a man to present himself for sterilization via Vasectomy (a simple procedure done in a physician's office under local anesthesia) simply for the asking but forces a woman requesting an analogous procedure (tubal ligation) to be subjected to consultations on a hospital level with request granted or denied according to the whim of the consulting physicians and/or individual and differing hospital policy.

4. No one state needs to become an "abortion mill" with all

of the unethical advertising of its wares like New York State if every state in this nation would assume and live up to its individual legislative responsibility referable to this problem.

5. We must seek an end to the scientific and legal hypocrisy that keeps scientific products that could and would allow each woman to moralize for herself with the use of these products, allowing her to decide whether or not she would accept a pregnancy after each act of "intercourse." There are currently drugs available to be taken by injection or by mouth which would allow a woman to make such a decision if such drugs were not restricted because of local statutes.

6. The accusation that legalized abortions are a mechanism of race genocide against blacks is a deliberate distortion of truth and fact. The mortality rate for abortions is high in the black population because poor economy will not allow the blacks to have this procedure done under optimum conditions because they cannot afford to go to New York or to pay for hospitalization and a physician's fees to have it done under that fancy title of "dilation and curettage for irregular bleeding."

7. In the month of May 1971, the Supreme Court of this Nation is scheduled to start deliberations on the constitutionality of abortion statutes. It is my candid hope that if this august body lives up to its reputation of astute deliberation, there will be one conclusion, and that will be to declare all abortion statutes to be unconstitutional. Then the legislative bodies of the remaining states will simply repeal their abortion statutes and place the burden of this responsibility back where it came from--into the medical profession.

It is not the intent either of this treatise nor of the author of this treatise to imply that legalization of abortions should be a prime mechanism for population control nor, that from a moral standpoint, abortions should be designated as license for promiscuity, for they should not be--but I do wish to imply that religion and morality should, in the prime, be generally and freely available, instructional, and guiding in nature. Finally, morality, like religion must be individual, and the rewards or penalties for immorality must also be individual and possibly inexorable and irrevocable.

"WE MUST SEEK AN END TO THE SCIENTIFIC AND LEGAL HYPOCRISY..."

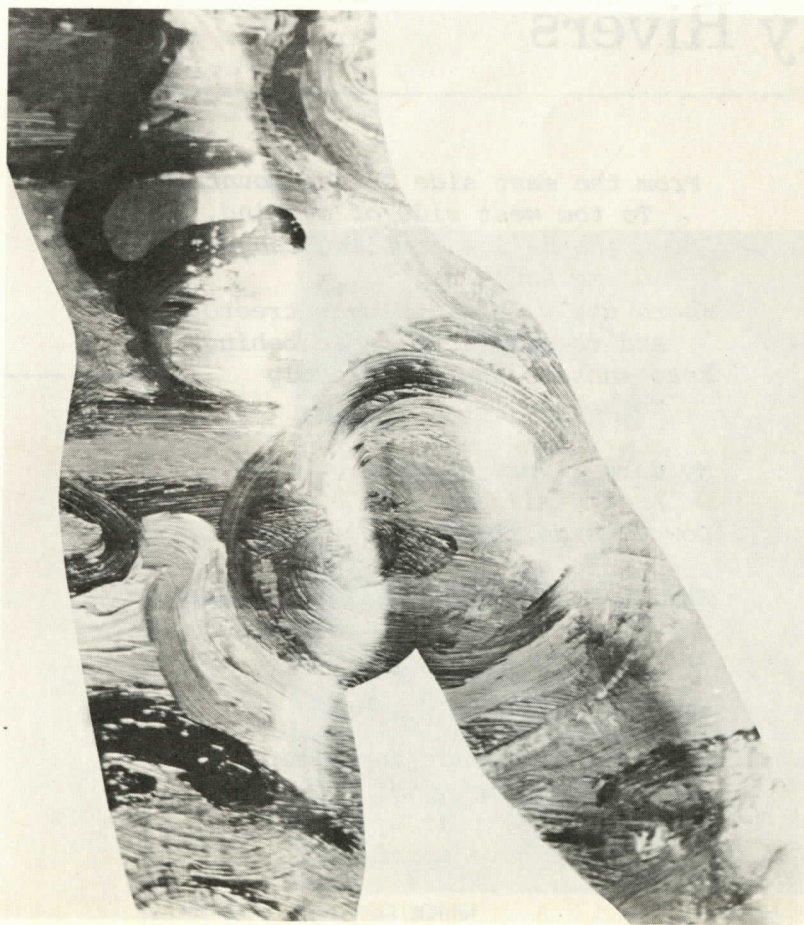
DOROTHY L. BROWN, M. D.

ode: to an aging actress

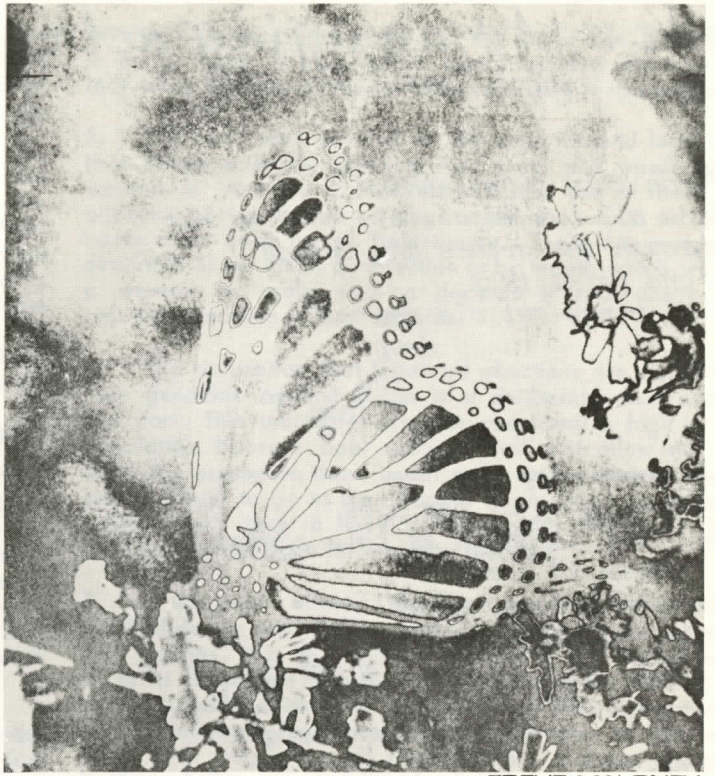
she finds this light unkind'
and it's all but impossible to find her
through the creams and things
and paint that
rings out old age
drop
by
drop

she'll never stop
for the turning of the page
takes more strength as this script of mine
comes to a close
and all too often
those last lines
are too unbearable
and the signs (of the end)
are far too certain
that
the real star
says her own exit lines
and drops her own curtain

Pat Jaros



Steve Maloney



STEVE MALONEY

My Rivers

*From the east side of the mountain
To the west side of my mind,
Down the hollow rumbling canyons
Of my soul,
Where the wind whips over treetops,
And the storm is close behind,
Into sunsets that are lovely
To behold,*

*My dark rivers whisper stories,
And my silken story's told
Down inside the crushing body
of the earth.
Shrieking eagle screams the wonder
of new places high and cold,
And my body moving skyward
to rebirth.*

*And I feel that the spring
must come soon,
And I know that my spring
must come soon.*

MIKE HURT

Once and again
You make me feel
Half-a-wish that I were different,
That I could stand with the stars at my back
Stretch out my arms
And claim the world
Or at least a small room somewhere
Where I could
Come home from working at
Piddling
And have hot tea
And sit on the floor
With TV and chocolate.
We would make love at odd hours
With trembling tenderness and violence
Staying warm and sunny
And watch with large eyes
Quietly as the days
Go clicking by.

But that would kill us both
And I am one, bright child,
I am one who will never kill you.

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN

Blindspots,
Once solid in effect
When I so convincingly
Thought I saw--

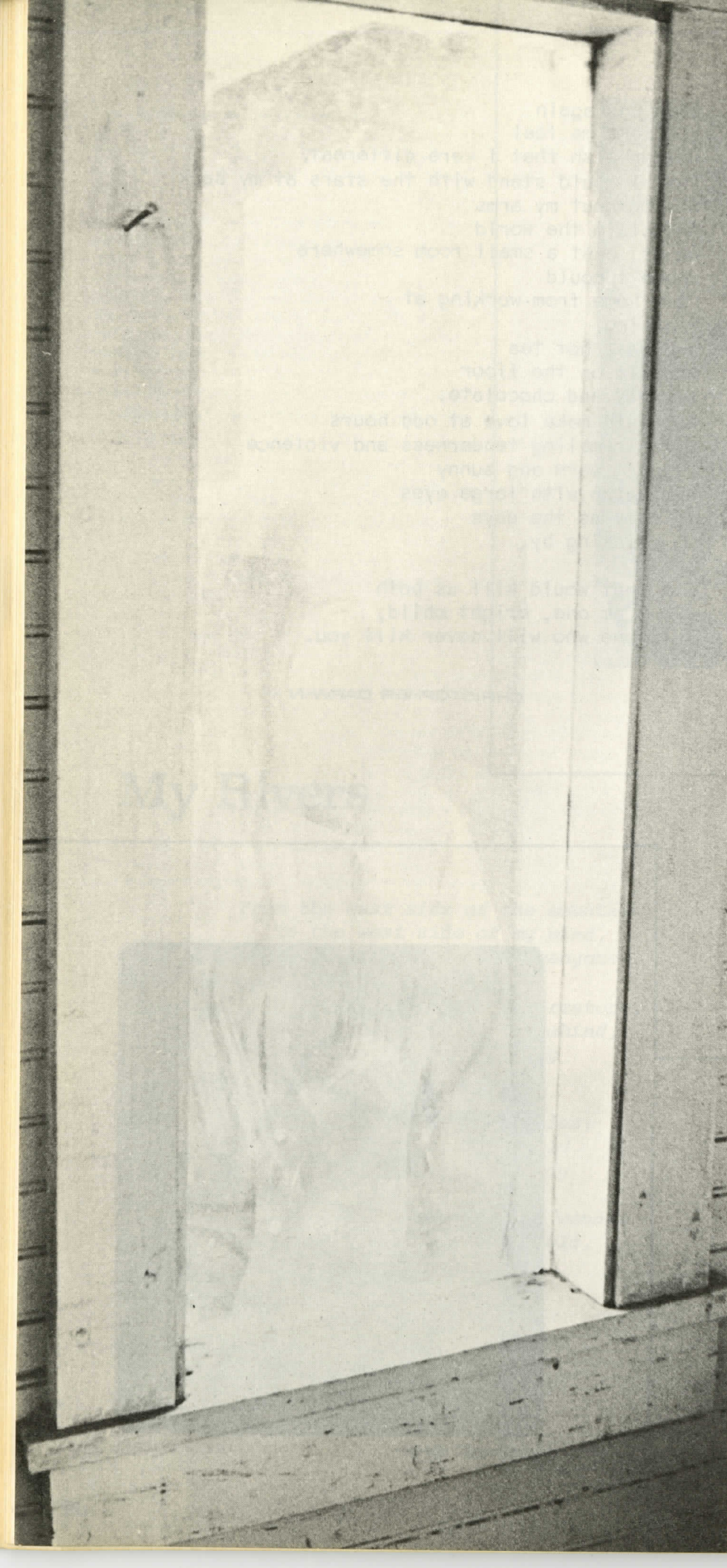
Prevalent now they
Scatter that darkness
And show through the wear
Of memory.

MIKE MILLER



"REFLECTIONS"

ED HOWELL



The morning has hounded me
And followed me around
With drizzle and clouds
Hung heavy with the poor broken faces
Of people whose names
I don't care to remember.
I walk the circuit of my room
Not daring to look at the walls
For they groan and sag together
Nor can I open a book
To watch the words blur and jump.
Everything is angular and juttred;
There is no rest.

So I sit and watch
The bright face of my window
And somewhere,
Somewhere out there,
A sea is howling.

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN

7:32 looks diseased this morning:
Hoboes at my door,
Chicken scraps on the floor.
Wall cracks seem pronounced
at 7:32.

PAT JAROS

Vacation at the Shore

*By the bay
Which separates the two bodies of land
Is a bar,
And thick is the tinny music
And colored lights that flow from within.*

How their forms crisscrossed one another

*And the couples sit
Drinking and believing the fantasy
Of this strange place,
Forgetting to notice
The grey streaks in their hair,
Or that their smiles are slightly stained,
Or the musty smell of
Middle-aged fingers
As they knot their hands together*

And how the sand sprayed as they ran

*Oh-so-tenderly knees
Touch for a moment
In a world beneath the table,
And they laugh their grating laughs
And clink their brimming glasses.*

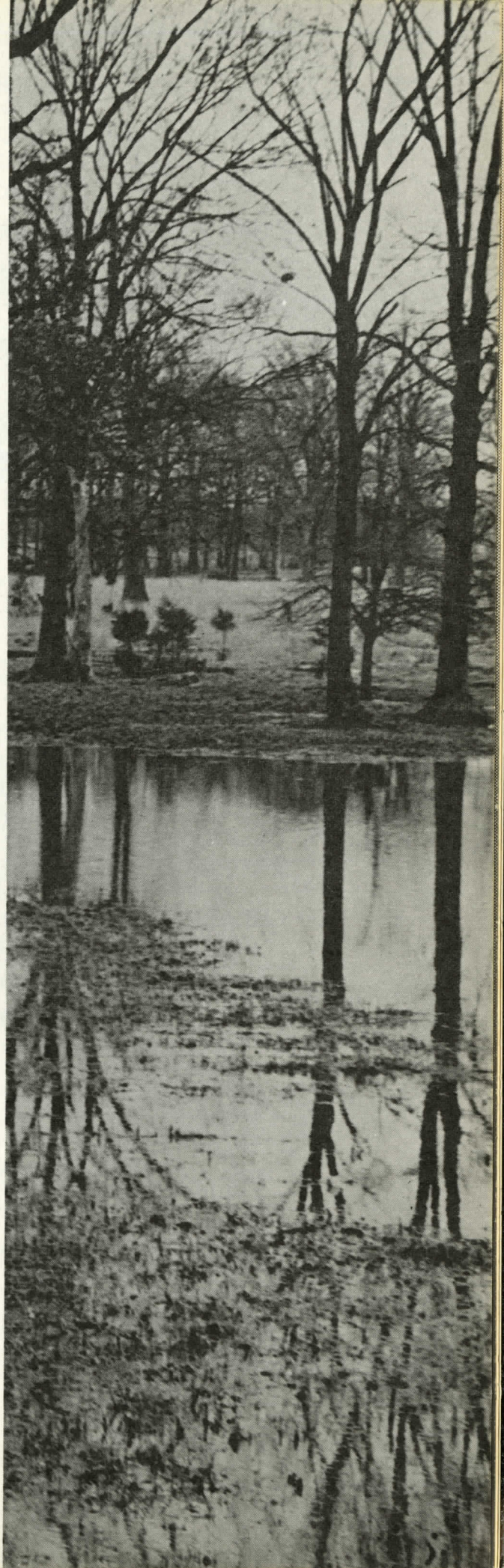
A small boy and a large dog playing

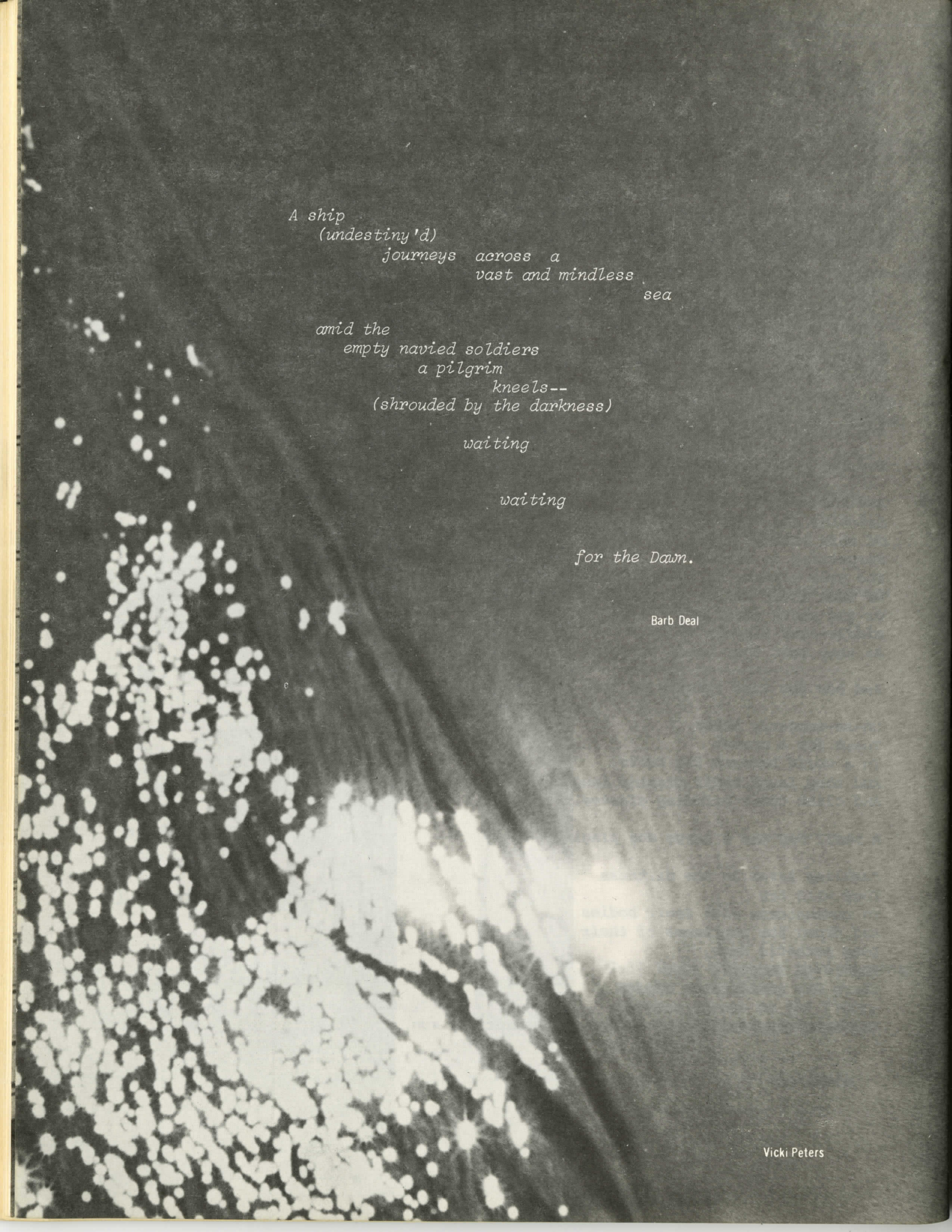
*Fumbling later in the darkness
They will try
To communicate with their bodies
And drown the emptiness of their
Long pathetic days,
Unable to forget
There was sand in the bed.*

Two dark wings scaring the face of the setting sun.

CHRISTOPHER DARWIN

VICKI PETERS





*A ship
(undestiny'd)
journeys across a
vast and mindless
sea*

*amid the
empty navied soldiers
a pilgrim
kneels--
(shrouded by the darkness)*

waiting

waiting

for the Dawn.

Barb Deal

Vicki Peters

If
it can,
it will.

Leatherbook

Collection

Mike Hurt

Mike Hurt has a little leatherbound notebook. **Leatherbook Collection** is a collection of things he has written down in it.

1.

. . . And seeing that this was the case, he seized his head in his hands, and, with all the violent strength and fury of a madman, he smote it onto the head of a large nail which, with several swift sure blows, he drove through two oaken boards of equal size and shape.

2.

. . . was a sound as loud as the breathing of a mob.

3.

We all waited impatiently in line as a young black instructed a very old black on the proper voting procedure. Calling for a new ballot, he glanced back at us. "Patience, gentlemen," he said, "some-

times it's hard exercising a right for the first time."

4.

. . . He drew out a small, flat cardboard box, and removing the lid, exposed a long piece of handwoven cloth. Stretching it out, he followed the progress of every thread, as though he were reading a book, until he finished and replaced the cloth and the box inside his bag.

5.

His cries of excruciating pain were loud and horrible to hear, but each time we stopped he bade us go on until at last the spikes were driven completely through his body.

6.

A man was found wearing a chauffeur's outfit standing by a car on the beach. He had been standing there for three days. When his master was brought down to ask the reason for his vigil, he said, "But master, you yourself have told me you would arrive by sea, and to wait for you." "If that is what I told you, then you have done well," said the master. "You are a virtuous man."

7.

The music stabbed home with all the art of one who is saying nothing and knows it but must make himself heard.

8.

Mankind has ignored the land and loved the dollar. But though the dollar soon forgets, the land does not forget who her lovers are.

9.

The frightful noise surged and surged, like a gigantic freight train, the motion ebbing and flowing until at last, I dropped off to sleep.

10.

He dashed about the room as though he were a clock,

running to the mirror every few minutes to look at his face and see if he had stopped.

11.

There were three bridges on the island. One led to the left bank, one to the right. Because the man could not make up his mind which way to go, he walked off the third bridge into the water. "You are a virtuous man," said the sharks.

12.

. . .and so we went through the old photographs until we had cried all the old tears we could find. Then we put them away until next year when we had found more old tears.

13.

. . .and so I read through the poems again, with all the open innocence of one who has sud-

denly become aware of how painfully little he knows, and they were really quite good.

14.

Realizing that unconsciousness was near, I drew those things close to me that I knew would not cut me in the night.

15.

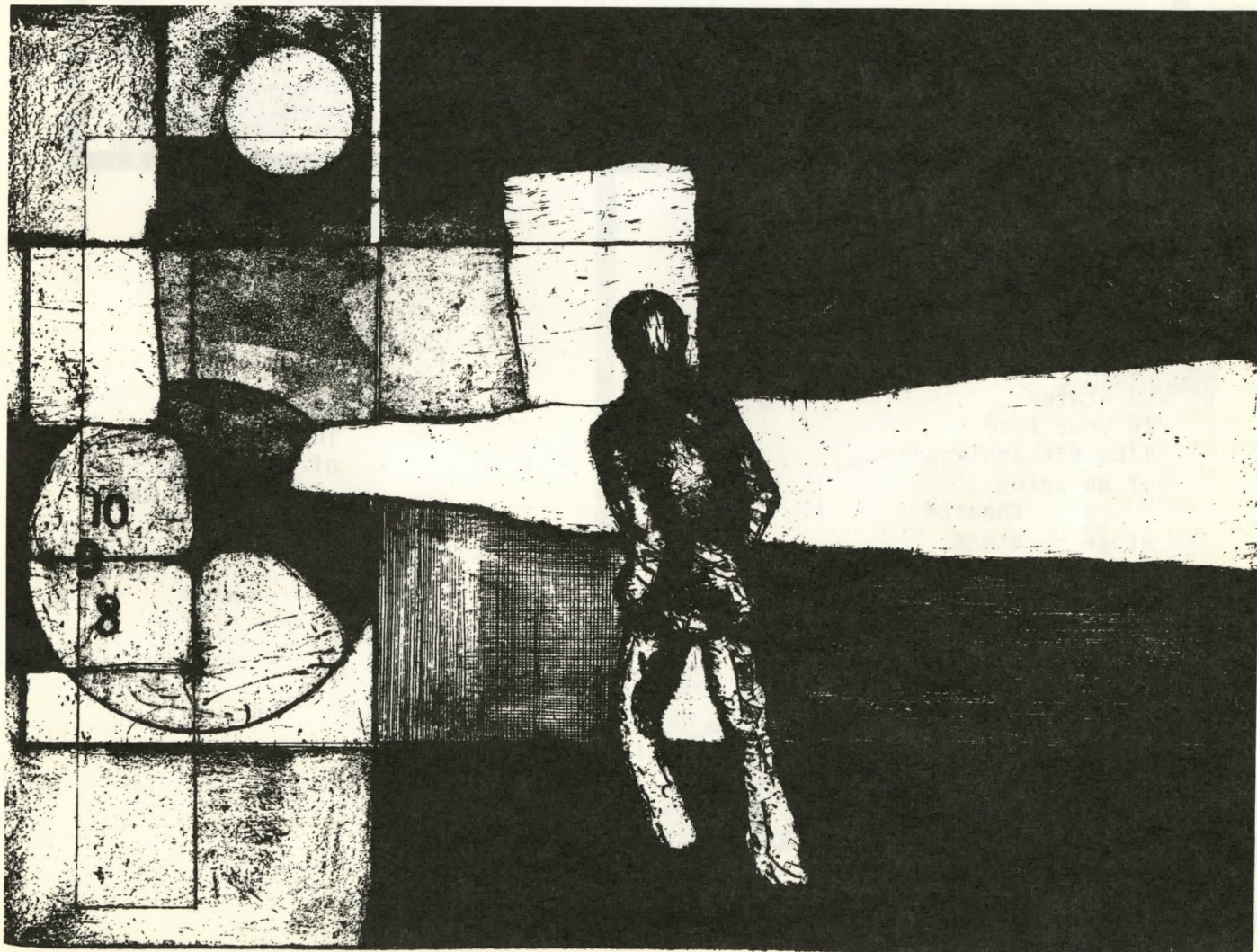
Rather than gazing at the sculpture, I clasped it to me and touched all its surfaces as a blind man might, and I realized how hard and cold it really was.

16.

. . .so he deftly maneuvered the language to show that he was right and I was stupid.

17.

Contrition is a virtue nurtured by humility.



ED HOWELL

"JUST LOOKING"



Carl Gilliam

What a sad day
 When the past
 finally
 catches up
 with you
 and stares
 in your face
 like the staleness
 of an aging
 theatre
 stage by stage
 day by day
 with the curtain
 slowly falling

Steve Dees

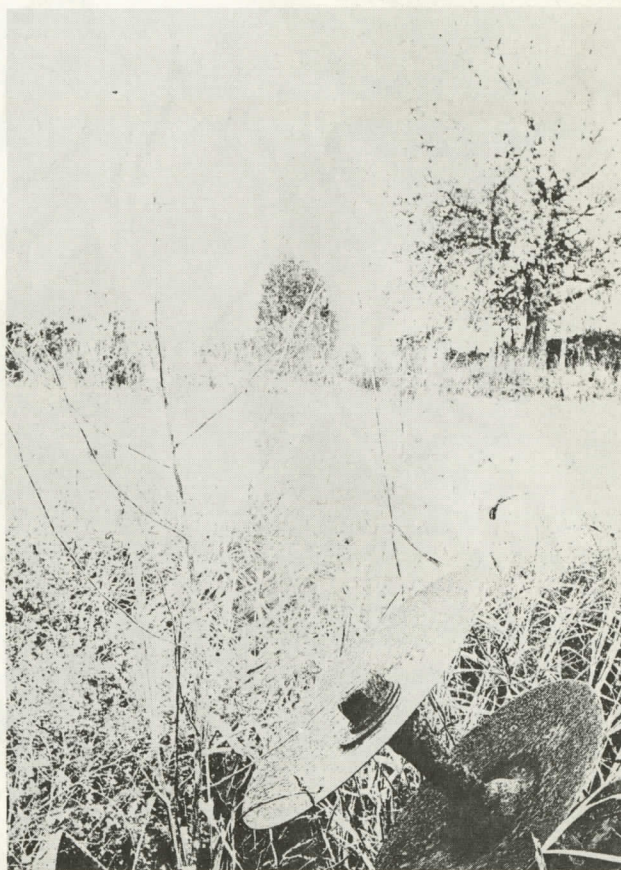
jesus
 in a field
 of loneliness
 recognizes me
 nods and
 gazes away.

Steve Dees

I walk the lonely streets at night
 And hear the die-hard sounds of
 Sad trombones and sweet guitars
 That echo from a room, hid out
 Of sight, Save for the wan, but
 Ever-watchful rays of silent
 Stars.

Joey

In the early morning
While the sun is yet
An unseen illuminating the sky
The pair arise, groaning, from the bed
Beseeching the now spent night
To return
And save them from that
Dreadful sentence which
God laid on Adam's descendent
Man.
Yet rise they must
And do, for they must.
To raise the fruit of the earth
They must rise and go out
And face the unknown dawn
Which they have seen for
Untold ages-- yet do not know.
So they rise; and she prepares the food--
The harvest of the previous year
Shall feed them that they may
Grow the harvest of that year
Which shall be the fuel for the
Next year's planting.
He, having consumed the result
Of his life's work
Marches slowly to the fortress barn
Wherein he finds his soul's delight:
The horses and the harness and the plow
And taking these parts assembles
The whole
And gives it the direction it needs
To tear up the earth
And bury the seed.



CARL GILLIAM



STEVE MALONEY



