

# CLIFF



# COLLAGE VOL. 6, NO. 3

## feb. 1973

### authors . . .

This issue of COLLAGE features both old and new talent. The material represents one of the finest efforts at producing a literary magazine MTSU has offered to date.

JIM LEONHIRTH, author of "The Indulgences of Art," is a senior at MTSU majoring in international relations and history. He is past editor of SIDELINES and current production supervisor for the department of mass communications.

DR. C.M. BRANDON first came to MTSU in 1965. In 1968 he became chairman of the art department. He is active in Middle Tennessee art education circles and has exhibited his work extensively. He placed first and second in the Tennessee State Fair exhibition with his sculpture. He also showed in both Mid-South and Calloway Garden Shows, as well as appearing in two, one-man exhibitions in Mississippi.

IVAN SHEWMAKE, assistant dean of men and president of Socratics, is a graduate of MTSU. Ivan is not a new contributor; COLLAGE has, in the past, published several others of his short stories.

GLENN HIMEBAUGH conducted a study last year on the current trends in collegiate journalism which involved 300 schools and was nationally published. He developed more than just a passing interest in the subject of his research which resulted in this issue's Excerpt II, "Collegiate Journalism: A Look at the 70's."

LINDA KILLEN is an English major at MTSU. She is also a poet, a feature writer and a member of Alpha Phi Gamma--the honorary journalism fraternity. She has written several articles in the past for COLLAGE, including interviews with other Nashville musical recording artists.

MRS. ANNE BOLCH is member of the MTSU faculty and teaches 17th and 18th-century French literature. She holds degrees from Agnes Scott College and from the University of North Carolina. Mrs. Bolch has direct knowledge of the French text of Moliere's play, "The Misanthrope." Her article on Moliere is the result of the production of this play on MTSU's campus last semester.

SUSAN FLANAGAN was a transfer student from UT Knoxville last year. While at MTSU she majored in journalism and was a member of Mr. Himebaugh's feature writing class. She also worked for the *Daily News Journal*.

CHARLES DEAN has been a member of the MTSU faculty for eight years, and is currently teaching courses in modern novel and American literature as well as the usual assortment of freshman and sophomore courses. He is also working on his dissertation. The Anthony article which appears in this issue's Focus in his first for COLLAGE.

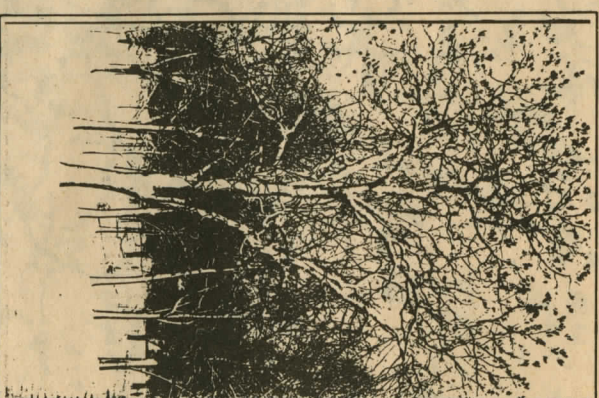


Materials published in COLLAGE do not necessarily reflect the official opinion or position of Middle Tennessee State University, its students, faculty, administrators or journalism advisers. All material appearing in this publication is printed with written consent of the contributor who is solely responsible for the content of that material. All material Copyright © COLLAGE 1973. Rights retained by the individual contributors.

mtsu box 61

murfreesboro, tennessee 37130

alumni memorial gymnasium (615) 898-2533



Our cover photo for this issue was done by Lon Nuell of the MTSU art department, who serves as a consultant on art, graphics and design. This particular photograph was produced with no dark room manipulation other than varied time exposure.

### To our readers

This year COLLAGE has striven to present to the university community material of the highest quality, and we feel that we have fairly well succeeded. In order to present this material in the best manner possible, COLLAGE has had the privilege to work with various faculty members throughout the year utilizing their expertise.

These individuals comprise the COLLAGE Board of Consultants, and COLLAGE would like to recognize and thank them for their time, advice and patience. Thanks go to Mr. Harold Baldwin, photography and graphics; Dr. Lon Nuell, art, layout and design; Dr. George Kerrick, poetry; Dr. James Huhta, historical correctness; Dr. Edward Kimbrell, journalism and Mr. Glenn Himebaugh, journalism and constructive criticism.

COLLAGE has scheduled two more issues for the remainder of this semester. Be looking for our fine arts edition in March and our special two-volume theme issue in April.

*Bill Bennett*

COLLAGE Editor

# contents . . .

## features

- 4 Bicycling Boom: Buyers Beware!, by Susan Flanagan
- 6 Bobby Goldsboro, by Linda Killen
- 24 Excerpt II: Collegiate Journalism, by Glenn Himebaugh
- 26 "The Misanthrope": Moliere's Complex Comedy, by Mrs. Anne Bolch

## focus

- 12 Man and the Cycle of Destruction: Anthony Burgess' View of the Future, by Charles Dean

## forum

- 9 In Defense of Art, by Dr. C.M. Brandon
- 10 The Indulgences of Art, by Jim Leonhirth

## fiction

- 17 The Narrow Way, by Ivan Shewmake

## poetry

- 5 The Storm, by Nancy Nipper
- 5 One Re-Cycled, by Ted Cheatham
- 7 Revelation 23, by George Kerrick
- 10 Insect, by Nan Ar-buckle
- 10 Fire-Eyed Dowager, by G.W. Bilbra
- 10 Planted, by Charlene Ellard
- 11 Reflections of a Bishop, by Jim Graham
- 23 Light glinting on ivory bodies, by Kathy Tempelmeyer
- 27 Progression, by Nancy Nipper

## photo credits and art credits

Photo-essay on the University Theatre, by Melanie Spain  
 Jim Campbell, page 6  
 John Fite, page 7  
 Susan LaFavor, page 27  
 Gerald Moody, pages 4, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22  
 Lon Nuell, page 11  
 Fred Carr, page 27  
 Page designs by Connie Vinita Dowell

## editors-staff

EDITOR\*IN\*CHIEF: BILL BENNETT\*Managing Editor: Connie Dowell\*  
 Business Manager: Kenneth Davis\*Art Editor: Gerald Moody\*Feature  
 Editor: Janice Dobbins\*Photography Editor: Linda Sissom\*Poetry Editor:  
 Kathy Tempelmeyer\*Poetry Assistant Editor: Gary Ellis\* Prose Editor:  
 Lucy Sikes\*Public Relations Director: Pearlina Taylor\*Public Relations  
 & Circulation Manager: Darrick Bowman\*Secretary: Margaret Eastes\*  
 Technical Assistant: Ann Kidd\* Advisors: Glenn Himebaugh and Edward  
 Kimbrell\* Production Supervisor: Jim Leonhirth\* Feature Rating Staff:  
 Teena Andrews, Betty Merrill Denton, Frances Fedak, Rhonda McMillion,  
 Ray Notgrass, Richard Pockat\*Poetry Rating Staff: Sherry Arnold, John  
 Berry, Terri Bramblett, Debbie Donegan, Charlene Ellard, Angie Ford,  
 Libby Francis, Barbara Holtz, Trini Jones, Jack Knight, Vol Lindsey,  
 Cindy Mayhall, Wayne Smith, Beth Thomas, Cathy Underwood\*Prose  
 Rating Staff: Rick Kaylor, August Lyday, Caneta Skelley, Pauline Taylor,  
 Sabin Thompson\* Production Staff: Theresa Huddleston, Janice Nolen,  
 Debbie Smith, Debbie Polk.

# bicycling boom: buyers beware!

One of the dehumanizing mechanical monsters to be dealt with in this age of ecology is the automobile, spewing suffocating poisons into the air, mangling and deforming its victims. Enter--the bicycle, wheeling its way to glory by means of good old manpower.

The bicycle has seen several revivals since its invention in the 1800's, but this one beats them all. Increasingly, college students are adopting this mode of transportation for the pleasure, convenience and exercise it offers. The wind whistling past your ears and the blood surging through your veins provide a natural high that is hard to beat. People are rushing out hither and yon to put their names on the growing lists of hopefuls who wish to join the panting, sweaty, joyful ranks of the bicycle brigade.

Yet many of these would-be enthusiasts don't realize that buying a bicycle is tricky business; there are counterparts of the proverbial foxy car salesmen in the bicycle world, too. Before you buy, know what you are buying!

A giant step towards a successful purchase is to find a reputable bicycle dealer from which to buy. There is a growing number of exclusive bicycle boutiques popping up all over the country, staffed with employees who will be more than happy to answer any questions. Bicycles Sales of Nashville, owned

and operated by Cliff and Betty Tollefson and their children, is one of these. The Tollefsons offer everything from service to free instruction classes for new bicycle owners.

A bit of bicycle wisdom offered by Mrs. Tollefson, a friendly lady with sparkling eyes, was: "Look for established names. There are many newcomers in the field, hoping to cash in on the growing popularity of the bicycle; but they have neither the experience or the know-how of the companies who have been at it for years."

As with the automobile, there are many different bicycle styles from which to choose. How do you know which one is right for you? Well, you can start by measuring your leg length and subtracting ten inches. Mrs. Tollefson asserts that this is the magical formula which yields the height for which you should shop. Your bike should be such a size that you can straddle it comfortably. Yet, it should not be so small that when you are peddling, your legs are not stretched out on the down-stroke. Arm length should also be considered so that the handlebars will provide a comfortable grip instead of an endurance test for your back muscles.

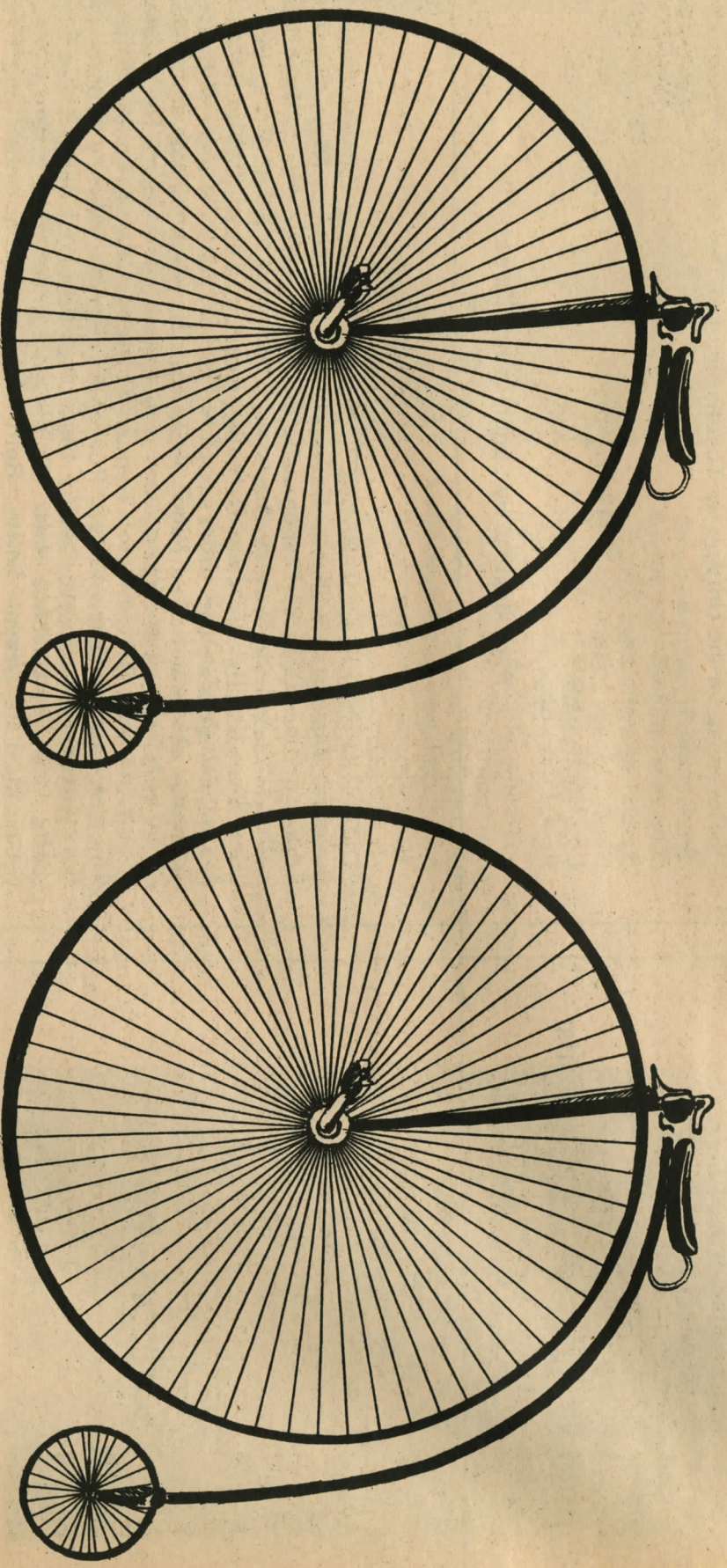
Another aspect of the bicycle to be reckoned with is the gear number. Three-speeds, five-speeds, ten-speeds--what is the difference? Simply put, the greater the gear number, the easier those threatening slopes will be for you to navigate. "Three-speeds are for fairly flat terrain, five-speeds can handle the gentler slopes, and ten-speeds are made to tackle the hill country," Mrs. Tollefson explained. If you don't want to do a lot of walking, consider where you will ride before buying a bicycle.

Bicycle weight should also be considered. According to Mrs. Tollefson, the lighter frames are constructed from various steel alloys while the heavier bikes are usually of high-carbon steel. A lighter frame allows faster speeds with a minimum of road fatigue. Incidentally, in this case, you pay more for less.

One of the more important aspects of a bicycle is the type of braking device with which it is equipped. Back-pedal brakes are out; side calipers and center pulls are in. As a general rule, center pull brakes with a caliper on each side of the wheel are the most efficient.

Bicycles also vary in the type of wheel they employ. Wheels can be attached to the frame in several ways: lug bolts, wing nuts, and quick-release catches. The quick-release catches are the most convenient--flip a lever, and the tire is off. Close it, and it is on again. As would be expected you will pay for convenience with a higher price.

The tires themselves differ in construction with two basic types in common use--tubular and standard. The tubular tires



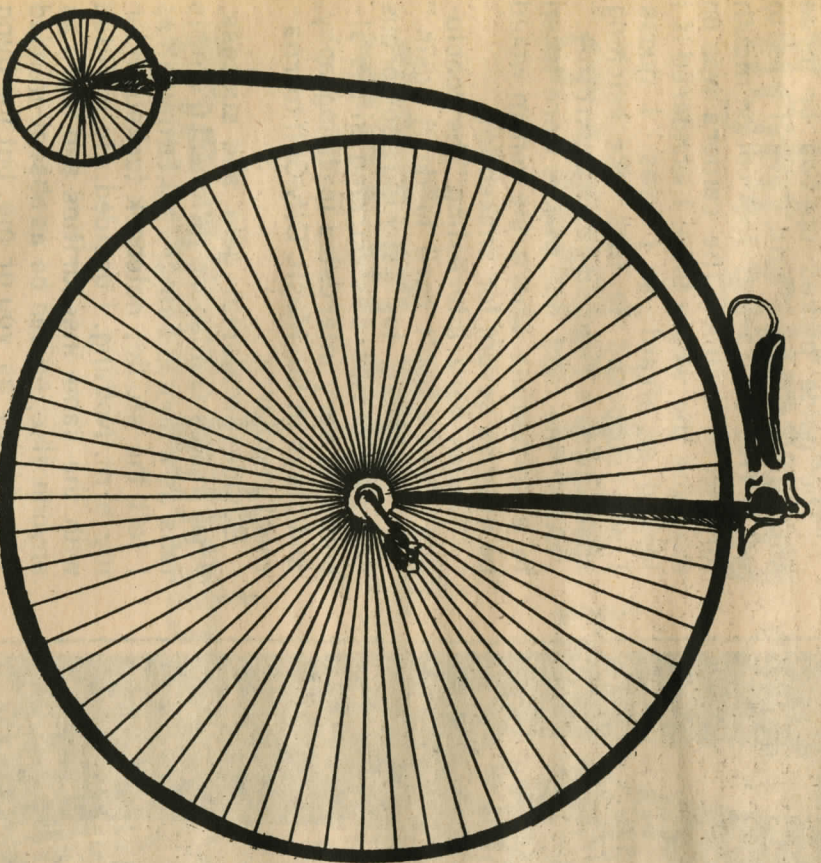
● a feature by susan flanagan

are contained within aluminum rims. They are lighter, not as readily overheated, smoother riding, and easier to replace. The standards are encompassed by steel rims, and are heavier, stronger, and easier to repair than the tubular tires.

The Tollefsons inspect every bike they sell to make sure it meets their rigid safety standards. Likewise, the prospective bike buyer should certainly check for several specific safety features. For instance, did you know that the larger the wheels, the better the balance? The wheels should also be checked for loose spokes and inspected to insure that they are not "out of round." Mrs. Tollefson cautioned, "The gear shift should be located neither too high or too low on the handle-bars, so that if you should take a tumble, you won't stab yourself in the stomach!" The chains should be equipped with a chain guard to protect against mangled feet. Frames should be fastened together securely at the joints with lugs. Adequate lights and reflectors should be installed not only on the front and back, but also on the sides of the bike.

Besides the bicycle itself, there are many bike accessories which the avid rider can't pass up. For instance, there are toe clips which greatly increase performance by holding the rider's foot onto the pedal. However, according to Mrs. Tollefson, "These are not for beginners." Then there are the various types of carriers, such as baskets, back-packs and even infant seats which can carry up to fifty pounds safely. You mustn't forget the bike carriers themselves, designed to fit on the bumper, the hood or the trunk of your car. Also available are battery-operated lights for night riders, and protective bicycle covers. There are emergency pumps, which can be carried on the bicycle frame for quick repairs, and regular foot pumps for at-home use. You mustn't forget the now necessary lock and chain to deter would-be thieves. If your bike should be stolen, there is even bicycle theft insurance. Finally, if you are smart, you will invest in one of a growing number of books written especially for bicycle enthusiasts.

Whether your interest in bicycling centers on convenience, exercise, recreation, concern for the environment or conquering the campus parking problem, your enjoyment will be heightened by the choice of a vehicle that is best suited to your individuality. If you are wise in your original purchase, and conscientious about upkeep, you will have fewer spills and your success as a bicyclist will be increased tenfold. ●



#### THE STORM

The wind  
wanes and wines . . .  
Then there is a lull . . .  
A quietness . . .  
A stillness as if this was to be a  
Warning to all who listen . . .  
Then, the storm breaks again . . .  
not quite as strong as before  
But all its life is put into being more forceful  
than before . . . to come back stronger and mightier  
than before.  
Yet it does not quite make it.  
Its courage is gradually growing  
weary . . . fading with the power the storm has tried to  
muster up . . .  
Then the lull . . .  
Quieter than before . . .  
More mysterious than before . . .  
The Storm comes again, not as strong as it lets on.  
gradually losing strength, trying to recapture power again.  
It . . . is . . . dying . . .  
But it makes another forceful drive . . .  
The lull . . .  
The storm . . .  
The lull . . .  
Then death.  
It is like me trying to live life.

NANCY NIPPER

#### ONE RE-CYCLED

Man. Sitting here.  
Reading draft on root beer.  
Smoking true green.  
Feeling. Melancholy lone madness.

Man. Here sitting.  
Like a diffusing fart.  
In reality. A thunderclapper  
Damning. Racism.

Man. Dope. Journeyed long enough.  
Some jointly connected new friends.  
The speckled birds have dinged on me.  
That radio. Sounds great! (so I say)

That cool-aid. Very tasty.  
A real circuit-breaker.  
This is such a dirty place.  
I want to go home.

Another tumble bug.  
Stopped rolling his little ball of manure.  
Thank God!

TED CHEATHAM

There is a moment of great anxiety when one is going to interview a celebrity. Your emotions may contain elements of inferiority and dread, but most of all you fear the unknown personality.

So it was as I sat in the small, comfortable office of the Soundshop recording studio, waiting semi-patiently for Bobby Goldsboro. Although I seemed outwardly secure with paper and pencil, inwardly I was becoming tense and fearing the outcome of the interview. The whole time I wondered what makes Goldsboro different from his audiences.

I rose from my chair as Goldsboro entered the main office, smiling warmly. As I followed him into his adjoining office I sighed, releasing a feeling I had had of impending doom.

Wearing a navy shirt and dark pin-striped slacks, Goldsboro looked youthful and smaller in stature than I had expected.

Goldsboro is slightly animated during a conversation, his expressions are spontaneous, and he plays with a silver key-chain. As he speaks you realize that he is clumsy, humble, talkative, and most of all, he's a warm human being.

Goldsboro must have the all-time record for accidents. For instance, he has broken four different toes, his ankle, one of his hands was broken the first day of baseball practice, and his nose was broken.

"One time I was running and looking back the other way, and I ran into a light pole, causing me to have 13 stitches over my nose and eye."

"Two weeks later," he laughed, "just when the discoloration was going away and my eyebrows were growing back, I was ripping up a board with a crowbar and the chistled edge hit me in the eye." His eyes widened, the keys in his hand jingled lightly. He smiled as he related one of his minor freak accidents.

"I was eating cereal and watching the Mike Douglas show one night. I wasn't paying attention to what I was doing, so I spilled some of the cereal on the carpet. I thought I had gotten it all up, but the next morning I walked across the living room and split my big toe on a rice krispie."

"I must have a lot of nervous energy," he decided, "I don't just stand up, I jump up. I find that when I'm performing, it's safer if I just sit on a stool. I also prefer my own lighting when I perform so that I can't see the audience that I'm singing to. I don't want to know if they hate me or like me."

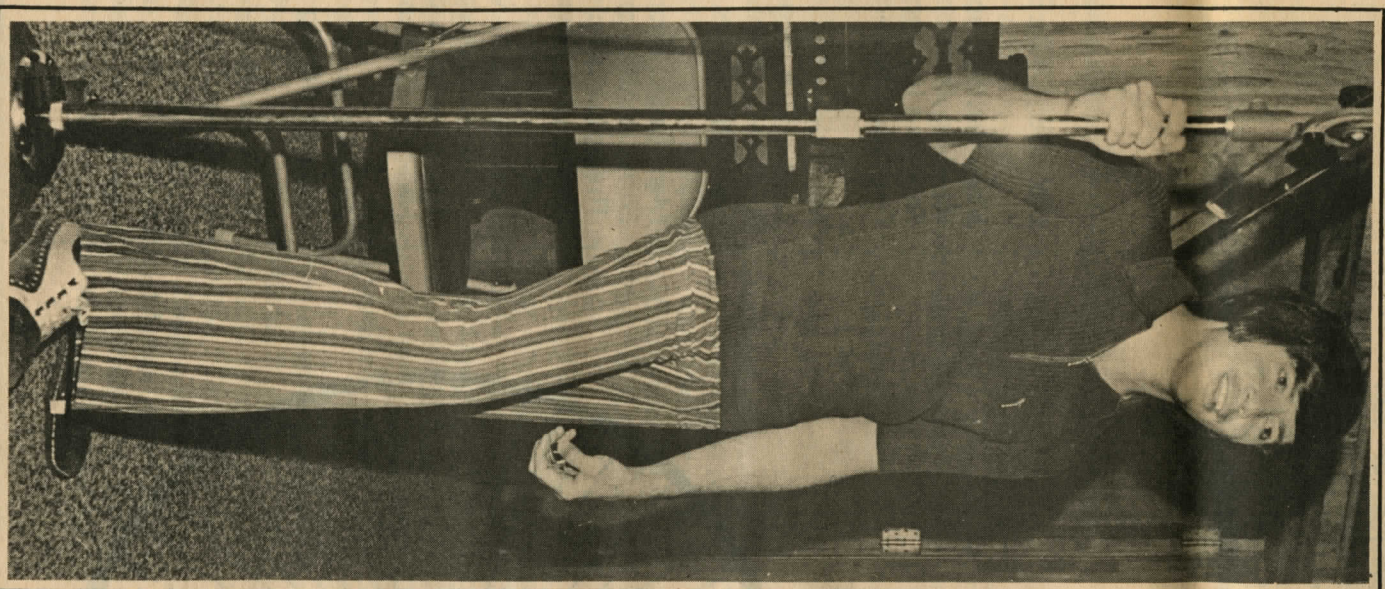
In addition to physical injuries, in the last three years Goldsboro has had three head-on collisions, each time totaling both cars. In most of the incidents he was sitting still when the cars collided into him.

Goldsboro likes to talk. He relates his past experiences very easily, acting almost as if it is one of the rare times when he has a chance to think about what he has done.

Believe it or not, originally Goldsboro had every intention of becoming a baseball player.

"It's tummy, but I never idolized musi-

# bob by golds boro



cians or singers at all. I always admired baseball stars like Mickey Mantle and Sandy Koufax," he said, crossing his feet on his desk. "It's kind of bad, because I still keep up with football and baseball more than I do the music business."

"I'll never forget when I was invited to this party and Sandy Koufax was there. I started to introduce myself to him, but I was afraid he wouldn't know who I was. Later on I couldn't believe it when Koufax came over and introduced himself to me. That really blew my mind."

Goldsboro's music career started with a small group in Dothan, Alabama. "We were real cool," he laughed. "We had spiders painted on our drums and on our tie clips. We thought we were good, but we were really awful."

"Groups now have more to work with and more to copy. Back when we were playing, most everything was 3 or 4 chords. I think groups today are a hundred times better than they were back then."

He slips the keys from side to side on the ring. His office door opens and a long-haired musician pops his head in. He mumbles something to Goldsboro. Goldsboro smiles and replies with his famous cricket chirp, a sound which I had half anticipated throughout the conversation.

One of the most interesting things which Goldsboro claims he had ever done was for the ABC Sportsman show, which was aired in January. As a sport, Goldsboro chose to catch poisonous snakes.

"I figured people would rather see me catch snakes than go bass fishing," he smiled, "so we went to Louisiana to hunt poisonous snakes. The only thing was, I didn't realize we would be hunting at midnight."

"I knew that alligator's wouldn't attack, but snakes were something else. I figured they would be sleeping on the lily pads."

In order to catch the snakes, the guide used a fork-like instrument and pierced the back of the snake's head, so that the snake could be picked up by the neck.

"The guide picked up two or three snakes," Goldsboro said, "then I tried to get a five-and-a-half-foot cotton mouth for the first time. The camera was on my face the whole time. I wondered if I looked as afraid as I was. I guess I was supposed to look like catching snakes was a regular pastime with me."

After the hunt the snakes were taken to a serpentine where the venom would be used as serum for snakebites.

"It was very interesting," he concluded, "but I don't care to do it again." In addition to catching poisonous snakes, Goldsboro is working on two albums, is very interested in photography, and plays in the Music City Golf tournament regularly.

Besides material gain and success, what makes Goldsboro different from his fans as a human being? I asked myself as I left the studio, notebook tucked under my arm. Nothing, I decided. He is filled with the same insecurities and fears as anyone else; he can be as absent-minded and clumsy as you or me, but the thing about it is, you like him that way.

● a feature by linda killen



### REVELLATION 23

I think I'll watch the sun explode--  
Take my bed into the yard,  
Stretch, relax--  
And die with it.  
Imagine, as we face,  
Someone planet-years away  
One day to see this star in death  
And ponder life on other worlds--  
Did that dead star father children,  
Teeming in orbiting playpens,  
Worshiping inanities and wondering?  
If I were asked and they were interested--  
And I alive (long lightened years dead by now)--  
I could tell them:  
No, no life here,  
Only the offal of the universe,  
Heaped mountainous in urine seas,  
Awaiting Darwin's Second Coming  
And watching suns explode.  
--GEORGE KERRICK--

# in defense of

# ART

Hobell, the anthropologist, has said that man could exist without art but to do so he would have to drop to the level of the great apes. Art is the main difference between man and lower animals. The measure of any civilization is usually made in terms of the artifacts produced by that civilization. Societies have been discovered without written language; but none have yet been found, regardless of how primitive, without means of visual expression. Many psychologists have stated that the need to produce art, to be creative, is one of the basic needs of mankind, along with needs for shelter, for food, and to continue the species. If this need were not basic, primitive man would not have taken time out from the struggle for survival to produce art.

The amazing thing is not that we have the arts, but that so few spend time enough to become literate in them. Art, like any other discipline, demands study not only for its production but also for its appreciation. Both production and appreciation are based on a thorough understanding of the media and processes used to produce the art statement, as well as the creative process needed to produce it. A knowledge of the expressive potential inherent in the symbolic language of line, space, form, texture and color are absolute essentials. Of course, there are different levels achieved in both production and appreciation. There is that level of appreciation typified by "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." This really means that the individual is reacting at the visual level of like and dislike and employs all of the prejudices built up to the time of the reaction.

The highest level is at that point where appreciation is in the abstract. This is necessary because all art is abstract and all means of art expression are distinct and different. Music is different from the visual arts, and still different from the dance, the theatrical arts or literature. They all deal with the abstract, in abstract terms, and there is no way to translate one into the other. If there were, there would be no need for the existence of all of them. Even when the visual arts employ objects as vehicles of expression, the art itself is abstract. It has to be because the arts have always dealt with abstractions.

The artist makes his statement in paint or marble or wood, or by movement in dance, by sound combinations in music, or by the use of abstract symbols that combine to make words to which have been assigned meanings. Each statement is separate and unique, and there is no way the same statement can be in one and then in another. They stand alone and each is needed by man to give full expression to his hopes, his aspirations, his unique reaction to his environment, to his understanding of himself and his re-

lationship to the total scheme of the universe.

The arts, all the arts, in their highest form are produced because the artist possesses a basic drive to create. Beyond serving this basic need of the individual, the arts have served the cultural needs of the societies producing them. The arts are intricately woven into the fabric of all cultures. From African masks to Navaho blankets to totems of the Eskimos to the Greek temples to Egyptian pyramids, art has served cultural needs.

Art has explained realities as understood and attempted to plumb the depths of the unknown. In primitive cultures the arts were understood, not because they were not abstract, but because the population understood the symbols used. Even if the products of the artist did not sell, the true artist would go on giving expression to what was within him. His need for expression is as much for himself as for communication with others. But when the artist's expression strikes responsive chords within others, it attains a certain value. How valuable depends on the universality of the statement and can be truly evaluated only by the test of time.

However, modern man is an impatient creature, and increasing affluence has caused him to surround himself with all sorts of acquisitions including art objects. Art may be bought for many reasons. The reasons range from the desire to decorate a wall in a home with colors harmonious to the general color scheme to a feeling of deep kinship with the art as though it were a part of the person acquiring it. Art can be purchased as a status symbol, and it often is acquired for this reason. Many people wish to seem cultured, even though they may not be, and purchase art to prove they are. Many people go to galleries to view art for the same reason.

But regardless of the reasons for the purchase of art, it can have aesthetic value; and this value can be assessed by those trained in the arts. Research

has shown that artists even from different cultures are much more in agreement concerning the aesthetic worth of art products than the untrained. There are no rules concerning the production of art, but when true art is produced it usually is recognized even though it may take some time for the recognition to take place. This is understandable since it has been estimated that only about one tenth of the art produced during any particular period will survive the test of time.

If there is somewhat of a breakdown in communication between the artist and the general public, the fault is not so much with the artist as with Western culture. Since the invention of the printing press, Western culture has placed almost total emphasis on language as the most important means of communication. If comparable emphasis were placed on the communicative value of the arts, this breakdown would never have occurred. If language and its usage were not taught, there would be no basis for understanding the printed page. How then can understanding by the completely uninitiated be expected when standing before an art work? Surely something as basic as the arts, as intrinsically a part of all cultures, deserves more attention than it is getting in our present educational structure. ●

In Defense of Art" was written in response to the "The Indulgences of Art," which follows.

---

● forum by dr. c. m. brandon

---



# The indulgences of

# ART

Martin Luther made quite a name for himself by expressing his discontent with the theological beliefs of his day; he did not see the necessity of priests serving as intermediaries between the faithful and God. The eventual Reformation which he engendered changed many attitudes and had a profound effect upon the spiritual and secular worlds of Western Europe.

Luther's discontent with the theological system of his day may seem a strange introduction to a discussion of art; but art, in the more specific sense of painting and sculpture, has undergone an obvious change in concerns since the time of the ancients and the "old masters."

Art has become primarily concerned, in some schools, with the expression of the abstract. This tendency has created some difficulties for the uninitiated and has created some problems with regard to the artist and his relationship to the rest of society. Those with little formal artistic training may have trouble understanding the value or quality of one piece of art over another. They may also take offense at those with art training who berate them and their appreciation of art.

Those who consider themselves artists and students of art certainly may feel more knowledgeable concerning the techniques of art, but more than one of them exhibits an attitude of condescension in their opinions of those who they judge as not having an artistic nature. Such attitudes are usually encountered at art exhibits or discussions of the prices of different works. They resemble a type of religious intolerance which again brings us back to problems of Luther.

In many instances, it seems that some artists or students of art see themselves as priests delivering the law of the great god, Art, to the lesser mortals which inhabit the earth. Such a statement may, itself, be intolerant, but it expresses a doubly perplexing situation.

It is perplexing because the attitude is unfair to a large number of people and also because the sale of art is a consumer advocate's nightmare.

The function, purpose and value of art are things which scholars, artists and gallery visitors may debate forever; however, a few fundamental statements can be made concerning this negative artistic attitude. Since much of contemporary art is concerned with the abstract, it is concerned with symbols. The symbolic nature of art is obviously recognized by artists; and as perhaps even some laymen know, artistic symbols are generally condensation rather than referential symbols.

The difference between these two types of symbols is the difference between the scientific abbreviation for water H<sub>2</sub>O, (referential) and the use of the phrase "law and order" to create an environment of legalism or repression dependent

upon the context of the usage and the reference system of the hearer (condensation). Use of referential symbols is generally frowned upon in art. In literature, a less abstract form of art, the extreme use of the referential symbol is allegory. Art (painting and sculpture) may be evaluated by using referential symbols, but it is a practice upon which artists generally frown.

The symbolic nature of art is only one of its aspects. Many artists deal with the manipulation of color, space and optical effects in their work. It appears, however, that the symbolic nature of art is the aspect which shows the absurdity of the negative attitude which some artists hold. Certainly those in the art disciplines would not deny that of all the areas in the general field of fine arts, painting and sculpture are among the most abstract. Art, in its specific sense, lies at one extreme of a forked road upon which is contained a spectrum of abstractions for the fine arts, with music lying at the extreme of the other fork.

The spectrum of abstraction begins with prose and moves into poetry as the degree of abstraction increases. This is not to say that the printed word is unambiguous; but certainly in comparison to the art disciplines, the printed word is more communicative. The ability of the artist to condense his feelings, his impulses, his world view, his emotions and his strivings into a work of art is indeed admirable. As the artist moves from lines of prose to lines of poetry and on to the sculpting of a form and the stroking of a brush on a canvas, he begins to lose his ability to communicate with the persons who will observe the work of art. This is not to say that the work of art loses aesthetic value because it is not communication; what is being said is that the artistic process has two distinct parts. The first is the creation of the work by the artist; the second and mutually exclusive part is the appreciation of the work of art by an observer.

Art, in its contemporary abstract form has become a set of Rorschach tests. The observer may undergo an artistic

process himself, but it must be based on his own personality and frames of reference. This philosophy of art shows no disdain of art or artists but of those who would imply that art has some absolute worth or aesthetic value and only the chosen few may appreciate it. Those trained in art may have more knowledge of the processes of the creation of art, but can they have more knowledge in regard to its appreciation?

One wonders if even the artist is able to discuss his work constructively. An American Federation of Artists film shown here in 1970 presented an artist whose current style was the painting of solitary lines on giant canvases. When interviewed, Barnett Newman said that the painting was a representation of ideas dealing with the crucifixion of Christ. This explanation seemed an absurdity—that an artist could condense the complex philosophical, historical and cultural aspects of Christian theology into a single line on a canvas. Perhaps it is not; this is the artist's interpretation, and he certainly deserves a right to it. One thing is certain, it would take a great deal of time and/or hallucinogenic drugs for some observers even to approach the ideas which the artist presented.

The second problem, that of the sale of art, is important because it also reflects this intolerant attitude. It is no easier, perhaps, to judge the pecuniary value of an art work than it is to judge the aesthetic value. Works of art, like any other commodity, may increase in price with an increase in the recognition of the producer. Some works of art seem outrageously priced, especially to those untrained in the techniques of art. What is feared is that some artists are exploiting those who do not understand some artistic "facts of life." They feel perhaps that anyone who is willing to pay an outrageous price for the art object deserves his questionable purchase. This accusation is based on the belief, with which artists should agree, that the purchase of art, in its most general sense, is impossible. One can buy the art object and place it on a

---

forum by Jim Leonhirth

pedestal or hang it on a wall, but one can not purchase the aesthetic value of the art object or the ability to appreciate it.

This statement may seem contradictory to previous arguments concerning the right of persons to appreciate art in their own way, but it is not meant to be. To the artist the art object is undoubtedly priceless and with good reason. To place a price on the art object, however, implies a measure of artistic value for the observer. Realizing that artists must eat and feed families, an idealistic suggestion is that art be sold only at auction.

The real problem is probably not the artist's responsibility but that of the educational system--to insure that the observer knows that one can not buy art as groceries or a new suit. Culture can not be "on special" in the marketplace.

Now that the 95 theses for painting and sculpture have been posted, perhaps a few comments are in order for other disciplines. Literature, music, drama, dance and photography all fall somewhere along the line of abstraction and, like art, can be appreciated in distinct ways. Art is like wine. It can be judged on the basis of its taste, good or bad; or a winetaster can describe the aspects of the wine which set it apart from other wines-- vintage, bouquets and vineyard of origin. The win connoisseur, like the person trained in art, can understand and appreciate these differences; but the average wine drinker may be only concerned with whether or not the wine pleases his taste.

Listening to the explanation by Leonard Bernstein of a symphony, one may wonder how he is to understand the identity of one leit motif rather than another; or the student of literature may wonder how explicators knew that the author meant "this" when he wrote that. As one retreats from painting and sculpture to the less abstract forms of art, one may be faced with a greater responsibility for appreciation since the artist may now be able to communicate with the observer or listener.

If one fails (in judgment of those who judge) in his appreciation of an artform, whose fault is it, or is there fault even to be reckoned? Many times it seems that critics and explicators are apologists for artists, and sometimes it seems that they are more creative than the artist. This situation may leave the observer or listener confused and frustrated. Nothing is as irritating as to judge a weakness in a work and then be told by an "authority" that it is an artistic effect.

These statements are not meant to be an indictment of critics or explicators; no one is coerced into reading or hearing reviews and explanations. Their work can be constructive if it is not dogmatic.

Luther attempted to allow every man to be a priest; every person may not want to be a critic, but it seems unnecessary for there to be intermediaries between the faithful and Art. ●

#### INSECT

A tiny insect fell in a crumpled heap  
Of wings and legs.  
It lay like a wiggling dot on my notebook  
Jerkily untangling its body from confusion.  
Slowly it stood  
And marched on wobbling legs  
Around the paper.  
No bigger than a comma,  
It dominated the page with it particle of energy.  
Wings held high, it inspected the sheet  
Then withdrew to the darkness  
Between two pages.  
Carefully turning the papers,  
I searched for him.  
He was there in a small heap again,  
Very still with wings extended.  
I breathed and its body  
Swirled onto the floor  
Lost in a thousand specks of dirt.  
Once a life. Once a life.

NAN ARBUCKLE

#### FIRE\*EYED DOWAGER

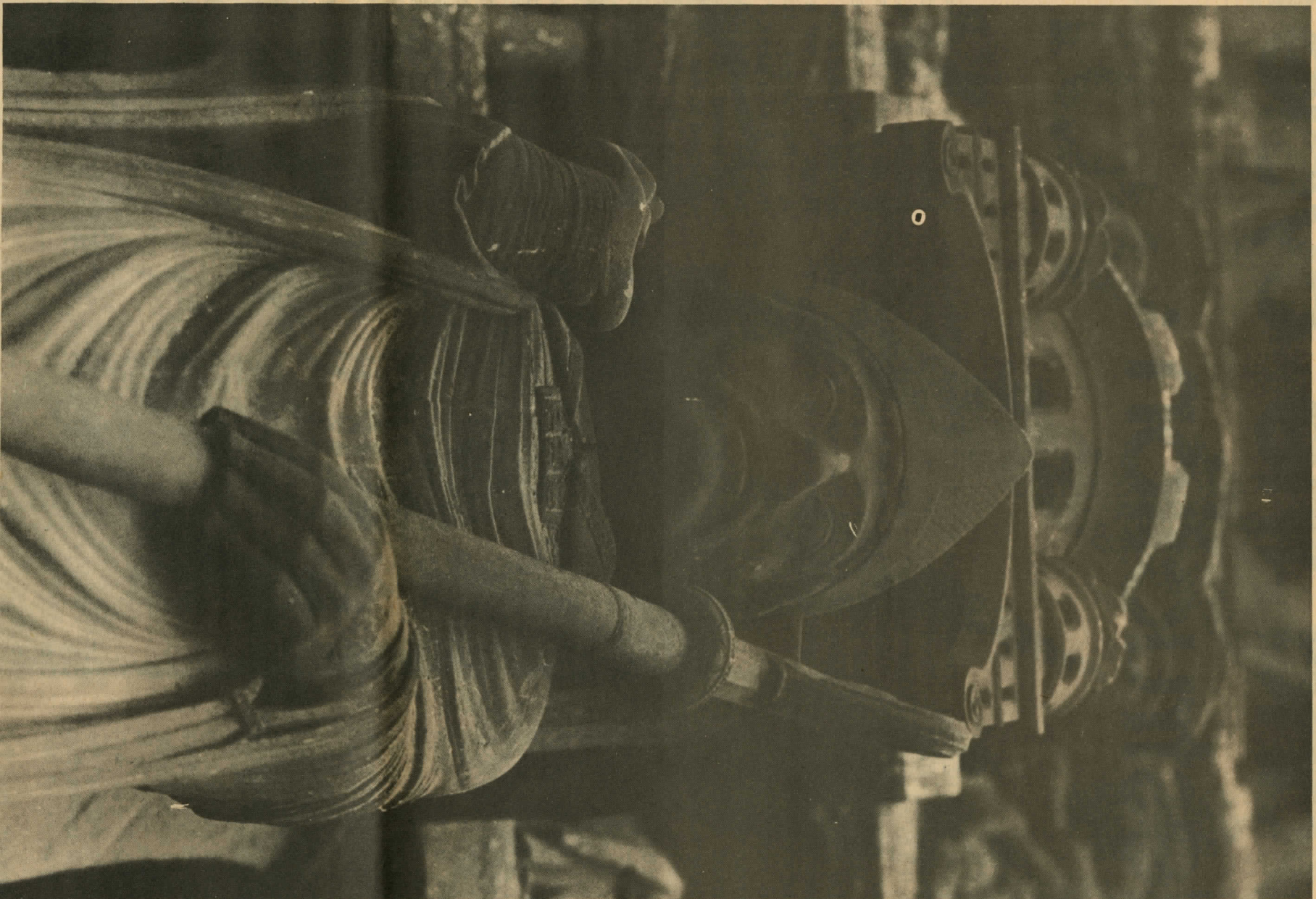
Fire-eyed dowager  
Sit still. Quiet. It will fall.  
Every evening it does, verily.  
Shaft-straited being  
Blaming -- cannot rise -- flaming.  
Resist. Desist.  
For a while, only a while.  
Shaft the darkness. Swill  
The maple breakfasts  
And take death's afternoon showers swiftly.

g.w. bilbra

#### Planted

I watched a mighty oak  
Standing in the breeze;  
Its mighty figure towered  
Above the other trees.  
And yet, when the wind  
Softly began to blow,  
The top of this oak fluttered  
Like it also wanted to go.  
The roots were planted firmly  
And the trunk was strong and straight;  
But the younger branches swayed  
Begging the wind to wait.  
Are we not like this tree?  
Our minds are firm and shut.  
Our lives are deeply rooted  
And we trod in our own deep rut.  
Then, sometimes a breeze  
Will softly blow our way.  
Although we want to follow,  
We flutter, then we stay.

CHARLENE ELLARD



#### REFLECTIONS OF A BISHOP

Your well-worn face stares coldly from the floor.  
Arms crossed, with scepter and a bishop's crown,  
You lie in darkness. An autistic frown  
Gives lie to death, suggests rapport  
With peeling frescoes, shadows, dust and stones.  
I cannot read the words above your head,  
Nor offer reverence; neither can you rede.  
A weir of ages keeps life from your bones.  
Not strangers, as we have a common friend,  
I wonder if you sought a kindred light,  
And if sleeping, you have gained respited  
From thirst for what no man has ever kened.  
A lamp shines in our darkness; could I find  
The strength to turn and gaze upon its flame,  
Then would the light be more than just a name,  
And love, and death, less prone to be repined?

JIM GRAHAM  
July, 1972

# man and the cycle of destruction :

Beatrice-Joanna Foxe wept bitterly as she delivered the corpse of her infant son to the two men from the Ministry of Agriculture (Phosphorous: Reclamation Department). Her tears evoked no sympathy at the Ministry. "Do try to see all this rationally," they admonished her. Her son's death meant one mouth less to feed, she was told, and one dollop of phosphorous pentoxide to nourish dear old Mother Earth. "You must try to be sensible," they said; "Leave motherhood to the lower orders, as nature intended. You've had your recommended ration. Try to stop feeling like a mother." Then dismissing her curtly, they directed her to the Ministry of Infertility to be paid her condolence--in cash. Beatrice-Joanna, numb with grief, stumbled away. The world was mad, she told herself; where would it all end?

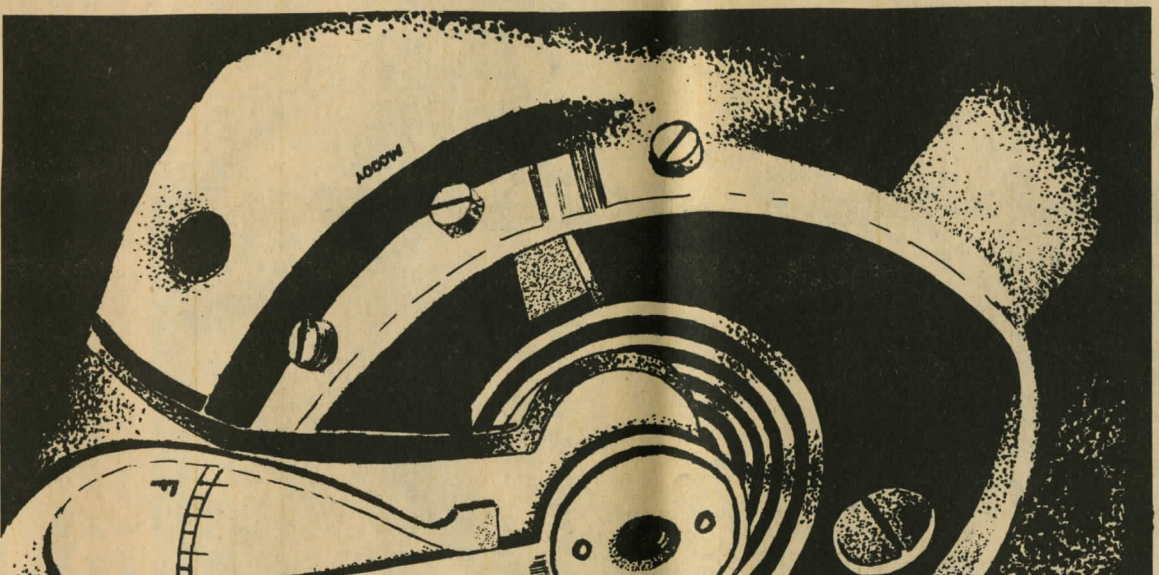
Thus begins *The Wanting Seed* by Anthony Burgess (Ballentine Books, New York, 1972), advertised as "the novel of the near future by the author of *A Clockwork Orange*." The future depicted in the two novels is grim and grimly destructive in most of the values that most of us have been taught to prize. In both novels Burgess is working within a familiar twentieth century literary form, used by Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Philip Wylie and others with some success, a form in which depictions of the future serve as critiques of the ways we live now. Like these authors Burgess strives to issue warnings to us about where we will end if we persist in following certain intellectual, social or political trends that are either dominant or growing in our contemporary scene.

Burgess' warnings, however, and the central meanings of his novels are not very clear, though the reader is likely to be too fascinated by his tales to notice that at first. And the novels' fascination and their obscurity derive ultimately from the same source--Burgess' inability (or unwillingness) to limit the object of his satire or to control the word games in which he constantly indulges.

*A Clockwork Orange* is a savage indictment of practically everything--governments, of course, and the family unit, the clergy and their religion, social workers and their efforts, writers and their books, thinkers and their theories, scientists and their works. In short every expression of man's life, institutional or personal, is shown as corrupt or corruptible, as either actually or potentially debased and destructive. The medium of

revelation is the story of Alex, a "Modern Youth," who is the vividly characterized narrator of the tale.

Alex sort of lives with his pale ineffectual parents, but his real life is with his gang who prowls the night taking drugs, fighting other gangs, raping, robbing, ra-



vaging and generally brutalizing everybody in sight. Ultraviolence is Alex's thing and he really feels alive only when he is grinding his boots into the itso (face) of some grahznny (dirty) militant (police-man) or slashing his britva (knife) into some chellovek's (person's) Keeshkas (guts). By the age of fifteen he has done it all, including murdering an old woman whose house he is looting. Imprisoned, he volunteers for a new rehabilitation program in which he is conditioned to be violently ill whenever he sees or even contemplates an act of violence. Returned

to society, Alex becomes the victim of violence at the hands of all those he had formerly brutalized, and he is powerless to do anything but submit to the kind of torture he had once perpetrated. Hurt beyond endurance, Alex instinctively flings himself out a fourth story window into the street. His attempted suicide makes him a pawn in the power grab by a self-serving politician who has Alex deconditioned. At the end of the novel he is returned to his exact situation at the beginning. He is ready again to rape, ravage, rob, etc.

Unfortunately the scope of the satire and the vividness with which it is rendered disperses the central perception of the novel. That perception is not that it is better (or worse) to be an evil thug than a controlled (conditioned) automaton; it is not that behavior modification is laughably inept at redeeming persons. The central perception is that evil is as much an expression of the self as good is and that as long as selves persist, evil will persist. "Badness," says Alex, "is of the self . . . But the not-self cannot have the bad, meaning they of the government and the judges and the schools cannot allow the bad because they cannot allow the self. . . . But what I do, I do because I like to do." There is, in short, no cure for badness that does not obliterate the self. Alex's return to himself at the end of *A Clockwork Orange* is a return to evil.

A specific example will show how Burgess' treatments of subjects often tend to confuse his basic points. Alex the thug likes classical music in the same way he likes ultra-violence. When he is conditioned to avoid violence, he discovers that he must likewise avoid music. The fact is used for satirical comment upon behavior modifiers in the book. Dr. Brodsky, accused by Alex of unfairly ruining music for him, dispassionately replies that in behavior modification "delimitation is difficult." Brodsky is not concerned with aesthetic values any more than he is concerned with ethics. "These are subtleties," he says; "We are not concerned with motive, with the higher ethics. We are concerned only with cutting down crime--." Brodsky's callousness, however, is not Burgess' central point. His point is that love of music derives from exactly the same source as does love of violence, that the creative and destructive acts of man come equally from the self, a unity which changed in one particular changes totally. In Burgess' cryptic phraseology, "Life is one."

● focus on the arts by Charles Dean

# anthony bourgess' view of the future

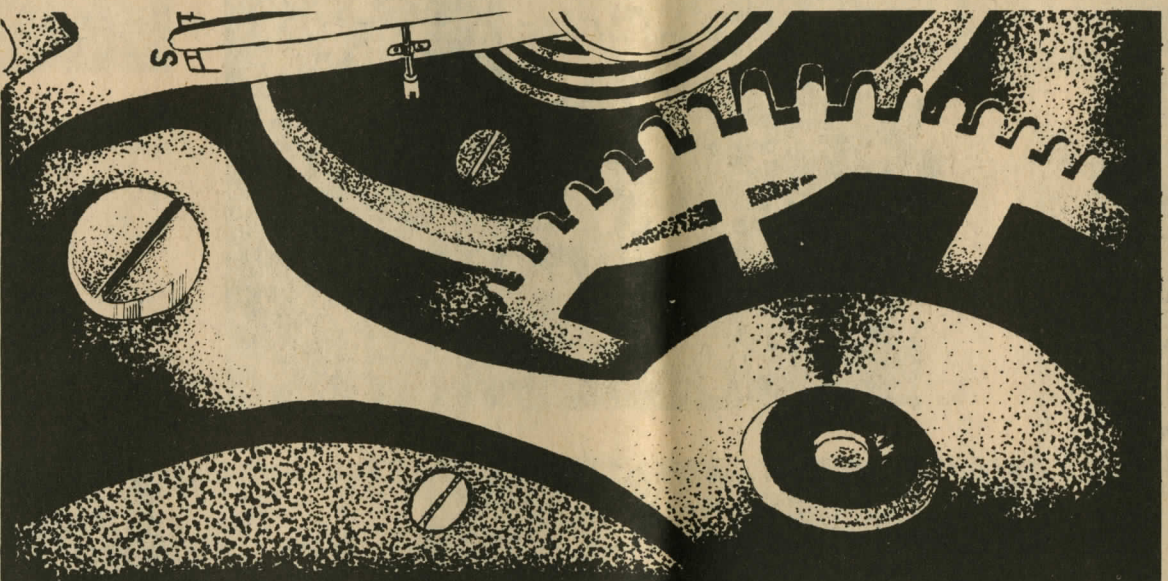
The perception of the unity of life is also the philosophic basis of *The Wanting Seed*, but in that novel Burgess develops the perception in terms of a total world society rather than through one individual. Beatrice-Joanna Foxe, and all her fellows, are constantly told to "try to see all this rationally." The total human condition is the "all this," and the rational approach to the human condition (Pelagianism) is one of Burgess' two main objects of satire in this novel. The second is Augustinianism, the opposite pole of the cycle human history is always circling. Beatrice-Joanna's age is a Pelagian era during which human nature is regarded as perfectible and in which reason is supposed to "solve" all human "problems."

Burgess' rendering of this Pelagian world is a vision of horror. Beatrice-Joanna is mildly chastized for mourning the death of her son for the same reason that she is branded a criminal when she becomes pregnant a second time. That future world, having quite rationally banished wars, is severely overpopulated. London, for example, covers all of the South of England. The supply of even synthetic foods is dangerously short. The earth, supplier of man's needs, is near exhaustion. Extinction of the race seems an imminent possibility. In that kind of crisis mankind has responded as a rational problem solver. The lives of men have been severely regimented and standardized for freedom of thought or action is logically construed as a potential threat to the survival of the species. Procreation is disapproved, then outlawed. Homosexuals and eunuchs are given preferential treatment as being true humanitarians. Those who become mothers or fathers are enemies of the state and of mankind. The Ministry of Infertility is the center of governmental power. In the Pelagian Age man's rationality has led him to proscribe the procreation in the interest of sustaining the race.

The attendant results are, at best, distressing. Freedom vanishes. Art wanes. Individuality or any other expression of uniqueness is absorbed in the vast gray mediocrity of the general life. Fear, anxiety and frustration characterize men's lives. Then, mysteriously, fish cease to breed and grain will not grow. All life, which is one, is diseased and dying.

Then suddenly reason is overthrown. Frustration gives way to violence. The rational order of life--in fact all law and order--is smashed. Men and women begin to procreate again. Everywhere Dionysian revels break out and folk are copulating in every furrow in England. Cannibalism temporarily solves the food

problem, and the very air is permeated with the smell of sizzling human flesh. Earth responds; crops and animals begin to grow again. Institutions and practices banished in the age of reason reassert themselves. The Church, for example, returns to power with a Eucharist of hu-



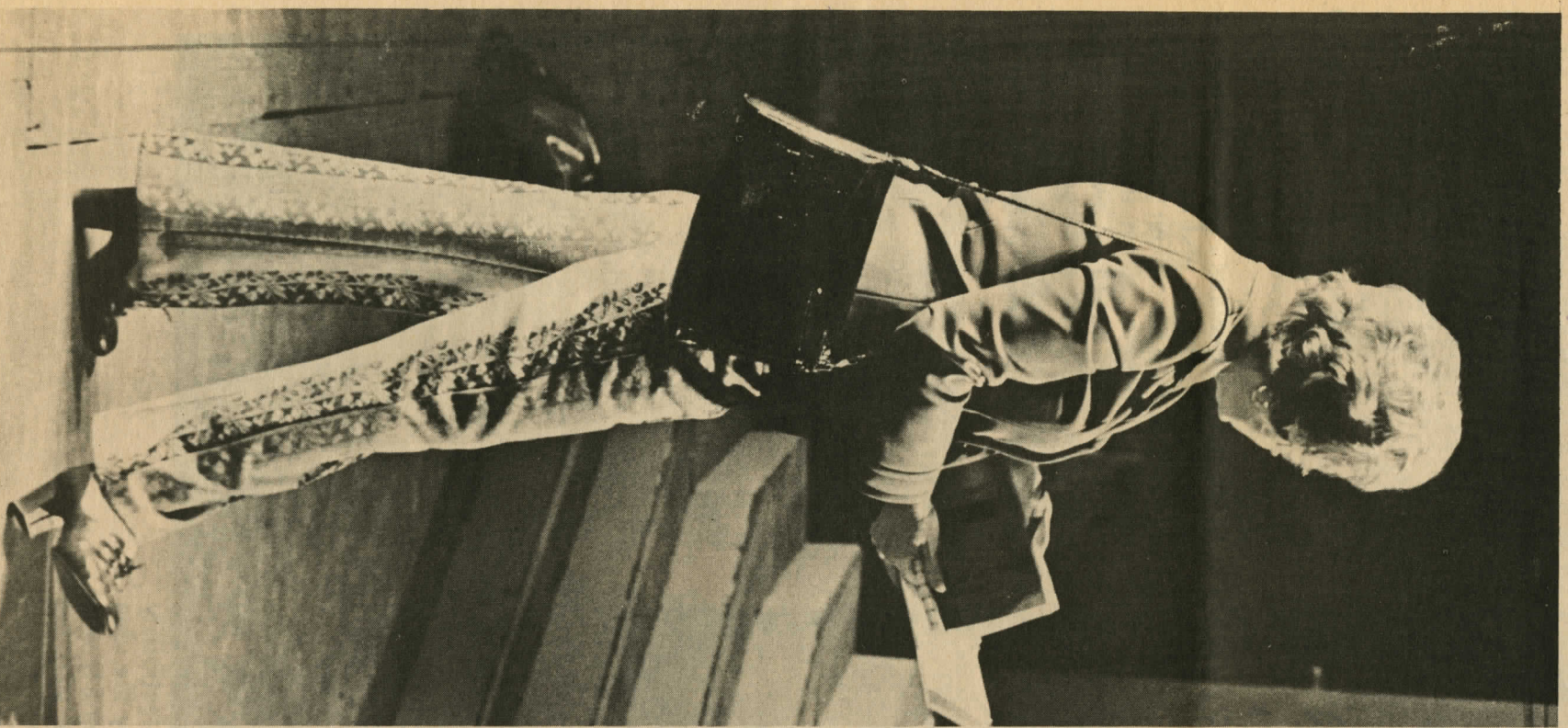
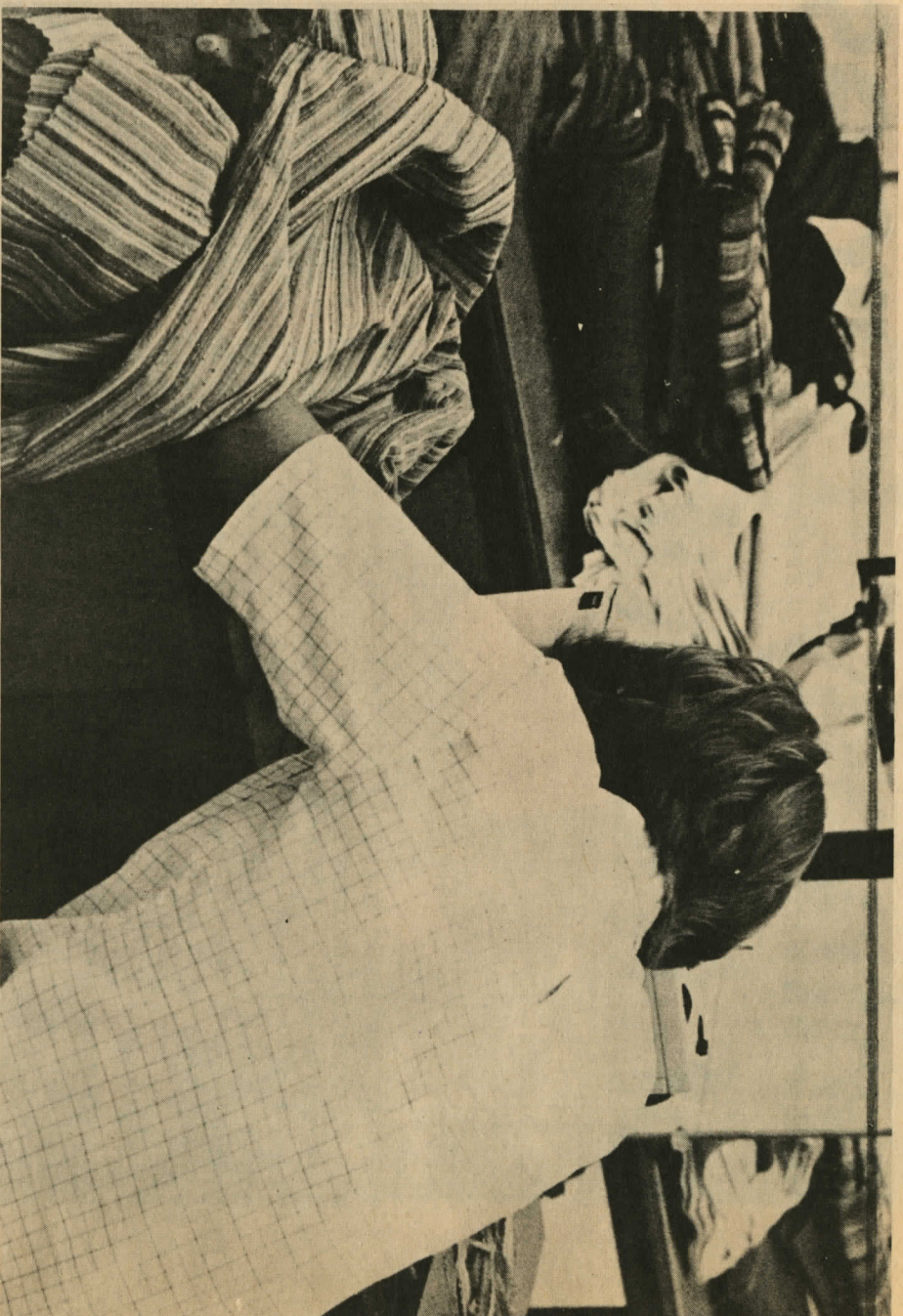
man flesh rather than of bread and wine. War returns to favor--not the impersonal, technological kind of war, but war ranging rifle-bearers against one another simultaneously controlling population growth and augmenting the food supply. Creative arts are revived, however; drama is seen again and religious ritual thrives. Vast mindless armies arise to deal with the exercise of freedom of man the bloodily individual.

In short, the Augustinian Age arises, and the idea of man's perfectibility through reason is supplanted by the idea of man as a totally deprived entity who must be punished. Survival is still the challenge.

The Augustinian World is not, finally, a "better" or "happier world for Burgess' characters than the Pelagian world it replaced. Tristram Foxe, Beatrice-Joanna's husband, put it this way: "Once you kill the liberal society you create a vacuum for God to rush into, and then you unleash murder and fornication, and cannibalism." So he decides that "whatever government was in power he would always be against it." The alternatives for mankind in *The Wanting Seed* are as extreme as the alternative regarding Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*.

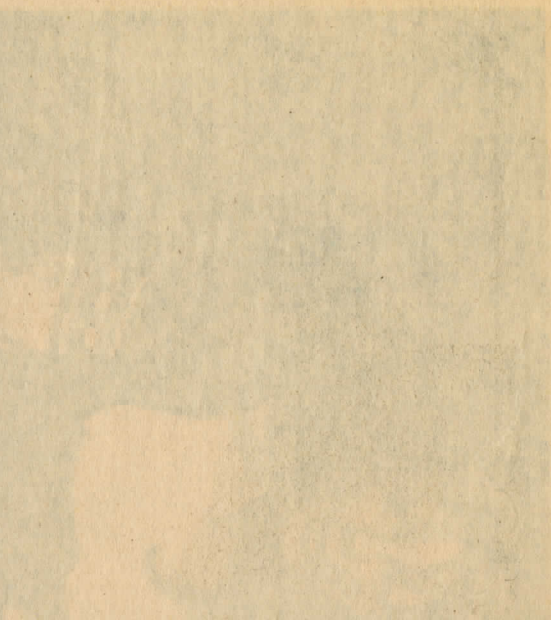
All social organization, all schemes for understanding, all means for handling human problems ultimately founder on the rocks of a procreative life. The self demolishes them all. But Burgess, like his spiritual ancestor D.H. Lawrence, is faithful to the perception that the self is the source of what is always called evil as well as what is always called good. Those evils and goods are defined variously in various ages, but that fact, finally, is inconsequential. Mankind persists in whatever age not just as the victim of evil but as its source. Burgess, like Lawrence, wishes to affirm the process of continuing life, but like Lawrence, he can ultimately offer us no hopeful vision of a happy future--unless man's pain-wracked persistence in the face of his own created cycles of destructiveness is a hopeful vision.

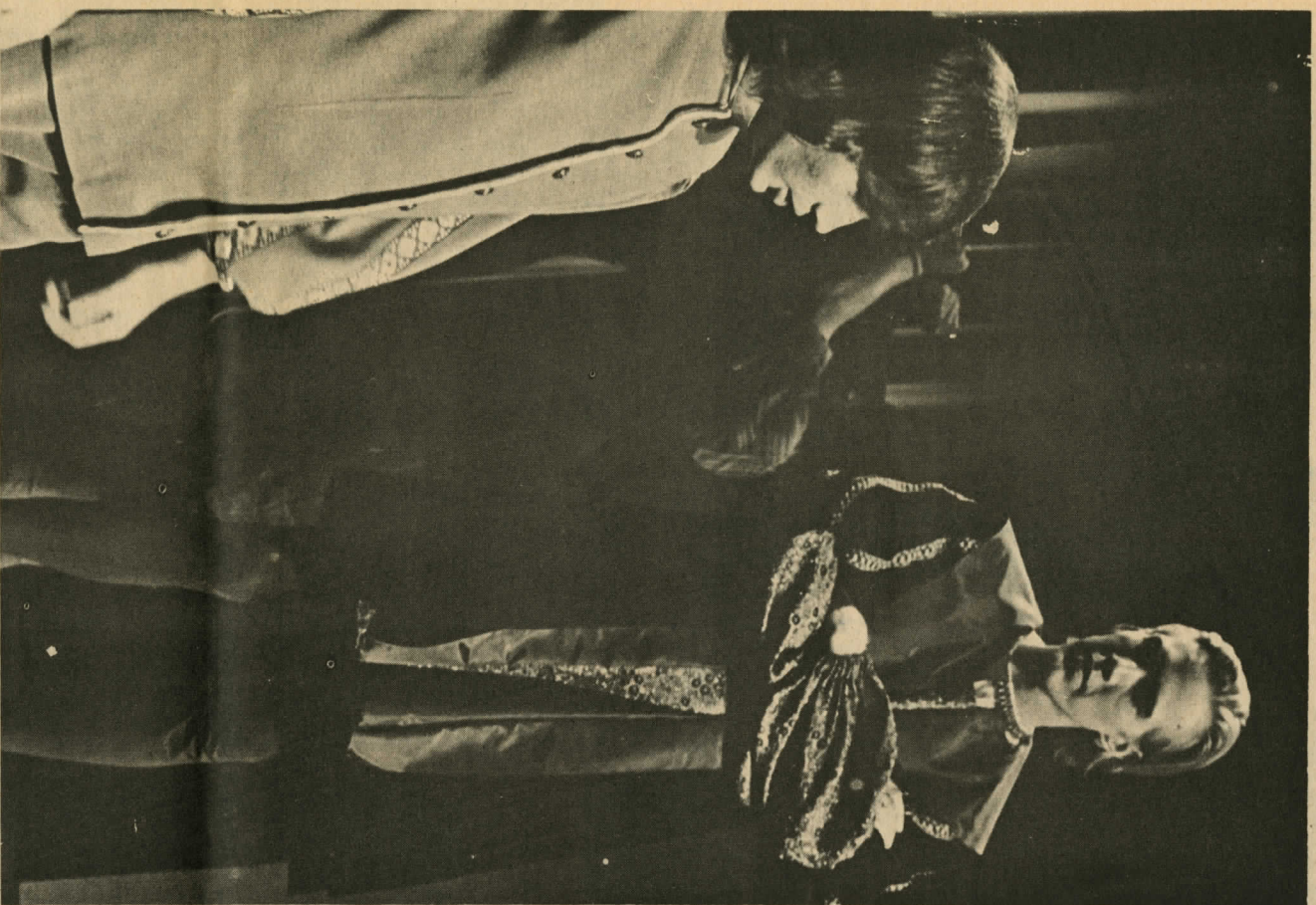
Tristram and Beatrice-Joanna Foxe at the end of *The Wanting Seed* offer themselves all the advice and hope that Burgess offers us. Having survived the ravages of both a Pelagian and an Augustinian era, they stand on the edge of a wind-swept sea. "We must try to live," they tell themselves. "We must try to live." ●



Editor's Note: M. T. S. U. alumna Melanie Spain did this photo-essay during rehearsals for "A Cry of Players," presented by the Middle Tennessee State University Theatre in October. In this series of photos, she attempts to show how characters are developed in the weeks of work preceding such a production.

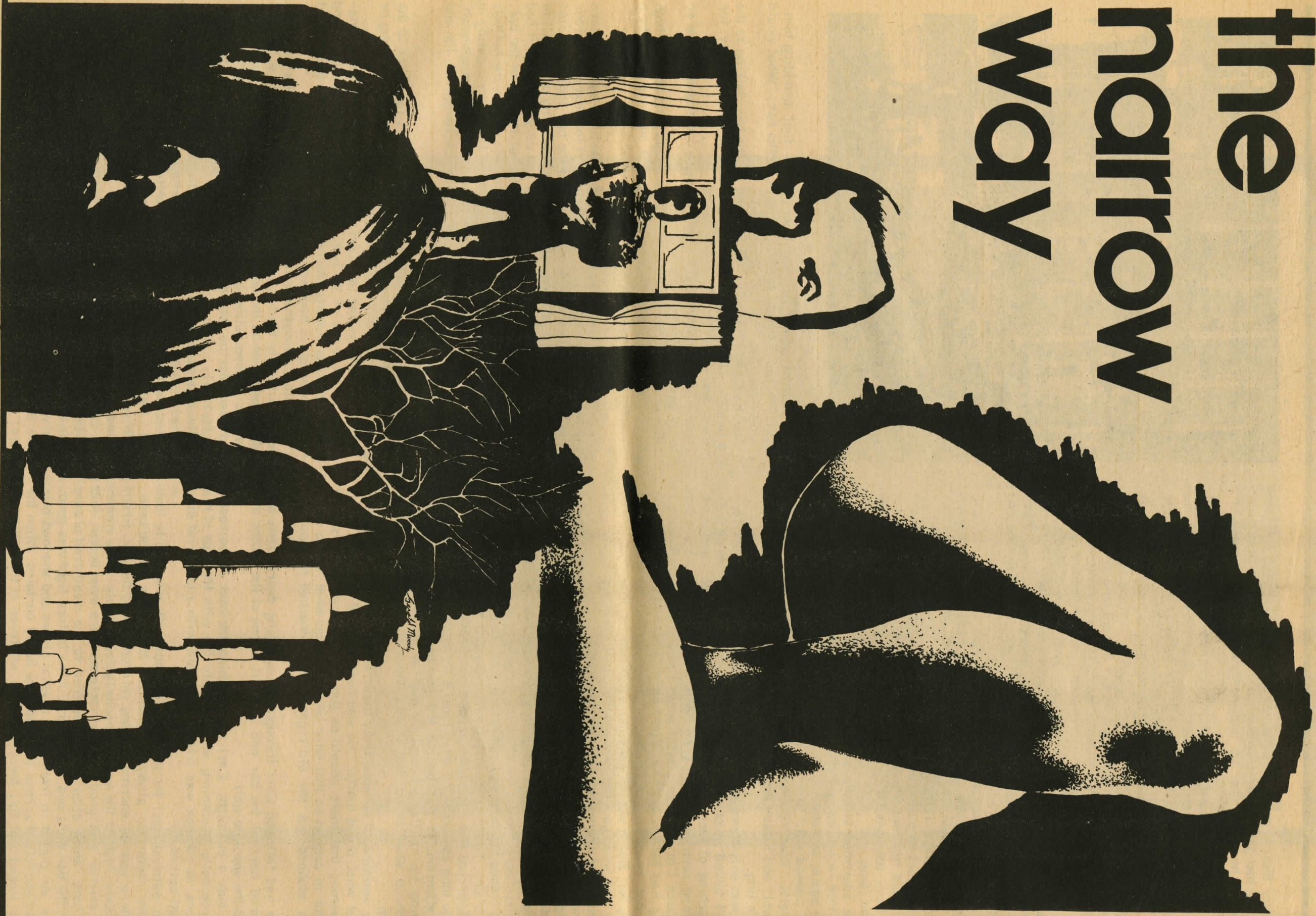








# the narrow way



● a short story by ivan shewmacker

FEBRUARY, 1973

PAGE SEVENTEEN

After their urgency had drained away, they lay still and tranquil. She had gone to sleep with one arm flung across the pillow above his head and one leg trailing over his in haphazard familiarity.

He was in her room, in her bed, and she was sleeping beside him, all contented; and her stretched out still body was outlined and colored by the little lamp with the funny yellow shade, and it was quiet . . . so quiet and desolate.

He lowered his eyes and found the faint blue lines that he had happened upon the night before . . . tender, delicate blue veins that wandered across the slope of her breast and slid into an intricate patchwork on her side. He had been surprised to find them there, all naked and translucent; and they had created in him a sense of wonder, an awesome awareness of this girl's womankind: a knowledge that he had never had before. They had provoked a primitive possessiveness, and an awareness of her vulnerability. They had precipitated both a desire to ravage and to defend.

He had felt proud and massive.

Her stomach rose and fell under his hand. He pressed his face into her side. Her skin was faintly sticky, and his tongue tasted salt where it had touched her.

With effort he pulled away from her, kicking free of the covers that bound his feet. He scooted up far enough to reach a cigarette from the pack left lying on the night table under the yellow shaded lamp.

She squirmed sinuously and mumbled complaint at his jostling. Her face drew up momentarily in displeasure . . . then fell loose again, and smiling.

He paused until she was settled and still before lighting the cigarette. Then resting on his elbows, he blew smoke against the wall and raised his head to follow it as it drifted off toward the ceiling.

It was only hours since they had returned from the bar. They hadn't talked much. They had remained away from words until the aching of their bodies had sought its affirmation and made anything seem possible. Then he had lied to her. He had said, "I guess I'm going to stay. I guess I'm going to have to stay."

She had held him away, pleading in a hushed voice, begging him not to make a mistake, not to do something he would be sorry for. But it was already much too late for that. And he had lied and lied again until they were clutching at each other and laughing and crying and unbelievably happy.

And it didn't seem so wonderful anymore, this getting of the world's carnal knowledge. And it didn't seem so good, nor grand; this filling out.

There was desolation in finding how very narrow the choices are, how very careful the choosing must be.

He leaned his forehead against the wall. Then he allowed himself to cry. Tears crept silently from beneath his closed eyelids and scurried like little bugs across his cheeks.

The long ash breaking away from a forgotten cigarette caught his attention. It fell behind the headboard. He scrubbed the glowing tip in the green stone ashtray on the night table and wondered what to do. But it was under the bed and too far to reach.

He wondered if he were truly the first one to be in this room. But what did it matter? He was here and that was that. Only, it seemed that there should be something more to it. It should be put in context so that later he would know what he had done.

He stubbed out the old cigarette and reached for another.

He had followed Carl through the swinging doors. They had ordered beer at the bar and taken it to one of the booths that lined the opposite wall.

It was a hot night. Carl sat watching the back of the room, complacently drumming on the table top with the tips of his fingers. A jukebox was filling the room with a clatter of dissonant noises.

He watched Carl for a minute, enviously, then turned to look at the room. He always memorized the places he had been.

There was an enormous, long mirror behind the bar. From brackets high on the wall, kerosene lanterns dimly lit the room. The mirror was good, but the lanterns were even better. And the long, shiny steer horns fastened to the weathered plaque over the bar were bad, very bad. But the lantern light was good. When air puffed in from their crystal globes and shadows billowed and folded across the room like heavy curtains. When the light licked out full force, it made whatever it touched seem warm and personal.

He had been watching the battle between the shadows and



lantern light when he had felt Carl's foot prodding him.

Carl jerked his head toward the back of the bar. "What would you give for that," he had whispered.

She had been standing at the end of the bar, talking to the bartender. The bartender must have said something funny, for she smiled.

Never in all his life had he seen a smile come upon a face so slowly and completely.

Her skin was rich brown in the lantern light, and she had high cheekbones, and her face was surrounded on three sides by a fence of long shiny black hair.

His face here on the pillow beside him, turned toward him in sleep. He bent to search through it for that mysterious thing that had been in it at the end of the bar that night, last Friday night. But it was not as mysterious lying on the pillow beside him, not as smoothly flawless and mysterious as it had been deepdown smiling at the bartender at the end of the bar. Of course there were not the shadows now to play in the hollows of her eyes, nor the ripples of lantern light corruscating in long, shinyblack hair, nor the golden ache of an unknown, voice saying unheard things to the bartender at the end of the bar.

None of that.

He pushed back his elbows and turned his face back to the wall. He felt the tears welling up again in spite of everything he could do.

After a while he had left Carl and gone to play the pinball machines in the back of the bar. It had been dark back there and pretty soon the shining steel balls rolling inside the brightly lit island under glass had been all there was for him.

After that everything was a jumble. He had had a good shot in red with only the two to make for six dollars. But a tall girl had tapped him on the shoulder and started talking, and he had lost his concentration and lost the game. The tall girl's name had been Martha, but he had called her the Amazon. She was six feet tall.

She had asked him if he wanted to come and sit with her. He had been afraid, of course, and he had wondered why she had picked on him, but Carl had been setting in a booth with some girl. Carl had been looking his way and grinning.

"If you'll buy me a beer," he had said suddenly.

And on and on.

--being led to the shadow ridden booth--his sudden weakness at finding the girl with shinyblack hair hidden behind the booth's high wooden back--the Amazon's hurried introduction that left him without the black haired girl's name--her barely perceptible nod--the Amazon's searing crudeness--her seldom heard, quiet voice and seeming displeasure at the Amazon's boisterousness--his tales of places and books and a home a half a country away--

He had warned the Amazon to keep her hands to herself half as a joke and half because he was leary of girls who pick up people in bars, but the Amazon had grabbed at him in the throes of some ecstasy of her own, and he had shot from the booth and been half way up the room before he realized what he had done.

And the desperation in his mind.

Wanting to know the black haired girl and linked to her only through the Amazon.

And on and on.

He glanced down at her lying on the pillow beside him, and somehow it didn't seem possible that he was the one who had stood on the side of the road in front of his house that bright, sun-washed morning the last May and held up his thumb. He had felt infinitely superior then, all knowing, while waiting for that first ride. He had had nothing but contempt for those pallid creatures inside the white house that he had just left. But as his first ride had eased back into the flow of traffic, he had looked back to see if someone in the white house had pulled a curtain aside to watch him go. No one had.

And that had dimmed the morning somewhat and lodged in him a shadow of uncertainty . . . and maybe fear.

She had wandered up past the booth where he had gone to sulk. At the swinging doors she had paused and looked out on the dark night street and turned around and started back down the long room. When she was even with him he called, "Hey," softly. She stopped and looked at him and walked over. "What?"

"Do you have a car?"

"Yes," she said.

"Will you take me to my motel?"

As they left together, he had seen the amazed look on Carl's face.

But when they were in her car driving through the almost deserted streets, he had grown uneasy and suspicious. And there had been silence between them until the gravel of the motor court's parking lot was crunching under her car's tires.

"Why did you ask me to drive you?" she said.

"I didn't want to walk. Why did you bring me?"

"I don't know. What now?"

Caught without a pre-rehearsed reply, he had opened the door and clambered out.

"I don't know about you," he had said, leaning against the door, looking at her through the open window, "but I'm going to bed." Gestures. Grim, frivolous gestures.

But her face had seemed surprised and that had eased his disappointment some.

He acted like an idiot that night, he remembered.

Easing up quietly, trying not to disturb her, he sat on the edge of the bed and looked around the now familiar apartment. Suddenly he was so pleased with himself that he wanted to laugh.

He got up and went to the bathroom. When he was finished, he washed his hands and went to the kitchen and opened the ref-



rigerator. The sudden glare from the open door made him squint. He poured a glass of milk and closed the door, cutting off the light, and took his glass and went to sit in her one big easy chair.

Son-of-a-gun!

He was in her room, in her chair, and was lying across from him, all jumbled and contented; and her stretched out still body was outlined and colored by her little lamp with the funny yellow shade.

And there was a tenderness about her that no amount of touching was ever going to find.

He got up and went for his cigarettes and lighter and the ash tray setting on the night table, under the yellow shaded lamp. And her black hair had fallen away, leaving one small-lobed ear stark and open to his eyes. And the shiny black halo of her hair fanned out, framing her face against the absolute white of the pillow.

He pulled away and went back and sunk into the chair. Setting the ash tray on the floor beside him, he reached for his glass . . . but it was empty. No matter. He lit a cigarette.

He had difficulty remembering Saturday night clearly. There was her car parked back in heavy shadows under the trees in the motel's parking lot. He had been hesitant and uneasy at first, but gradually they had fumbled toward a knowledge of each other.

At some point she had said, "My bra's padded." And because he hadn't known yet, and because of the odd note of pleading in her voice, he had been, somehow, touched by her confession.

The time spent in his dark, locked motel room was a memory of even less detail. He remembered her urgent voice, "What if I get pregnant?" because, like a fool, somehow, until that moment he hadn't realized what was going to happen.

And at that moment it was though a shell-like suit of mental armor had fallen away, leaving him alone on the bed with that girl, and naked.

And he had loved her with all his meager experience, and he had tried to love her with all the skill and prolonged agony that he had ever read about. And, still, he had been without the need to ask for a grade, without even the desire to ask her how he had done.

It wasn't quite his first time. But always before he had been aware that he was an actor in an old play, and he had known that there was a script and that it was his duty to do well, to perform splendidly. Nothing more.

But at some point during the time spent in his dark motel room last Saturday night, the curtain had come down, the state lights had winked and gone out. And he had been left alone with no one but himself to please. And because he had not had to be had wanted very much to please her

Later, after he had lighted two cigarettes and placed one between her waiting lips, and after she had rubbed her face, kitten-like, into the hollow of his neck, they had drifted along on an unhurried, undestined conversation.

"You're funny," she had said, leaning above him, propped on one elbow. Her face had been revealed in the ribbons of light streaming through the Venetian blinds. Her eyes had been puzzled. "A funny man."

"How?"

"I don't know," she had mumbled, "Far away." And then, giggling, she had reached for him and whispered in his ear, "I like you."

And he had liked his image.

And he liked her, too. And, oddly enough, there had been no fear, no suspicion, no bemeanment for this girl that had not held out even one night.

Hemingway could have described it. He could have put it into words so that all the emotions could have been carried around, bound up in paper and ink, and never lost.

Hemingway could have told the tale forever, but he felt it already fading and slipping away.

How much of this night did he owe to Hemingway? How much of Friday, Saturday, Sunday, as well as tonight, did he owe to Hemingway?

Without Hemingway's Nick Adams he very probably would not have left home and found the wheat harvest.

Without the wheat harvest he would not be here.

How did it go then?

You read the stories and the stories sustain you. You read the stories and you ache to have done the things told about, never realizing that the experiences have to come from inside you and that they take their toll. And you fear leading a cardboard life of mediocrity and famine. And the stories drive you on. And you fear



a two-dimensional, nine to five, counting up the installments on your life insurance. And the stories drive you on.

But part of the stories never get told, or perhaps, you ignore them in your haste.

Finding that out takes its toll.

What was his debt to Hemingway? What did he owe?

Sunday night the bar had been closed and she had picked him up at the motel.

Carl had watched them drive off.

In the car a shy awkwardness had been immediately present, an uncertainty between them as they drove through the summer ruffled streets.

In the fields that day it hadn't seemed as though it would be that way. Driving down the dirt road to the elevator, he had been loud with a boisterousness that had caused him to sing to the windshield and fence posts and the occasional cow and to anything else that couldn't listen. Grinding along in low gear under Carl's combine while wheat poured like hail stones into his truck bed, he laughed uproariously and beat the steering wheel with his palm and felt anything but awkward.

But there had been a slow thawing awkwardness between them that night.

He had taken her to a restaurant to eat and they had eaten. They had talked about a movie and driven around awhile instead. Eventually, they had pulled to the curb on a street that was faded gray with approaching darkness, and she had said, "Want to see my apartment?"

Well, yes, he had... sort of...

Then up the stairs quietly so as not to disturb the other tenants and a real honest-to-god fumbling for the key.

He held the door open and followed her in. She turned on the overhead light. There wasn't much to see. A big double bed covered with a blue spread was pushed against the front wall. At its foot a window opened on the street. The window was propped up with a Blue Plate mayonnaise jar. In the center of the room, facing the bed, there was a large, old easy chair upholstered in dark brown cloth. In the back there was a coffee bar and behind that a kitchenette.

She turned to him and said low and hurriedly, "I've never had another boy up here."

He noticed his demotion from the night before and didn't mention it.

Wind puffed the white chintz curtains away from the front window.

"Want to hear some music?" she asked.

He nodded.

She went and kneeled before the phonograph on the floor in the corner.

Music without words filled the room.

"Do you like that?"

He listened. "Yes."

She nodded and smiled happily. "You want to sit in that chair? It's the best one I've got."

He walked over and sat in the big easy chair. She went to the bed and sat down facing him, smiling, expectant.

"You like it okay?" she asked.

"What?"

"My place."

"Sure," he said. "Yes, I do."

"I'm glad. I wanted you to see it."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just wanted you to see it."

She was twisting a loop of the white yarn that tufted the blue bed spread around her finger. Her eyes were looking down, searching the floor.

"This morning before it was even daylight," she said, "I laid over here and pretended you were sitting in that chair. I wanted to see you there."

"Why?"

"All I had on was my little lamp and that chair was kind of dark and spooky, and I talked to it."

"What about?" he asked, but she still ignored him.

"Can I turn off the big light?"

"Sure. I'll get it."

"No! No, you sit there," she said.

She stood up and walked to the light switch, and as she crossed the room he realized that he had, somehow, lost awareness of her body.

She was really quite thin.

And he remembered standing behind her last night, naked, holding her waist in his hands, circling her with his fingers, feeling her hips swell into his open palms.

It had felt awfully good last night, awfully indecent and good. The room darkened with an audible click.

He noticed how light from the one small lamp lay like a pool on the bed and how the walls shimmered in saffron as the rest was filtered through the yellow cellophane shade.

She walked back across the room, making his heart beat faster, and dropped to the edge of the bed and sat there, illuminated. Their smiles were tentative and fragile.

"Do you have a girl friend back home?" she asked.

"No, not really," he answered absently.

"Why not?"

He shrugged.

"I guess it's none of my business. You look awfully good sitting there."

He wondered how she could see him. "You live alone?"

"Yes," she said. "I work at Penny's."

"Your parents live here?"

"Yes," she said, then after a minute, "I don't like them very much."

Then you could feel her leave, feel her presence depart inside her somewhere, leaving her body painted, warm and upright on the bed, but uninhabited.

She stayed that way for maybe a minute, her eyes vacant and sleepy. Then she sprang up and rushed to him, grabbing his hand.

"Come on!" she called.

She pulled him, stumbling, across the room and around the coffee bar into her kitchenette, and she pulled out a chair for him at the table.

"Sit down," she told him.

From the counter top below her cabinets, she took two long tapering white candles in short, chubby glass holders.

"Will you light them?" she asked, setting them in front of him. Her movements were intense, as though she were racing some unseen stop-watch. He watched her, puzzled.

Then, working his lighter from his pocket, he lit the candles. Next she sat two long stemmed champagne glasses on the table and hurried to the little refrigerator.

"You're going to break something if you don't slow down," he told her, laughing.

She turned and grinned at him and shook her head violently. The bottle was thick and long and bound around the neck with gold seals and wires.

"You're supposed to open it," she said shyly, holding the bottle and a cork screw out to him.

And quite surprisingly he did a quick thorough job.

She seated herself across the table from him and busied herself with lining up the candle holders.

He stood up and filled the glasses and held one to her waiting hand.

"Sit down," she said, darting her eyes up to him.

He sat and watched her as she held the glass before her with both hands, looking at him over the shimmering rim. Her chin was tucked in, and through her long eye lashes he could see the candle's flame glistening in her eyes.

"Am I supposed to say something," he asked.

"Uh-uh," she said. "I saw it once in a magazine. There was this girl and she was holding this champagne glass and there were candles and she was looking across at this guy." The words gushed from her mouth. "They were in this restaurant and I wanted to look like that."

"Do you?"

"I don't know," her voice was choked. "I feel like it."

"How's that?"

"Real good."

She refused to meet his eyes.

"Why?"

"Don't tease me," she asked.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Her eyes darted up at him, and she smiled.

"Do you want some more?" he asked, holding up the bottle.

She looked at her glass and turned it upside down on the table.

"No. Will you dance with me?"

"Yes," he said. "I'd like to."

He took her hand and led her around the coffee bar. They walked, stiffly it seemed, to the only open space in her room. The music grew louder as they listened for it. She pressed the side of her face against his chest, and he folded his arm lightly around her waist.

The music was quiet, far away. It had strings in it that reminded him of running water.

She raised her face and gazed at him.

"If I was back where you came from, would you go out with me?"

"Yes," he said, "I would."

She dropped her chin back to his chest. Around his neck, he felt her arm tighten.

They swayed with the music, holding on to each other rather than dancing.

"I'm going away from here someday," she said suddenly.

"Why?"

"Because I want to. Because sometimes I just feel like a nothing."

"Do I make you feel that way?" he asked, knowing what she was saying and very pleased with himself.

"No! You know you don't. You know I want you. Don't tease me. Please?"

And she locked her arms around him, pinning both his arms to his side. He could feel her measured shuddering. He looked down into her long black and pictured her crumpled face buried against his chest.

And her hips began to jerk rhythmically, involuntarily against his legs.

And suddenly he thought he had to leave, had to run from this room, had to run through the night back to his motel. Had to run away, get away, because there were things going on in this room that he did not know how to handle, how to behave with.

There were things too delicate for his rough hands, too complex to be trusted to his dull brain.

"You could. . . ." she began, hesitating, raising her face to him.

There were tears streaming from her eyes. They ran in against her nose through gullies made by high cheekbones, then splashed out again around her mouth. One dangled from her chin like a shimmering pendulum.

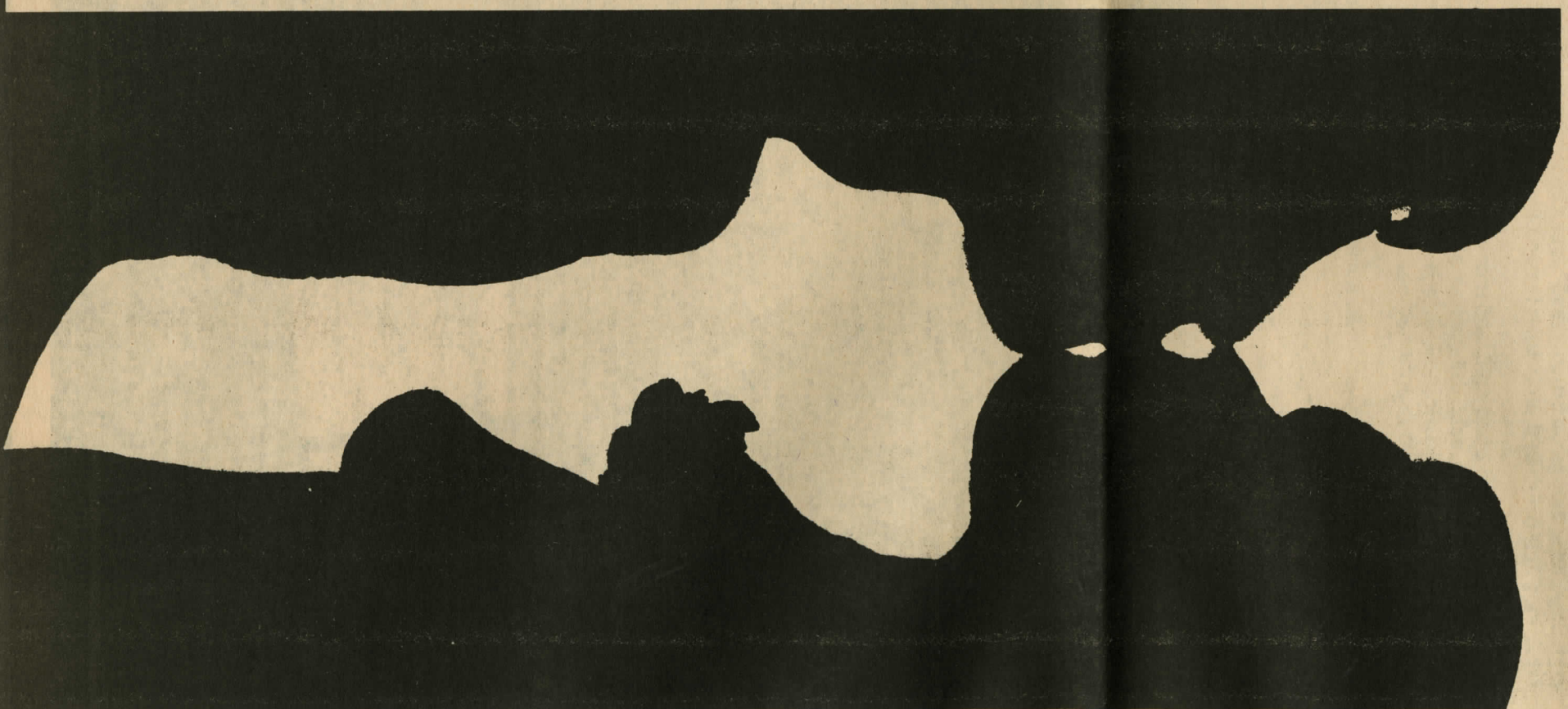
"You could stay here with me tonight!" she blurted before burying her face again.

He raised her chin with his finger tips.

And he had wanted very, very much to be a man.

He raised his head. She was sleeping quietly. The lamp still made soft the hollows of her body. He dropped his head limply back against the chair and began rocking from side to side, pressing the side of his into the fabric.

*The mouth of the car wash opened directly onto the street. As each car came out of the sprayers, they bent to it, rubbing it with a flurry of dancing arms and damp cloths. There were four of them. Three of them were young, one was old. People were hurrying along the street right in front of them, but they never seemed to notice. They kept on with their work, calling out to each other, joking. That was the really pathetic thing.*



Another car came up. They clustered around it - polished the hub caps, wiped at the fenders. . . . then another car. . . . polishing an endless, meaningless stream of cars day after day.

He had stood across the street one afternoon during his junior year in high school. He had stood across the street in the sun-shine one afternoon, distracted for a moment on his way to the library, and he had felt something rising up in him and he had turned away and shuddered.

And he had made a dark and terrible vow.

He got up and crossed the room quickly, and sat on the edge of the bed. He stretched out beside her, but he did want her awake yet. He did not want words and clutching to crush this fragile remembrance of things past. One of the best parts of living is remembering back, having good strong memories to resurrect. He wanted to leave his mind free to smooth over the blunt edges of things happened and keep them things remembered for a few minutes more.

It had seemed that night, Sunday night, that all the horizons had fled, that there was no place beyond this room. She had been a slow motion, summer storm in his arms.

The night gown, new bought and filmy, light blue and brushing the floor. The overlooked price tag on it that he had found.

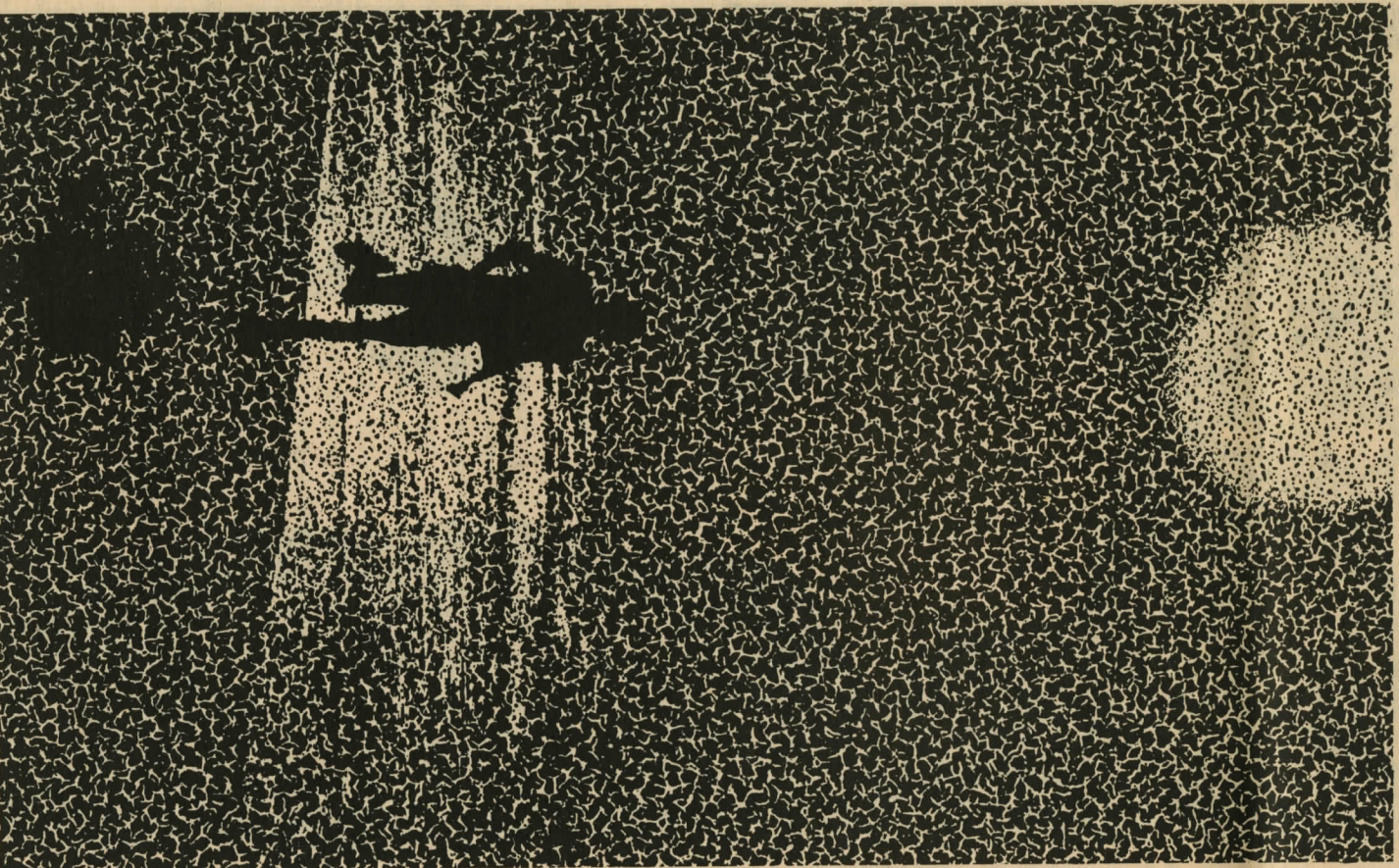
Her sudden embarrassment and tears at his discovery. He swung from the bed and began to pace nervously across the room.

In bed with her had been real and true. The sum of the things that they had said to each other had been true. The bottle of champagne, the night gown; the things that she had gathered to produce her long wanted drama had been true.

What was it then?

He glanced at the clock over the door as he went back to stand by the bed.

It was getting close to Tuesday morning. The sun would be coming up soon.



He had held her, held her hard because he had sensed that that was what she wanted. He had felt the touch of her body, felt it warm and pliant all along with his, felt it push and cling and fall away and cling again, felt its vacuum and its fullness. He had wallowed in the sensation of warm, damp flesh and in the aching thirst of this girl and in the knowledge that he was giving to her a year's gathered moment.

And it had been good to give, and powerful.

And he had realized that he might stay awhile, that he wanted to stay awhile.

When she was asleep, he had searched her body with his eyes. That was what she had given him, the sensation of writhing, and later, the sensation of quietude and no-place-else-to-go-peace. He had been enthralled with the up and downs and curves of her. He had never been completely free with anyone before. He had never known what it was like to be unable to do any wrong. And then as she had turned on her side, her little lamp had lit her in such a way that tiny blue veins had been drawn out against the pale of her breast.

He had fallen across the bed, his eyes hovering above them. And immediately he had known that they would be on other girls. But he had found out about them on this girl. And that had seemed very important.

They were still there . . . faint, almost invisible from where he stood looking down on her.

He pulled away and started toward the chair, but a gust of coolness tingled his naked back and sent goose bumps rippling up his spine and along his arms. The curtains at the foot of the bed billowed with the morning breeze that gusted in from the street. He went to the window pushing curtains aside. The porch roof under the window cut a swath from his vision. Up the street, lamps, like long necked cranes, marked off the darkness at intervals. The street was deserted. Not even a dog prowled.

He wandered back to his chair and dropped into it. He drew his legs under him and lay back, exhausted, watching the second hand on the clock above the door creep around and around. It was almost too dark to see.

The scene in the bar last night ran like a movie playing in his head. There he was sitting in the booth next to Carl's girl. There she was sitting across from him next to Carl. He could remember his sense of contentment and well-being. Then the sound came on. He could hear Carl saying, "What about marriage?" He could hear himself reply absently, "It's a bunch of crap." He could see her suddenly turned away, hushed face, and he could see the lantern light caught in the corner of her glistening eye.

It didn't matter that he had known that the question was a part of Carl's standard line.

But hadn't it been great yesterday afternoon. Hadn't it been grand telling Mr. Worth that he wouldn't be going on with the crew that he would be staying here for a while. It had been like a proclamation of independence, an assertion that he was a free agent and could do whatever he wished, and he had been deaf to Mr. Worth's arguments, and had come back toward town feeling like a new kite on a very long string.

At her car, hiding his suitcase and things he had been weak-kneed and trembling with the enormity of the surprise he was saving for her.

And she had been waiting for him inside the door. He had eaten a meal cooked for him by his very own girl in her own kitchen, and, later, he had lounged in this very same chair, his feet up, feeling very smug and thinking that his grown up stuff was really pretty fine.

She had come in from the kitchen, cutting off the overhead light as she crossed, and she had gone to sit on the edge of the bed.

They sat across from each other and there was a fragile, almost tangible aching between them that seemed to hold them perpetually on the threshold of enormous joy.

They sat across from each other, looking at each other for a long, long time. . . . holding on to the sight of each other. They sat across from each other; very chaste, very prim.

Then down the stairs and out onto the street, downtown playing make-believe through the tunnels of brightly lit store windows. Night punctuated with little trills of her laughter, laughing at nothing at all. And her hand in his, clutching at each tiny bit of excitement.

He had wanted to draw his hand away, wanted to still the smiles of the passers-by, but he had watched her face from the corner of his eye, and he had left his fingers curled in hers.

Then into the bar with a flurry and too much noise, but the

other customers apparently thought them cute. She went around saying hello to everyone. She was shining and little girl happy.

The lantern light. The great mirror. The swaying flames held high on the wall, captured inside their crystal gloves.

Carl had been sitting in a back booth with his same Friday night girl.

After a while they had gone over. She slipped in beside Carl. He had dropped down next to Carl's girl.

Laughter and good times. It had seemed very intimate, very gay; like something with a lot of permanence.

Only, she had been crying quietly, to herself, when they had left.

No, he would not wake her. He would put on his clothes, and he would get his things from her car and go into his truck already humpbacked with a loaded combine, and he would drive away.

He would drive all day, until the horizon again came up in its eternal, relentless attempt to swallow the sun, and by Tuesday night he would be far away and in another new, unknown place.

And it did not matter that he wished with all his soul that he could be ten-thousand, that there could be one to go and one to stay and nine-thousand nine-hundred and ninety-eight for unbound, unused tomorrows.

For this was not a game. It was for real and it had no place in a kid's damn fool adventure odyssey. She was for real and a truly long, long time. And he was for interludes and a vague quest for something as yet unbound. His short story was her eternity.

And he could not stay, of course, because if he did, a hundred years from now no bards would sing his name, no books would tell his tale. His dreams were of castles and damsels in distress

and manhood personified. But if one damsel were cleaved unto, no others could be rescued.

And that was the way of it, the narrow way.

Her dream was probably better in a sense, more believable; *Good Housekeeping* as opposed to *The Adventures of a Young Man*. And he would come to it someday, but when he did, it would be after he had learned not to be afraid of unfamiliar places and not to play the fool for someone else's approval.

When he could put away the dreams without petulance and stand with only his own approval as necessity and guide, then he would not need to go from any place, nor would he need bards to tell of it.

Only, why did he have to meet this girl now? Why did they have to come together with their separate needs? Was there something he should puzzle out in that, too?

He got up from his chair and walked over and lay down beside her, to touch her his good-by.

Only, why and what and where do all the things go that never get played out to their end. What is the sequence? Where are the lies.

Why, truly, were he and this girl going their separate ways.

"It was all a farce, a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying. . . ."

But he was in her room, in her bed, and she was sleeping beside him, all jumbled and contented; and her stretched out, still body was outlined and colored by the little lamp with the funny yellow shade. And it was quiet. . . so quiet and desolate. Her eyes opened, and she looked at him. ●

light glinting on ivory bodies  
a world lies black beyond  
and in the shadow singing sweetly  
the sad lullabye of a moody saxophone

kmt

# collegiate journalism: the look of the '70s

"Court decisions buttress change in campus media."

Have you taken a look at the collegiate press lately? If you have, and if you've compared it with what was being printed twenty-five or thirty years ago in the average college newspaper, you'll probably agree that any similarity is purely coincidental.

That smiling portrait of Homecoming Queen Patti Prettigirl that graced many a front page a quarter century ago has, more than likely, been displaced by a probing investigation of the status of women's rights on campus. And that lengthy account of Podunk U.'s smashing 65-0 gridiron rout of arch-rival State U. has been cut to make way for an accompanying interpretative piece on the high cost of college athletics, a piece asking, in effect, "Was the game worth the expense?"

Gone, too, are those seemingly endless editorials on student apathy and poor cafeteria food; in their place today one finds himself face to face with thoroughly researched editorials on topics ranging from such national concerns as Vietnam and drug abuse to pertinent local issues (like the recent voter registration in Murfreesboro) and university policies.

That's the way it is these days. The collegiate press is "doing its thing" with great fervor, and "its thing" is increasingly liberal, relevant, serious and professional in nature.

One might ask why the college press has turned down this road. Certainly, it would be logical and legitimate to answer by pointing out that the press mirrors the society it serves, and today's collegian is, indeed, more oriented toward liberalism, relevancy, seriousness and professionalism than was his counterpart of twenty-five years ago... or even ten years ago.

But beyond this lies an additional factor that has a great deal to do with the situation. The campus press, at long last, is learning that it, too, enjoys the constitutional rights that traditionally have been extended to the commercial news media in this country. A series of federal court decisions, beginning in 1967, has firmly established that fact. Today, collegiate editors in increasing numbers are responding by actively pursuing their rights, and this is reflected in the content, and often the tone, of their publications.

Many college administrators, caught

between this fact on the one hand and the reactions of alarmed townsfolk, alumni, trustees and state legislators on the other, have supported and even encouraged the trend toward incorporation (independence) for campus newspapers. Such a move relieves the institution of financial and moral responsibility for what the youthful editors write as they

## about the author

Glenn A. Himebaugh, assistant professor of journalism, came to MTSU in 1971 after having served in a similar capacity at Kent State (Ohio) University for five years. He received bachelor's and master's degrees from Ohio University and has worked professionally for several newspapers including the *Indianaapolis (Ind.) News and Canton (Ohio) Repository*.

report and editorialize on oft-controversial topics. The Universities of Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri are three of the many schools where papers have been incorporated.

In discussing collegiate press freedom, one might note that all of the pertinent court decisions have involved newspapers at tax-supported institutions; however, there is some reason to believe similar protections and guarantees might be extended to the "private" colleges and universities when they are pursued, as surely they will be in the not-too-distant future.

While collegiate journalists have won sweeping rights under the First and Fourteenth Amendments, they remain subject to legal action for wrongdoing, and to punishment if convicted, just as do their counterparts in the professional media. Libel, for example, pertains to all.

Without a doubt, the landmark case in the area of constitutional rights for the student press is *Dickey vs. Alabama State Board of Education*. This 1967 federal district court case was the first to give clear-cut First Amendment freedoms to collegiate newsmen, and it set precedent for others that were to follow.

Writing in *The Quill* magazine (October 1972), Melvin Mencher of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism has gone so far as to liken Gary Clinton Dickey, editor of the *Tropolitan* at Troy State (Ala.) College, to John Peter Zenger for his contributions to his journalistic peers.

The case, a most interesting one, involved an editorial written by Dickey in April 1967 in defense of Dr. Frank Rose, president of the University of Alabama, who had been under attack from certain members of the State Legislature because he would not censor or ban a student publication at Alabama.

Dickey's editorial, although reasoned in tone and non-inflammatory in nature, took to task those legislators who had spoken against Dr. Rose. The *Tropolitan's* adviser and Troy State's president determined that the editorial could not be run because it attacked the state government which, in their estimation, was the actual publisher of the *Tropolitan*, since state funds were involved. (Interestingly, as Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. was to note, editorials and articles of a more laudatory nature concerning the Governor and State Legislature appeared without infringement by university officials.)

When his adviser suggested that he substitute an editorial entitled, of all things, "Raising Dogs in North Carolina," Dickey balked. Instead, he ran the headline for his original piece, "Lament for Dr. Rose," and beneath it printed the word "CENSORED" in large letters across the white space.

Troy State officials termed Dickey's actions "willful and deliberate insubordination." He was fired as editor, lost his student loan and, in August, was informed that he would not be readmitted to the university "at this time." Lacking funds, but determined to fight his dismissal, Dickey obtained the assistance of Morris Dees Jr., a Montgomery attorney, who served without fee. They went to court and won.

Citing the First and Fourteenth Amendments, Judge Johnson upset the principle that since the state is owner-publisher of a tax-supported institution's student newspaper, it enjoys all the rights owners and publishers possess, such as authority over content. Excerpts from the ruling tell the story:

● excerpt two: by glenn himebaugh



**"The campus press, at long last, is learning that it, too, enjoys the constitutional rights that traditionally have been extended to the commercial news media in this country."**

The invocation of such a rule against Gary Dickey that resulted in his expulsion and/or suspension from Troy State College was unreasonable. The state cannot force a college student to forfeit his constitutional right of freedom of expression...

It is basic in our law in this country that the privilege to communicate a matter of public interest is embraced in the First Amendment right relating to freedom of speech and is constitutionally protected against infringements by state officials. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution protects these First Amendment rights from state infringements, and these First Amendment rights extend to school children and students insofar as unreasonable rules are concerned. Boards of education, presidents of colleges and faculty advisers are not excepted from the rule that protects students against unreasonable rules and regulations... The school and school officials must be bound by the requirement that the rules and regulations must be reasonable... it is clear that the maintenance of order and discipline of the students attending Troy State College had nothing to do with the rule that was invoked against Dickey...

Another important case in the annals of college press freedom is Antonelli vs. Hammond. Like the Dickey case, this 1970 suit involved a relatively unknown tax-supported institution--Fitchberg (Mass.) State College. The case is especially noteworthy because it set wide limits on the content of college newspapers, even when supposedly "obscene" material is involved.

It began when John Antonelli, editor of the *Cycle*, campus paper at Fitchberg sought to report and comment on controversial topics and came to a head when he determined to reprint Eldridge Cleaver's "Black Moochie" from the October 1969 issue of *Ramparts* magazine.

Alerted by an alarmed printer, Fitchberg's president, James Hammond, described the article as "garbage" unfit for publication in the *Cycle*. He said he would not approve funds for that issue of the paper, and, further, that he would appoint an advisory board which would be charged with the responsibility of approving beforehand the content of all future issues. Otherwise, no additional allocations of student fee funds would be forthcoming, the president warned. Antonelli, like Dickey before him, went to court, charging that the withholding of funds constituted censorship. The U.S. District Court in Boston ruled in favor of Antonelli. Again, it would seem appropriate to quote from the decision:

Having fostered a campus newspaper, the state may not impose arbitrary restrictions on the matter to be communicated. Students may not be confined to the expression of those sentiments that are officially approved.

Because of the potentially great social values of a free student voice in an age of student awareness and unrest, it would be inconsistent with basic assumptions to be simply a vehicle for ideas the state or the college administration deems appropriate. Power to prescribe classroom curricula in state universities may not be transferred to areas not designed to be part of the curriculum.

**"Not only the courts, but also the Internal Revenue Service has looked upon the collegiate press with favor recently."**

Judge W. Arthur Garrity tossed aside the advisory board proposed by President Hammond, ruling it illegal because its stated purpose--approval of copy going into the paper--represented prior censorship.

A third case, important because it reinforced the Dickey and Antonelli rulings, Trujillo vs. McAvoy (1971). It involved Dorothy Trujillo, managing editor of the Southern Colorado State College *Arrow*, and an outspoken editorial she wrote concerning a traffic ticket controversy on the campus.

Having been suspended from her post by an adviser who professed concern about libel and ethics in relation to the editorial, Miss Trujillo called on the American Civil Liberties Foundation of Colorado for help and brought suit. She charged the adviser's actions constituted censorship, which she said represented "an unconstitutional interference with her rights as guaranteed by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution"

Federal District Judge Alfred Arraj ruled in Miss Trujillo's favor, citing several precedents including Dickey and Antonelli, and stating, in part:

... the restraints placed on the plaintiff's writing did abridge her right of free expression and her

The state is not necessarily the unfettered master of all it creates. Having established a particular forum for expression, officials may not then place limitations upon the use of that forum which interfere with protected speech and are not justified by an overriding state interest.

Another recent federal court decision extended protection to the college press under the Fourth Amendment, concerning search and seizure. In this case, use of a search warrant by Palo Alto (Calif.) police seeking news photographs in the office of the *Stanford Daily* at Stanford University was declared illegal. Said U.S. District Judge Robert F. Peckham, in part:

A search presents an overwhelming threat to the press' ability to gather and disseminate the news.

The judge ruled that third parties, not suspected of a crime, are entitled to greater protection under the Fourth Amendments than are suspects, especially in cases involving the press "when First Amendment interests are involved."

Not only the courts, but also the Internal Revenue Service has looked upon the collegiate press with favor recently. On November 1, 1972, the *Wall Street Journal* reported the IRS had ruled that a student paper which gets financial help from its institution can endorse political candidates without endangering the school's tax-exempt status. The IRS had been contemplating that subject since it investigated the Columbia University student paper's endorsement of Eldridge Cleaver for President in 1968.

Secure in the knowledge that their constitutional rights have at last been recognized and affirmed, today's collegiate journalists are well equipped to address themselves to the relevant issues of the times, many of which are certain to grow more controversial in our increasingly complex society.

By and large, they are displaying an astonishing measure of responsibility and professionalism in doing so, as any review of the current college press scene will attest. Thankfully, the period of "yellow journalism" in the collegiate press (the late 1960s when a number of papers fanned the flames of campus dissent) has passed; so, too, has the "four-letter word" syndrome which represented a fairly recent attempt on the part of some collegiate editors to challenge decency for the sake of proving nothing really worthwhile.

Such fads are over. Like the Patti Prettigirls of yesteryear, they have no place in today's serious world of collegiate journalism! ●

# "The Misanthropope": complex comedy

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, better known as Molière, is without a doubt France's master of comic theatre. He lived from 1622 to 1673; and having once found favor with King Louis XIV, he regularly delighted him and his court with plays. He wrote over twenty comedies of many different kinds and was at the same time an actor and the director of a troupe.

In his comedies Molière was interested in portraying, among other things, human weaknesses in a manner that was sure to cause laughter. These weaknesses are usually embodied in the main characters who remain one-sided and not fully developed, for the emphasis on the particular mania causes much of the comedy.

In "The Misanthropope", however, Molière has created in Alceste a well-developed character who faces one of the eternal problems of mankind, that of reconciling his personal beliefs with the society in which he lives. Alceste certainly portrays some human weaknesses, but at the same time he reveals qualities that we must admire. He is, for example, extremely intolerant. He



insists upon absolute sincerity in a society noted for its lack of sincerity, and when others act hypocritically Alceste cannot forgive. He himself is unsparing in his honesty, even when he offends. His friend Philinte tries to persuade him that there is no harm in sparing the feelings of other people and in striving for less than total sincerity; but he is unsuccessful, and Alceste continues to view himself as morally superior to those around him. This blindness to his own shortcomings can hardly be seen as a virtue; and it is most evident in his love for Célimène, the most accomplished of coquettes, the most insincere of women. He is unable to free himself emotionally, and he tries to fool himself by saying that society made Célimène what she is and that he will be able to change her. At least part of the fury that he vents upon society doubtless stems from the fury he feels at his own unavowed weakness. In striving for the absolute, Alceste loses all sense of proportion, as do Molière's other mania-ridden characters; and he thereby becomes ridiculous.

On the other hand Alceste is not so dominated by his mania that we are unable to see his good qualities. He of all the characters in this play is apparently the most sensitive and has the highest ideals. His problems arise because of his uncompromising nature and his inability to accept the disillusion which he has experienced in society. He cannot reconcile these lofty ideals with life as he finds it; and rather than adjust his ideals, he rages at everyone and threatens constantly to retire from society and live in solitude.

The play ends with Alceste's threatening again to leave, this time after having lost the woman he loves. The ending is definitely ambiguous--no one knows, for example, whether Alceste will indeed leave. And more important, one wonders whether Molière meant for him to emerge as the hero, the villain or somewhere in between. He obviously stands above the other characters in his desire to be faithful to noble ideals; but his loss of a sense of measure, his constant demand for an absolute, are weaknesses which Molière consistently attacked in his plays.

The complexity of Alceste's character has led to extremely varied interpretations of this play. Perhaps a key to Molière's intentions lies in the fact that in "The Misanthropope" it is ultimately the characters who stress the importance of this sense of measure who seem destined to be happy. On the other hand, the coquette ends up losing all her

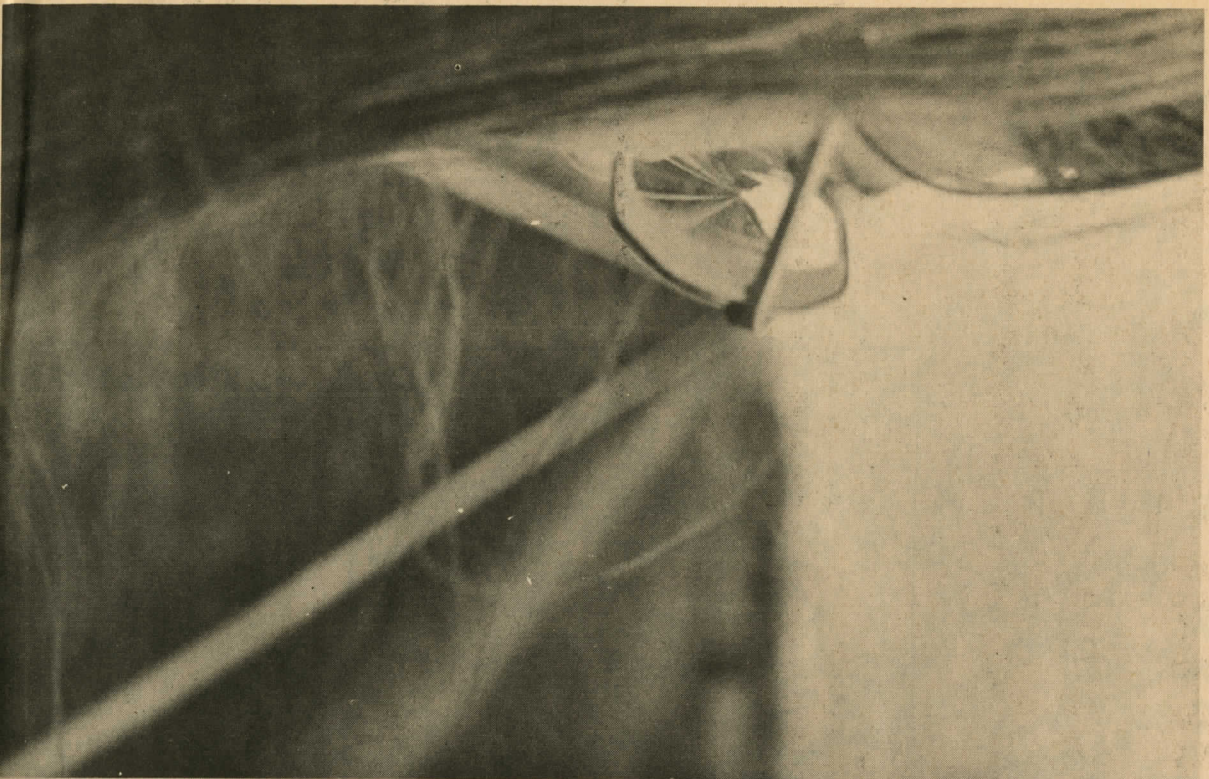
suitors because of her insincerity, and Alceste loses the coquette because of his demands for absolute sincerity. As Philinte says:  
Perfect reason flees all extremes,  
And demands that one be wise with  
sobriety. ●

**Editor's Note:** The Middle Tennessee State University Theatre presented "The Misanthropope," an English translation of the original French play, in December as the fall arena production. Mrs. Anne Bolch of the department of foreign languages, who is familiar with the original text of the play, wrote this comment on the complex 17th-century comedy.

Later this month, the noted French touring company Le Troupeau de Paris will present another Molière comedy on campus. Commemorating the 300th anniversary of Molière's death, their performance of "Le Medecin Malgre Lui" ("The Doctor in Spite of Himself") will be at 8 p.m. on February 28, in the Dramatic Arts Auditorium.



● a feature by Mrs. Anne Bolch



Surprises would rapture us for hours on end.  
He would talk of his dreams of finding that  
star no one can seem to find.  
He wanted to be "free" (whatever that is)  
He wanted to find himself, as did I.  
I would talk about the life that so confused me,  
the how's and why's of things  
that only another human being  
could comprehend.  
The dawning of our love gave us the only security we knew  
that of having to follow the dawn.

*Noon*

I have come to dispose the word "settled"  
Its connotations to  
most people

means "fixed"--  
No room to go one way

or the other . . .  
to move from the "settled" guidelines "settled" persons  
put on their lives,  
At the noon of love, one moves neither  
backward or forward.

Stifled, perhaps, is the word.  
Oh, we were both fulfilled in  
our love.

It was deep, intense love.  
It was a furious love,  
the approaching darkness,  
both of us realizing

But, the sun shone so brightly,  
it exposed us to things  
we really did not want  
to see.

Noon exposed the masks neither of us wanted,  
but each of us had anyway.

*Evening*

We had grown closer  
as though we were one entity  
but we still were individuals.

I cherished the long walks down autumn roads.  
Needing you was so painfully evident  
as we shuffled our feet along virgin woods  
seeing things that have never seen a human  
before.

The growing darkness draws us closer,  
but also we know that we must  
part as the darkness approaches.  
Perhaps, both of us a little closer to that  
unobtainable star.

Our love was fine with age,  
like the most vintage wine.  
The sweetness and the pleasure lasting only moments,  
even though it had taken time to become so.

The stillness of the evening surrounds us,  
neither of us venturing to look at one another.  
It happened. He smiled, brushed my lips  
with detachment. (More for his sake than mine)  
Then, he was gone. I was alone.  
The harshness of the night began to set in.

*Night*

Memories are the only thing that I have to  
battle with the lonely night.  
Sometimes, I sit and wonder if he has  
found his star. I have found mine. Its  
in the sky above me. This is the closest I will  
ever get to it. As the dawn approaches again,  
I wait for a new encounter,  
Realizing that I won't be as much as a person tomorrow  
as I was yesterday.  
He not only took himself away, he also took a part of me.  
Pondering these unexplainable emotions,  
I sat down and cried.

NANCY NIPPER

PROGRESSION

*Prologue*

We met.  
That's all there is to it.  
No thousand-year-old lines . . .  
no unpretentious behavior on the pursuers behalf . . .  
we met simply because he was there  
and so was I.  
Simple  
Sweet.

*The Dawn*

On the dawning of our day, conversed for hour  
about nonessential nonsense.  
Yet, somehow the sharing of our words brought  
each of us to know the reason  
for the existence of the other.  
Our dawning love was new, fresh, untried, unblemished.  
Surprises would rapture us for hours

