

COLLAGE

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 1974



S. Reynolds
74

NOTES

This year COLLAGE has striven to present to the university community material of high quality. The November 1974 issue was well-received, due greatly to the outstanding works of our contributors. The drawings of Main Street by COLLAGE art editor Larry Reynolds were especially popular. Due to the comments COLLAGE received, another section by Larry entitled Back Home Again is featured in this issue.

COLLAGE, along with the Mass Communications Department, will soon be moving to new offices on the third floor of the Student Union Building. We would like to invite our readers to stop in and visit us.

COLLAGE always welcomes comments, ideas and contributions from the students, faculty and administration. These should be sent to Box 61-Campus Mail.

COVER

The cover for this issue is by Larry Reynolds, COLLAGE art editor. The painting was done with black and white acrylic paints. The windmill is located on Highway 64, southwest of Winchester, Tennessee.

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The COLLAGE office is located in Alumni Memorial Gymnasium. COLLAGE may be contacted at MTSU Box 61 or by phone at 898-2533.

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. Each individual contributor is solely responsible for the content of his material.

Thought for the week.
Cucumber - or, Cool it, baby.

It's "in" to be cool, to not look a fool,
To be casual, calm and blase:
To have been there before, be relaxed to the core -
To always know what you should say.

Blood, toil, sweat and tears may add to your fears
That life is a complex response:
Not a secret to know, not to be an icefloe
But to sense and to catch its nuance.

You might have to face that there's sometimes a place
Where your cool will be melted away:
In an atmosphere hot you can loose what you've got
And your "in" feels it's "out" but to stay!

But in times of such stress when you think you're a mess
Cucumber can help you recall -
It's grown in a field and it's sliced up and peeled
To be used in a salad for all.

Cucumber is cool - and you don't look a fool
If you're peeled or you're sliced in some act:
In fact, you may find that under your rind
The cool in your core is intact.





For those who think Murfreesboro is a "blah" town with no real "star" quality, here's some news--within fifteen miles of Murfreesboro live the greatest Cajun musicians in the United States.

Jimmy "C" Newman and his "orchestra", Rufus Thibodeaux, are recognized as the giants of the Cajun music field.

Jimmy "C" and his wife, Mae, a gourmet of Cajun cooking, live on their sprawling 670-acre ranch, "Singing Hills", just outside of Murfreesboro. There Jimmy pursues his loves--raising herefords and appaloosas, and writing music.

Three staff members of COLLAGE visited Jimmy, Mae and Rufus to find out a little about their lives in the music industry and to meet two "stars" face-to-face.

Jimmy "C", a quiet, reserved man, and his jovial fiddler, Rufus, proudly showed the Newman's horses and cattle to their visitors as they gave them a tour of the ranch.

The luxurious decor of the Newman home did not diminish the "homey" atmosphere or the down-to-earth hospitality they extended to the staff members. The conversation flowed along, and the evening passed all too quickly.

Jimmy has come a long way from his beginning in the music business. He admitted that he was inspired by singing cowboys in the movies he viewed as a boy back in Big Mamou, Louisiana, his hometown. Gene Autry was his idol, and, needless to say, Jimmy has always loved music.

In 1946, while working in the oil fields of Louisiana, Jimmy decided he wanted to be a musician, and he pursued that ambition. He joined a local band. Shortly afterwards, according to Jimmy, "The band leader quit, and I was stuck with the band."

With the group in his hands he wrote "Cry, Cry, Darlin'" and they recorded it. The song became a nation-wide hit and Jimmy "C" Newman was on his way to success.

He played a vital role in the Louisiana Hayride for two years. The "Hayride", famous for spawning many illustrious performers, was in full swing when Jimmy was a part of it. Some of his "Hayride" contemporaries were Jim Reeves, Johnny Cash and Elvis Presley.

During that period, Jimmy commuted to the Hayride to perform. Commenting on his musical ability at that time he said, "I only knew three chords on the guitar. I guess they must have liked my voice."
(continued)

LOUISIANA MAN

FEATURE BY KATHY NAYLOR

PHOTOS BY STEVE REYNOLDS

AND LINDA SISSOM



In 1956, he joined the Grand Ole Opry and his career was really launched. In 1957, he recorded "A Fallen Star" which became a giant on the Country and Pop charts. It was perhaps his biggest record.

Jimmy "C" has recorded fifty single records and approximately fourteen albums. Concerning the recording industry he said, "Nothing feeds the ego like a hit record, not even T.V. exposure. A record can be played over and over for years while a T.V. show provides only short-range exposure."

Newman is respected for many different endeavors. He is highly thought of in the Opry. His contemporaries know he's a "good guy".

Jimmy's ballad style has been copied by scores of singers. The slur at the end of a line in his songs is one of his trademarks—it's his own contribution to the country music art.

However, his most obvious contribution to American culture would have to be in the field of Cajun music. He and Rufus Thibodeaux are "the" representatives of the Cajun tradition in American music.

Last May, Jimmy "C" Newman Day was sponsored in "Big Mamou", his hometown by CODOFIL (Conservation of Development of French in Louisiana). Approximately 6,000 people attended the event. There, Jimmy "C" was presented the Governor's Award, the Country Music Association's Award and the Broadcast Music Inc. Award for his contribution to Cajun music.

Rufus, his "orchestra", has been performing since he was eight years old. Rufus and Jimmy met at a Chicken Shack restaurant in 1951 and have been performing together off and on since then.

At Jimmy "C" Newman Day, Rufus was presented an award for being the "Best Cajun Fiddler in Louisiana." He is often referred to as "The King of Cajun Fiddlers" and has often performed with many great entertainers, including Bob Wills. (continued)



Cajun music, a form of music that is being revived in popularity almost as rapidly as Bluegrass, has become a part of Newman's and Thibodeaux's lives. In fact, it is more likely due to their talents that Cajun music is becoming so popular.

Jimmy and Rufus record in both French and English. They recorded one of the first major Cajun music albums, "Folk Songs of the Bayou Country." That album is now a collector's item. "Alligator Man" and "Jole Blon" have also been big records in promoting the preservation of the Cajun music and language.

Rufus and Jimmy "C" have recorded numerous albums in French which have become hits in Canada and France. In fact, last June Rufus conducted a 19-day college concert tour in France. He has also appeared on television shows in Montreal.

Both performers were especially honored when they were asked to represent the Cajun music art form at the Smithsonian Folk Festival last year.

This Cajun craftsman, Jimmy, has not only entertained millions-- he has influenced others to pursue a career in the music industry. Jimmy and Mae's son, Gary, a graduate of MTSU, now works in the music business in Louisiana.

Jimmy was also instrumental in introducing Tom T. Hall to the "Big Time". He brought Tom T. to Nashville and recorded some of Hall's first songs. One of those was "Artificial Rose".

Presently Jimmy is in Canada taping radio and television shows in the wake of his recent release there, Lache Pas La Patate. He is also recording and will be releasing some singles soon. Public appearances, including college and university concerts, are a part of his future.

In regard to his career and future plans Newman said, "I enjoy the business (music) as much as I ever did....I have never reached the status that I think I will."

Jimmy "C" Newman's future is a bright one. He is a person to be admired so when you hear his famous Cajun yell ---- "A-Y-E-E-E" ----REMEMBER: that's the Cajun musician of this era --- JIMMY "CAJUN" NEWMAN!





CAJUN COUNTRY

Something special is happening here
He is different from any other
The music has it so many different
He isn't too popular, and he may not
A kind of a mix between
The sound is made by a dog.
But he is not a New Orleans
He doesn't know they exist
He is a Cajun from
He is a Cajun from



drawing by Marty McClain

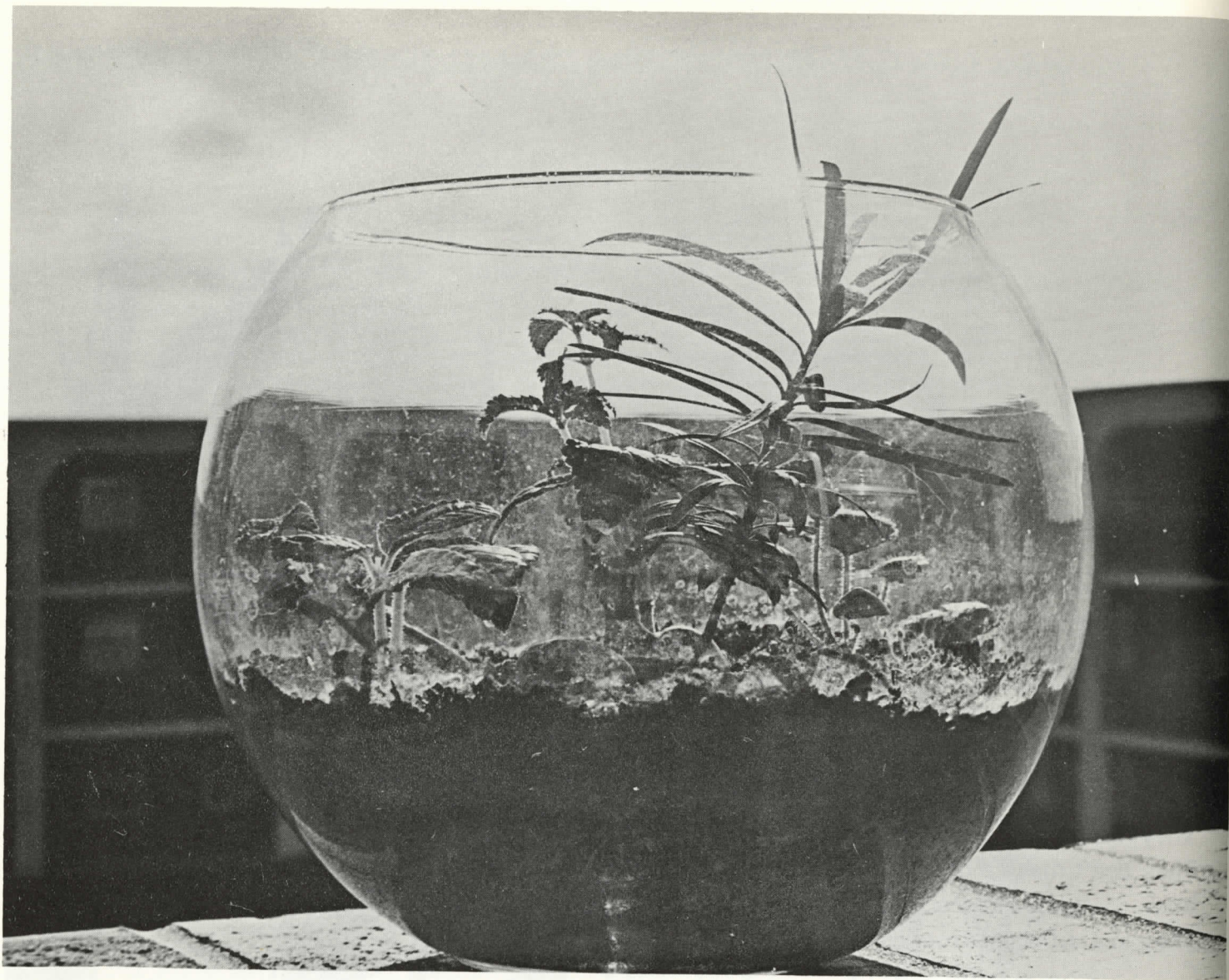
A MESSAGE FROM SNOWDROP, OUR SKUNK

Why do the wood's creatures venture out?
They hear a call and go in answer.
They don't make a decision, because
They don't know there's an alternative.
They are different from us.

Have you noticed the skunk?
Strange little creature with leather gloves
On four intricate hands, ears towards
The front of his head and teeny weeny eyes.
He moves with an odd hump-backed walk
And will not be hurried.
Everything about him is appropriate-for a skunk.
He is different from us.

The skunk has it so easy: of course
He is not too popular, and he may get
A bullet in his head, or
Be worried to death by a dog.
But he doesn't have to consider alternatives,
He doesn't know they exist.
Are we different from him?

poem by Joan Smartt



LIFE IN A BOTTLE

FEATURE BY BONNIE VANNATTA



How can you own some land, have a garden, and be able to smell the intoxicating sweetness of nature without ever leaving your dorm room?

With terrariums, that's how.

More than a century ago (in the summer of 1829) Dr. Nathaniel Ward, a London surgeon, wished to see the emergence of an adult sphinx moth. He placed the chrysalis in a closed glass jar and was excited to find later a fern and a grass growing in the jar.

Today, terrariums are made from almost any transparent vessel which can hold water and soil. They are miniature gardens inside glass. Hanging terrariums are especially decorative. Aquariums, brandy snifters, glass canisters, candy jars and fish bowls are popular containers for terrariums.

Or, you could have a bottle garden by choosing small-necked bottles and jars such as perfume bottles, milk bottles, antique decanters, gallon wine and cider jugs and even old patent-medicine bottles to make fine glass gardens. Such a terrarium would be similar to that old sailors craft of constructing a model of a full-rigged ship in a rum bottle.

The first step in making a terrarium is to pick a bottle to fit the plants you want to grow or vice versa. Whichever you chose, it has to be clean--very clean. Fill and rinse it with a mixture of hot water and a strong household disinfectant. This helps eliminate bacteria and spores that could turn your garden into a collection of mold.

Cover the bottom of the bowl with about one half inch of gravel, then sprinkle a generous amount of crushed charcoal (the kind sold in pet stores for aquarium filters) over the gravel.

The recommended soil to use is sterilized, packaged potting soil. By using such a product you avoid introducing unwanted weeds, insects, or diseases. Fill the bowl less than one-third full of soil. The best way to get pebbles and other materials into a bottle with a long narrow neck is to roll a homemade funnel of strong construction paper and insert it deep into the bottle.

Next is inserting the plant. Think of your terrarium as a landscape and combine plants as you would a natural scene, such as tropical, woodland, desert or bog. Place tall plants in the center and landscape outwardly. If the neck is too narrow for your hands, two dowels can be used to position the plant and firm the soil.

Carefully pour very small amounts of water down the inside of the container washing the glass and moistening the soil. Stop when the small amount of water visible in the gravel is no longer absorbed by the soil. Don't overwater.

If your bottle has a small opening you won't need a lid. Otherwise, cover the opening with a loose-fitting lid. Occasionally remove the lid to give the plants fresh air. A small amount of condensation on the inside glass is expected and necessary because it runs back into the soil and provides moisture and humidity. The gravel level is your moisture indicator. When it becomes dry, add a little more water.

Do not place your terrarium in direct sunlight. North windows are usually good locations. Fluorescent lights are a must for flowering plants.

A wide variety of plants, including herbs, small orchids, seedling evergreens, cacti plants, Venus' fly traps, ferns and mosses, can be used.

Terrariums make nice Christmas gifts and require very little attention. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," would not have been if she had had terrariums in her rows. □



drawing by Cathy Cobb

AWARE

A flowing, never-endless, stream of love,
Pouring through and from within,
On a flowery day-
Full of life and hope-
For the world to tingle with fulfillment.
My whole body is aware of the throbbing,
That my whole being is experiencing-
Today.

poem by Jamie Keen

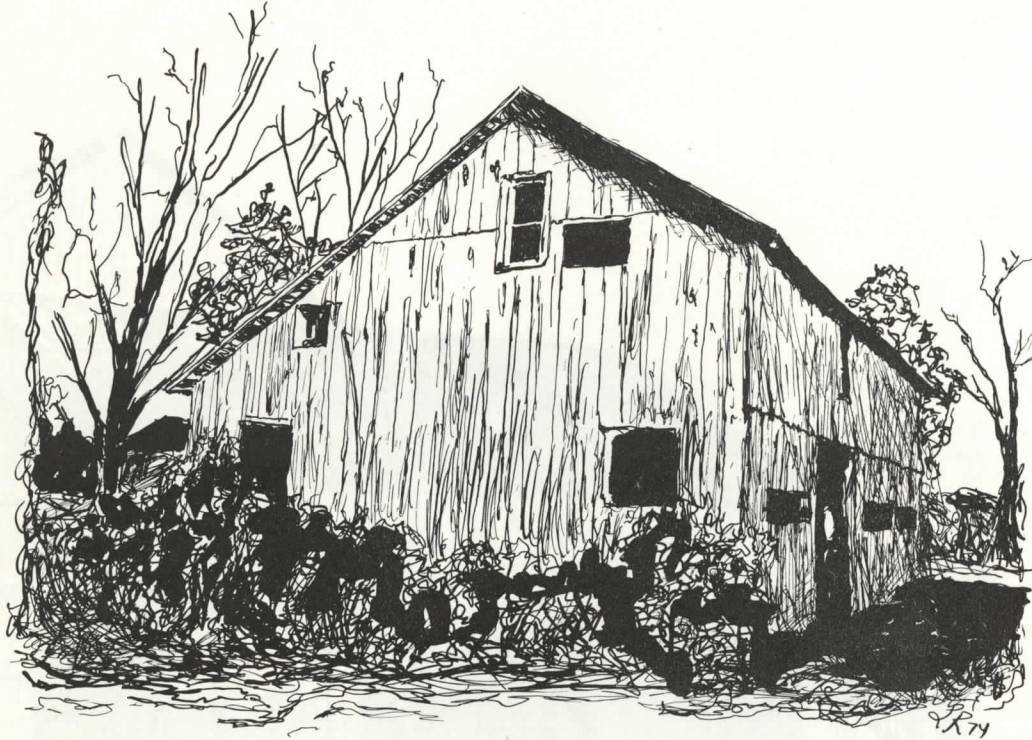
WAHRHEIT

What can be said that hasn't been said
About life and stars and dead that yell hello
From pits as black as night, not light or day;
Those words of pity for poor from rich that stink-
The stench, how sad is time that pushed them down?
What can be said that I could say of mud,
Of earth and wet combined to form mudstuff?
The blood of war speaks out so bold and yet
We think of death and life and love as filler
Between the first and last chapters of a book
That says everything and yet nothing in the last
Poker game of time when the chips have been cashed in.
What can be said that I could say of epitaphs
Written in sand, not meant for my eyes to see?

poem by E.J.Pigg



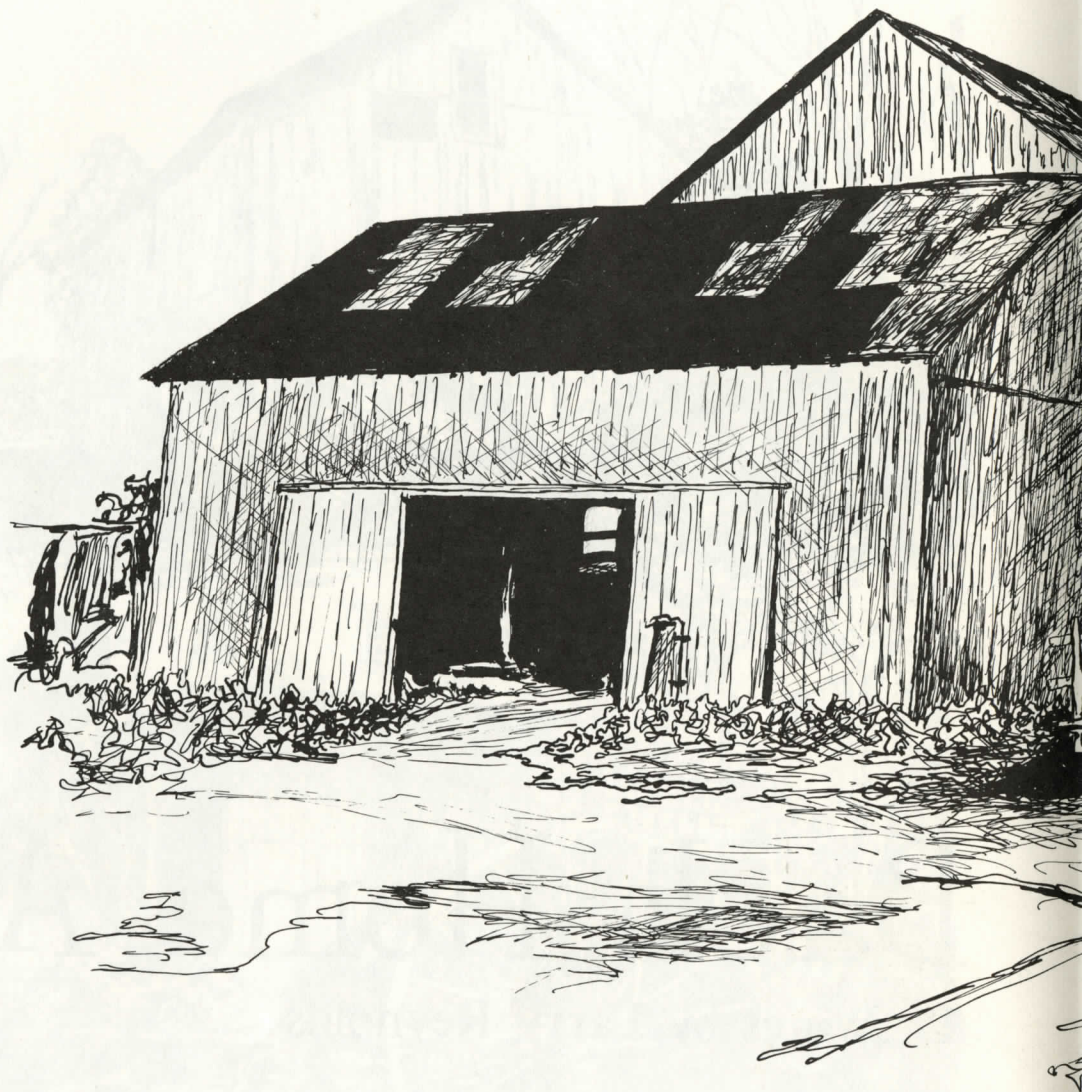
Flour mill



Granary

Back Home Again

Drawings by Larry Reynolds



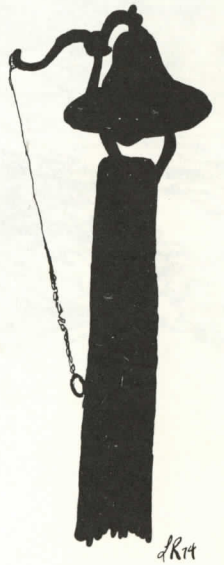
Plantation barns



R74



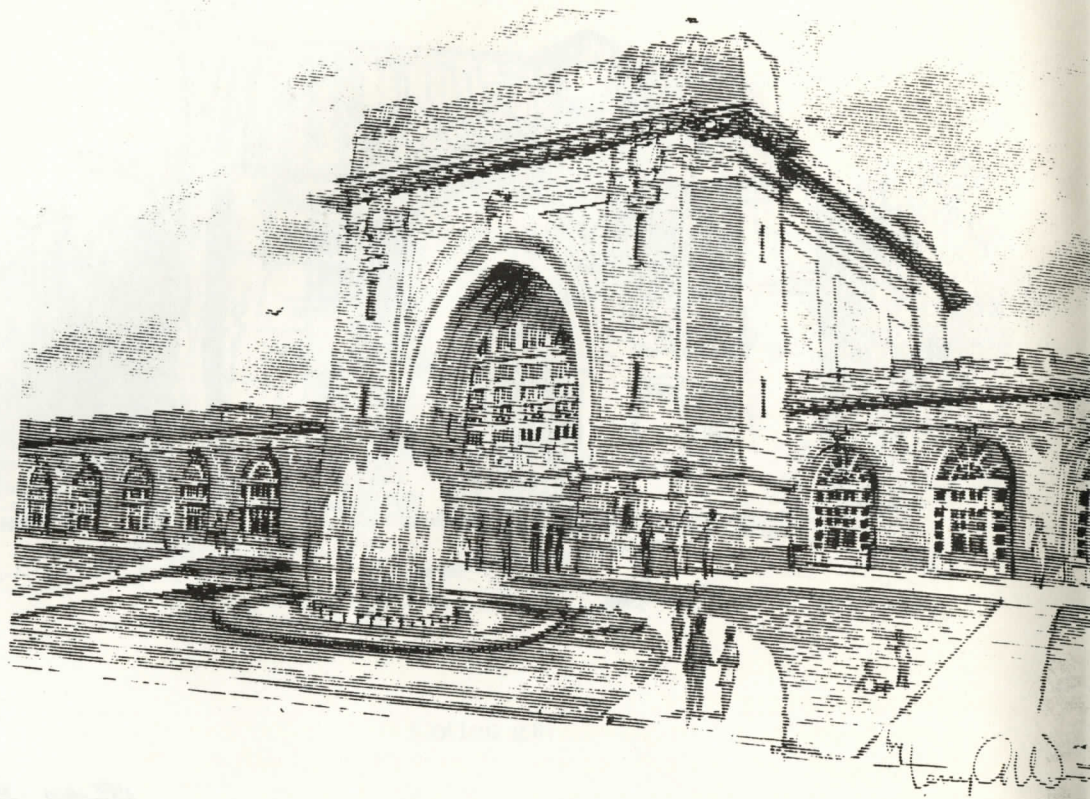
Cotton gin



Dinner bell



Country home



ALL ABOARD!

Feature by Jennifer McGhe

With the decline in rail passenger service, most train stations throughout America have been abandoned or seldom used. Such was the case with Terminal Station in Chattanooga, closed in August, 1970 and scheduled to be demolished by Southern Railway. But through interest sparked by 24 businessmen, the old terminal has been restored in the Victorian concept of architecture and design.

Not only is the Chattanooga Choo-Choo known for its fine restaurant you can also see "the largest brick arch ever constructed on the face of the earth", visit antique gift shops and enjoy dazzling dixie land jazz band at the Stationhouse.

After purchasing your "dinner" tickets with a choice of New Orleans (shrimp dinner), New York (choice delmonico steak), Louisville, Kentucky (fried chicken) or Lynchburg, Virginia (sugar cured ham steak) stroll through the beautiful gardens decorated with glistening fountains, pools and statuary until your number is called. If the urge strikes, toss a penny in the fountain and make a wish. The money is collected each month and donated to a national health charity.

For the young at heart a restored 1880 engine with a wood tender just like the original choo-choo might capture your attention for awhile.

As darkness descends on the station a lamplighter ignites the 40 gas torches encircling the gardens, bathing the entire scene in a warm and enchanting glow.

When you're ready to eat proceed to the big station house where a hostess will seat you in one of five rooms and you can eat to your heart and stomach desire no more. Included in your dinner ticket is an appetizer, a lazy susan with relish, cottage cheese, and apple butter and muffins. A word to the wise --the biggest and best is yet to come with your entree, vegetables and dessert so don't stuff yourself too soon.

One of the novelties of this Chattanooga landmark is the Grand Dome dining room in the main station house. With a seating capacity of 350 it is considered the highest free standing dome in the world. The Victorian atmosphere is enhanced by the rich gold and soft yellow of the grand arches and dome rising to an awesome height of 85 feet.

Another dining room is the Terrace Room overlooking the gardens and seating 450 people. The main attraction of this room is the 40 foot waterfall covering one entire wall.

The Crystal Room with a luscious decor of golden drapery, antique crystal chandeliers and marble topped tables seats 100. The Fountain and Directors rooms seat the least amount of people but do not lack in the Victorian atmosphere. At full capacity all dining rooms seat 1,300 guests.

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After a delicious meal relaxation is always in line. Visit the Town Hall Theater and watch old time stage productions and silent movies.

Overnight guests have the best treat still to enjoy.

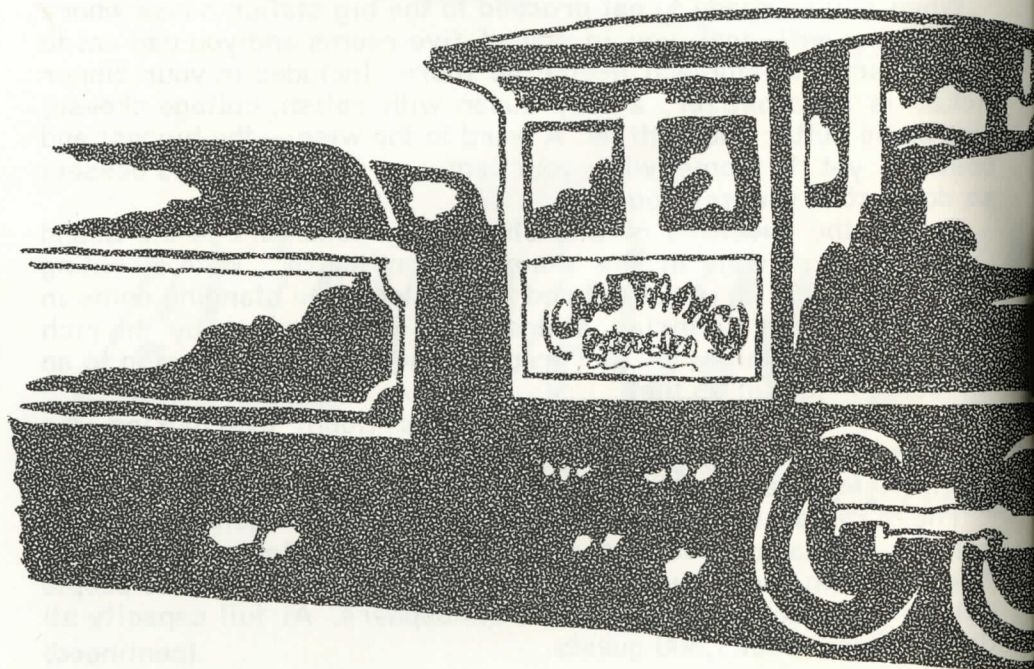
In the height of the 1900's traveling by private railroad car was the ultimate in luxury. This excitement can still be experienced by occupying one of the 48 plush Victorian decorated passenger cars. The only thing lacking from your overnight stay on the choo-choo is the clickety-clack of the rails.

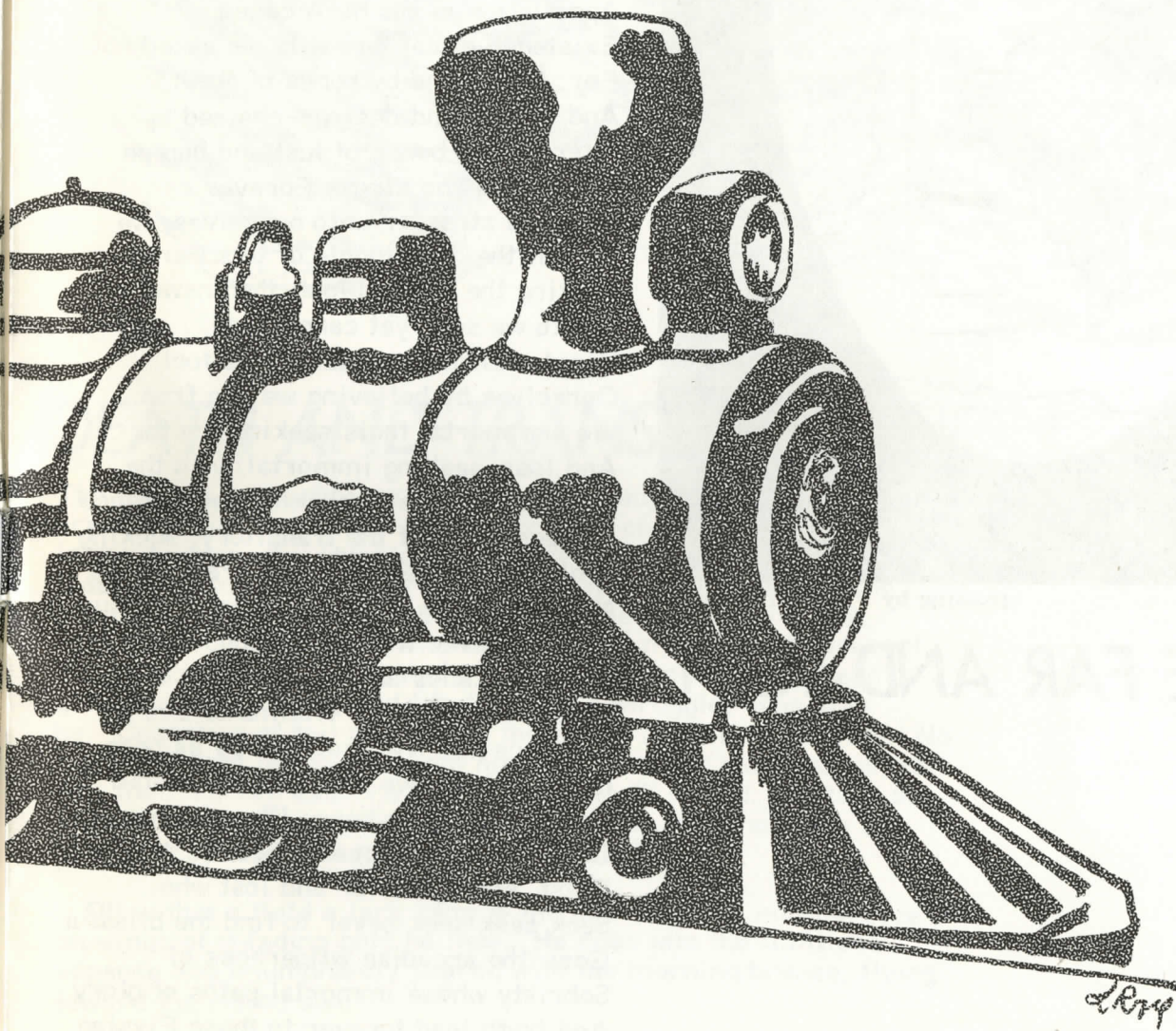
For other people the Hilton Inn Carries the traditional train station motif in a modernized setting.

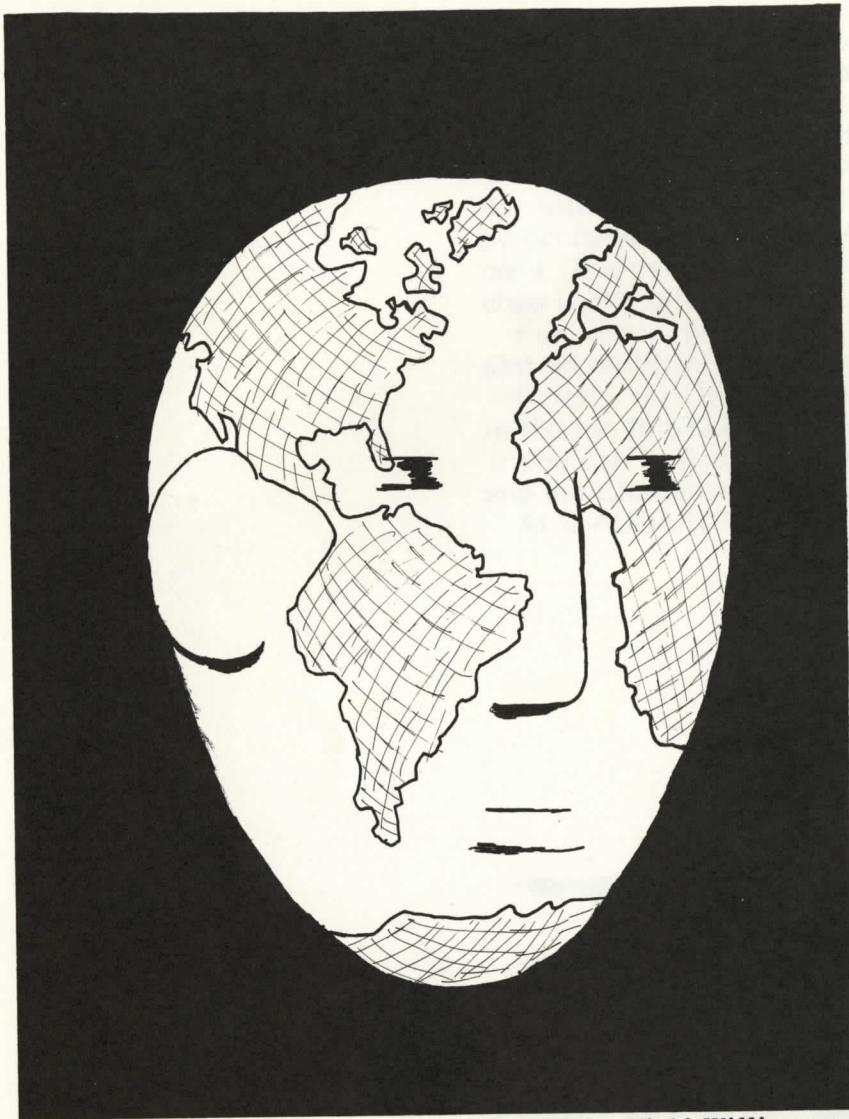
Prices for two people on a one night stay range from \$18.50 in the Inn to \$32.00 for a railroad car suite.

You can't miss this attraction since all roads lead to "Track 29" and the Chattanooga Choo -Choo.

ALL ABOARD!



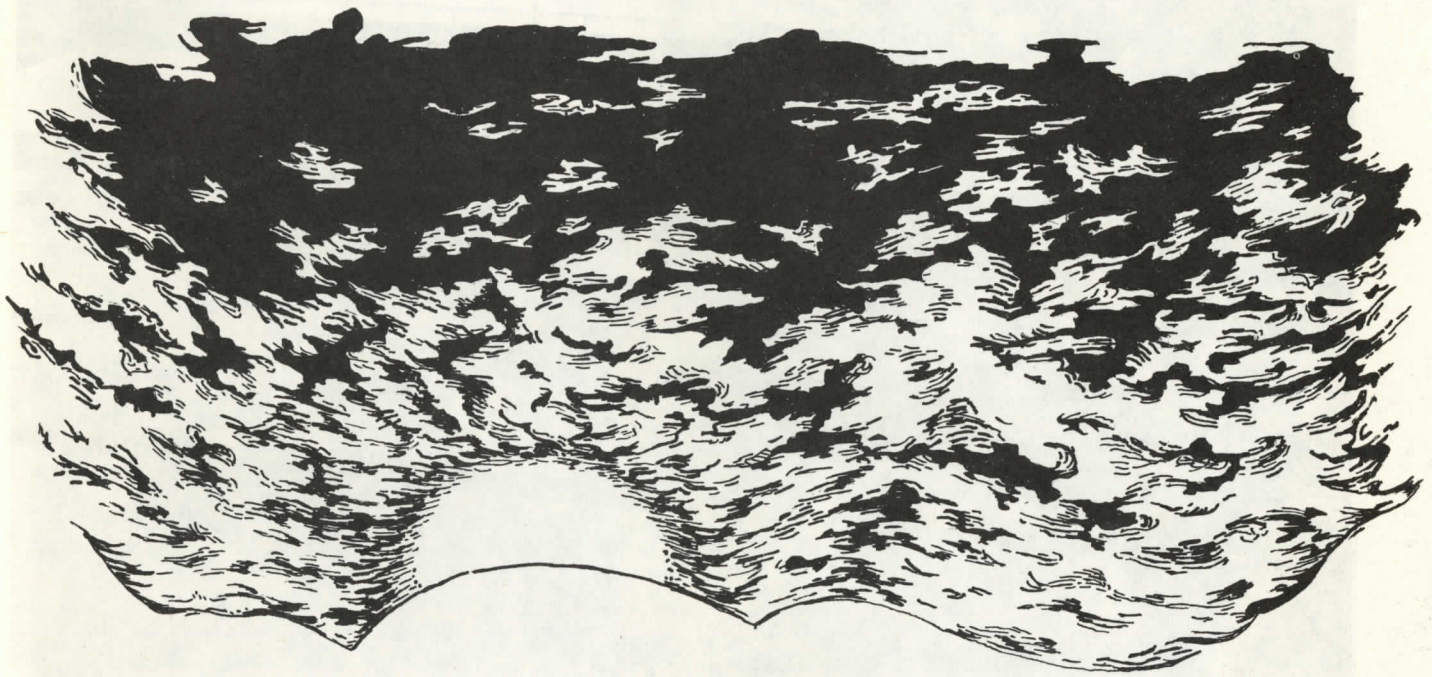




drawing by Vicki Williamson

THE FAR AND LOST

In this house of faded dreams,
Of the tears of the far and lost,
We forever seek the goal forever
Unattainable, forever lost.
A handful of faithless progenies
(Ingrates of the genesis of the earth)
Huddled within the grey sombre
Walls of this house: an abode whose
Appellation is Earth. A caged
Existence of corporeality we asked not
For. One bound by bonds of flesh
And hunger and desire--chained by
Intermittent bonds of lust and human
Sweat, toil and strife. Forever
Alone, a stranger unto ourselves, we
Inhabit the dark jungle of this Earth
Seeking the far and lost: the answers
Innate we seek yet cannot find.
Blind enslaved creatures, we fool
Ourselves by believing we are free.
We are mortal fools seeking the far
And lost; seeking immortality in the
Presence of death; seeking permanence
In the shadow of the transitory; seeking
A blissful home where the grass does
Not die and no bird falls; where the sun
Rises forever without setting; where no
Night descends and shadows are alien;
Where the guiltless victims of Eve's
Disgrace can live free and be as gods.
Ingrates blind we are, huddled within
The walls of this house (the nucleus
Of the nucleus of man's heart). We
Exist, strangers far and lost who
Seek seek seek never to find the blissful
Goal: the arcadian wilderness of
Sobriety whose immortal paths of glory
And truth lead forever to those Elysian
Fields of gold.



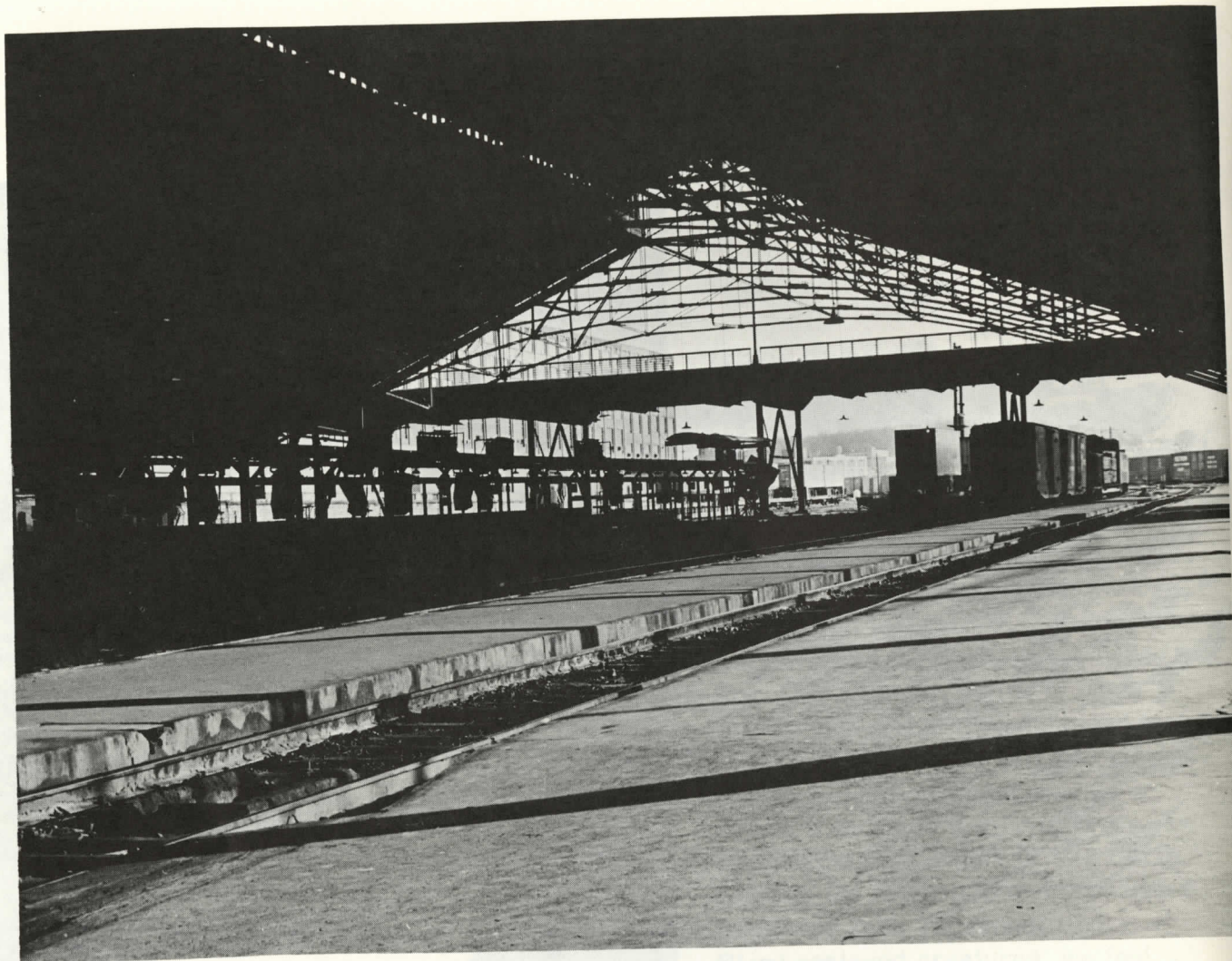
drawing by Arthur Bass

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION

The light in the night was fading, yet already the morning was breaking; yielding at last the dark clouds of the moon vanished in the dying west. The old man yielded at last: the wan light faded from his timeless grey eyes and he rested. Final. The inevitable came to pass and he gave up the ghost of the east.

In those last eternal moments when past merged with present, the consciousness of his soul seemed to illuminate the dead greyness of his eyes, and life for him, a struggle, ceased to be. Ceasation of toil and strife, the end to hunger and desire. No more the light of morning into his timeless eyes would shine, for now their sacred essence was with the earth united. A stage at least, in the cycle of being, was complete, and the earth for him had ceased to be an abode of corporeality.

Off within a field a lark sang to the new day, and into the blue on wings of unfading gold he flew. He rose into the limitless expanse and triumphantly soared with the morning breeze, flying toward the rising sun.



UNION STATION

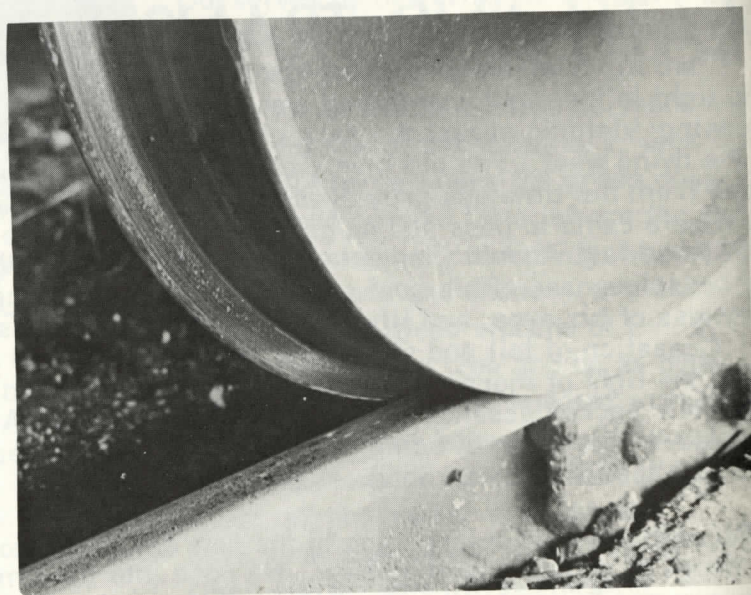
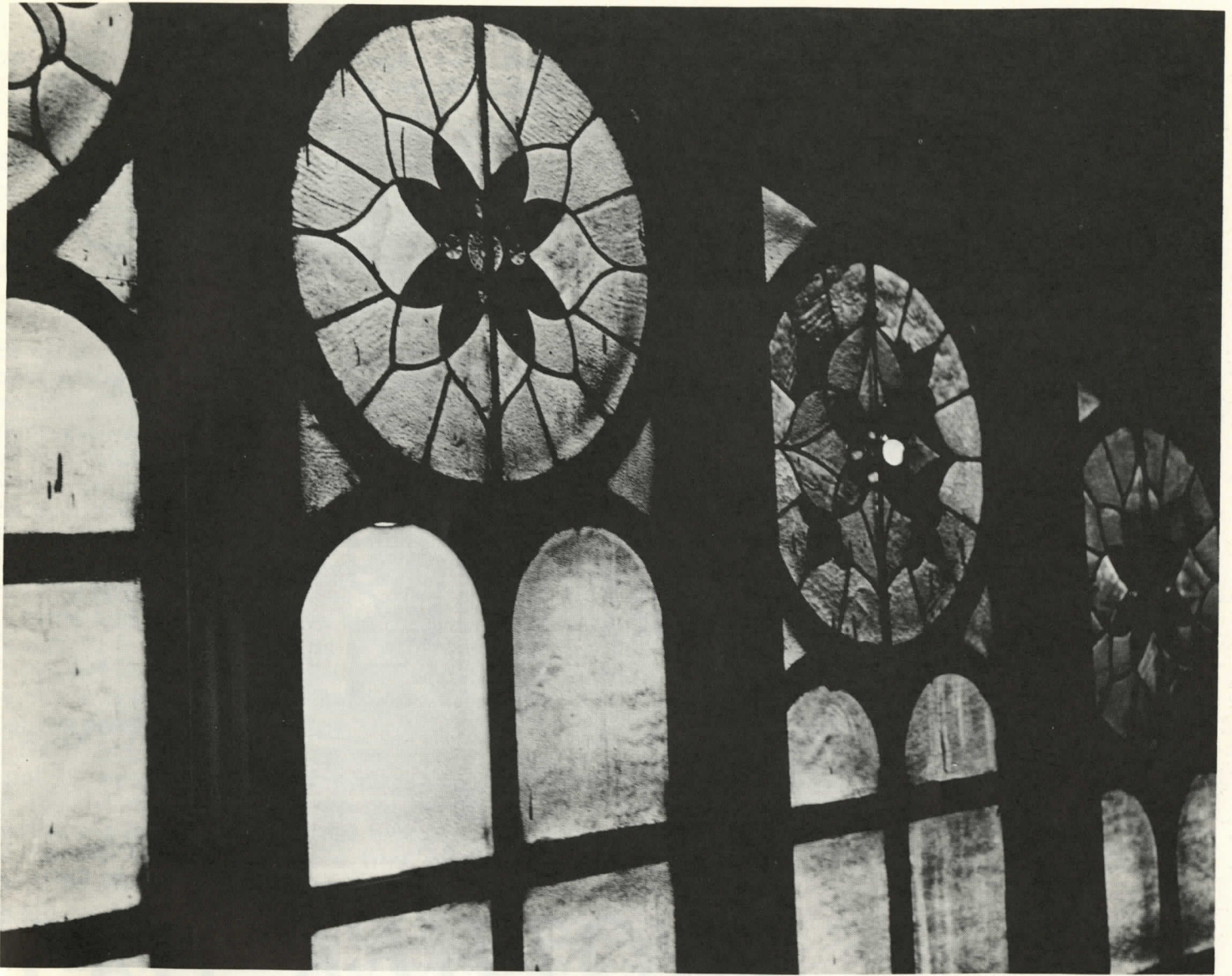


PHOTO ESSAY BY LARRY WILSON



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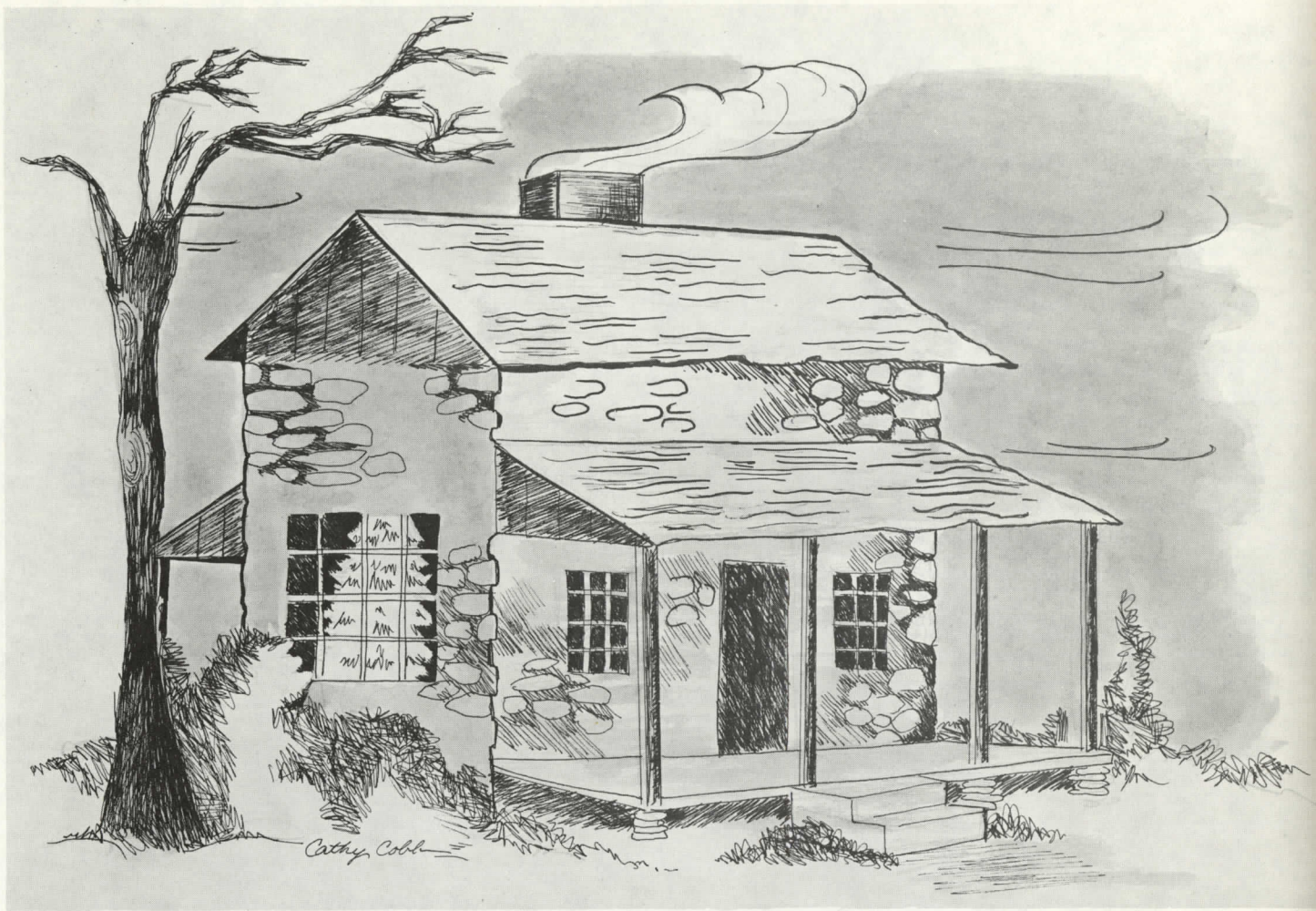


UNION STATION

...the Electric Power" yelled Sims
puffed a hymn tune pipe in everyone's face that pumped gallons and
yellows of smoke into the air. At the entrance, the way
was and high.

There had been a lot of steam in the room, but it was not
after smoke, hot and sharp, but a few people were shouting it
small, making, being motion and quiet forms. In the center
were and grass, while others looked at the windows. In the
of the Christmas season on the street, and when it had
been because of the ugly pain light it had in every eye and every
body. Grandfather said the Christmas Eve was in by the
lamp, my father's by coal stove and the wall, mine by
grey, and my, mostly in the window shade light.

"Come, come, sir," said Sam. "Let's walk over to the
and a little present for you..."



drawing by Cathy Cobb

ANOTHER DAY

By Mel Davenport

I sold my motorcycle for money to keep me out of work a while, so I borrowed by father's huge, red, deep-rumbling V-8 Oldsmobile to drive across town to see old friends and others at Sims' Christmas party.

This was the first time in my life that I hadn't spent Christmas Eve with my older sister and parents. We never sang carols or any of that trash; we just stayed at home that evening and maybe listened to Dean Martin's Ten Most Favorite Christmas Hymns. But I hadn't seen these folks in three or four months, and was surprised, excited when Sam, fresh into town, called up and invited me to the party.

Sims, J. J., Sam (big beard, good time, educated bum drifter Sam), Stereo Dave and nomadic Susan F. - all friends from days past working together at a crazy-house psychiatric hospital - were seated on the floor with a lot of other folks when Sims opened the door and said, "Mel, Mel, well hot damn! How have you been and where have you been, Sonny? Come on in and try this, it'll set you free," grinning, passing me the pipe (tall, six-four, taller if he'd just stand up straight; thin and strong, high school wealthy kid baseball pitcher of some acclaim, blond electric hair parted down the middle, deep and clear radio announcer's voice; fast and mellow Sims McNally).

Sims had moved from his old house on Nevada, across the street from old Siras. Siras was an eccentric, lunatic type of man, and Sims and Dave had a terrific time shooting rocks across the street with a slingshot and watching Siras run out of the house as the rocks banged around on the tin roof.

Dark and hot, the living room was crowded, but I found a choice spot between small, dark-eyed sexy-voiced J. J. and Sam, Sam of the mountains, who taught me the joys of trees and flowers and hiking and taking a slow, close look at the world.

"Sam ol' buddy, it's about time you were gettin' back down this way, so tell me, tell me about you trip," I said, happy to see him again.

"Well, let's see, I have a few pictures here I want you to look at," so we both sat for half an hour looking at the beautiful postcard pictures of his trip to the Cascades, hiking way up in the white glacier mountains of Washington where a month before he had sat on an open-faced john and written me a letter. Sam was a little down - his dad was ill in hometown Wadsworth, Ohio - but he still had a lot of good stories to tell in his hometown, scholarly way.

"It's the Electric Pipe!" yelled Sims, and we all laughed as he pointed a homemade pipe in everyone's face that pumped gallons and gallons of smoke clouds into the air, until the entire room was hazy and high.

Dave had the hot rod booming stereo cookin' with quadrasonic guitar music, loud and sharp, but a few people were oblivious to it all, sinking, fading, melted into quiet forms by the sweet red wine and grass, while others talked or watched the voiceless figures of a Christmas special on the small black and white TV that I hated because of the ugly pale light it cast on everything and everybody. Grandfather-old-time-Christmas-Eves were lit by kerosene farm lamps; my father's by coal stove and 60 watt bulb; mine by grey, flickering, ghostly television shadow light.

"I need some air," said Sam. "Let's walk over to Slater's, I have a little present for you."

(continued)

"Ah, that sounds fine, can we go now?" I said, needing a change of atmosphere.

"Sure," so we told Sims we'd be back in a bit, and walked and talked in the cold December wind, breathing deep to clear our lungs and heads, the two blocks over to quiet, good-looking Jim Slater's upstairs house with yellow Gitane and blue Raleigh bicycles parked at the bottom of the steps.

"Do you know how to tie a bow?" asked Jim, who was wrapping a present for a friend.

Jim and I sat down and talked while his photographer friend Steve, who didn't like me and was always sarcastic to me, tied a big ribbon bow on the package. Jim had moved to Memphis and was in town to spend Christmas with his family. He felt rather uneasy with us being loud and drunk, so Sam got my present while I said a quick goodbye to Jim and Steve and J. J., who had just walked in, and wove my way down the steps with Sam.

On the large front porch he said, "I found this in a thrift shop in Akron, just jumped up and hit me in the face and I knew it was for you, so Merry Christmas," and he handed me a white, second hand bowling shirt with my name sewn on the front pocket and a red beer patch on the back, and I laughed and felt touched and sad that he had cared enough to think of me, just a quiet, passing, listening friend who had nothing much to give in return.

Walking back to Sims house we didn't say much, just listened to hard-sole echoes, barking dogs, and looked at the blinking outdoor lights on some of the houses and the flashy aluminum Christmas trees that turned red-yellow-green-blue in picture windows.

By the time we were back in Sims yard I was quietly blue but trying to be happy 'cause these were good-people friends and I wanted to have a good time with them.

"Sam, are you going to be around for a while?" I asked, leaning up against my car.

"No, I think I'll head on down to the Everglades in a day or so." He had a long time dream job as a park naturalist lined up, and was anxious to get there.

With Dave at the controls the music was just too much for my confused sad soul to take anymore, so I said goodbye to Sims and earthy Sam from the doorway, backed my Dad's car into a tree, finally got out of the driveway and drove fast through deserted early morning streets.

City lights and broken dreams of past childhood-boyhood visions were all I saw or felt on the way home to the family Christmas of the past with early morning explosive enthusiasm for toys and cakes and happy times with erector-set visions of the world. But that two o'clock Christmas morning was so sad and empty that it seemed to be just another party, a hazy blur, just another day, so I drove out to the windy lake, parked and watched the wavy lights of a distant factory reflect off the water. □

Where is Lower Sandusky?

If I could only see the stars but the clouds crowd my eyes.

One second separates people laughing at you or with you.

Never get caught.

My picture will probably never appear on the cover of a box of corn flakes. I just don't have an "eat 'em up" face.

Never depend on bathroom heaters. Anything that will get the seat that hot to no purpose can't be all good.

I wonder how many Coke bottles I have killed.

Those damn leaves are falling again.

Cramps are the mind's way of telling you that your body is crazy.

There will be a radical reawakening at 5:30 a.m.

To say you understand is to demonstrate your ignorance.

You should feel neglected if a day passes and you do not lose money in a machine.

How can you be different when you contract the same diseases everyone else does?

You can never judge a glass by the color of its jelly.

Can a beard be bad luck?

Radical is brief. She flashes once, conformingly.

All I ever get is jelly glass crystal. Just jelly glass crystal.

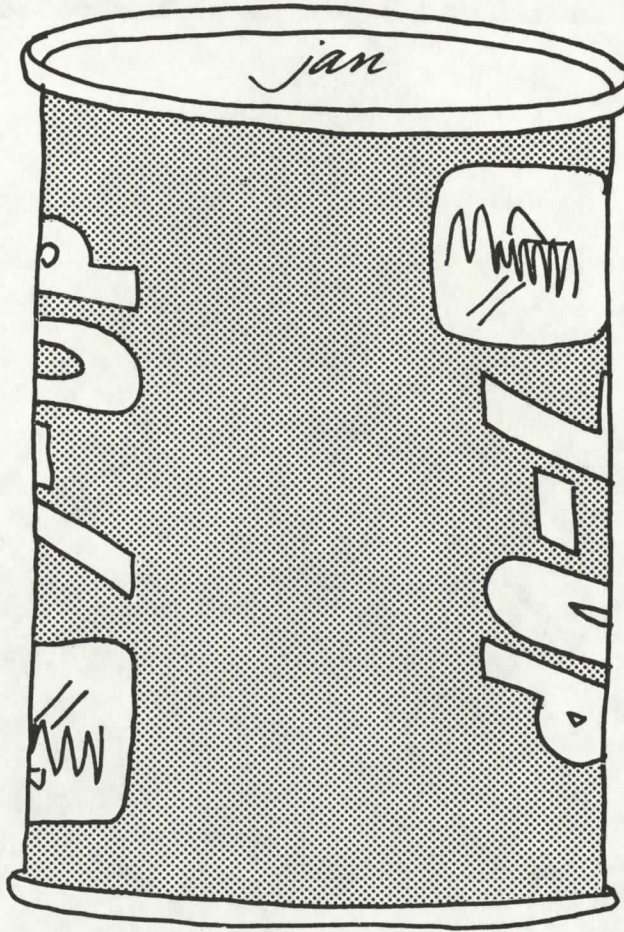
I distrust people who never look at their feet when they are walking. They are going places with no concern of how they get there.

There was only one original thought. The rest are just paraphrasing. As this one.

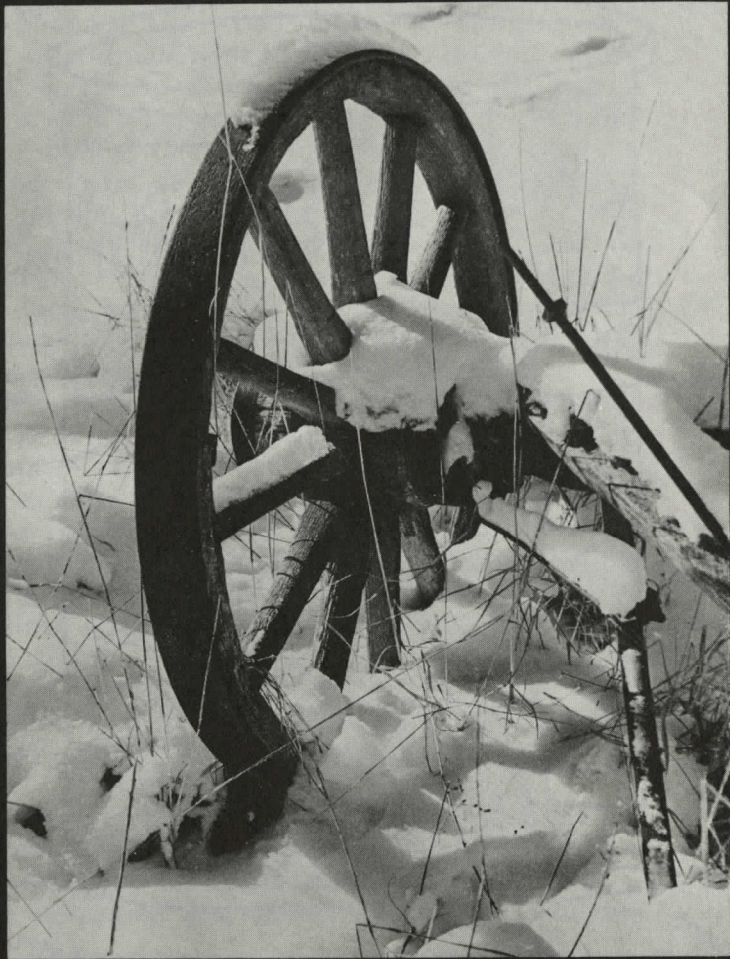
You know, I have never met a topless dancer.

I am using this day to become quiet and calm. When one becomes hurried, he misses the smiles and laughs.

Is living so important that I must shave?



Begin:
YOUR
BASIC, RUN-OF-THE-MILL,
Quotes of a Token Radical.



Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

THE COLLAGE STAFF

