

# COLLAGE

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

FEBRUARY 1975



THE RUTHERFORD COUNTY COURTHOUSE

## NOTES

COLLAGE, after having occupied such places as the old maintenance building and the basement of Alumni Memorial Gymnasium, is glad to have a new office on the third floor of the recently renovated Student Union Building. In case you did not take the opportunity to visit us during our recent open house, we hope that you will drop by and visit us soon.

Beginning with this issue, COLLAGE is starting a new feature idea. "Lincoln Lives On" is the first of a series of articles on MTSU faculty members with interesting collections or hobbies.

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

## COVER

The drawing of the Rutherford County Courthouse in Murfreesboro, Tenn. is by Larry Reynolds, COLLAGE art editor. Larry, who also drew the cover for the December issue of COLLAGE, is a Mass Communications major from Winchester, Tennessee.

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The COLLAGE office is located in the Student Union Building. COLLAGE may be contacted at MTSU Box 61 or by phone at 898-2533.

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Professor and Mrs. Max E. Shively in the Lincoln room

# *Lincoln Lives On*

*By Robin Freeman*

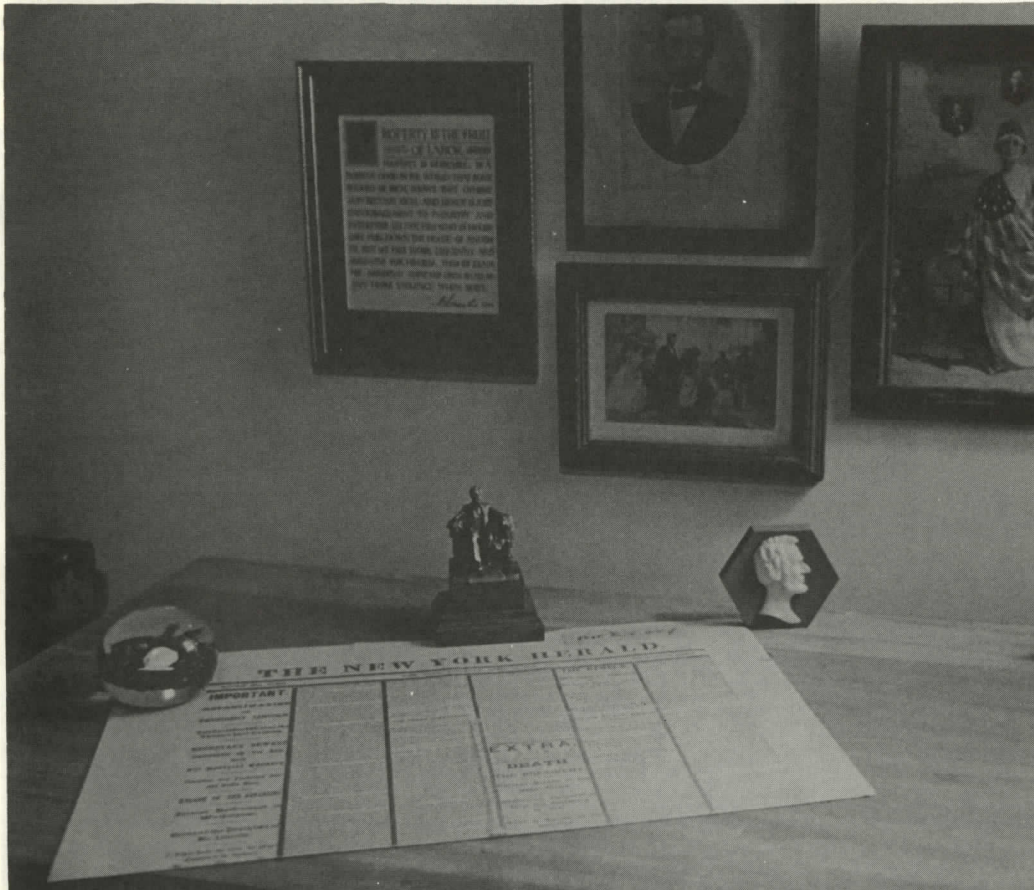
As Abraham Lincoln said in his Gettysburg address, "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this," so is it fitting and proper that Max and Phyllis Shively should carry on his ideals in their Lincolniana collection.

Max, assistant professor of mass communications at MTSU, and his wife Phyllis, have been building the collection which encompasses books, busts, documents, and pictures, since before they were married eight years ago.

One of the first pieces that really started the collection was a framed English etching Max bought at an auction for four dollars. It was hung on a bedroom wall, but eventually ended up in the basement. It was not until several years after they were married that the picture of Lincoln and his family became important.

They visited the Lincoln National Life Museum in Fort Wayne, Ind., and spotted an identical picture there. "We immediately went home and salvaged the 1866 etching from the basement. It is now one of our most valuable pieces and one of the cheapest buys I ever made," Max beams.

With so many framed pictures and etchings in the collection the couple arrange them in two small wall groupings, one denoting the facets of Lincoln's life from boyhood to the presidency and the other depicting Lincoln's compassion toward his fellow man. (continued)



Antiques trace Lincoln's private and public life

The wall groupings along with the other items in the collection are kept in the "Lincoln room" in the Shively's apartment. Phyllis explains that there has not always been a Lincoln room where they have lived. "Sometimes we have used the dining room or a small bedroom that didn't hold it all," she says, "but there will always be a Lincoln room wherever we are."

One wall of the Lincoln room is occupied by the largest part of the collection, the Lincoln Library. Many books are first or limited editions signed by the authors. "More has been written about Lincoln than any other president," Max says. A special addition to the library is a grouping of five books called "Lincoln's Log Cabin Library" which consists of the five books that Lincoln read during his childhood and probably influenced his future. The five books are "The Life of Washington," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Holy Bible."

Situated between the two sets of bookshelves is perhaps the most prominent possession in the collection--the reproduction of the rocker that Lincoln sat in at Ford's Theater when he was assassinated. The Shively's acquired the rocker in 1969 from the Carlton McLendon Furniture Co. of Montgomery, Ala. "The company was commissioned by the federal government to make a limited number of these rockers when Ford's Theater was restored, and we feel very fortunate to have one in our collection," Max comments. They hope to add a reproduction of Mary Todd Lincoln's chair, made by the same company, to their collection some day.



Wall grouping depicts the compassionate Lincoln



A part of the bust collection

Although they do find some bargains at garage and rummage sales, auctions, and antique shops, acquiring Lincoln artifacts and memorabilia does take some careful financing. Max and Phyllis have a special checking account reserved just for that purpose, and their extra attention does not stop there.

After each new acquisition, Max makes a file on the piece that includes the receipt, cancelled check, correspondence, and history of where the piece originated and where it has been. Also in the files are research and papers about Lincoln. One of the papers written as part of Max's master's degree program is entitled "Reaction of the Press to the Gettysburg Address".

Only two major papers--the Washington Daily Morning and the Cincinnati Daily Commercial--devoted any front page space to the speech," he says. "Other papers thought Lincoln's speech was too short after Edward Everett's long oration."

The president was pretty unpopular with some papers, and they criticized him for letting down the families of men killed in the Civil War."

Although the Lincolniana collection is a large investment, the Shively's are dedicated to making it grow. "It's not a matter of worshiping Lincoln," Max remarks. "We're just interested in what he accomplished, not the mortal man."

The collection is not limited to just books or pictures. it also includes a large assortment of busts. "We collect busts because friends of ours, Dr.R.Gerald McMurtry, once director of the Lincoln Library Museum of the Lincoln Life Foundation, and Ralph Newman, Lincoln historian and owner of a Lincoln bookstore in Chicago advised us to do so, even though they are not antiques," Max explained.

(continued)



The most striking and one of their favorite busts is a terracotta clay caricature done by Katherine Zu Arnold, a famous sculptress from Chicago. The bust was made for an art fair at the Illinois Sesquicentennial and "it is unusual because he's beardless," Max adds.

There are many smaller items that round out the rest of the collection such as bottles, coins, and odd pieces. One such piece (and the most valuable in the collection) is a hand-painted Staffordshire plate that belonged to Mary Lincoln.

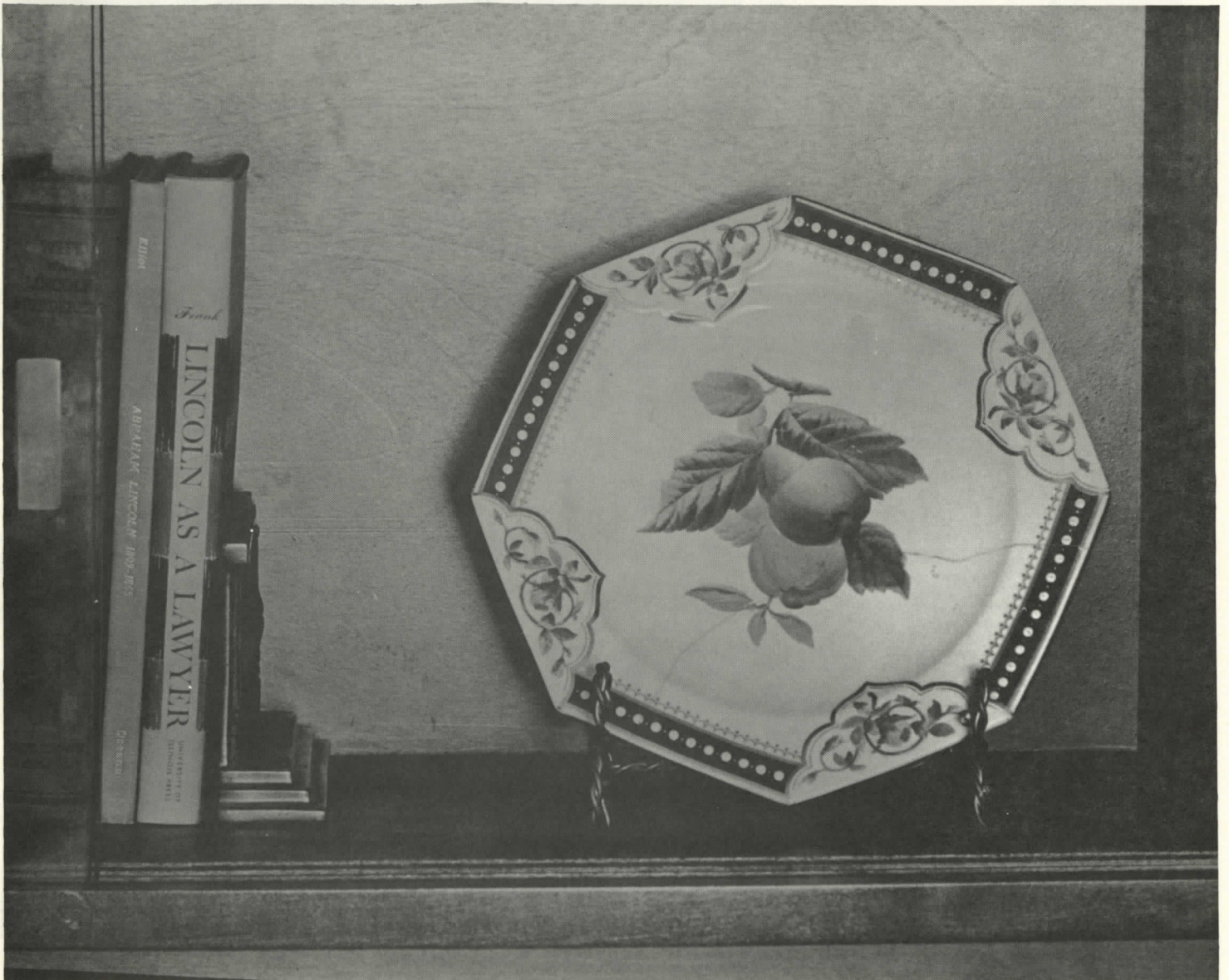


"In 1857, Mary Lincoln signed then gave away the napkin-shaped plate to a housekeeper when they first moved to Washington during Lincoln's only term as congressman. Although it was broken, the maid took it to Maryland to be mended," Phyllis says. "The steel staples are still visible in the back of the plate, which eventually found its way to a Chicago antique shop.

It happened that the owner of the antique shop was Ruth Hammerschmidt, a friend of the Shivelys. "She knew we had the Lincoln collection and had run across the plate in a shop that had gone under. No one would buy it because it was cracked.

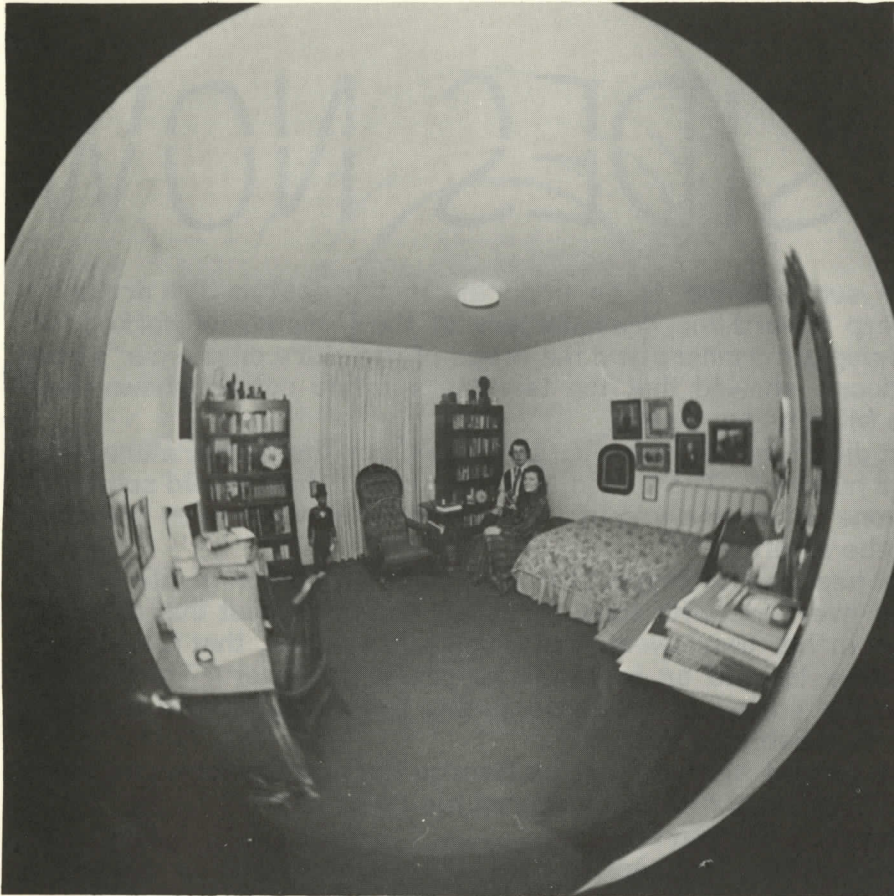
"She called us on Lincoln's birthday and invited us to come over. When we arrived she gave us the plate," Phyllis recalls. Although the plate is a valuable antique, its history adds to the pleasure of ownership for the Shivelys. They discovered by accident that the plate bears the same border as the official White House china chosen by Mary Lincoln during Lincoln's term in office.  
(continued)

*photos by Fred Carr*





Phyllis, in the Lincoln rocker, admires her crewel of the 16th president.



The Lincoln room

The couple's interest in the Lincoln era is not limited to the Lincoln room. It is carried into the kitchen where Phyllis takes control. She is presently compiling a cookbook of recipes used during the Lincoln period.

"It is hard to find actual Lincoln recipes. He wasn't much of an eater, but his favorite foods were gingerbread, cornbread, and burnt sugar cookies," Phyllis says. Plans are to have a spiral bound edition of the cookbook to give to relatives and friends, and if it is well recieved, it will be published for general consumption, according to Max.

Phyllis's talents with a spoon are equally matched by her talents with a needle. She recently completed a crewel piece of Lincoln too that hangs in the Lincoln room. "I decided to do a crewel piece as a surprise for Max, but it was taking too long so I had to tell him," Phyllis comments.

The Shivelys are always on the lookout for Lincoln items. During weekend drives or anytime, they might pop in a neighborhood garage sale. Phyllis remarks, "You would be surprised at what people put out for sale."

Max analyzes the reason for the collection by saying, "We want our collection to be diversified and good. We are building it as an educational venture to interest everyone from children to senior citizens."\*



Phyllis' "Abe"

# BOTH SIDES NOW

By  
Bill  
Mason

The sun seemed to be lingering in the east as Jim drove his old heap toward the headquarters of the company he worked for. The crisp atmosphere and the drops of moisture on the car's hood and doors showed that the terrible sun had not yet shown itself in the Mississippi Delta.

Jim didn't delude himself: by ten o'clock the temperature would pass a hundred. The torrid, burning, ungodly heat would submerge everyone and everything in a blanket of air in which even breathing would be an effort.

The heat had no respect for age, color or station in life -- it attacked everyone with equal ferocity. This was heat that drenched a man in his own sweat, that made him stagger, that killed some who were too old or too weak to resist its power. The heat was the major enemy of all those in the Delta who worked anywhere other than behind a desk.

Jim parked his car just as George Harris, the foreman, drove up. Jim greeted him as he opened his door.

"Mornin', Mr. Harris."

"Mornin' boy," he replied. He let his eyes wander over the sky. "Clear as a bell today. It'll be hell, that's for sure."

Jim agreed, and the very thought of the next nine hours reminded him to take his salt tablets. He washed two of the yellow pills down with a cup of water and lit a cigarette, hoping to relax before going to work.

Before long, the boss drove up in his green pick-up. "The Devil has arrived," Jim thought to himself, and he knew the other workers were thinking the same thing.

Thomas Brown, the owner of a newly established electric supply company, looked every inch the Mississippi redneck. His pants were baggy and stained. A ragged J.C. Penney work shirt was in no better shape. His wrinkled and deeply tanned face scowled beneath a butch haircut. A tattoo of a dancing girl, no doubt acquired in his World War II days, decorated his skinny arm.

Brown's personality fitted his appearance perfectly. He was nervous, loud and quick tempered. He hated blacks, Jews, Mexicans, Orientals, modern music and Jim's long hair. On the job, he drank only Miller beer.

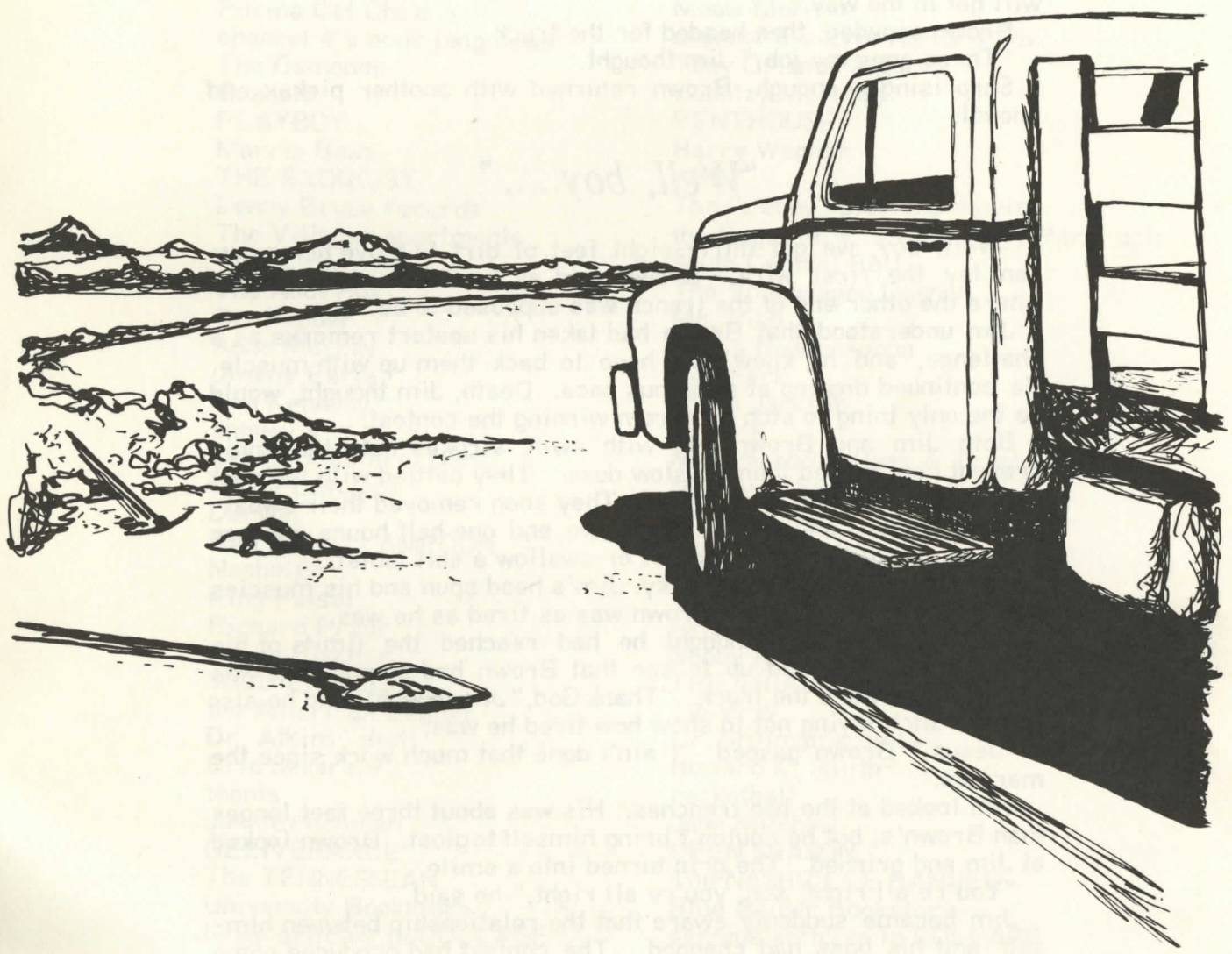
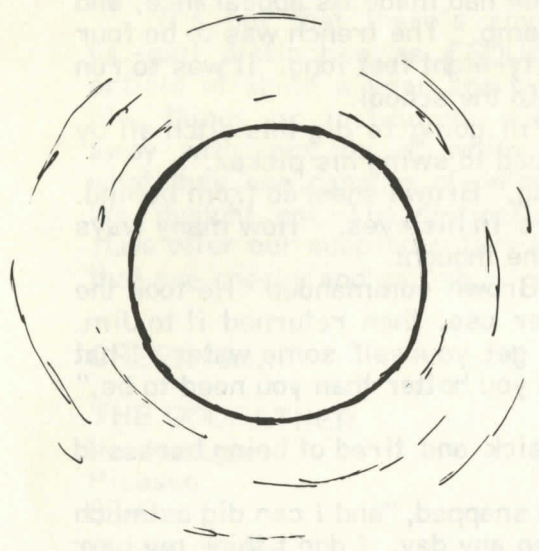
The other workers had told Jim he was making a big mistake by keeping his shoulder-length hair and bushy sideburns. If Jim could last over a month under Brown, they said, it would be a miracle. Jim was stubborn, however, and he felt he could tolerate Brown the rest of the summer.

"Mornin', Mr. Brown," Jim volunteered.

"Get the treading machine loaded up," he replied, "and put about two hundred feet of rigid two-and-a-half on the truck."

Jim obeyed without further comment, but wondered if eighty-five dollars a week was enough for what he endured. (continued)

# Chocky vs. Gal



drawing by Larry Reynolds

Less than an hour later, Jim was at work swinging a pickax at the rock-hard ground. The sun had made its appearance, and Jim's workshirt was becoming damp. The trench was to be four feet deep, three feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. It was to run from the emergency power unit into the school.

"Brown's crazy if he thinks I'm going to dig this ditch all by myself," Jim thought as he continued to swing his pickax.

"You're using that pick all wrong," Brown sneered from behind.

Jim turned to him with daggers in his eyes. "How many ways are there to swing a damn pick?" he thought.

"Here, let me show you, boy," Brown commanded. He took the tool and demonstrated its proper use, then returned it to Jim.

"Take a break now, boy, and get yourself some water. That mop on your head probably makes you hotter than you need to be," he said.

Jim became enraged; he was sick and tired of being harassed about his hair.

"I don't need a damn break," he snapped, "and I can dig as much dirt out of that damn hole as you can any day. I don't think my hair will get in the way."

Brown scowled, then headed for the truck.

"There goes my job," Jim thought.

Surprisingly enough, Brown returned with another pickax and shovel.

*"Well, boy....."*

"Well, boy, we got thirty-eight feet of dirt to move before we can lay the first wire," Brown said as he struck at the ground where the other end of the trench was supposed to be.

Jim understood that Brown had taken his upstart remarks as a challenge, and he knew he'd have to back them up with muscle. He continued digging at a furious pace. Death, Jim thought, would be the only thing to stop him from winning the contest.

Both Jim and Brown dug with swift strokes until the omnipresent heat forced them to slow down. They battled with the rock earth, the heat and each other. They soon removed their sweat-soaked shirts, and for the next two and one half hours, neither stopped except to light a cigaret or swallow a salt tablet.

The sun rose higher in the sky. Jim's head spun and his muscles ached, and he wondered if Brown was as tired as he was.

Finally, when Jim thought he had reached the limits of his endurance, he looked up to see that Brown had stopped and was staggering toward the truck. "Thank God," Jim thought, and he also left the ditch trying not to show how tired he was.

"Jesus," Brown gasped, "I ain't done that much work since the marines."

Jim looked at the two trenches. His was about three feet longer than Brown's, but he couldn't bring himself to gloat. Brown looked at Jim and grinned. The grin turned into a smile.

"You're all right, son, you're all right," he said.

Jim became suddenly aware that the relationship between himself and his boss had changed. The contest had produced some sort of new understanding of the man.

"Thanks," he said. "You, too." \*

# Cheek vs. Gall

It's not that there's any good or bad involved in a cheek-vs.-gall distinction as *ESQUIRE* magazine pointed out in its article of about a year ago by the same name. It's just that people, things or institutions with "cheek" know what they can get away with, and do it, while someone with "gall" doesn't know what they are capable of doing, even as they are doing it. Clear? We thought not. The distinction, we think, is valid, so to further it, we offer our supplementary list of local and national phenomena that are cheeky and gallish.

## CHEEK IS.....

### THE GODFATHER

Ilie Nastase  
Picasso  
92-Q  
Winfield Dunn  
Purina Cat Chow  
channel 4's hour long news  
The Osmonds  
Granola  
PLAYBOY  
Morris Bass  
THE EXORCIST  
Lenny Bruce records  
The Villager apartments  
T.V.A.  
The Audi Fox  
Dr. Pepper  
Anne Murray  
Jimmy Earle  
Ted Kennedy  
Shoney's  
Citizens Central Bank  
Linda Lovelace  
Darvon

### NATIONAL LAMPOON

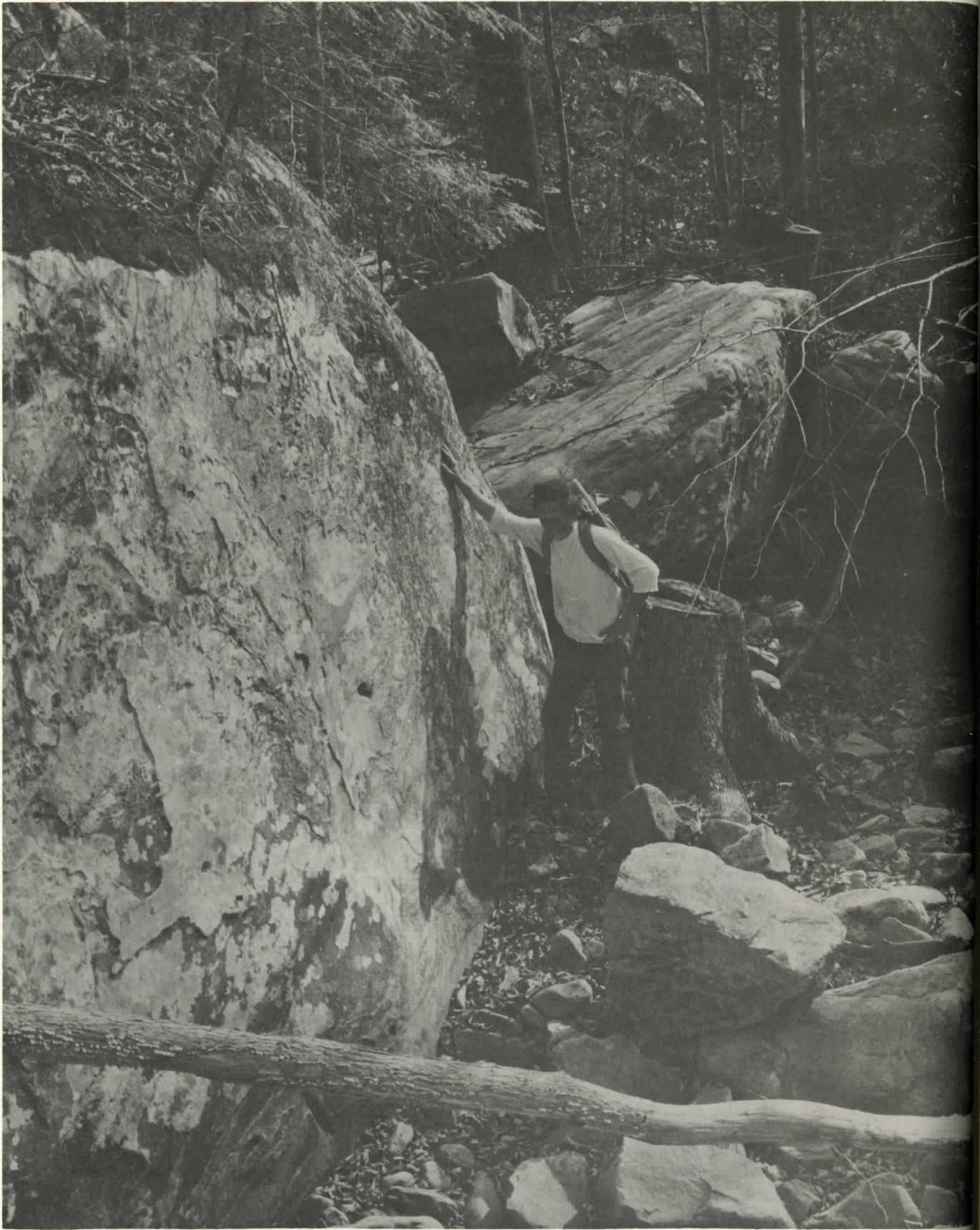
Nashville  
King Faisal  
Richard Pryor  
Bobby Fischer  
SOLDIER BLUE  
the American Legion  
Dr. Atkins' diet  
Eric Sevareid  
tennis  
John Erlichman  
DELIVERANCE  
The TENNESSEAN  
University Bookstore  
funny articles in COLLAGE

## GALL IS.....

### THE GODFATHER PART TWO

Jimmy Connors  
Chagall  
WHIN-FM  
Ray Blanton  
Meow Mix  
channel 5's Live Action Cam  
Tony Orlando & Dawn  
Country Morning  
PENTHOUSE  
Harry Wagner  
ABBY  
The "Lenny" play and movie  
the Regal (a. k. a. University Park) apts.  
South Central Bell  
The Volkswagen Dasher  
Mr. Pibb  
Olivia Newton-John  
Bill Peck  
Scoop Jackson  
Jerry's  
Murfreesboro Bank & Trust  
Marilyn Chambers  
Dramamine  
HARPOON  
Chattanooga  
The Shah of Iran  
Franklin Ajaye  
Bobby Riggs  
THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK  
the VFW  
Dr. Stillman's diet  
Howard K. Smith  
racketball  
John Mitchell  
OPEN SEASON  
The NASHVILLE BANNER  
Blue Raider Bookstore  
serious articles in COLLAGE

By Cedric Weehunt



Bob Herring takes a rest at the lower mouth of the Gulf.



# *The Savage Face Of Savage*

# *Gulf*

Editor's note: During the month of November, Bob Herring and Doug Crenshaw of the English Department made several excursions into the "Savage Gulf" wilderness. The following article is an account of that experience.

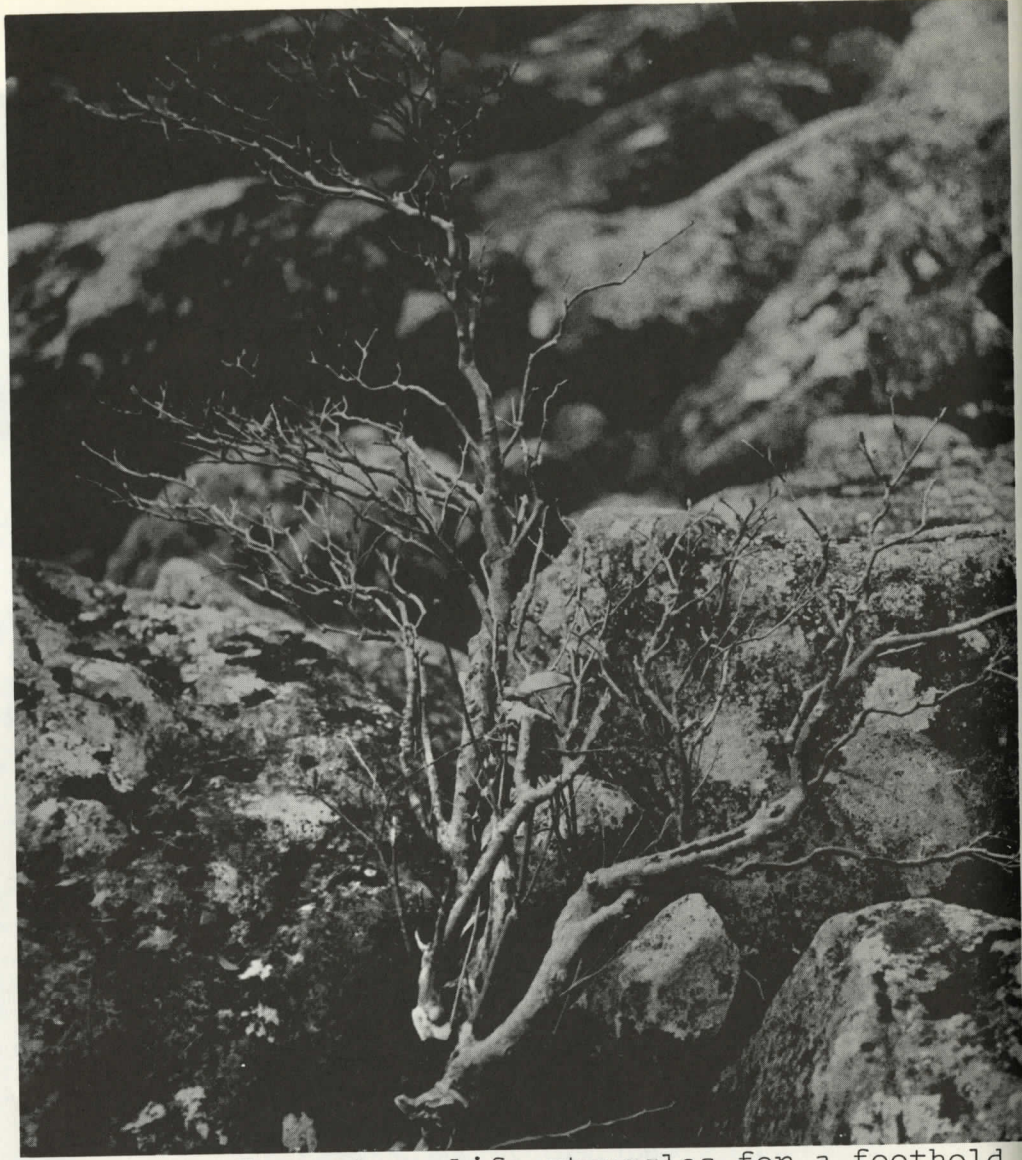
**By Bob Herring**

East of Woodbury, state highway 70S abruptly climbs the gaunt, rockribbed Highland Rim dreaming a thousand feet above the wide alluvial basin of central Tennessee. In a ragged southwesterly line the Rim tumbles down out of Kentucky, crosses the state, and drops finally to the flatlands of Alabama. Still farther to the east the great stone massif of the Cumberland Plateau giantsteps yet another thousand feet; and to the west, beyond Murfreesboro, beyond the basin, the legended valleys and brooding hollows of McCoys and Hatfields run down to the copperdark waters of the Tennessee River. It is a harsh, yet incredibly beautiful land, as unexpectedly fickle and sometimes fretful of shape and contour as a woman.

According to ancient Cherokee Indian belief, the earth was once a great ball of mud. Then the mightiest of all birds flew out of the sky and, growing weary, let its wings droop so low that they brushed the rounded surface, thus throwing up the ridges and mountains of Appalachia. Perhaps, too, one clawed foot touched down upon that surface, for such is the awesome shape of the three gorges which form the confluence of the Savage Gulf wilderness.

Once atop the Rim and past McMinnville, state highway 56 shifts to the southeast, snakes its way between the first scalloped bluffs of the Cumberland escarpment, winds across the Grundy County line to the Collins River and soon begins a perilous cutback ascent of the Plateau itself. Just beyond the river bridge an unmarked gravel road veers sharply to the east once more, away from the upward looping highway. A stage road built by slave labor, this is the only entrance into the valley which leads to the mouth of the lower Savage.

(continued)



Everywhere life struggles for a foothold.

The Gulf (a local corruption of "gulch") is no place for the armchair tourist seeking paved scenic overlooks. Nor is it a place for the amateur hiker accustomed to asphalt nature trails and occasional picnic tables. At least not yet. It is still the forest primeval, an untouched ravine 800 feet deep and 3 1/2 miles in length. Massive "graybacks," a name long associated with the huge boulders of eastern Tennessee, stand like sentinels across the mouth of the gorge. Not one bears a swastika. Not one announces the passage of fraternity brothers and friends. If John still loves Mary, he has not published it in the Gulf. Long ago having tumbled from the rimtop high above them, the graybacks have defied all comers, particularly the logger and his axe. Thus the Savage has remained undisturbed down through the countless millenia of time. And if interested conservationists groups continue to be successful, the Gulf will remain so.

For the Savage is being purchased by the State as a "natural wilderness" area. Of 11,000 acres proposed in the purchase, 3,700 have been acquired. The total purchase will include unique stands of deciduous trees and, in the upper Savage, towering conifers as magnificent as any found in the eastern United States.

Challenging the Savage from either the rimtop of the upper gorge or the mouth of the lower requires the same skill, "rockhopping," and presents the same danger, a bone-crushing fall. The boulders of the upper Savage are moss and fern covered, wet from the rushing torrent of Savage Creek, a wild stream which descends half the length of the gorge and suddenly disappears underground. "Hopping" such boulders, some of them weighing hundreds of tons, is like trying to run on ice. Past laurel and rhododendron thickets beneath great fir and spruce, around countless leafdappled pools formed by the creek, you descend as best you can. The air is rank with the smell of rotting humus, an odor familiar to those who have climbed the Great Smokies.

Ascending from the valley mouth is no less difficult. Everywhere the graybacks are strewn with loose leaves or covered with root tangles, equally as dangerous as the ferns and mosses of the upper Gulf. In late Fall the barren limbs of the hardwood forest interlace so thickly that the climber moves largely in shadow beneath birch and basswoods, beech and tulip poplar, hackberry, white ash, black walnut and sugar maple, buckeye and oak. Everywhere there is life struggling to gain a foothold among the boulders. (continued)

Conifers frame the mouth of the upper gorge.





Doug Crenshaw surveys the lower Savage.

A third of the way up the gorge you pass great upthrust shards of limestone, natural menhirs at odd angles, many of them split by forces as old as the pre-Cambrian Gulf itself. Beyond these, another agonizing mile brings you beneath "Susan's Point," a sharp outcropping along the southern rimtop, and to the rugged base of the "Clock Tower" (if you can see it, it's time to start out if you wish to beat the darkness), a massive wall of sandstone and granite 100 or more feet high and shaped like the turret of a castle.

Time to turn around. Time to leave the Savage, the last resting place for all the lost boulders of the world.

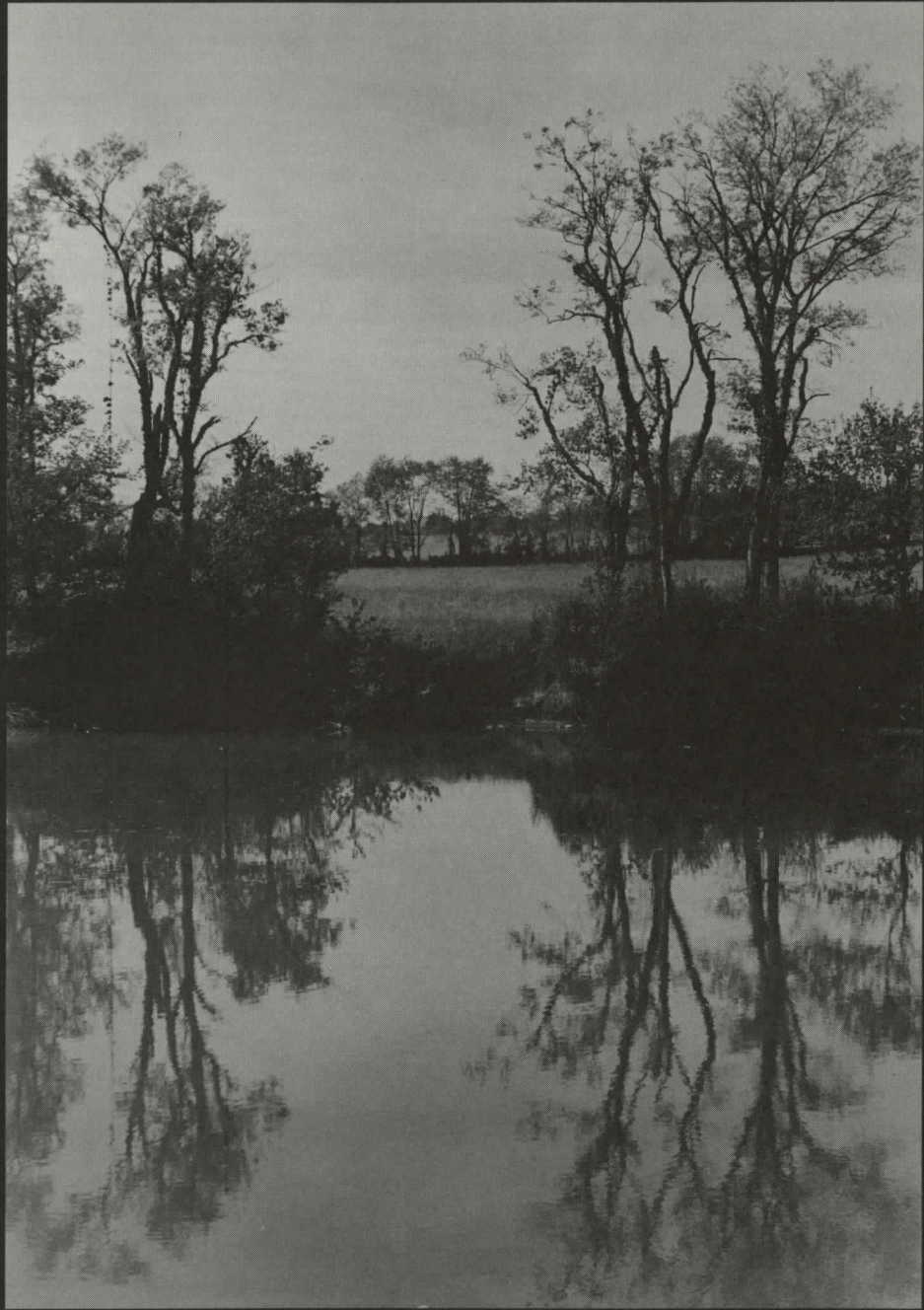
Nevertheless, come Spring and you will return, seeking the elusive Golden Poppies, Blue Bells, May Apple and Yellow Lady Slippers. If you are fortunate you may also find the White Violet, Trillium (which blooms white in the Appalachians), Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and a calliope of other wildflowers which grow in the lush shadow of the Gulf.

Tennessee conservationists are continuing their efforts to preserve the Gulf, to protect not only the "mesophytic" forest of the Gulf (a "virgin climax" forest untouched by human hands -- accolades for the imaginative terminology of ecology,) but also the more accessible adjoining gorges, the Collins and Big Creek Gulfs. If they are successful in their struggle against the exploitation of this unique wilderness, their struggle against the chainsaw and the ravenous maw of the stripper's shovel, Tennessee ("Ta-ni-si" the Cherokee called it) will have given to future generations of all Southerners a remarkable doorway to the past. The "natural" scientists will have at their disposal a showcase of uncommon flora, and geologists will celebrate the visible proof of their disciplined -- layered strata of rock (sandstone, limestone, shales and dolomites) thrown up to windswept ridges and ragged, sheer walls of ageless stone.

As if a great bird, wearily close to an ancient mudball, had shaped its fretful face. \*

The old stage road is one of the scenic paths in Savage Gulf.





*photo by Cathy Cobb*

## REFLECTIONS I

Is it possible that years  
  have vanished  
  in a  
  moment,  
That all those things we have known  
All the dreams we have sown  
Were untimely ripped  
  from our lives  
And have all but slipped  
  and  
  gone away?  
Always we reach out --  
Hopelessly clinging to the past  
Trying to make our memories last-  
  
Trying to grasp  
  a  
  fading image.

by Ted Helberg

## REFLECTIONS II

It is the end, it is the beginning  
Each of us is groping blindly in the dark  
Searching for that something which  
Melts away the darkness.  
the shadows say the most.  
They reveal the collected dreams  
And blot out those that  
Slipped away when no one was looking.  
But there will be time to regain  
The stolen chances and  
Time to realize those shadows  
Grown faint in the twilight.  
What we have had is yours.  
To mold anew or  
Retain the old.  
We have forgotten the dead  
And can only hope.

by Ted Helberg

# *Though Time*

By Michael Gigandet

# *Passes*

What Murfreesboro's 115 year old courthouse lacks in modernity it more than makes up for in its rich cultural past, or at least that seems to be the general consensus of several local figures and historians working to preserve the historical structure in this age of sterile glass office buildings.

Located on the city square, the courthouse, which was built in 1859, is the last of three built in Murfreesboro. It has survived the Civil War, including a raid by Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, a cyclone in 1913 and an effort in 1960 to have it torn down and replaced by a newer structure.

Although the mini-ball holes in the walls are now covered up, the courthouse was once the scene of a daring Confederate raid.

In 1862, Forrest, a colonel at the time, attempted to capture the courthouse from the Yankee military police who occupied it, said Homer Pittard, dean of alumni relations and chairman of the Rutherford County Historical Commission.

Lining up in two single files, the Rebs rushed the doors, and the first man in the line began chopping at them with an axe.

In this formation, if the man with the axe was shot the second in line could take over. Eventually the raiders took the first floor, but the 9th Michigan put up a "spirited fight," Pittard said.

Finally the Rebs smoked them out by building a small fire on the first floor.

The structure has changed some since then. In 1908 a third floor was added and the building remodeled. In 1913 nature remodeled the courthouse somewhat when a cyclone ravaged it tearing off the cupola or the superstructure above the roof. The cupola, which contains the clock, was replaced with the present structure.

(continued)





photo by  
Greg Bragg



Pittard said that in 1960 a "hullabaloo" was raised to have the building demolished and replaced with a modern one. However, historical organizations such as the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution rushed to save the building from this tragic end. A compromise was reached and two wings were added to provide more office space.

The site of the courthouse dates all the way back to 1813. In 1811 Murfreesboro was selected to be the permanent county seat because of its central location in the county and, the courthouse, then a two-story brick building, served as the state capitol from 1819 until 1822 when it burned down.

Pittard said there were some rumors at the time that some "characters" from Shelbyville burned it, because they were jealous that Murfreesboro was chosen as the county seat. The structure built after the fire served until 1859 when it was torn down and some of its bricks used to build the present courthouse.

*The courthouse . . . has always been the "focal point of the community."*

Now efforts are underway to replace the cupola with one resembling the first, to restore the old "hip" roof effect to conform with the original architectural lines of the building, and to place informational pointers atop the courthouse to provide a "panoramic" view of the area, according to Pittard. Examples of pointer installations include MTSU, the direction Forrest came when he raided Murfreesboro and Stone's River National Battlefield.

Pittard added that last year the courthouse was placed on the National Register of Historical Sites. The court has appropriated \$10,000 and appointed a committee to study the costs of restoring the courthouse. He said the State Historical Commission would refund the court \$5,000 for the study. The courthouse could be eligible for a federal grant for restoration.

The courthouse, Pittard added, has always been the "focal point of the community." It is the place where many gubernatorial candidates have launched their campaigns as well as the site where the Confederate Monument stands and Saturday preachers gathered.

Pittard believes the exterior of the courthouse should be restored and the interior should be modernized.

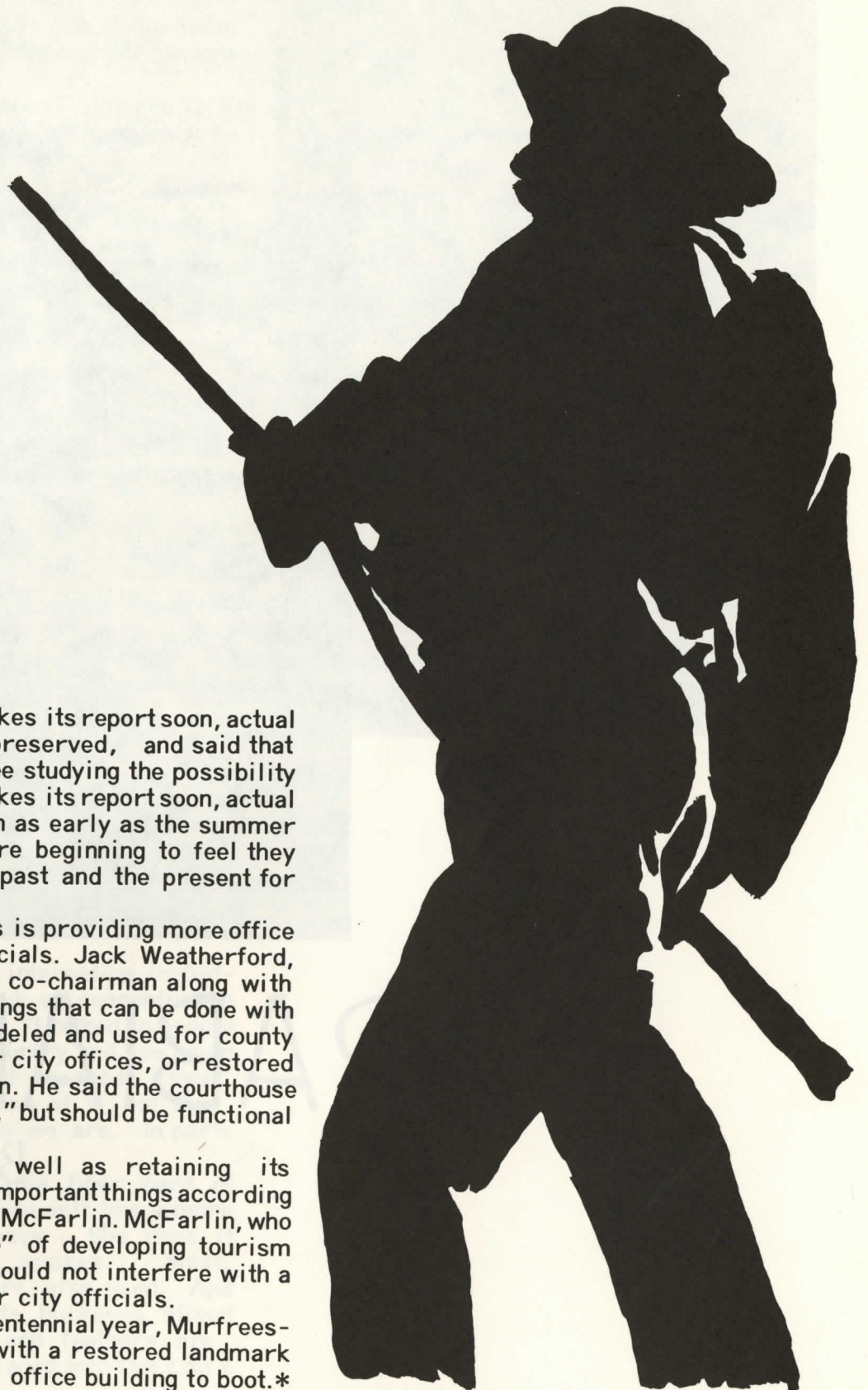
James Huhta, professor of history at MTSU and co-chairman of a committee working to restore Murfreesboro's city square for the bicentennial, also believes that the courthouse should be preserved and said that if the court appointed committee studying the possibility

of restoring the courthouse makes its report soon, actual that the courthouse should be preserved, and said that if the court appointed committee studying the possibility of restoring the courthouse makes its report soon, actual work on the project could begin as early as the summer of 1976. Huhta said people are beginning to feel they should save things from the past and the present for posterity.

The problem the county faces is providing more office space for city and county officials. Jack Weatherford, a Murfreesboro banker who is co-chairman along with Huhta, said there are three things that can be done with the building. It could be remodeled and used for county offices, remodeled and used for city offices, or restored and used as a tourist attraction. He said the courthouse should not be kept as a "shrine," but should be functional as well as attractive.

Utilizing the courthouse as well as retaining its "architectural grace" are the important things according to County Court Judge Ben Hall McFarlin. McFarlin, who says he is a "strong advocate" of developing tourism said the restored landmark should not interfere with a new office building for county or city officials.

So with the coming of the bicentennial year, Murfreesboroans may find themselves with a restored landmark and ironically enough a modern office building to boot.\*



*drawing by Larry Reynolds*



# ARABIAN ART

By Lucy Sikes

The woman sits in the dim light of dusk, her fingers nimbly dancing along the cords of her work. A square knot here, a half hitch there, she follows no do-it-yourself A,B,C formula. The patterns in her mind work through her fingers to become a piece of art.

She is more than a craftsman. Dot Lau is an artist. She has that certain touch which converts an ordinary hobby into something special.

Dot, wife of educator Donald Lau of Middle Tennessee State University, has created all sorts of macrame items, from the standard belts and "slings" for pots--to unusual decorator items such as a thing called "the pony tail" which has won awards for creativity and simple artistry.

Dot has competed in over 15 shows with her work. She even had a shop of her own in Gatlinburg for six weeks last fall.

As she works on a piece, the sling for a hanging table, Dot speaks of her craft. "I think the earliest we have on record concerning macrame is 13th Century Arabia. It's an Arabic word meaning, 'intricate lace'. Macrame was a functional sort of thing then, a trim," cites Dot.

Macrame is indeed an ancient skill. There are words for it in French and Italian, "macrame"; in Turkish, "macrama," or napkin; and in Arabic, "miqramah," or veil. It is believed that the skill was spread by Arabic sailors, who often had a lot of time-- and rope.

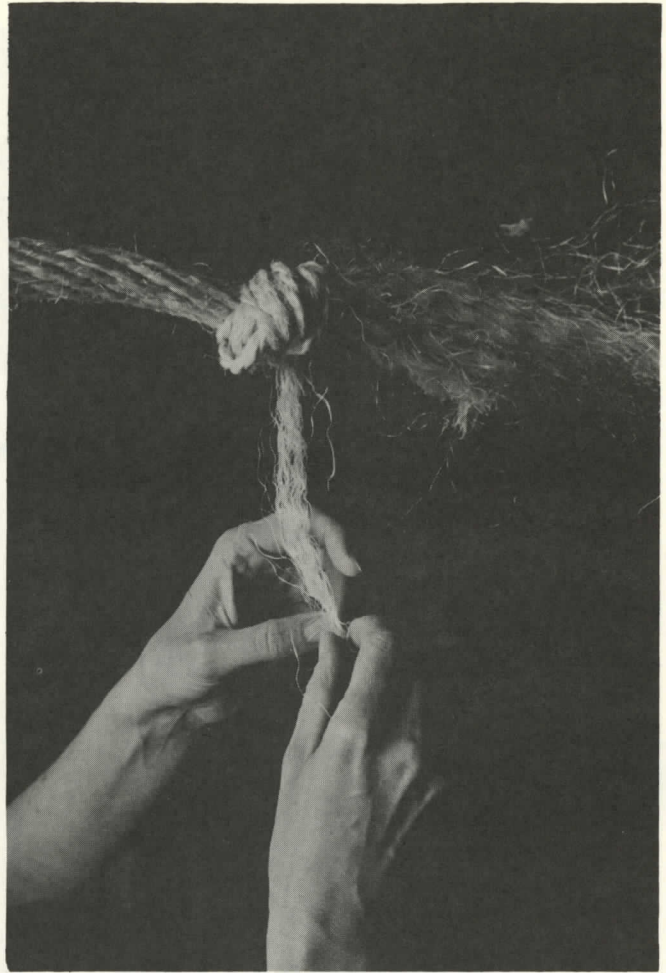
"The revival of macrame in the U.S. began in Southern California," notes Dot. "They're a bit ahead of us."

This revival, which began about five or six years ago, included the making of standard items, belts, etc. It has grown to include more useful things such as Dot's free-hanging table, various sized planters and wall hangings, firescreens, lampshades and doorknob hangers.

"You know, it was really interesting in Gatlinburg," says Dot with a look of concentration as she adjusts a table sling. "I talked to people from various parts of the country and you could see where it (macrame) had reached. New Yorkers, New Englanders know of it, but they aren't as familiar with it as we are. In parts of Ohio, it had hit."

Dot most often uses a jute fiber cord of various plies for her work. "Jute welt has a more finished appearance," she says. She uses it depending on the effect she desires. Sisal, linen cord and hay twine are also used. And as added decoration, chestnuts, buckeyes, sliced walnut shells, glass beads, and feathers are found entwined, threaded or laced into Dot Lau's creations.

(continued)



## ARABIAN ART



Macrame started out as a hobby, says Dot. But it has become a business, too. "One thing leads to another. When I made my first sling I never thought I'd be doing tables," she admits candidly. But her initial interest led her to take courses in design and color at Watkins Institute.

The knots themselves are relatively simple to learn: half-knots, square knots, clove hitches and overhand knots. There are others, but they are mostly derivations of the others.

Tying these knots requires some strength, and there are dangers for the person who macramates too much too long. Dot remembers a problem she had.

"Now the first table I did, I worked long hours on. And I pulled the ligaments, the tendons, in my fingers. I was getting ready to go to Gatlinburg and I just *had* to get all that done. I figured I was using one sore finger too much. I put a splint on it to hold it stiff. Boy! When I took the splint off my finger *stayed* stiff. I had to go to the doctor with it. I had no idea you could really wreck your hands!"

Looking around her home, one notices other crafts which have been incorporated into Dot's macrame. Pottery, for one. Dot is determined to master that art next. For now she uses the pottery of MTSU students.

Weaving is another. Dot took a course under Roy Mills at MTSU, but admits she doesn't have the patience to do the kind of weaving Mills turns out.

"He spends *years* on one piece! I spend, at the most, 125 hours on a free-hanging table," she says, by way of comparison.

Dot Lau admits she relishes the idea of a shop of her own.

"Where?--Not in Gatlinburg!" yells her husband.



As for the effect of Dot's hobby-turned-business on the family situation, she says, semi-seriously, "Disastrous! The family room, we no longer have. It's the macrame room. There's lint all over everything because this jute sheds so terribly."

There are more serious concerns. "When I'm getting ready for a show (I work) from crack of dawn to late hours of night. In fact, I've got to stop doing that because our two daughters are really resenting it. 'Mom, all you ever do is macrame!' " she imitates.

"Really, I am a lukewarm liberator. I still... I am of the generation that feels that the most important thing right now is my family. And this (macrame) I can have a heck of a lot of fun with and make a little money, and still it doesn't jeopardize my family.

"I've got the best of two worlds , for me."\*

photos by Larry Robinson



# POMEGRANATE

By Jim Leonhirth

Chilly winds buffeted Allen as he walked to the restaurant. He loved the briskness of the fall weather, and he noticed as he walked that the trees still held their leaves.

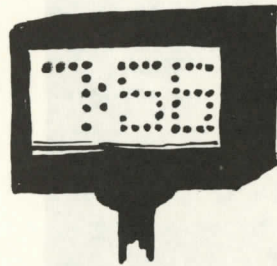
Allen was afraid he was going to be late. When he left his apartment, the air had been so fresh he had decided to walk the few blocks to the restaurant. I'm usually early, he thought, and she's usually late.

Allen hadn't seen Elaine in nine months. She will be tanned, he thought. She never loses it until January, and then she's ready to start again. He had received a few notes from her, but they had been sketchy -- only a few lines about a trip here or there. He knew she had spent some of the summer in Florida -- she always did -- and she had probably gone to the Carribean or Mexico. Elaine liked to travel.



Allen passed a few storefronts and vainly looked in the pane glass to check his appearance. He was tall and slim -- a stereotyped professor with turtleneck, beard and pipe. He seldom used the pipe, but he was a professor or at least an assistant professor of English literature.

Elaine was -- well Elaine was accomplished in several disciplines, but she mostly enjoyed life with a large allowance from her parents and no desire to hold a job more than a few months. Allen had made reservations for eight o'clock, and the clock on the bank sign showed 7:56. He was going to be late.



She wasn't there. It was a few minutes after eight, and she had not come. Allen wasn't surprised; his friend made a habit of arriving at the last minute. He was led to his table by the hostess, and he ordered a drink for the wait.

It has been five years now, he thought, as he looked around the room. Not much had changed since the first time they had come here. Mostly the faces were new. He recognized a waitress and a busboy and was certain that the same chef was still here.

Allen didn't come here without Elaine or at least without the understanding that she was coming. He didn't remember why they had first come to "Nick's". The restaurant was not the town's best, but it wasn't a dive. Elaine had first suggested it, and to Allen's surprise the bill had not re-

quired a second mortgage on his homeplace.

"Are you ready to order?" the waitress asked, interrupting his thoughts.

"No, I'm waiting on someone." She placed the bourbon and water on the table. She looks a little like Elaine, Allen thought as she left the table. The waitress was tall and slightly built with long brown hair, but she didn't have the physical presence of Elaine. He didn't know many women who did. Allen wished Elaine would come. By now it was 8:15 and as much as he wanted to see Elaine, he didn't want to drink for an hour waiting for her.



He was slightly intoxicated the first time he met Elaine. It had been at a very boring cocktail party given by a very nice hostess who could mix drinks better than she could mix people. She was a neighbor of Allen's and a friend of Elaine's family.

Elaine was late for that party. She had probably been the last to arrive because Allen remembered he had already consumed his limit of drinks and gone a couple beyond. She entered without much fanfare, and Allen only met her because



# WINE

the hostess refused to let anyone come in without the full introductions to every guest regardless of their degree of stupor.

She had been friendly enough, Allen thought, and he remembered that she very soon became the center of attention at the party -- at least for most of the men.

Elaine was not voluptuous, and she was certainly not...



"Can I get you another drink?" the waitress asked, smiling. Allen looked at his watch again. "Is there any problem in holding this table?" he asked.

"No, sir, you have it reserved for the entire evening, don't you?"

Allen nodded that he did. "I need to use a phone."

"There is a phone next to the cashier's table. It is free for you to use. May I get you another bourbon and water?"

"Yes, thank you."

The waitress left, and Allen walked over to the phone. He looked up the airline number and dialed the digits.

"Hello. Did the flight from New Orleans arrive on time?"

"Was there a Miss Elaine Hardy on the flight?"

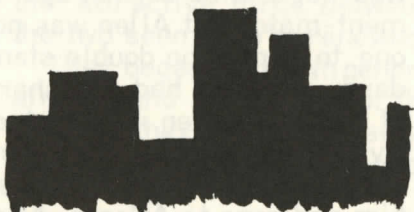
Allen waited for the ticket agent to find the passenger list.

"Thank you."

She had arrived, but now she

was 40 minutes late. Allen didn't know in what hotel she was staying. She liked to spend a few days at a hotel in case her family tried to reach her. She then arranged for the hotel to forward her messages to Allen's apartment. Allen walked back to the table to his drink.

Elaine had a certain undefinable quality that made people notice her. She was above average in height, but her ability to command attention went beyond her stature. Allen had initially been attracted to her at the party for the simple reason that she came alone. He had also come by himself, and the hostess' unique mixtures did not always lead to ready pairings. Allen and several other interested males, however, were only able to interest the young woman in conversation about the nation's political condition and what would be a hit that year on Broadway.



Elaine left the party as she came -- alone -- and Allen had considered her just another missed opportunity. He didn't see her again for several months. They met again during an intermission at a concert at the university. Allen had been rather surprised when she came over to him and said hello. He barely remembered her name, but

she came over, called him by name and asked him how he liked the performance.

His memory refreshed, Allen was not one to miss an opportunity. Not sure whether or not whether she had an escort, he nonetheless asked her to join him after the concert. She was -- fortunately for Allen -- with friends, and she agreed to meet him after the concert.



Nothing out of the ordinary occurred during the remainder of the evening, at least not until Allen brought her back to her car at the auditorium. Before Allen had the chance, Elaine said, "Aren't you going to ask me out again?"

Allen was surprised but not displeased. He did not mind a woman -- particularly this woman -- being forward; he was only surprised at her interest. Deciding he should not worry about the why's of the situation, he made a luncheon date for later in the week.

It was now almost nine o'clock, and she still hadn't come. Allen was distressed. He didn't like to wait, to sit in a restaurant alone and drink bourbon. And he certainly did not like to be stood up.

"Mr. Arnold," said the waitress. "A Miss Hardy called and asked that we tell you she would be here in a few minutes and to apologize for being late."

(continued)

# POMEGRANATE WINE

"Is she still on the phone?" Allen asked, wondering why she hadn't had him paged.

"No, she just asked that we give you the message, but I didn't talk to her..."

"All right, thank you. I suppose it will be a while before we order."

"Would you like another drink?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

Her call had somewhat relieved Allen. She was coming, but why hadn't she asked for him? He didn't understand.



Luncheon had followed luncheon, and soon Allen and Elaine were seeing each other on a regular basis. At that time she was working as a free-lance photographer, and their schedules allowed plenty of time together. Their first dates were discussions of every conceivable topic, and they found, generally concurring opinions on most of them. He learned about Elaine's background of wealth and travel, and she found out about his rather mundane, he thought, academic life.

As they spent more time together, they discovered few differences of views or philosophies. Allen was adamant in his belief in the development of the complete person, and he found Elaine to be its personification. She held a master's degree in political science,

had studied music, was an excellent athlete and was a talented photographer. He considered himself lucky to have found such a woman, and Elaine seemed pleased with Allen. She told him many times, he remembered fondly, that they were perfect complements for one another.

Their affair -- he really disliked the term -- came almost as a matter of course, but they both felt a completeness about the relationship which extended beyond the fulfillment of physical needs and intellectual pursuits.

They had started dating in late August, and by early November they were living together. Marriage was not precluded, but each felt that the institution needed testing before being applied.

Allen had never actually lived with a woman before and wasn't sure how the daily routine would affect their relationship. Elaine thought it was a good experience for them. He realized eventually that he was not Elaine's first apartment-mate, but Allen was not one to apply the double standard. He had had his share of lovers -- even if he had not lived day-to-day with them.

By Christmas Elaine had left him and gone to Atlanta. Allen didn't remember all that had



happened, but it wasn't that they didn't care...

"Hello, Allen." Unfortunately the voice was a man's. Allen looked up to see Peter Ramsey, a fellow instructor, and a young woman.

"You look lonely. Mind if we join you?"

Allen did not want to be rude, but he was in no mood for company unless it was Elaine. "Uh, sure. Have a seat. I'm expecting a friend, but she probably won't be here for a few minutes."

"OK." Peter and the young woman sat down. "I'd like for you to meet a friend," he said to Allen. "Jane Gordon, Allen Arnold, a colleague of mine."



"Nice to meet you," Allen said. He wished they hadn't come by. He didn't need any company when he talked to Elaine.

"Who's coming, anyone I know?" Peter asked.

"I don't know if you know her. Her name is Elaine Hardy."

Peter stroked his forehead. "The name is familiar. Isn't she a photographer?" Allen had forgotten her local photography fame and a few well-placed by-lines.

"Yes, she used to shoot pictures around here. What are you and Jane celebrating?" Allen tried to smile. He wished the waitress would bring another drink.

"We're just out for dinner

and a movie. Have you heard who is going to take Foster's job in the French Department? I heard Nelson is a cinch."

Allen disliked university gossip. He tried to avoid it whenever possible, and he certainly wasn't interested in it now. "I -- uh -- don't know who will take his place. I think it's still in committee."

"Those committees are rubber stamps..."

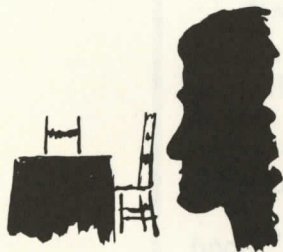
"I don't want to be rude," Allen said, not wanting lectures on the university administration, "but I haven't seen Elaine in six months. I really need to be alone with her, you understand."

Peter awkwardly got up from his chair and helped the young woman up. "Uh--sure--Al..."

"Nice to meet you, Jane." Allen knew he had been rude.

"Nice to meet you, the young woman stammered as she and the man went across the room to a vacant table."

"Damn," Allen said to himself. "Why in the hell doesn't she come on?"



Despite several months together, Elaine and Allen never became angry at each other. There were no quarrels and no harsh words when she left. Allen and Elaine had just started to grow apart. He couldn't explain it. Whatever force had drawn them together dissipated. He knew he loved her,

and he thought --no, he knew-- she loved him, but something had gone from their relationship. They had parted as friends, but Allen was slow to recover from the loss.

During the course of the next few months, they saw each other a few times, exchanged bits of news. Allen was depressed every time he saw her. By the next fall, he had given up all hope of reconciliation.



Elaine just happened to be in town the next September and came by to see Allen. He had not been in, and she left a note suggesting they get together. He called her, and that is when she suggested "Nick's." When they met that evening, everything was not quite the same as it had been the year before, but the attractive force between the two seemed to be renewed.

They began talking in generalities, and by the end of the evening they were back at his apartment agreeing to live together again.

That year they stayed together past Christmas.

"Allen."

Elaine. Allen came back to the restaurant. She was finally here.

Allen stood and gently embraced the young woman. "I'm glad to see you."

"I'm sorry I'm so late." The couple sat down at the table. "I won't say it didn't bother me, but I'm glad you're here now. Would you like a

drink?"

"No." Elaine looked around for a waitress. "I'm ready to eat dinner if you are."

"Sure. How was your flight?" Allen hated the first few minutes. He always felt uncomfortable.

"Fine. Allen..." She lowered her voice. "The reason I was late -- well -- I was sitting in my room trying to decide whether or not I should come..."

"Is something wrong?" He had dreaded this moment.

"Can I take your order?" The waitress again. Allen had lost his appetite, but he had to order. "We'll have -- let's see," Allen looked at the menu the waitress had brought. "We'll have the spaghetti, two of your special salads and a bottle of wine."

"OK." The waitress took the menus and left.

Elaine was looking away. She finally faced Allen. "It's just too strange. I'm not sure it's best for us."

"Don't you want to just go now before it becomes more difficult?" Allen hoped she would say no.

"Yes -- no. Two people just can't come together for three months a year and then stay apart for nine months. It's not sane, it's not..."

"Are you happy during those three months?"

"Of course, but..."

Allen took her hand. "I don't understand it either, but I'd rather have three months with you than all the rest of the year."

"Why -- why?" Elaine shook her head.

"I don't know what we're the victims of," Allen said to her.

"Victims isn't even the right term. Maybe we're fortunate but if you're not happy..."

(continued)

"It's not that. You are wonderful. I love you; I'll always love you, but it's wrong."

"The morality?"

"The hell with morality!" Her voice rose, but then she lowered it again. "For three months we're inseparable; for the rest of the year we can hardly stay together for more than 15 or 20 minutes without something happening. We never get mad but...I don't understand."

"Is there someone else?"

"Don't ask -- yes, but ..."

"But what?" Now Allen's voice rose.

"Dammit, Allen, it's not the same. Those three months are so wonderful."

"And..."

"My other relationship is not that wonderful but it's for 12 months."

"How do you know? Allen didn't know whether to persuade or dissuade her. He wanted her to be happy, but hell, he wanted to be happy himself. "You couldn't have spent 12 months with him."

"No, but I've spent more than three months. Three months is not enough."

"That's not what you've said before."

"Don't confuse me." Elaine turned away from Allen. The waitress brought the dishes and set them on the table.

"I'm going." Elaine got up from the table and put her hand on Allen's shoulder. "I have to go."

"No, you don't." Allen stood up suddenly, and several people in the restaurant turned to look at the couple.

"Please ... !" She turned away from him and walked across the room and out the door. Allen stood for a min-

ute and then sat back down. He belted down what was left of a watery drink. The waitress was surprised to find all the food uneaten.

"Uh -- do you want something else?"

"No, thank you. Just bring the check."

The waitress returned in a few minutes with the check and handed it to Allen. He gave it a hasty look, got up from the table and placed a couple of dollar bills under a plate. He went across the room to the cashier's counter.

"Mr. Arnold," the cashier greeted him.

"Yes?" He gave her the check, reached in his pocket for his wallet and gave her some bills.

"I have a phone message for you." She handed him the piece of paper with the note and walked out of the restaurant with it still in his hand.



The evening was pleasant and the winds were still brisk and even invigorating, Allen thought. Leaves were being dislodged and blown across the streets.

Allen loved the fall. Good things happened in the fall. He looked at the note and laughed out loud. "Elaine comes back in the fall," he said to himself. "She always comes back in the fall." \*

# *Autumn Denial of the Death of God*

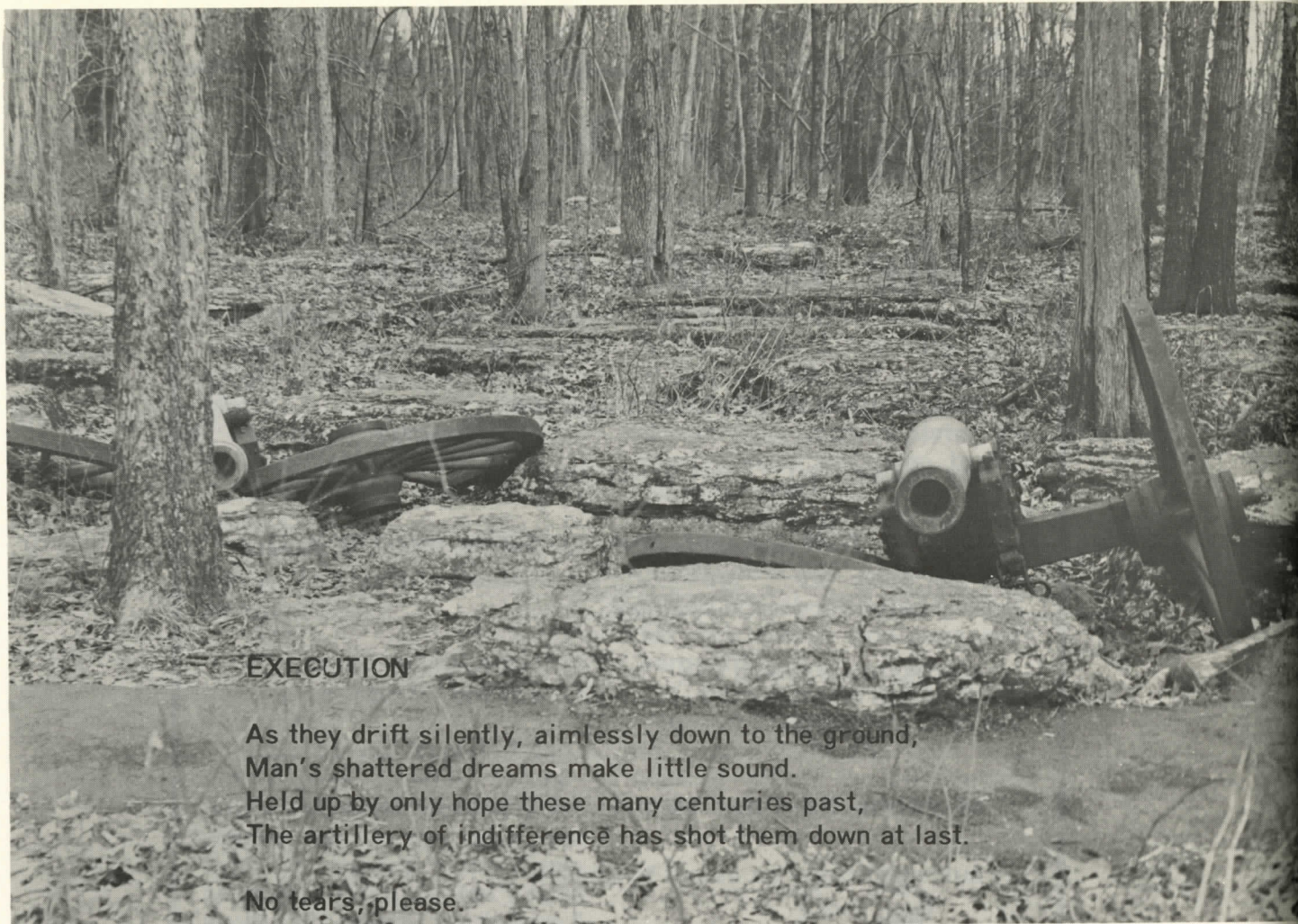
Here in the warm October classroom  
my students sit. Their brows knit  
(as the trite -- nor true -- cliché would have it)  
knit balefully over a bluebook,  
discussing Western Lit.

Meantime from the teeming, unartificed campus --  
surreptitiously so as not to disturb  
the programmed and computerized rows  
of chairs (Yes, and in some heads concepts)  
the Spirit steals,

or whatever part of deity it is  
which does deny that the reality we,  
all of us, them facing me,  
usually call real.

For this voice whispers, "Pause, look, see --  
*your* reality is lacking only me."

C. Chamberlain



### EXECUTION

As they drift silently, aimlessly down to the ground,  
Man's shattered dreams make little sound.  
Held up by only hope these many centuries past,  
The artillery of indifference has shot them down at last.

No tears, please.

*photo by Danny Brooks*

*by Sally Schneider*

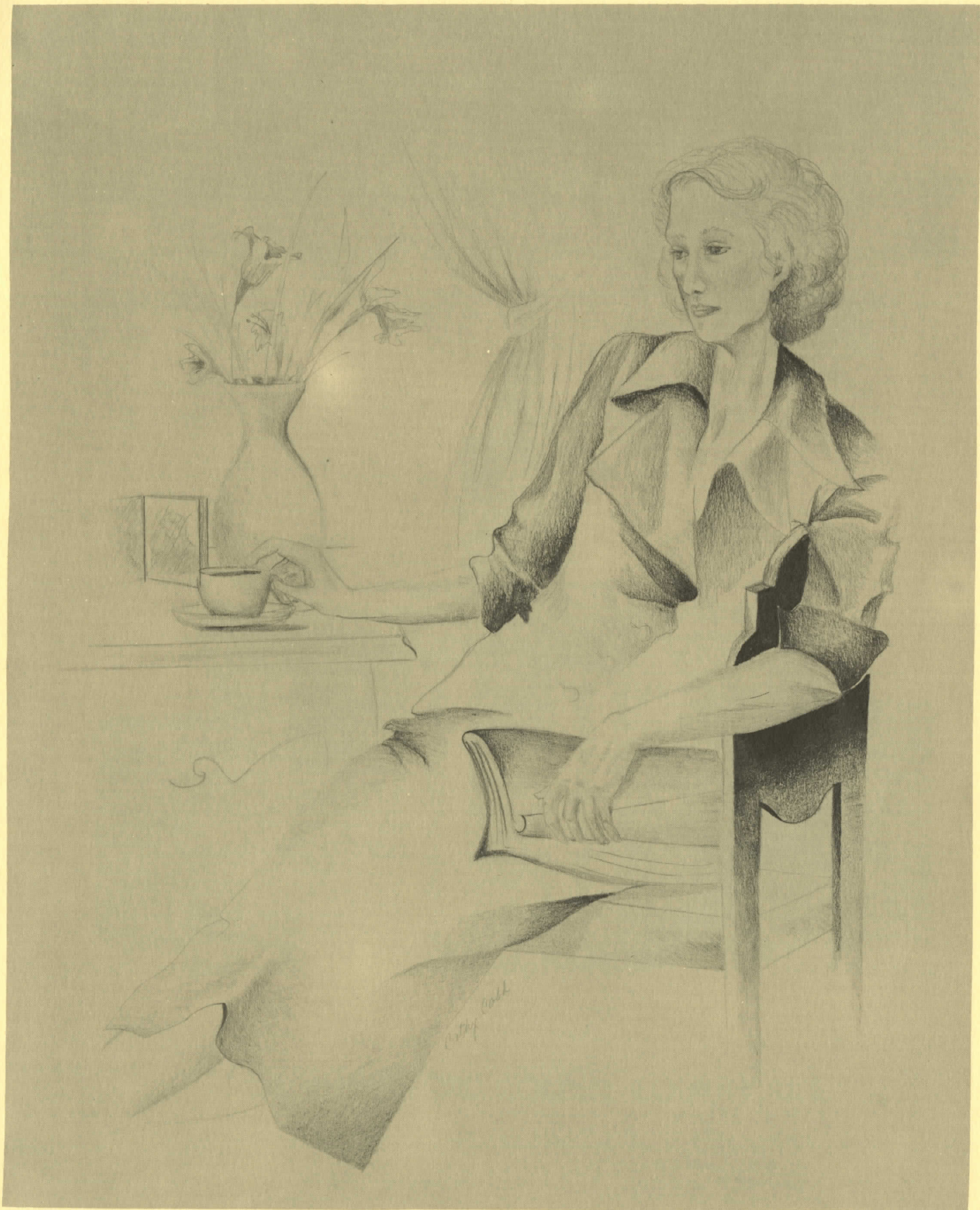
### ON REMINISCING

She sits leafing through the musty and yellow  
Pages of a book of memories--  
Stale with age and minus  
The vigor and youth that stirred  
The hand to paste the fragments  
There.

Tears sting her eyes as she looks at pictures  
Of ones that left her here  
As they went from this world  
Into one from which no one returns  
Except to smirk  
At those left behind in the abyss  
Of ugliness and misfortune.

She sits and weeps at things come and gone;  
Of straws cast to the wind;  
At a fire whose flames  
Went out  
An eternity ago ...

*by E.J. Pigg*



drawing by Cathy Cobb

