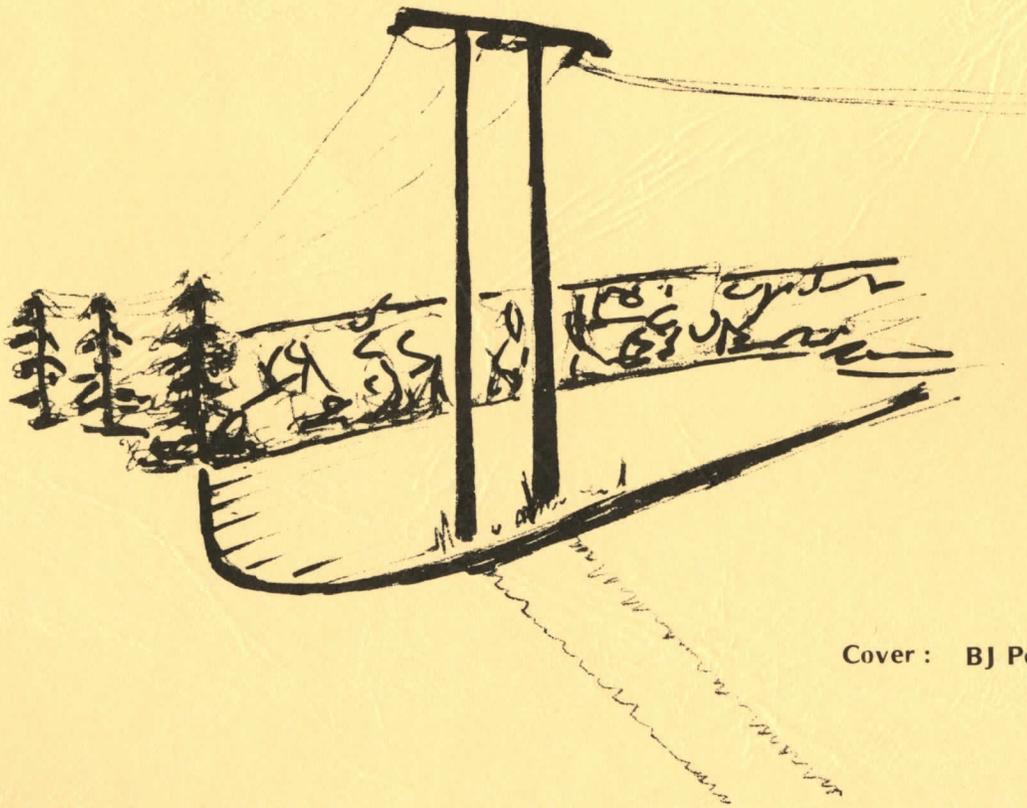




Collage

Middle Tennessee State University
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Spring, 1976



Cover : BJ Peer

Collage

Copyright Collage 1976

All rights retained by the individual contributor.



Rich Blumen

THE RETURN

by Brenda Blanton

When I got back to the city and turned down the same familiar streets again, I felt as if I had never been away.

But then it was not that simple; nothing ever is. My mother had always told me if you wanted something to work, you had to work at it. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not the type of person that takes advice graciously or the way it was intended. No, I was always inclined to think anyone who dared to make a suggestion was trying to run my life. Maybe that is hard to comprehend; I don't quite understand it either, but that's just the way it is. And who can argue with reality?

Again I don't want to give the wrong impression. Reality is not my favorite word, or by any means my objective. I live in the past, in the future, anywhere but in the present. I never could seem to cope—with what I'm not sure. That phrase just always seemed like the proper way to explain my insecurity.

Turning my thoughts once again to the city and a little more confident that things might finally be right for me, I gave the taxi driver directions to the house that I had left so many years before. I had sent a letter before me, saying that I was coming home, the words squelched, undoubtedly, somewhere between line after line of the fragrances of Paris, the Trevi Fountain in Rome, the Mounted Police in Canada. Yes, I'm sure that somewhere in the letter I mentioned that I was considering returning. Considering, you understand; my philosophy had always been that it's better to keep them guessing. That's my philosophy—but if my inner soul were revealed, I suspect that all those people who regard me as the most unpredictable person in the world, unpredictable but also fully aware of what I am going, would see that I keep them guessing largely because I have difficulty in making decisions. I suppose that is what is down beneath my self-assured exterior, but I can't be sure.

"1400 Monopoly?" the man asked.

I wondered at his tone and was a little resentful that he should question me even for clarification. Snuggling down in the seat and pulling my gray tweed coat about me, I nodded. Not until he repeated the question did I realize he couldn't see me in the dim light. I managed a haughty "Yes."

"Are you sure, Ma'am?" I didn't bother to answer; I had told him twice. He didn't deserve further courtesy.

The street lights were burning as I drew my gaze from within to the darkness outside. The street was jammed with cars, and like many times before, I wondered if all those people really knew exactly where they were going. I looked at the stream of traffic speeding past beside me and wondered why the driver did not pull into the adjacent lane. I opened my mouth to reprimand him, but just at that moment the car ahead began to creep forward and we were moving once again.

The sky was dark and overcast; no stars were visible. The air was sharply crisp, but for some reason was not so uplifting as it was depressing. Was it possible that the weight of past hurts in this city would bear down on me and make it impossible for me to remain? No. I knew that was not it, and it suddenly struck me that I was anxious because I had lost sight of the future, and had begun to think of the present again. When my head once more felt light and I drew a long, luxuriant breath of exhilarating air, I laughed aloud. The driver shot me a quizzical look, but he couldn't see my face any better than I could see his. Very well, it was nice to know that some mystery still crowded about me wherever I went.

Clenching my fists, I tried to stop myself from thinking about what was undoubtedly taking place at the house right now. Had I mentioned by any chance that today was the magical day? I was sure that I had, and I could see my friends preparing anxiously for my return.

"Surprise!" And there they were as I stepped inside the door. They all rushed toward me; I took a

long moment to embrace each of them. They were all eager to ask me questions, to learn of the places I had been and the things I had seen. Eager to find out if, in essence, I was still me. Laughingly I shook my head and demanded the courtesy of time to rest after my long journey. In perfect accord, they stepped back, bound to my every wish—and then I saw him. Our eyes caught, and it was as before. His hand reached out, but I merely flashed him a brilliant smile, and brushed past. I had to rest; there would be time for that later.

A drop of rain caught me full in the face and I hastened to roll up the taxi window. Could it rain? No I said, and mentally willed it to stop. Things had to be perfect; I couldn't return in the rain. Didn't sunshine follow me everywhere I went?

And suddenly I decided. "Turn around," I said anxiously.

The man turned to look at me, but I continued to stare at the raindrops splashing hard against the richly paved streets and kaleidoscoping the reflections of the burning lights.

"Turn around," I repeated, an edge of annoyance in my voice. "Now."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, and did so when it was finally possible. He groaned a little and matched my tone exactly. "Where to now, lady?"

"I don't like your intonation," I said before I could stop myself. Oh well, it was true; public servants

were getting increasingly independent. What was the world coming to? "The train station."

The reception would have to wait; no doubt they would all be sadly disappointed. But I could not possibly return under anything less than perfect conditions. It was, no doubt, contrary to my very nature, and there was no reason to cater to someone else's desire or need to see me.

Another week would make little difference, I told myself as I boarded the train and settled into the upper berth at the back of the car. I fell asleep immediately, and no dreams invaded my peaceful slumber to make me feel differently.

The next morning I took a cab to the rooming house, and carrying my coarse brown bag, climbed seven dimly lit flights unassisted.

I salvaged the key from deep in my purse and when I opened the door nothing had changed. It was exactly as I had left it. I threw my bag onto the narrow cot and hurried across the room to raise the shades.

It was no longer raining; the sun shot through the powdery glass in an omniscient beam of light, and fell across the letter. I hurried to pick it up, and as I did, something inside me heaved. I turned it over in my hand and stood staring at it.

Three small words glared back at me. Return to sender. ●



Jill Woodworth

BREATH

Exhale:

A foot stepping off the distance
hesitates before ending the familiar ground.
The other foot catching hold onto the metal
takes the weight thrusting it forward
forcing the departure.

The head is already poking at the empty air
arms and legs find the support.
Metal on metal well oiled
works well making efficiency
and waste

Equally well.
To leave you take yourself—
everything else stays
except what you need for protection
which is nothing at all in the air we've left.

Inhale:

These tools of grief
erect monuments to dreams
slowly easing the intensity
out of sight:
Dry heat, dry wind in the worm eaten zone.

Only the numbered experiences pile up.
Yours are fresh in the memory
wet to the touch
soft, unbruised
ready for the telling.

Lip and tongue to ear
the taste of words grows.
Those it seduces to sleep
will sleep the sleep of peace.
Those it wakes leave only a short while.



THE LOVELESS

Dark light, I cannot know your end
Though I would glimpse a dawning spark
 Within your night, if but I could.
You, the maker of my blackened heart,
 Must be my preceptor, since I've lost
 The human element to feel.

Like some festered worm I lie and crawl
 Within my own sequestered slough
 Of cold—and yet within,
 Behind, beyond, above your dark
 I sense, I feel, I see,
 Remember one bright light
Of warmth that once glowed long enough
For me to feel, to know, to lament its loss.

 That light left me behind,
 So I must struggle, practice, learn
 To love your dark.
Dark light of cold and intellect its purest,
 Hard, I cannot know your end.
 The maker of my hardened heart
You gleam of ice when morning comes.

 No warmth but a striving on ice,
Amidst ice—what passion could be born of this?
 My eyes, like two dark coals
 From a long-extinguished fire,
 Pierce darkly your cold, my life,
Show stoically the hardened heart within.

Lynn Paterson

Who (or what) is the real

a feature by **Debbe Kerr**

"Murfreesboro is kinda like an autopsy. I've lived here twice as long as I have lived anywhere. I've seen the good and the bad, the weak and the strong, the malicious and the virtuous, and the intelligent and the stupid. I've not only seen it, but I've run it—the whole gamut," admitted Bob Herring.

Bob Herring is an English professor. But he is much more than that. He is an artist, a sculptor, a jazz pianist, and a motorcycle enthusiast. All of these talents are secondary. He is a writer—first, last and most of the time in between.

Bob was "called in" to be a writer when he was a 17-year-old freshman at Mississippi College. The head of the English department thought he had talent. He talked to Bob about publishing some of his work. From then on the idea snowballed.

College journals and literaries are where Bob began. From these works he hired an agent—Frank Raines of Madison Avenue.

"Frank read some of my publications and contacted me. The legitimate agents come to you."

Bob's agent advised him to focus on writing a novel because "the short story is no longer the place to serve an apprenticeship."

Most of his spare time is spent in a small attic room, above his warmly furnished house, at work on his novel. Some days it takes him four hours to complete a single paragraph.

"I am trying to maintain the discipline which I never had. You have to get past the stage of wanting to write 'The Great American Novel' and just sit down and make the book."

The novel is based on the South. This novel will be different from traditional southern novels because



Herring examines a paragraph of his unique Southern novel under the auspice of Don Quixote

Bob Herring?



His cozy, hide-away attic provides the quiet, creative atmosphere Herring needs to write his novel.

Bob feels he has a different kind of background from the traditional southern writer. He doesn't have the "matriarchal syndrome."

"I have never had the strong family ties that most southerners have, although I am the son of a Southern Baptist minister. I feel that has affected my life and my writing significantly. I was shielded, indulged, and given the special attention that preachers' sons get."

For the past five months Bob has spent all of his time writing, teaching, or bailing his 250 pound St. Bernard, Moses, out of jail.

"I write to see what will happen for myself. When I'm putting a character on a page, I am him. When I am sitting here writing fiction, which is supposedly not the real world, I'm doing the only thing that is real to me. When I'm in the academic world, which is supposedly real, it isn't real to me. Take away my

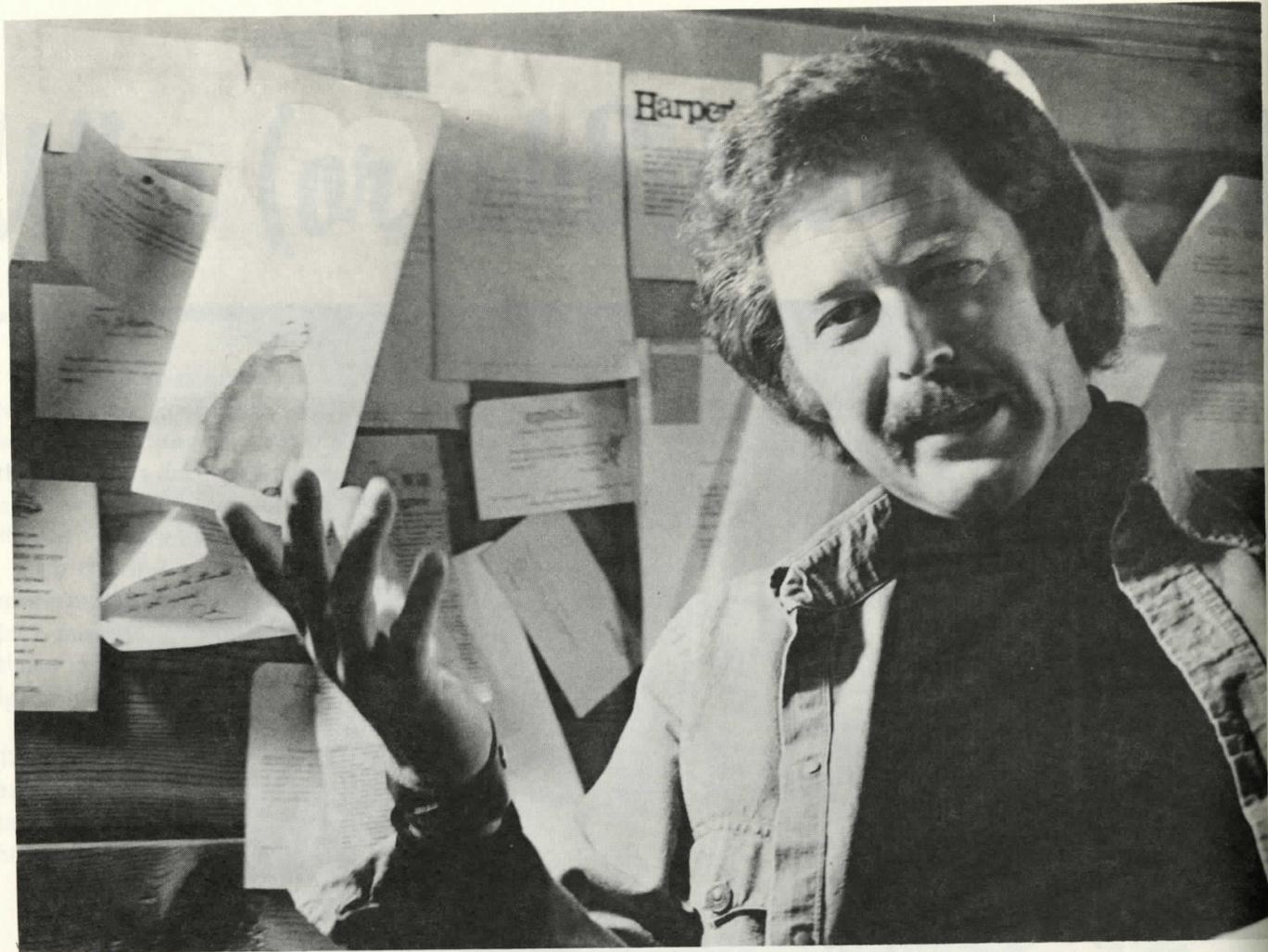
writing and I'd be nothing. I'd be a skinny little English teacher in a fifth-rate college for the rest of my life."

Don't get the idea that Bob does not want to teach. He is an English teacher who wants to teach but "on my own terms."

"I'm not sure anyone needs to go to college for anything anymore. The academic world is in a transition. Here at MTSU culture and literature are being pushed out of the way. The academic world is full of the dismemberment of literature."

As he speaks you can't help but notice the numerous paintings that grace the attic walls. Directly behind his desk is one wall full of rejection slips. Cluttered papers cover his desk. He smokes one cigarette after another as he continues to talk about teaching and writing.

"I was not fated to be just an English teacher all



"I never learned how to diagram a sentence, but I learned how important it was to know how," Herring muses.

my life. One day I woke up and I was teaching in college. All my friends were poets or painters. I never learned how to diagram a sentence, but I learned how important it was to know how."

He coughs and says that one day he will die of consumption.

"I've always been kind of a loner. I've always felt like a spectator watching everything everywhere. But I look at human life and human experiences and give them form. Life becomes a thing unto itself—it exists."

Bob sent his first story to 14 magazines before anyone bought it. He is astounded by the fact that someone might pay him for something he wrote. Once a piece is sold, he can forget it and go out and begin something else.

"The only problem is that you have to get established before you can write what you really want to. I want this novel to be good. I don't want to cheat like **Deliverance** or have an absurd love triangle like **Jaws**, but I do want something



Moses gets a "stay out of jail" lecture from Herring.

commercial that will sell."

Bob will accomplish three things by publishing this novel. He will buy time to relax. He will buy privacy. Finally, he will be able to pay off the water bill and "all it represents."

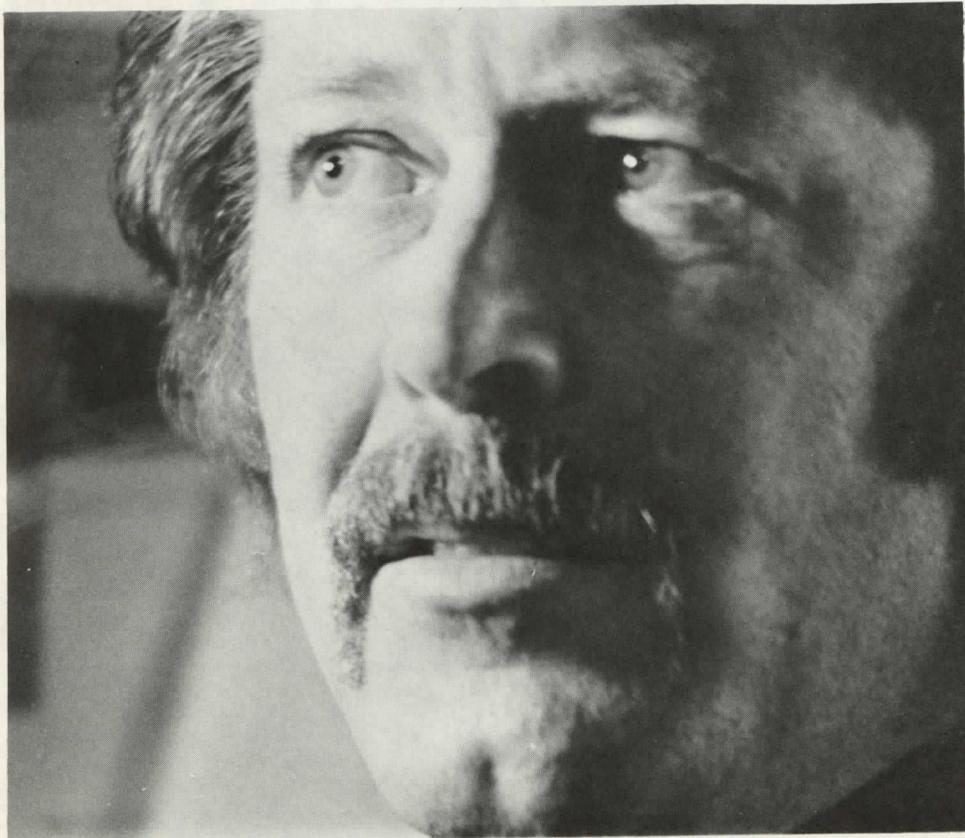
But until the novel is published, Bob will continue teaching Southern literature and creative writing on the collegiate level. Out of his initial creative writing class, several students had their work published.

"I think I'm a damn good teacher—that's why I want to teach. I wouldn't have minded getting a Ph.D if it wasn't so terminal. It's a scar—for life. That scares me."

After spending three hours talking to this talented and humorous man, I asked him if he had any profound statement with which to end our interview. He replied, "Unlike James Dickey, I have no profundity with which to end anything."

As I walk down the attic steps I wonder if the "Bob Herring, English Professor" really exists, or if he is just another fictional character created for his students. ●

PHOTOS BY TIM HAMILTON



Herring contemplates the ways of the world and how he fits in as a novelist.

WILD INJUNS

Bethy sits apart
On a corner of the round table,
Surrounded by family.

She hears their hoots:
The wild Injuns.
Mama looks across at her.

An arrow pierces Bethy
And her silence falls, shattered,
Scattered on the floor

With a piercing cry:
The wild Injuns!
Mama looks across at her.

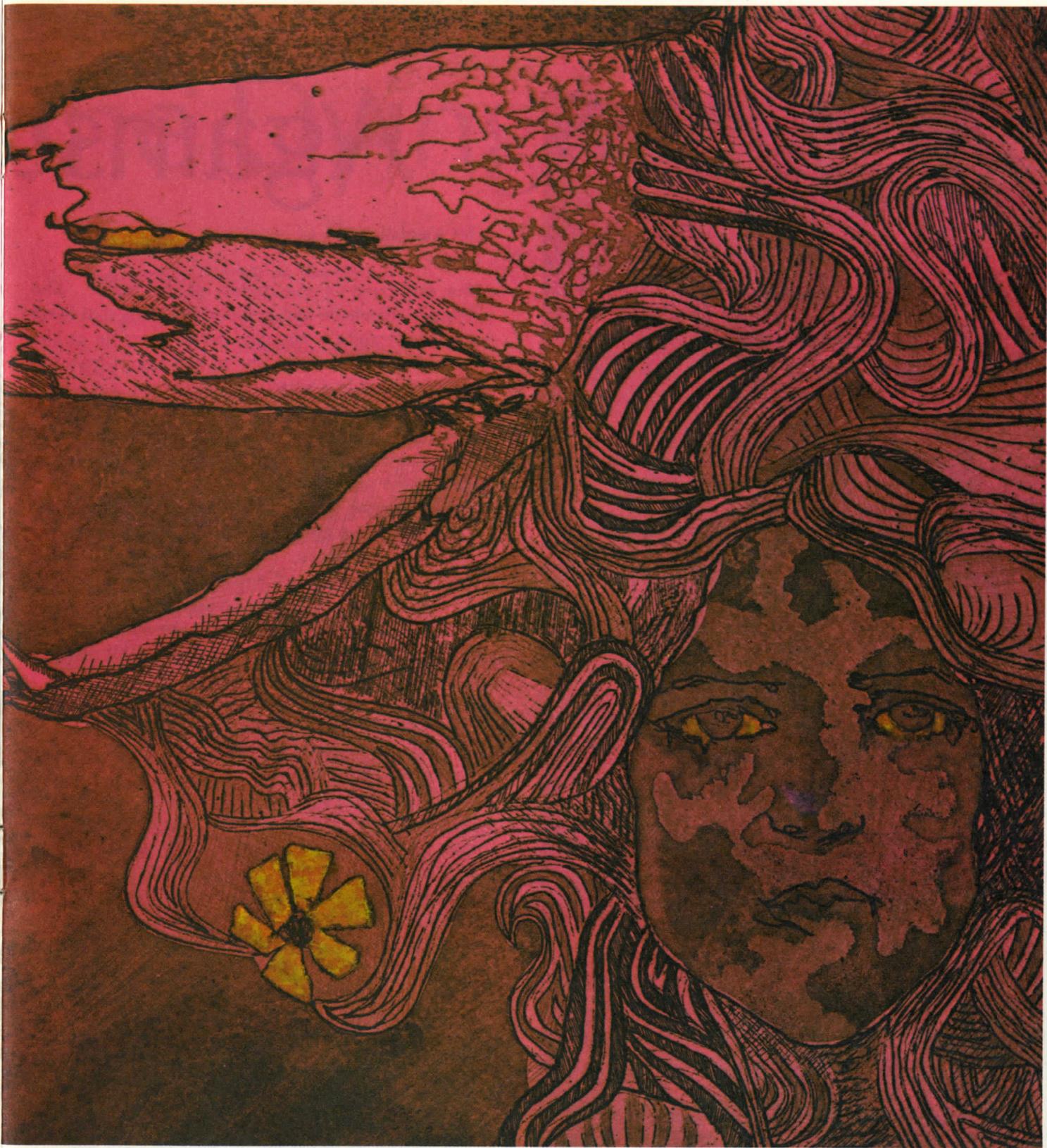
The brothers eat turkey
As Bethy devours her corn
With a hollow glance;

Only her they feed:
The wild Injuns.
Mama casts a despairing stare.

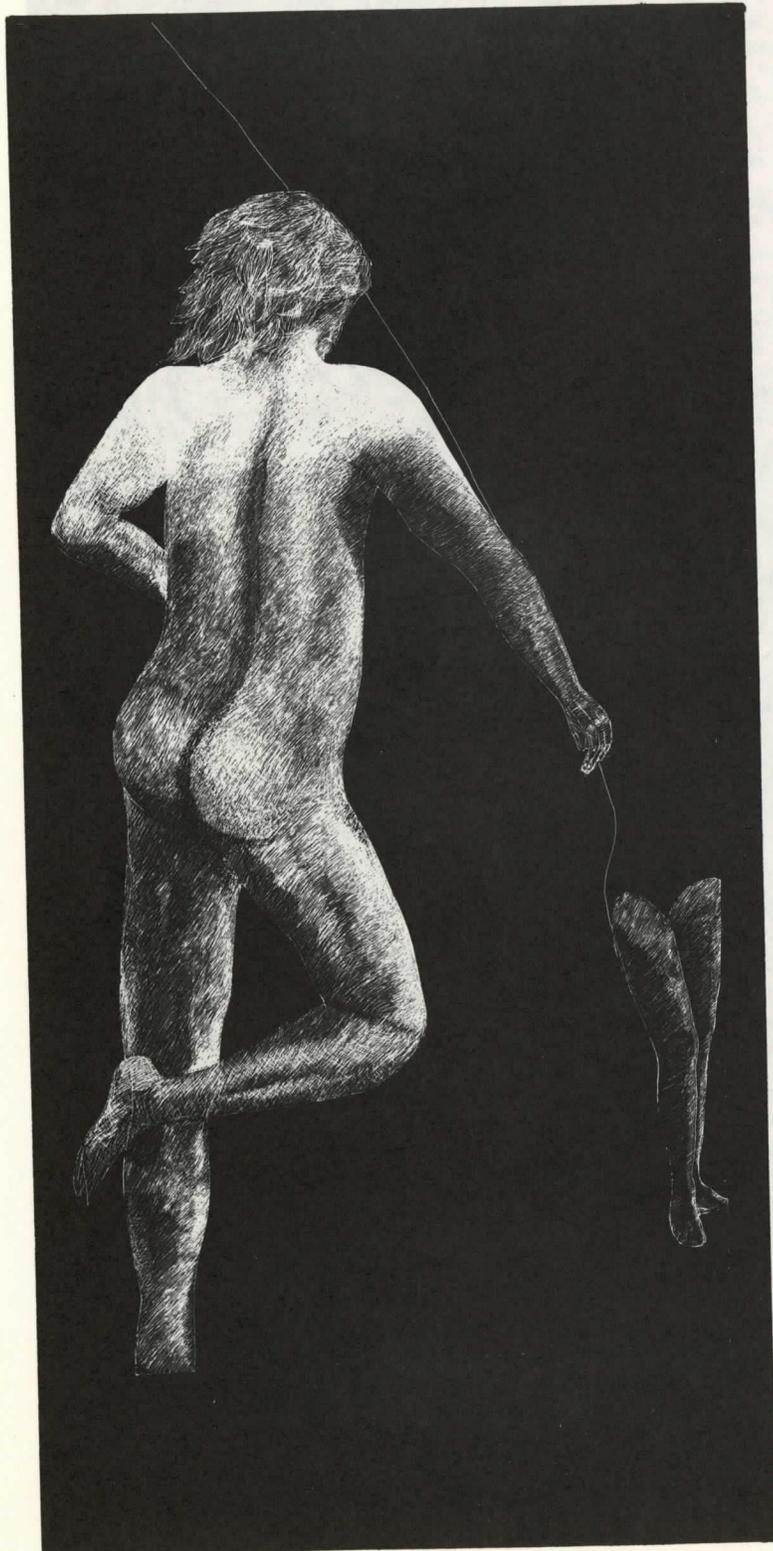
Roger C. Register



“MEDUSA”



S. Marlin



Jerry Edwards

Against

by Randall O'Brien

The call came in the middle of the night. She dropped the phone and grabbed her jeans that hung over the straight chair. She pulled them on as she ran through the house. She picked a shirt from the clothes basket and buttoned it as she ran out on the porch. Her boots sat on the edge of the porch wet with dew. She stopped and pulled them on, balancing on one foot then the other. She looked at the car and felt in her pocket for the keys.

The hospital was across town from the house. Carey turned on her emergency flasher and ran the stop lights and signs.

She parked the Nova across the street and ran to the big front doors. She walked fast through the building to the emergency room. She almost walked through the shiny, double doors, but Bill stopped her.

"Slow down, Carey. You can't go in there. They're doin' the very best they can."

"Is he going to be all right? Is the doctor with him? How did it happen?"

"The doctor's with him." Bill sat in one of those plastic chairs. He was an overweight, graying old man. A middle aged warrior. Carey stood over him like an elm. Tall and cool, waiting for the explanation. "He was with me down at the lodge. Just sittin' and talkin'. A strange look come over his face. He slumped over in his chair. We called the hospital, then I called you. That was it."

Carey sat beside him. She leaned back and folded her hands in her lap. She was a pretty girl. She had her mother's blue eyes and her father's blond hair. She was long-legged and willowy. Her eighteen years had been tumultuous and tragic. Her father died in '69 of a heart attack. Her mother a year later in a car crash. The old man in the next room was just about all the family she had.

Yes, this is worse, she thought.

Waiting.

Just eight months before it had been him sitting

the Dying Light

the waiting room and her on the table.

"I'm going riding, Grandpa. Be back in about thirty minutes." She walked past him and toward the back door.

Grandpa nodded and read his paper. "Don't be long. Be gettin' dark soon."

Carey walked to the barn and saddled Junebug, the Pinto mare that was her favorite.

"Hold still now while I get on you. Okay," she said. She patted the pony's neck and hopped into the saddle. She turned her head and galloped toward the creek.

The coming night was crisp and cool. The wind bit at her eyes and made them water.

Junebug galloped through the meadow just as she had a thousand times before. It was as natural as breathing. Carey was on her back and the sun was going down just over her left shoulder. At times the pony ran as though Carey was not even there.

The pony jerked. The left shoulder fell as if in slow motion. A sickening crack shattered the quiet of the night. The pony screamed in pain. Carey was thrown to the ground, another crack, as she fell on her side and rolled over on her back. She had yelled as the horse fell, now she cried. To her left the pony whimpered softly. Carey tried to raise her head. She started yelling.

Carey lay on her back and stared at the clouds as she yelled, tears ran from her eyes.

The old man came running.

The pony got up and hobbled about on three legs. Slowly it eased itself to the ground again.

"My shoulder and my leg," she told the old man. "Junebug."

Grandpa looked at the horse. "Lay still."

She glanced back at the horse as he ran to the house. Carey heard him run. The sound died to the distance. Carey lay still and cried.

The old man walked up again. "The ambulance is

coming. Carey, your pony." His voice trailed.

"Okay."

"I'm sorry. It's her time."

The shot exploded in Carey's ears. It made her cry even harder. Grandpa walked to her and said, "It had to be done. I couldn't let her suffer."

"I know, I know, I know..."

The ambulance whined in the distance.

Yes, Carey thought, this waiting is worse.

The doctor walked into the waiting room. He was a young man in the usual white lab coat. He had a moustache and long hair. Grandpa wouldn't like him.

"Carey, your Grandfather has had a very bad stroke."

"Will he be all right?" Carey stood and looked at the shiny double doors as though the doctor was not there.

"It's very bad. He's in a coma. I feel the damage was extensive."

Bill moaned and stared at the floor.

"Then he's lost. He's gone. All, he's nothing but a vegetable," Carey glanced at Bill and touched his shoulder.

"Well, we don't really know. There..."

She broke in, "Can I see him?"

"Yes, let me take you to him." The doctor took Carey's arm and walked her through the halls. They came to a closed door. A sign said it was intensive care. The doctor pushed it open and led Carey inside.

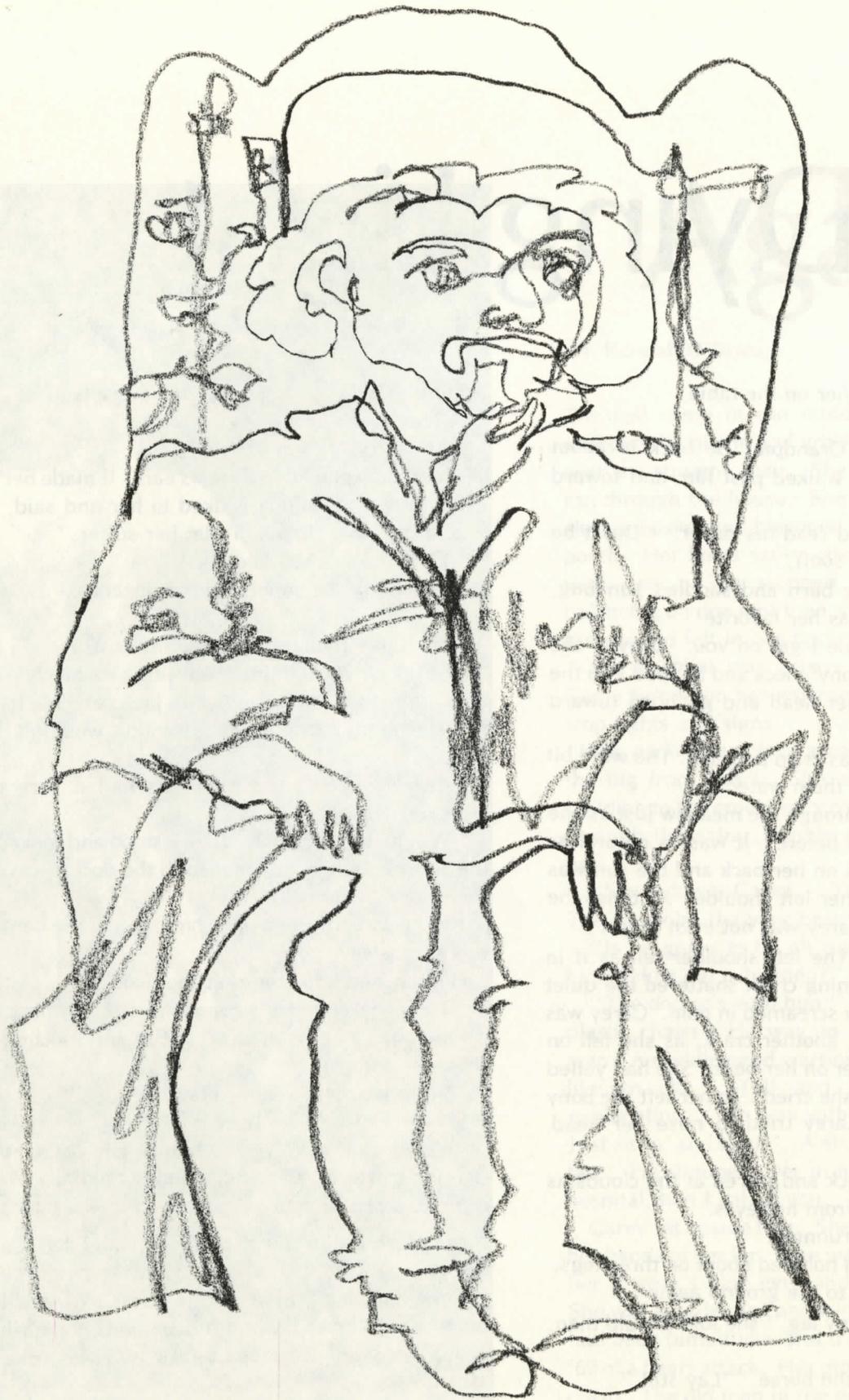
They had a machine on his chest to make him breathe. His heart flashed and jumped on a machine at his bedside. Grandpa's face was the color of ashes.

A nurse glanced up and back down.

Carey opened her mouth, "It's his time."

Echoed through the room.

Echoed through the room. ●



"SEATED DWARF"

Richard Whitman

No Man's Land

by Dick Thompson

Yesterday Paul died. But I wasn't surprised or anything when Mr. Stefan told me because I knew he was dead. Don't ask me how, but I just knew it.

Mr. Stefan said the Coast Guard found him drifting out in the sound, between the cliffs of Martha's Vineyard and No Man's Land. If you knew Paul, you would think that was funny, being found right there.

So the Coast Guard must still have the body, though it don't make too much difference because there won't be no wake or anything. What I mean is, Paul didn't have nobody that would care and I'm sure Mr. Stefan isn't going to get himself all excited and spend some money on a salad man he just fired and who died trying to sail to Australia in an open dinghy.

Back in June when Paul and me was washing dishes together, he used to always talk about going to Australia because that was just about the farthest place he could think of. And when we'd have a few beers, he'd talk about going there as if it was heaven or something, and then he wouldn't talk for a long while, but when he did again he'd laugh at himself—O, what a laugh he had—and say stuff about how you can't run away forever and like that.

When we was the dishwashers, it was real good because we didn't never kill ourselves. We'd just stack them for a while, which is the easy part, and loaf and tell stories and jokes, and especially Paul, since he was about the funniest guy in the whole world. Then when he's say to, we'd go like hell and clean them all through, and real clean too, and we never ran out of anything, not even monkey dishes.

Paul didn't have to have a real good joke to make a guy laugh because just the way he would say it was enough to kill a guy. He could make his voice different and he would talk like a rich guy and put on all kinds of airs like. He'd be going like crazy on the

busiest night and then all of a sudden stop and start walking around like a bigshot and do a little act.

"Yes, my good man, I was in Hollywood. Worked for the Warner Brothers...Warner Brother's Potato Chip factory, that is. For a time, I had a very successful run...around Elizabeth Taylor's bedroom. Later I had a leading position in the movies...I was an usher." And he would go on like that till it would almost kill a guy, and even the new waitress would laugh and calm down and not get so nervous about ordering and things.

He would always be saying the wrong word on purpose, like if Harry called a swear name or something, Paul would say, "Hey, be careful. I resemble that remark!" And everything was "keep it clean." Everything. After a while everybody was saying it. Even the chef. And "plus tax." If a guy was worthless, I mean absolutely no good, or if he was lazy, Paul would say "plus tax," which meant he really was and more.

We had a lot of laughs when we was the dishwashers, but then the regular salad man had to go and get himself all boozed up, which wasn't unusual, except this time he told Mr. Stefan to go to hell and got himself fired. Mr. Stefan asked Paul would he do the job, and I knew he would, because he'd never let a guy down—not even Mr. Stefan. I sure hated it when Paul left, and he did too, because this way he didn't get no day off, and it only paid fifteen dollars more a week and you really have to kill yourself.

They got this college kid to work with me, and his name was Oberhillman, and he wasn't a bad guy or anything, but he was lazy, and even when he did work you would think he invented slow motion. Paul called him "Over-the-hill" because he was never where the work was.

Paul had a name for everybody, which is how I got mine. At first he called me "Sherlock"—because of my last name. And then it became "Homely." We

were having a few beers on the dock one night watching the yachts that were always coming from we didn't know where and going the same, when all of a sudden he poured some beer on my head and said, "In the name of Falstaff, and of the Schlitz, and of the sacred Budweiser, I bless and name thee 'Homely'."

And I jumped up and said, "Paul, why did you do that?" and he said to sit down, that it was my farewell blessing. Which what he meant was—he was always on me about it—he wanted me to go back home and go to school. Well, of course I didn't go, then. And then he laughed again and said that I should be thankful because if I wasn't such a good kid I'd be flat-out "Ugly," not just "Homely." But I knew what he meant.

One Friday night, which is always a busy night, was running out of monkey dishes every fifteen minutes and all the waitresses were screaming and old "Over-the-hill" was off hiding somewhere and I sure couldn't keep up with them myself. So over comes Paul and he was helping me when in storms Mr. Stefan blowing his stack. I guess he was worrying about all the money he wasn't making, and he is a real moneygrabber—plus tax.

Anyway, he's yelling at me what the hell am I doing with the monkey dishes, which wasn't so bright since he could see I was just washing them. I



Milton Black

just keep working faster and didn't say nothing, and then he starts yelling at Paul for I don't know what because he was working extra which he didn't have to do. He never did say a word about "Over-the-hill" though. I guess them college guys really stick together.

"Homely," says Paul, "you better join that team if they'll let you. Nothing worse than wanting to join and not being allowed to. You had better go to school."

Well, he tells Paul to take care of the goddam salads and mind his own goddam business, but Paul doesn't even get excited. He just turns around, walks to the salad bench, and sits down. So then what does Mr. Stefan do?

He charges over there screaming about goddam this and goddam that and why in hell isn't he working. About this time everybody in the kitchen is wanted Mr. Stefan to just get out of there because things are noisy enough anyway. Paul stood up calm and said, "Well, Mr. Stefan, there aren't any dupes hanging for salads because I already finished them; and there aren't enough dupes for desserts yet, because everyone is still on the main course. So I thought..."

"You thought my ass," says Mr. Stefan and he would have said more except Ann had a party that wanted some special kind of wine and only Mr. Stefan had a key to the cellar.

That was bad, but later, after the rush was over and I still didn't have chow and the grill was off, Paul made me a couple of lobster salad sandwiches and Mr. Stefan caught him. Back we go into the "goddamming" again and about who was running this place anyway. He told Paul to put the lobster back, but Paul didn't answer. Not a word. When Mr. Stefan left, Paul gave me the sandwiches, and two pieces of pie with ice cream, and a huge glass of chocolate milk. He didn't say nothing to me, neither.

He was always doing kind of good deeds anyway. When one of the waitresses would screw up an order, Paul would fix it, or when "Over-the-hill" would foul up the coffee so it looked like tea and tasted like gasoline, Paul would fix it somehow. All the waitresses loved him because he'd make sandwiches for them special, or he'd cut the meringue pies for them which they never could do, or he would scoop the ice cream for them if they were hurrying. He was the fastest and the best guy I ever saw in a kitchen and there wasn't nothing he couldn't do.

Hairy (which is what Paul called Harry) said why

shouldn't Paul be able to do all those things since he was the head chef in a restaurant in Florida before the war which was before Hairy was born. I don't know if that's true because Paul never said nothing about it and I never asked, but Hairy said he knew and that when the war came, Paul quit and tried to join the army, but he was 4F or something. Paul did say his brother was in the army and how he was in all those battles and got a medal in France, and he would tell some funny stories about how his brother met this french girl, but he never said nothing about himself being a soldier so maybe Hairy was right.

No matter what the job was, Paul would do it like it was real important. If he was ordering the pies and somehow the chiffon wasn't good, he'd make the guy take it back and give credit. And when he made the salads, he'd do each one separate, like it was a work of art. Most guys just make a whole bucket of salad at once and scoop it on a plate which sure is a lot easier, but not Paul. He showed me how to do it right, and so afterwards when I'd help him, he's say "Homely, don't spare the love with all that lettuce. Make those salads with love."

What's really funny when I think about it now is how Paul was always the only one that would stick up for Mr. Stefan. He used to say that his was a tough business trying to make a year's pay in three months and there were a lot of headaches to it and that Mr. Stefan was young and he's learn in time. He knew of Mr. Stefan from someplace and told how his folks were against this kind of work, like it was too low selling whiskey and beer and food and stuff. And I know Mrs. Stefan wasn't crazy about it neither because I heard her talking to him one day how they never had no more time for anything else, so maybe Paul was right.

I knew things was bad—plus tax—when Paul started that salad deal because he drank a lot more and didn't tease and kid so much. Still things were livable until all the heavy business started.

I don't understand this stuff too good though Paul tried to explain it. It seems that some Mr. McGilvey, who is a bigshot and owns all the railroads, bought a summer place here in Woods Hole. He used to always eat in the restaurant (which is the only good place) and Mr. Stefan used to wait on him hand and foot and even give him free drinks and everything. Well, this McGilvey somehow gets the railroad to change the schedule so that all the people taking the steamer to Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard have to wait about two hours before the steamer comes in at about seven o'clock each night. So they all come over to the restaurant for some drinks and supper—I



mean dinner—while they're waiting. They they'd leave, and the people coming off the boat would have to wait about an hour and a half for the train, so they'd come in too.

Boy, was business good! Paul said he was ordering twice as much ice cream and three times as much pies and we was always running out of even baked potatoes. One time Mr. Stefan—and I know this is true because Emjay told me—told the waitresses to say that we was out of everything except steaks, which cost \$10.50 per. That night Mr. Stefan must have made a barrel...plus tax.

There were nights it was so busy and noisy and hot in the kitchen and the waitresses falling into each other and everybody going crazy and Paul would have to do about a hundred jobs at once. And he was old, too, and kind of tall but not too strong looking if you know what I mean. Still he'd do all those jobs and hold the place together and say funny things that would make everybody feel good and calm down. He never got too tired to tell a joke, and he'd always laugh the loudest which was good, too.

Skinflint Mr. Stefan wouldn't allow the waitresses to eat ice cream, but they'd snatch it anyway. After one of those crazy, busy nights he caught one eating someand was going to fire her right on the spot except along comes Paul and tells him he gave it to her for getting him the butter. Mr. Stefan I'm sure

didn't believe and even though he was mad he isn't that dumb, and he knew he couldn't find another Paul, so he had to give in.

It was only two weeks to Labor Day and I could feel that something was going to happen. All the kids were jumpy and the guys in the kitchen would yell too. It seemed like Paul never went to bed. I'd hear him in his room and then he'd go out and just sit on the dock. Lots of times I'd go with him and we'd sit and talk and drink some beer, and sometimes just watch the water. One night the water was so quiet and the moon was so bright he said to me, "Homely, for the life of me that bay looks like scalded silverware." After that I never saw the silverware I cleaned but I didn't think of that ocean.

Just a couple of nights ago Mr. McGilvey comes into the place half blind and he goes to the bar to make up the rest. One of the waitresses whose name is Emjay (her real name is Margaret Jill which Paul said was awful and named her Emjay) comes by where Mr. McGilvey is sitting and he says something wise, if you know what I mean, and it upsets Emjay and she comes into the kitchen all worked up about it. She goes over to Paul and says something I couldn't hear and they talked low for a few seconds, but then she looked all right and picks up her order for a seafood Newburg.

When she goes by Mr. McGilvey this time, he grabs her arm and there goes the Newburg!

Well, by this time Emjay is really shook, and Mr. McGilvey isn't doing much besides wiping his coat, and Mr. Stefan hops into the act and starts screaming at Emjay and bowing all over Mr. McGilvey. You can see how everyone is getting pretty well excited.

In the kitchen we all heard the noise of course, but we didn't know what it meant till Emjay came in crying and asking if Paul could clean it up. Paul takes a sponge and a pail of hot water and goes into the dining room and I went to get a mop. I didn't see much of what happened but Emjay told me about it later.

Paul starts to clean up the seafood and the broken dishes and Mr. McGilvey says something to him which nobody knows what. Paul didn't do nothing about it and keeps on sponging away. All of a sudden Mr. McGilvey jumps up, boots the pail halfway across the room, and throws a bottle of beer.

About this time an innocent bystander walking out of the kitchen with a mop in his hand, namely me, gets conked with the bottle, which is why I didn't see

the rest and why I got this bandage.

It didn't last long. Mr. McGilvey takes a swing at Paul, he steps back, and then bashes Mr. Bigshot in the stomach, and as he's bending over, he pops him again full in the face, knocking him back over a table where some people were eating.

Mr. Stefan! Emjay says she thought he was going to have a stroke, he turned such an awful color.

When all the screaming's done and everything is more or less back to normal, McGilvey has a purple lump on his face. And Paul has no job.

After they fixed my head in the emergency ward and let me go, I met Paul over at this little bar across the street from the dock and he was drinking and talking Australia again. He'd been drinking some time, and not beer either. He just kept talking about most everything: about his brother and the war and something about some Phyllis which he was married to or something and about God, which I never heard him talk about before. I should have guessed he wasn't kidding on the Australia business this time because he kept saying how he was "outfitting old man Hodgson's dinghy" and how he was making with the "necessary provisions" which for all I could see was half a bottle of whiskey.

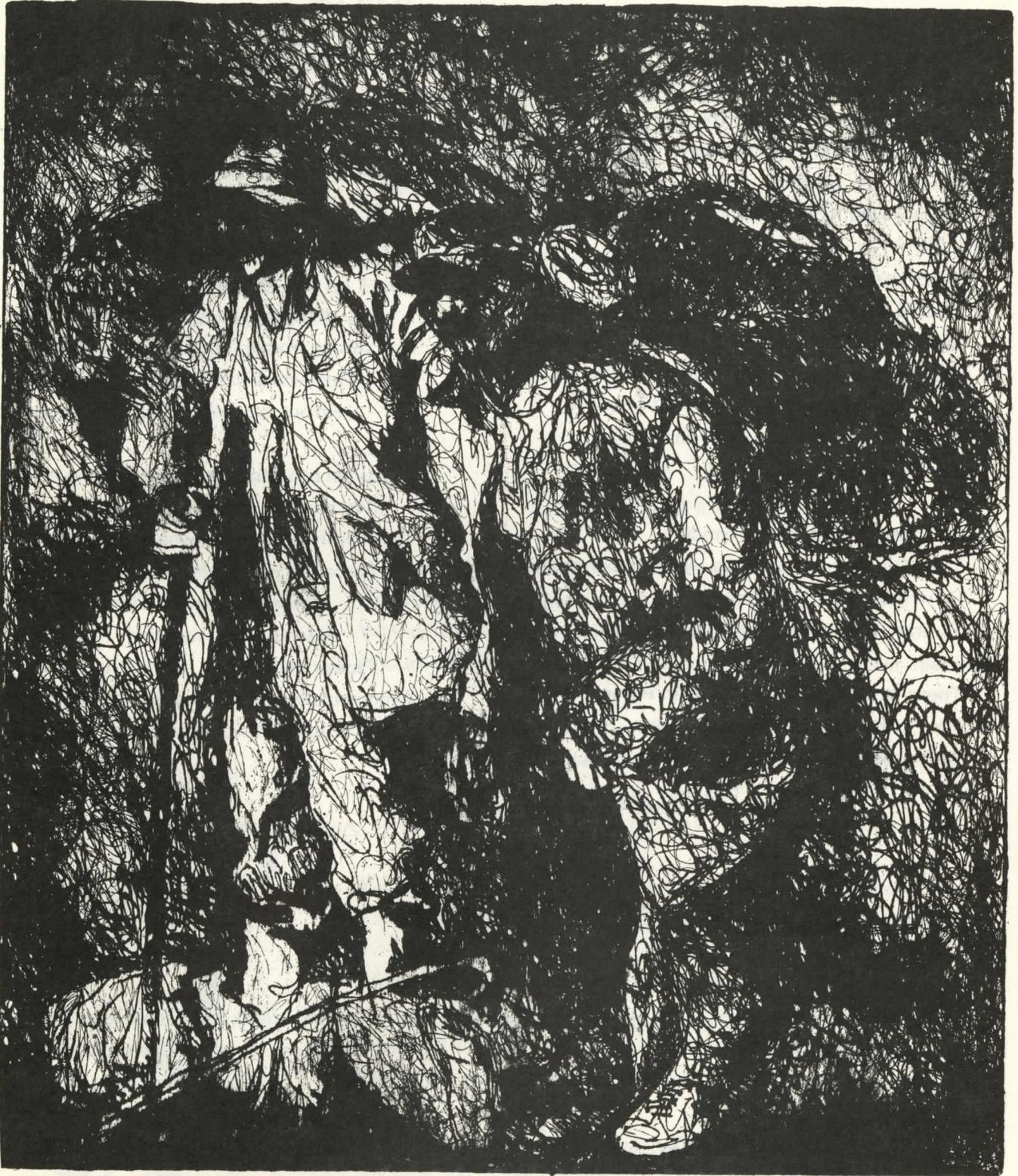
We closed that place and talked some more on the wharf where the steamer comes in, mostly about how sometimes the lights on Martha's Vineyard are so clear. Paul pointed out the No Man's Land part of the bay where, during the war, they used to practice firing their guns. About three we went back to the house. The last thing he said to me was, "Homely, if those bastards let you join, it doesn't mean you have to become one."

I heard him get up that night, but I didn't think much about it. What I mean is, he could have been going to the john or something. I didn't think much about it when I went into his room that morning and he wasn't there because all he gear was . I figured he must have went to Hyannis or someplace to get a job.

When he didn't show up all day and when the lady in the drugstore told me how somebody stole Mr. Hodgson's dinghy, I guessed who it was. And I just knew he'd be dead when they found him, which he was when the Coast Guard picked him up yesterday.

He was all alone drifting out in the sound, between the cliffs of Martha's Vineyard and No Man's Land.

I bet Paul would have thought that was a good joke. ●



J. Meyer

WINE AND A DREAMER

I stood watching—
You crossed the street for the last time.
Trying hard to memorize you,
Knowing it would be important.
The way you walked,
The way you looked back over your shoulder at me.

Years later,
I would hear a singing wind,
And that special day's singing would come back.
That time of your going would return (to me).
Every sun—every day,
April or August, it would be the same,
For years to come.

Man hasn't made the bromide,
That will allow me to sleep without your memory,
Or written erotically enough,
To erase the excitement of your hands.

These long years later, it's even worse,
For I remember clearly what it was,
And, longingly, what it might have been.

Sandra Elaine Cowan-Brown

ON SEEING YOUR EYES

During a recent cold spell,
the sun reached down its arms and
carried me to its bosom.
And here I'll stay.

I know that when Spring makes Winter run boiling cold,
and drenches the summer,
I'll be warm.

Andrew Vassar

IN A CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE...

In a ceremony of innocence I was
Once, for real, unplanned,
Not meant to impress...only to feel,
Two hands catch and clutch
And steal away a bit of bitterness
That sprang from a special flower's broken
Stem which came from him and was
Held out to another in all innocence.

But in two hands the flower's message
Was mended and folded out, extended
To every living creature who was gathered
There and was made twice times twice
All the love that it had meant and
All that it had signified. And that
Flower had created, when it had bent,
A moment of innocence washed in the love
Of a reuniting twice as strong as when it
Was whole.

And I was one of those sitting there.

And I was proud.

And touched to tears.

And I think that I shall never hear
A finer sound than the sound of all
Those tears falling down.

Ivan Shewmake

SKY WEST

On a giant sea prairie that exists beyond mist and memory
There beats the wings of blackbirds silvered by the sun.
Hawks and great eagles hang suspended and then plunge to return
From the vast lonely ocean with chunks of red clutched tightly.

They flow freely through turquoise skies over wild wastes of prairie.
Singing, crying, bickering, their voices haunt the sea
To disprove that polish will rot from their wings
As they change from azure of sky
To amber of dust.

Milton Black

ALONE I'LL EVER CRY

Will I ever see a time when love has naught to fear
And if we seek the gods to see, must we never hear?
Why do you fight the gentle few who seek to live apart
And love in peace the way they choose, your hatred never sparked?

I crave a love that I have lost though really never had
For one believes in morals deep so taught by Mom and Dad.
That love was strong within my soul and is so even still,
I sought the best, was loved the least, like Don Quixote's mill.

You the ones who judge me now beseech me yet to cease
The more I tell, you'll understand and see the growing beast.

I told my love my deepest thoughts, alas I hid not one
My soul was burned in Satan's fire, the quest is never done
He knows I cared, he knows I loved for hid it cannot be
Unless the shroud's between us both for all eternity.

If you hear me now at last to you this plea I send
My love afar, I see our life e'en Zeus can never mend
When time and space no more can tell and we must say good-bye,
To you I'll laugh and make farewells, alone I'll ever cry.

T.M. Kirby

Pizarro Meets The Inca

by Tom Center

(Editor's Note: The following is an account of a presentation made by Prof. Arnold F. Botts, Chairman of the Department of Revisionist History, to his freshman Historical Perspectives course—Important Meetings in Early Sixteenth Century South America, West of the Pope's Line of Demarcation of 1493. This course was designed in furtherance of the University's new policy of "enlivening" subject matter for students, and we present it here in an effort to combat the rampant apathy of students so much remarked upon this year by the hyperactive among us.)

One misty day in 1531 Francisco Pizarro and his gang of refugees from the gallows stumbled into the suburbs of Cuzco, capital of the Incan Empire. In fact, as fate would have it, they stumbled onto the south bound lane of the West Cuzco Freeway, where his majesty Atahualpa was trying out his new sixteen-legged litter. Pizarro wanted to ask directions, so he stuck out his foot and tripped the lead litter-carrier (he was that nice a guy), bringing the Inca to a most undignified stop.

"What d'you think you're doin', lout?" yelled his majesty as he bounced up off the pavement. "There ain't supposed to be no litterless people on the Freeway!"

"Who're you, anyway, Fatso?" inquired Pizarro.

"That's my line!" fumed his majesty. "This is my

country. I'll ask the questions around here—but anyway, I'm Atahualpa, Inca of the Incas." (The Inca never could pass up an opportunity for a plug.)

"Ata-who?" asked Pizarro.

"Never mind that," interrupted Milo, Pizarro's right-hand hood. "I think this is the dude we're lookin' for."

"Say," Pizarro began, while the information sunk in, "I think you're right, bright boy." He patted Milo on the cheek. Then he drew his rusty sword, pointed it at the Inca and said, "Don't move a phalange."

"What is this?" cried the Inca. "Who are you clodhoppers?"

Pizarro reached into his shoe and pulled out a card which he presented to his majesty. It read: F. Pizarro—Conquistador—Illiterate—Defender of the Faith—General Purpose Bad Egg.

At this point the Inca realized his situation. "Well, what d'you all want?" he asked as if he didn't know.

"We come to take over," laughed Francisco. "To rape and plunder and save your souls."

"Sounds like a reasonable program," his majesty allowed, "but why don't we go some place more comfortable where we can talk about this."

Pizarro thought a little wine on the rocks sounded good, so they retired down the road to the Llama Club, where Milo made merry with the Llama girls while Pizarro and the Inca negotiated. Finally, Pizarro agreed to settle for one roomful of gold and two roomful of silver, plus a cut of the Empire's income in succeeding years, the amount of which was worked out by Francisco's tax accountant. That settled, they sent a runner to fetch the down payment and sat back to watch the floor show.

Later, as the payoff started to arrive and the Inca and Pizarro were counting it, Milo got the drop on them with his musket. "Freeze," he said. "I'm pullin' a coup d'etat."

"What's zat?" his majesty asked Francisco.

"How should I know?" Pizarro replied. "I don't speak French." Then he turned his attention to Milo, "What's the meanin' of this?"

"I'm striking a blow for good old-fashioned values," Milo replied. "Your corruption, with deals and tax accountants, sickens me."

"Don't make an ass of yourself, boy," Pizarro answered. "It's the way of the world, grow up."

Milo remained firm. "No way. I'm takin' the men back to honest robbery and pillage."

"Well, they'll do it every time," Francisco commented to his majesty. "I knew I never should have given that boy an education. A little education and they think they know everything."

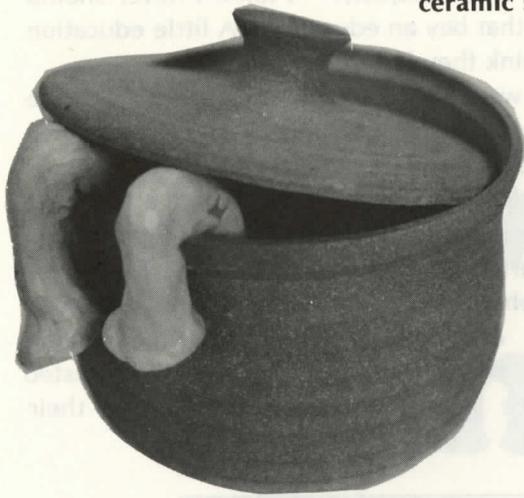
Thus it was that Pizarro and the Inca were removed from the scene, and Peru enjoyed forty years of anarchy and disease.

(Second Editor's Note: At eight a.m. next Thursday at the student swimming pool Prof. Botts, with appropriate assistance from Dr. H.I. Tsunami's Oceanography class, will give the second lecture in this series entitled "Balboa Meets the Pacific Ocean." It will be an open class, and all interested students are urged to attend and bring their snorkels.) ●



E.A. Swope

ceramic sculpture by Jackie Bollinger



ESSIE

You were my Grandma's only sister
You lived up Pennsylvania way
And when she died, we all knew how much you missed her
But we weren't there to hear you say
No, we just couldn't get away.

The Christmas cards we took for granted,
And the birthday money that you sent
Were seeds of love that you always planted
But I just wonder where they went.
Have your blessings all been spent?

On your last birthday, you turned ninety.
You broke your hip back in the spring
And, though you watched for him, each rainy summer morning,
The mailman never brought a thing.
And you sat crying in your swing.

Essie, I won't blame you if you don't believe me
When I tell you that I care.
For all those years I could have told you when we had you
I had to wait till you weren't there,
I had to wait until this year.

David Scarlett

BELIEFS

When those of the unknown,
though appreciative and knowledgeable,
rise to their feet
—to the most of your feeling—

Look out upon them,
Past the throng who show
Their love by praise,
Long and empty.

And know that there were
those who favored small
practice rooms over crowded theaters,
forgotten people who valued
brief juries embraced by enthusiasm
once shared rather than sustained performances
born of duty, not emotion.

Set aside those wishes of deathless fame
For tearful souls who glimpsed
The beauty of strife and aim
And bear your music
Quietly throughout their lives.

Constance Reed

FOR SPECIAL RIZA'S

Scoff aphorisms,
Until your defeat,
For pragmatic therapy,
Revenge is your meat.
Fermented nectars,
Ambrosias to eat,
Quaff steins of mead,
Fall from your seat,
Stroll across Bifrost,
Enjoy the Gods' treats,
But while here on earth,
The mentally elite,
The emotionally stable,
Get back at the cheat,
It's the mind food for mortals:

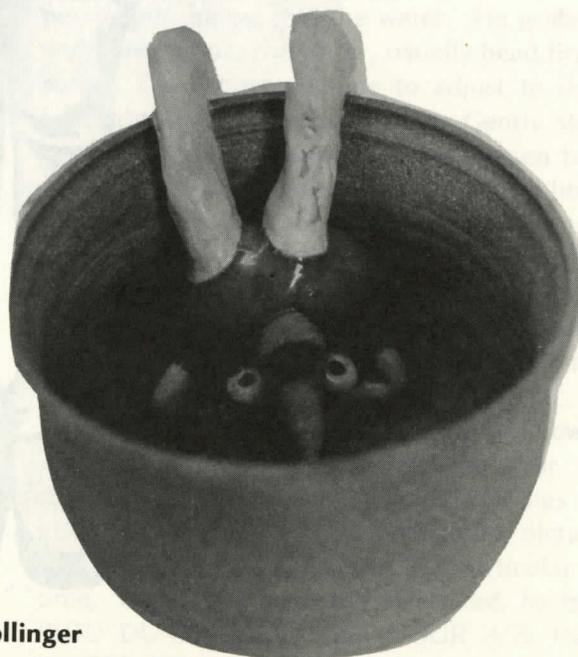
Revenge

is

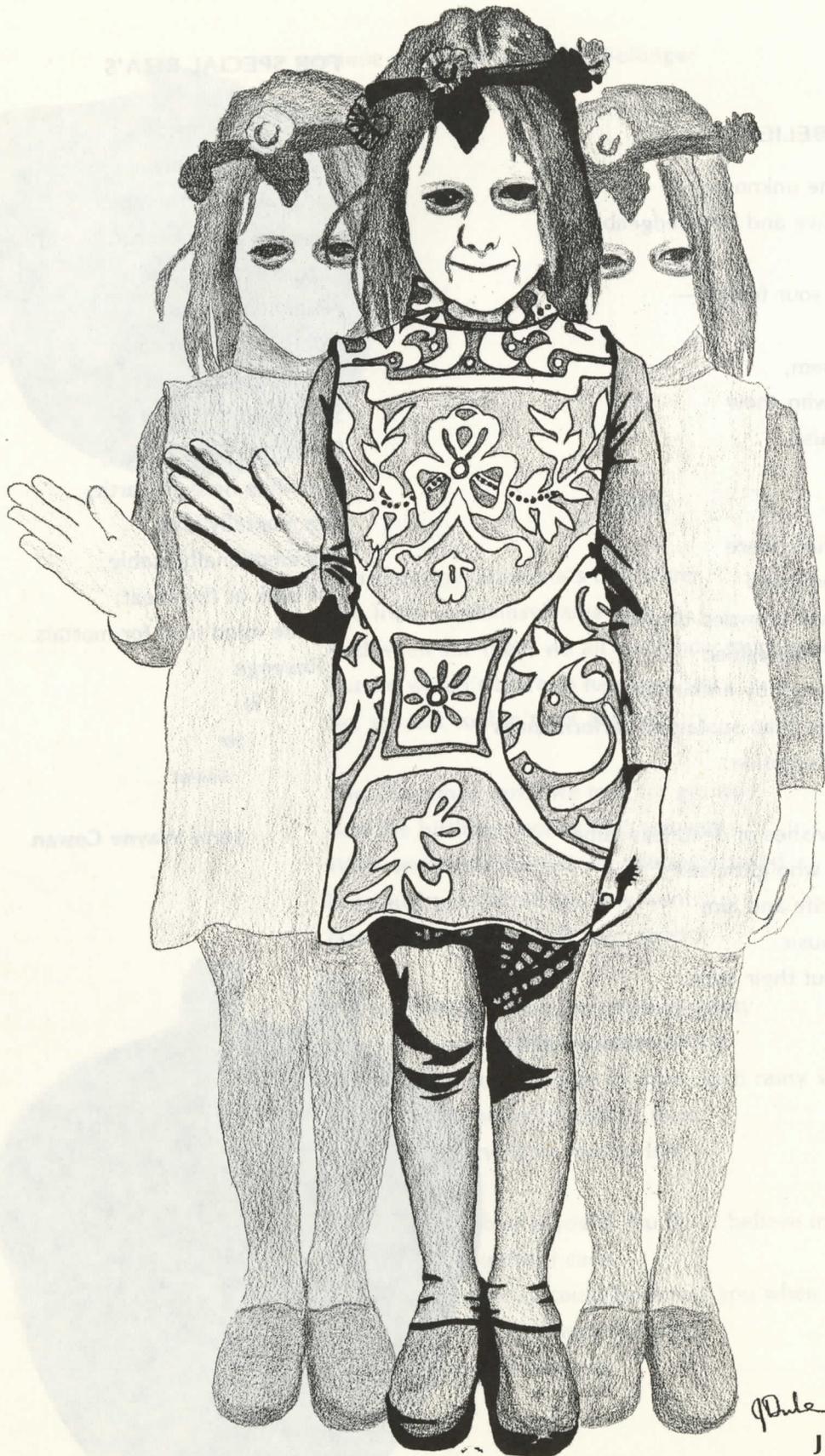
so

sweet...

Jerry Wayne Cowan



ceramic sculpture by Jackie Bollinger



J. Duke

I read the first paragraph and pondered its astuteness: "Whoever said cats hate baths was a smart man. Cats simply do not like baths."

This was certainly true; no argument there. I read on: "...This is a tragic thing, for a bath can be a lot of fun for a cat since cats are such scrupulously clean animals."

Agreed that cats are clean animals, but a bath fun? How ridiculous! Of all the cats I've been acquainted with, I have never met one who actually enjoyed a bath. This article was beginning to sound too radical for me.

Who says

cats hate baths?

a feature by Merry Lynn Starling

"The reason cats don't like baths isn't due to some flaw in their nature—it's because humans, over the years, have butchered the art of bathing a cat."

I pondered the meaning of this. The article was actually saying that a cat could enjoy a bath if the bath is administered correctly...If this were true, the horizons were infinite for cat lovers! Imagine the hours cats and cat lovers could spend together! Radical? Yes, but exciting!

I eagerly read on: "When was the last time you took a bath out in the yard in a plastic bucket? It's not too much fun for people, so why do cat owners think it's the only place for bathing a cat? Before the actual bath for the cat starts, it's wise to chose a proper location. And the yard in a plastic bucket isn't it."

The shrewdness utterly astounded me! All the years I struggled to cleanse my cats of fleas and dirt...

Clutching my copy of **The Cat's Claw**, I raced out to find Shasta, my calico cat. Informing her that she was about to get a bath the new way, I got my first clue that she wasn't exactly overjoyed about the whole thing: she scratched me.

Overlooking this indiscretion on her part, I read the next part of the bath story to her, hoping to gain her confidence: "The ideal location for a bath, obviously, is the bathroom. In the tub."

Naturally Shasta and I went into the bathroom and I read her the part I like best: "Now you're ready to introduce the cat to her new pastime—taking a bath."

Again Shasta disagreed somewhat and struggled violently when I began running the water. Suddenly I noticed the next paragraph: "Any quiet form of life such as a cat automatically shies away from loud noises. But what does this have to do with the bath? Pretend you're a cat for a moment and listen to the faucet in the tub running full blast. It sounds like Niagara Falls..Immediately the cat is scared and

starts fighting."

Yes, this was definitely the situation, so I turned down the water to a trickle. Shasta obliged and quieted down.

"Now the problem facing most people is getting the cat into the tub. Immediately a picture of a writhing, screaming, clawing cat is conjured up, and the reason for this follows: Watch the average person put the cat into the water. He grabs the cat and dunks it into the water, usually head first. How rude! The cat needs time to adjust to the water temperature just like people do. Gently stroke the cat, placing first its paws, then tail, then body into the water, slowly dousing its head with a little more water to let the cat adjust to the new feeling. Ever jumped into a swimming pool with a fur coat on? It's not much fun at first..."

I read this part twice, but Shasta had a harder time than most adjusting to the new feeling. In fact, she never quite did...

"So the cat is in the water, but we all know the cat usually jumps straight up, clawing your face, to streak out of the bathroom unless one has a FIRM grip on the cat's neck. But here again, picture what the average person is doing at this particular point in time. Red-faced, irate and frustrated, he is yelling 'YOU DUMB CAT! GET YOUR ASS IN THAT WATER OR I'M GONNA KILL YOU, YOU DUMB

ANIMAL! NOW GET BACK IN THAT WATER, DAMN YOU! Who wouldn't be screeching and scratching after this barrage? As you gently put the cat's paws into the water, you should also be crooning soothingly: 'Now honey baby kitty, it's gonna be just fine when we get that dirty old fur all nice and clean and doesn't that just feel so nice...?' What cat could resist? Actually, when you're speaking to the cat in that tone of voice, she has no reason to be afraid and will naturally relax."

Well, some cats are just smarter than others, because when I started the "Now honey baby kitty" routine, the only effect it had on her was a strange look which could have been interpreted as "Have you lost your mind?"



(By this time, I was beginning to wonder if she was correct in her assumption.)

Grabbing the Kitty Klean I continued my educational reading: "But here is where most people have a tendency to slip up and ruin the whole enjoyable thing. Shampoo belongs on the fur, not in the eyes, so take care to lather the cat gently and not roughly like a rug. Next follow the same procedure as introducing the cat to the water: spoon handfuls of water over the cat's fur to rinse out the soap, again taking care not to slosh soap into the cat's delicate eyes. So the cat is having a great time and isn't ready to panic at the slightest move."

The cat is having a great time, huh? Somebody, either the cat or the author of the bath story, definitely had not done all the necessary research...

"So the bath is practically over. The cat is washed, rinsed and ready to come out. But the problem is, how do you get the cat out? Again, conjure up a picture of stepping out of the tub, cold and shivering, uncomfortable and wet. Cats are the same. So instead of jerking it out of the water and saying, 'Okay cat, it's over,' first make sure the room is cozy and warm. Have a big towel handy to wrap around the cat. Gently lift it out of the tub,

wrapping the towel around it to fluff the ears and tail."

Ah, this part should be easy. I gently lifted Shasta out of the tub and wrapped her in a towel. An idea hit me. Why not speed up the process by using my low-watt blow dryer? That way she wouldn't have to endure being wet but a short time!

I took my hair dryer out of the cabinet and plugged it in. Gently clutching Shasta, I turned the dryer on. That was my second mistake of the day. (My first was starting the whole ordeal...)

As soon as the dryer started, Shasta went straight in the air, taking half my face as she went, and catching the other half on her way down. I lunged for her, trying to miss the clawing swipes, but as I couldn't see too well for the pain, I missed. She took a flying leap out of the bathroom, scattering the rug, the Kitty Klean, the towel, the hair dryer, and of course, me.

Later as I sat in the hospital being treated for distemper, cat scratch fever, shock and a variety of other maladies, I recalled that I hadn't finished the conclusion of the bath article. When I got home I picked it up to see how the author fared: "Now the ordeal is over. See? No scratched face, no clawed arms, no wrecked bathroom, just a clean, happy cat. Now who says that cats hate baths..."

Who indeed? The cat came out okay, but what about me? A \$68 doctor bill, scratched face, arms, legs, broken hair dryer...Who says cats hate baths? Not me, but I know this for sure—the cat has the easy end of the deal—she doesn't have to GIVE the bath! ●



I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET A SAINT, BUT NEVER DID

Mama used to read to us from the Bible when we were young,
and we listened as children, until one day my sister strayed,
and my brother soon followed.
I stayed at home listening to Mama read.

We've all grown older. My sister and brother have come back,
but now I'm gone, and
I don't think I'll ever return.
Mama turn off the light.

Andrew Vassar

ARTIST

Like the paint on your palette,
you paint your life.

Gray, that deep darkness,
separates and spreads from
the depths of black to a
light.

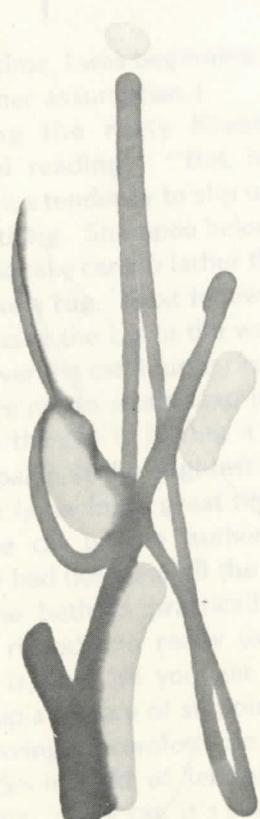
No lines connect, only colors.

A woman, a figure disjointed, undecided
loud, aggressive.

Red, edged in orange hate.
Bitter head on violent sticks.

One bright place, deep down,
only in your eyes.

Deronda Worley



The Sun and Moon did call for love; they called the
beggars three,
Around the town she walked with care but always to
be free;
A foreigner, came she to call on those she wished
to know,
When she to him her star did pass, the others knew
their show,
Fey be she the town did cry with arms outstretched
to God
For she had joined the ranks of sin, and carried the
golden rod.

Outcast be she for we all fear the wrath of
Mister Sam
Care she not for others time, and closed as
tight the dam.

Then she met the cares of life, for burdens had she
none,
They called and spoke true words of rhyme and ran in
time to run;
When only those did care for her and washed her
every wound,
Then Pan did stop and seeing this, he too began to
swoon;
"A Brother's love," says she, "is worth the time it
takes to give;
Hear these words of life, my friend, and you will
truly live."

T.M. Kirby



TRAVELER

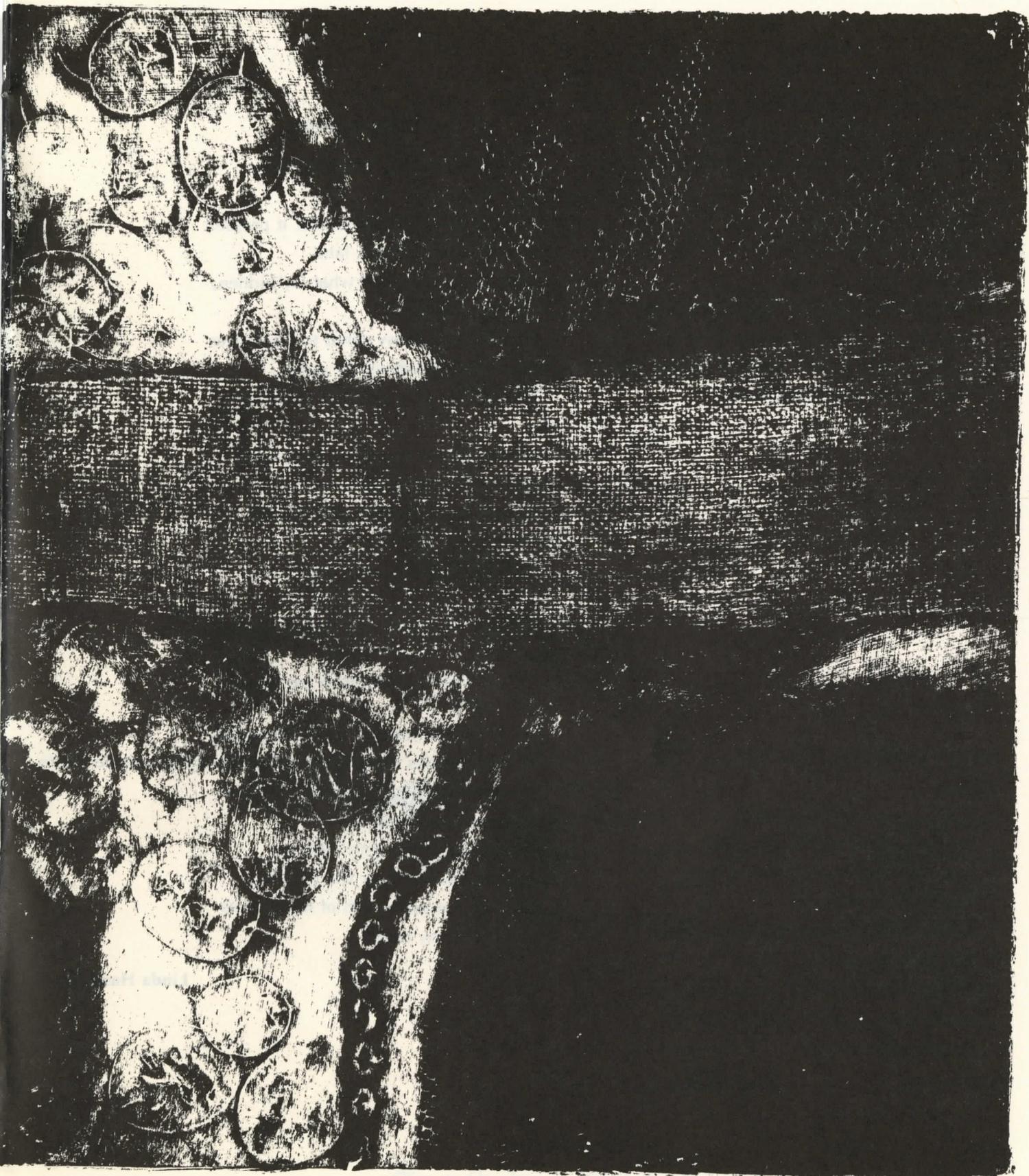
Further in the sense that mattered
most to the traveler
sunsets and day break
come as a prowling pride of lions
awaiting the appearance.
Under these beginning skies
he and they roam the plains
day after day
driven by the golden brush

to the edge of the water.
Music and the women bathing—
the high sun and wind
softly stroke their waves of laughter
back into the grit/carousing with each other
again but blacker than before.
This he witnessed and wrote
in his memory for he carried no mirror
he even washes in darkness his face of ice.

John Trageser



"SILLY DOLLAR"



Pat Cathey

COLLAGE 35

FUTILITY

The present is but an empty sieve
Thru which have run
In glittering and transient handfuls
The sands of the past.
The future spreads
Like an unknown beach
Waiting for us to come
With our absurd little shovels and pails.
I would run to that beach at dawn
If I thought I could find but one pebble
That would catch in the sieve.

CAM

Some people sing in the shower;
I cry.
In my private isolation booth
I cry out all the loneliness of the night
And the warm, sympathetic water
Rushes to comfort me.
Surrounded by its murmuring caresses
My tears are lost
My sobs are hidden in the gurgling flow
Secretly I'm cleansed outside and in
For one more day.

Sarah Thompson

THE RETURN

As I stood looking up at the dark,
grey cliffs,
And noticed the shadow that it pressed
against the once golden land,
I wondered to myself what lay hidden,
above the silent rock.

And so I began my climb to the higher
glories where shadows are never.

The climb was weary, but I pressed
on,

For the very top was my goal, and
nothing could detain me.

At long last I crawled over the last
boulder,

And stood upon my victory.

But alas, I could not see when looking
up or out,

For the clouds were much too dense
for any sight.

But when I turned my gaze downward,
all of the beauties of the earth unfolded within a golden haze.

That glorious place which I could see
was where I once had been;

So with one great leap I left my
throne, and took off for the ground,

And felt the great rush of freedom as
I returned to my home.

Linda Hastings

Collage

EDITOR

Robin Freeman

ART EDITOR

BJ Peer

POETRY EDITOR

Johnny Hunter

PROSE EDITORS

Christie Brookhart

Amy Lynch

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Holly Freeman

STAFF

Gail Galyon

Donna Posey

Billy Douglas

Ann Hittinger

Larry Beasley

Vicki Williamson

PRODUCTION

Merry Lynn Starling

This publication is distributed free of charge and is not to be sold.

