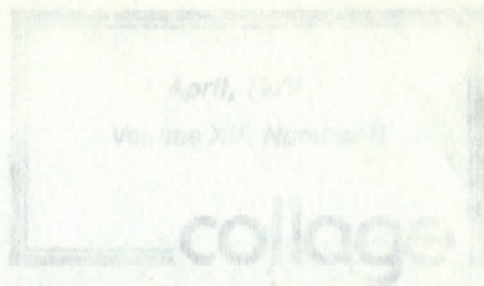


Collage for Spring



*Inside front cover photograph by Kathy Appling
Collage poem by Jackie Gearhart*

a collage
of human emotions
that an artist
blended together—
feelings
floating here, there;
colors
scattered abstractly
or hidden away
in handwritten obscurity,
now become one.



Collage for Spring is the creative magazine of Middle Tennessee State University in Murfreesboro. Published once a year, the magazine features fiction, poetry, art, photos and design by MTSU students, faculty, staff and alumni.

Established originally as a supplement to yearbooks, the student newspaper, and magazine has developed its own identity by telling its history, indicating trends in the future and honoring the past. Most recently, Collage was named a first class magazine by the Associated Collegiate Press and second place winner in the 1976 Region XII State of Tennessee competition sponsored by the State of Tennessee, Columbus, Tennessee, TN.

Materials published in Collage do not necessarily reflect the official opinion of the University, its students, faculty, staff, or administration. All materials appearing in the magazine are printed with the consent of the contributors, who are solely responsible for the content of material.

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Address all inquiries to Collage, Box 27, Middle Tennessee State University, Murfreesboro, TN 37132.



Photograph by Julia Gesch

April, 1979

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collage

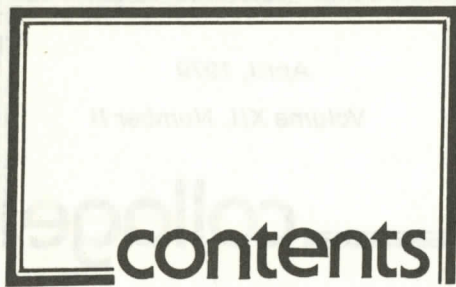
Collage for Spring is the creative magazine of Middle Tennessee State University in Murfreesboro. Published once each semester, *Collage* includes non-fiction, fiction, poetry, art, photos and design by MTSU students, faculty, staff and alumni.

Established originally as a supplement to *Sidelines*, the student newspaper, the magazine has developed its own identity during its history. Indicative of this are the awards and honors *Collage* has received. Most recently, *Collage* was named a first class magazine by the Associated Collegiate Press and second place winner in the 1978 Region XII Mark of Excellence competition sponsored by the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi.

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The second act of the *Collage* experience is set to begin with this, our last issue of the year, *Collage for Spring*.

And, quite frankly, we feel we have surpassed the quality of our first effort which made its debut last November.

We learn through our mistakes, it has been said, and the adage holds true in the case of the editorial staff. We analyzed our actions and decisions (and the mistakes we made) in order to present a new and improved product this month.

A look at the things inside will prove to you that we saw our mistakes. Our design has been modified to give our magazine a more consistent physical appearance and more fiction and photographs were included because our readers have said that is what they want most.

"Gotta Dance!," a profile of members of the MTSU Performing Arts Company, shows the agony and ecstasy of the dance in both words and pictures. "Gallery" is a special section featuring provocative photos and art by some very talented visual thinkers on campus.

Two of the top news anchorpersons in Nashville television, Anne Holt and Lonnie Lardner, fall under the spotlight in a story called appropriately enough, "Anne and Lonnie—Nashville's Top Newswomen."

According to "The Writing on the Walls," a look at graffiti on campus, student writing is not confined to the three student publi-

cations at MTSU.

Tennessee College for Women is the subject of "Like One Big Sorority," a look back at the college which was once a part of life in Murfreesboro.

The personal and emotional story of senior Matt McKnight is told in "Viet Nam: One Who Came Home." McKnight tells of his experiences and his attitudes toward the war in this gripping account.

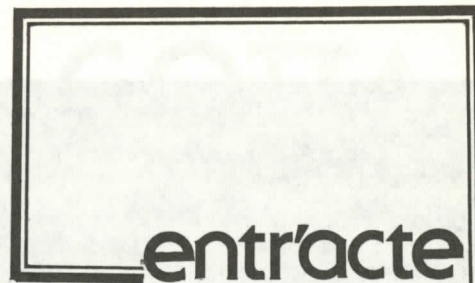
Fiction plays another important role in *Collage for Spring* with a group of entertaining works.

Dennis Deming's "Working Women" tells of Gus, an aging con man, and his efforts to "work" a woman—for the first time. Mary Ann Richard's "Miss Gaunt and the Sociable Disease" is about a mental hospital inmate and her fantasies. Three brief works of prose are also included in the magazine and are as different as the persons who created them.

Henry Fennell's "I Know What You Mean..." is about something every student on campus can identify with—a typical outing to have lunch in the grill.

Fennell's story served as the inspiration for a "bored game for MTSU students," *A Day in the Life*. Rules and suggestions for playing are included with the game board, designed by art editor Donna Wilson.

"Images" is a collection of works from the creative writing class. By including these pieces, the editors hope to encourage participation in



the class which is being offered this semester for the first time in several years.

But poetry is not restricted to those two pages only. A wide range of works were submitted by a variety of individuals and with pleasure *Collage* presents the best of those efforts.

"A Commentary for *Collage*" focuses on the lack of a woman or a non-Caucasian counselor in the University's guidance and counseling center.

Photographically and artistically, *Collage for Spring* lives up to its predecessors with an attractive collection of works, ranging from a photograph of a kitten in a shoe by Cheryl Montgomery to a charcoal portrait by Randy York.

"The Collage Helpful Handbook for Dedicated Discoers" makes its debut in this issue with discussion of such topics as clothes, hairstyles, jewelry, cruising and conversation for the disco included. It's a lot of fun and we're sure you'll enjoy getting down with us.

But remember, you don't just read *Collage*, you experience it! That is the premise upon which the editorial staff based its assumption that this year's *Collage* would be of the highest quality possible.

We hope we have succeeded, but it's up to you to let us know. We look forward to your comments, criticisms, compliments and complaints.



Photograph by Kathy Appling



Photograph by Patricia Casey-Daley

GOTTA DANCE!

By Jeff Ellis

It has been said that before there was life, there was dance.

Devotees of the art form will argue that two atoms bouncing off one another is dance in the most primitive sense, thus their claim that dance preceded human life.

In February the members of the MTSU Performing Arts Company, an ensemble of some fifty student dancers, brought the Dramatic Arts Auditorium alive with their concert of the dance.

But in order to present the one performance, almost three months of intensive rehearsals were required of the dancers. During the last month of fall semester, members began to prepare for the concert with exchanges of ideas and music. January brought with it weekly rehearsals and the few weeks just prior to the concert meant daily practices for the dancers.

Grace and beauty of performance tend to overshadow the blood, sweat and tears expended by the dancers. The applause, said one dancer, makes it all worth it.

The lyrics of "Broadway Rhythm" hold true today, just as they did many years ago—the members of the MTSU Performing Arts Company "gotta dance!"



Photograph by Kathy Appling



Photograph by Patricia Casey-Daley

DANCE!

Although liking to dance does not a dancer make, it is essential that one possess an affinity for the dance. It is evident that members of the MTSU dance ensemble possess such a feeling—they love to dance.

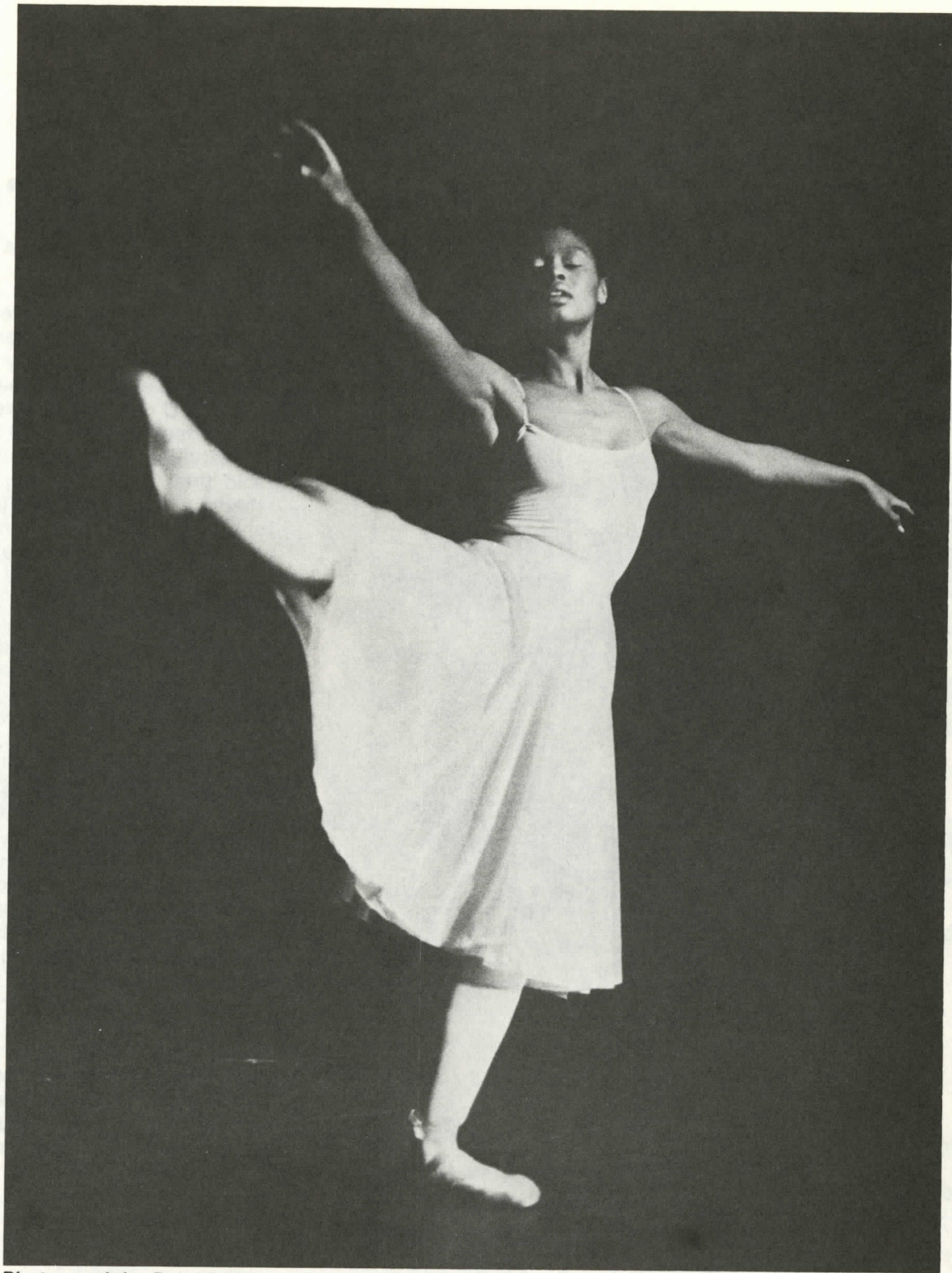
Patty Barrett, a Nashville senior, said that to her “dance is like a therapy.” She explained that when she is particularly low mood, she dances to raise her spirits.

J.J. Jones, president of the company who will soon leave for New York to begin study with the Alvin Ailey dance ensemble, said that dance is “A wonderful feeling.”

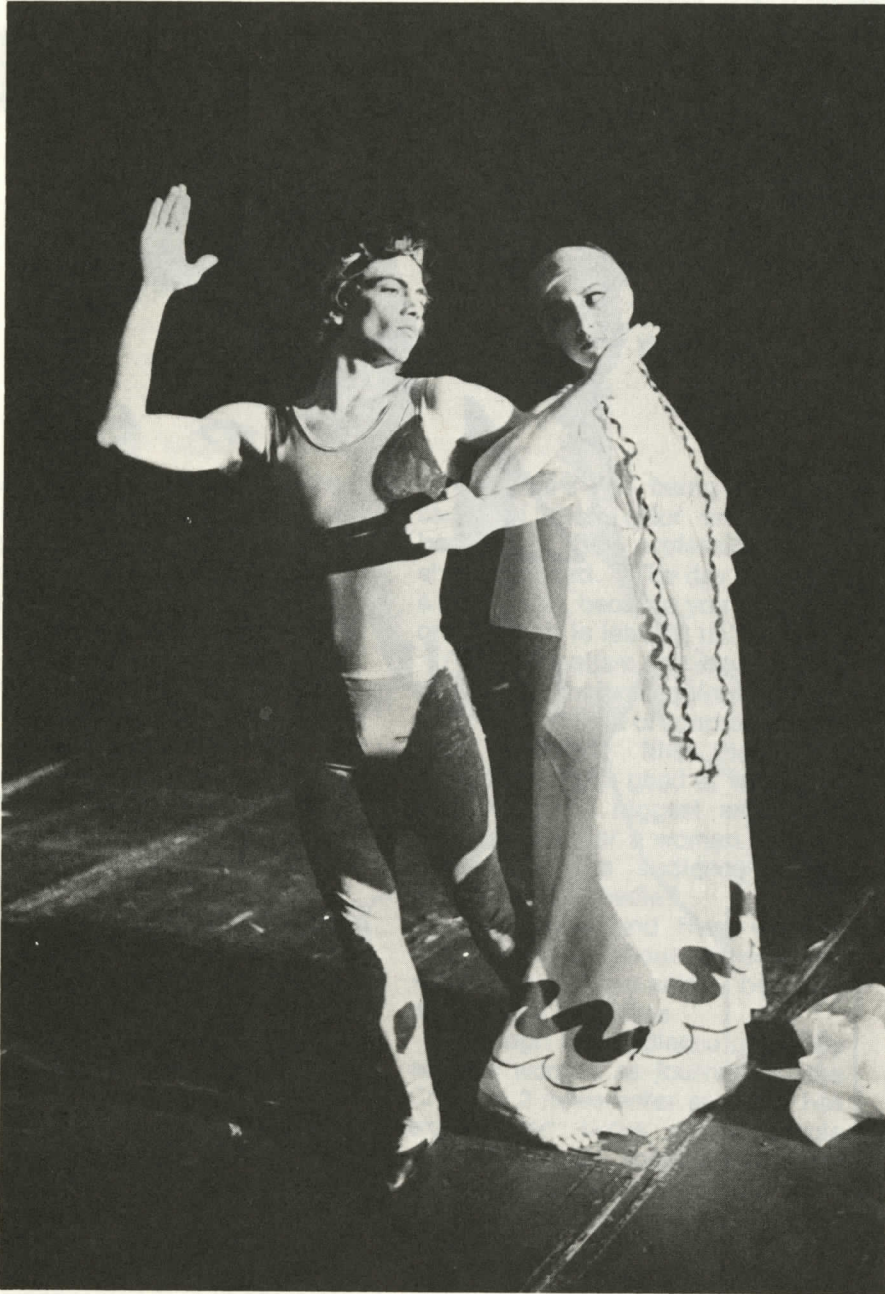
Training plays an extremely important role in dance, according to members of the troupe. Barrett started dancing when she was only six years old and has danced intermittently since then. Now 21, Barrett has a total of seven years training in ballet and looks forward to a career as a professional dancer.

Patricia Harris, a former member of the ensemble, had no previous dance training before becoming interested during her college career. Since that time she has studied in California and briefly with Phil Black in Manhattan.

After studying with Black, Harris said, “I had no idea I could do it,” in regard to the rigorous training



DANCE!



Photograph by Patricia Casey-Daley

dancers go through there. The major difference, she pointed out, is that often too much time is wasted in dance classes here (at MTSU.) "In New York, that was not allowed under any circumstances," she said.

Jazz is Harris' favorite type of dance. "You can move to the music more. In ballet, you have to concentrate more on the technical aspects and since I don't have that much background in ballet, it's more difficult for me," she explained.

"A lot of physical agility is vital to the dance, just as it is in football or basketball," Jones said. "Dancers have to train just as hard as professional athletes. It takes a lot of endurance to dance."

Kent Bradford, a former member of the company now studying in London, agreed: "Most people don't realize how difficult it is for a guy to do a high kick or the splits; it takes a lot of workouts. When you're finally able to do it, there is a tremendous sense of accomplishment."

Jones' chances of becoming a professional dancer have brightened considerably since he auditioned for the Ailey company, which was described by Anne Holland as one of the more prestigious dance ensembles in the world.

"It takes a lot of determination to do it (become a professional dancer)," Jones explained. □



Anne and Lonnie - Nashville's Top Newswomen

How they got to where they are today

By Jerry Williamson

When you combine excellence, professionalism, dedication and beauty you have two of the greatest prospects in the field of broadcast journalism: Anne Holt of WNGE-Channel Two and Lonnie Lardner of WSM-Channel Four in Nashville.

Anne and Lonnie have sought to prove that women are equal to men in the field of journalism and have set forth on a path which women in the future would do well to follow.

How and why did they get to where they are today? This is their story.

"I like for a man to open the door for me and send me flowers," Anne Holt said, "but at the same time I will ask a man out and pay for it."

The anchorperson explained that she was not an avid women's libber, but rather one who wants to be treated with respect and equality simultaneously.

"I believe women deserve equal pay and the same benefits for doing the same job," she proclaimed.

With her impeccable diction, Anne emphasized that she is satisfied that women are now being accepted in the field of journalism.

"People are not being hired because of their color or sex, but because of their professionalism," she contended. "The day of getting a job simply because you are black or a woman is leaving us."

Professionalism and expertise are two of the major requirements for entering the field of journalism and Anne certainly fills those two categories. "I'm good at what I do and that's my biggest asset—not that I'm black or a woman."

But will the audience accept women in the media?

"Every now and then we will hear a comment about women in the newsroom," Anne said, "but they are usually just jokes."

Although the audience generally accepts women as journalists, the Channel 2 newscaster said she has experienced times when people would insist on speaking to male journalists instead of women.

As anchorperson for WNGE's 10 o'clock report, Anne has the chance she always dreamed of—being under the lights and in front of a camera.

"I've always wanted to be a

movie star," she said, eyes sparkling. "Acting is just so interesting."

She said she eventually realized there was no way to pursue a lucrative career in acting and that was when she turned to the field of broadcast journalism.

Although Anne has not made it to Broadway or Hollywood, she has made it to Nashville, home of one of the nation's largest media markets.

"I came to Nashville because it gave me a chance to grow and learn and since I've been here I have learned many things. There was a time when I thought all I wanted to do was to anchor the news," she conceded. "I just had to learn to like reporting because you can't separate reporting and anchoring."

The newsstar said she had no aspirations or secret desires to become part of the network system or to go to New York or any other large market.

"I'm the 'big fish in a small pond' kind of person," she laughed. "I want to be big, but I still want to have time for my family and children when I have them. I

Anne and Lonnie

also want time for myself."

But that is not the only reason Anne has no desire for the "big time."

"I chose not to tolerate that hassle," she said, "I can live without that."

If one wanted to trace Anne's roots, they would find themselves going to Henning, the west Tennessee home of *Roots* author Alex Haley's ancestors.

Anne left her hometown after graduation from high school and traveled to east Tennessee where she enrolled in the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, where she majored in speech and theatre.

After receiving a job at a television station in Knoxville, Anne realized that she was in the field of her chosen career.

She worked in Knoxville for three and one half years.

Her experience was varied: she was a reporter, weather girl and photographer. But that's not all. Anne also anchored a noon newscast once a week and also anchored a mini news insert.

"I reached a point in Knoxville where I wasn't learning anything," she said, "and then I was asked to come here and work as a reporter in 1973."

It didn't take long for the management to take notice of the professionalism and knowledge that Anne possesses. Within four months, she was promoted to co-anchor of the 10 o'clock news broadcast.

"I have had a chance to learn a lot about reporting and anchoring since I've come to Nashville," Anne said.

Filling the shoes of Opra Winfrey, the first black woman anchor in Nashville, is Anne's goal.

"Opra was a wonderful newscaster and a lot of people compare me to her," Anne revealed. "I can't let my audience down.

"Women, especially black women, have such a good reputation in Nashville that I have a lot of shoes to fill."

Since it is expected of her to be, not only good, but better than other newscasters, Anne will work harder than ever to fulfill that expectation. work harder than ever to fulfill that expectation.



Being relaxed and comfortable while broadcasting the news is very important, especially to Lonnie Lardner at WSM-Channel Four.

Lonnie said she likes to feel at home with her audience and make them feel she is talking to them personally.

But the attractive young journalist has her own way of feeling comfortable while on the air. "I do the newscast barefoot," she confessed.

"It's a performance everywhere. We are being invited to the people's homes and our personalities and general attitudes are either going to be accepted or not," she said.

"It's a privilege to be invited into the homes of the people," she added.

Lonnie views her job both as a performance and as a work of art. "We are creating an artistic way to carry a message," she emphasized. "It's important that my message blend in all the different aspects of the news so that the people will stay with me."

Although she said she felt her job is a performance, Lonnie does not view herself as a star.

"My duties as a reporter are not like those of someone else with another job," she observed. "I'm not going out as a celebrity. I go out to gather the news and inform the people."

Lonnie said she feels her job is important because the people rely on her to convey the news that they would not see in any common day. She went on to say that for whatever reason people watch her, she feels they deserve a good performance.

"If people watch me because they think I'm a star that's okay, but I'm out to communicate with them so they may understand," she said.

Concerning women in the media, Lonnie said she believes in equal pay for women who take on the same jobs as men.

But is she a women's libber? "I wouldn't consider myself a strong libber," she answered.

She continued that people should not rely on their sex or race to get them a job. "Anyone can prove himself by the work he does during the day," she said. "Sometimes women may have to push a little harder, but that may be done without losing femininity."

"I am not against being feminine," she admitted, "there's nothing against being feminine and business-like at the same time."

She added that she felt that women are not now being discriminated against as they once were.

"It's a perfect time for women in the media, probably better than for men," she noted. "More and more there is an obvious need for women in the field of journalism. I don't think there are any boundaries now."

But how is she treated by her peers? According to Lonnie, everyone is treated the same at WSM. "If you do your job, you are respected," she said.

Lonnie went on to say that women in broadcasting have somewhat of an advantage over the men because there are some stories that women can get better than men. "Out on the streets, I would say that women have a better chance than men," she argued.

What is her typical day like?

She begins her day at 6 a.m. when she jogs 2 miles, because she said it makes her more aware and alert during the day.

Lonnie arrives at WSM at 8:30 a.m. and begins gathering information for stories on her medical beat.

At 9 a.m. she and the staff have a meeting to discuss new story ideas and to critique the last news cast. "I find this very helpful, because if you are not made aware of your mistakes, you will never improve," she said.

After the meeting, WSM's anchor takes to the streets to tape her stories and then returns to the station in order to meet her 4:30 p.m. deadline.

From 4:30 till 5:30 Lonnie said she does her makeup and styles her hair.

At 5:50 she begins rehearsing her script. "I don't always get the chance to practice as much as I would like, but there's just not enough time," she admitted.

Lonnie said she got where she is today because she has experience, which she attributes to dedication. "You have got to be willing to work," she stressed.

She graduated from the University of Denver after which she furthered her education in France, studying art and French.

After returning from France, Lonnie obtained a job with NBC as a tour guide. Then she began writing for NBC and later became a researcher there.

Lonnie taped a segment for NBC which was passed on to a talent scout, which resulted in her hiring at KARK in Little Rock, Arkansas. After working at KARK for six months, Lonnie was asked to join the news staff at WSM and "I jumped at the chance; it was the greatest thing for me."

But Lonnie said she has no immediate desire of leaving Nashville for the "big time" in the near

future. "I'd like to stay here for a while because this is the greatest news team," she said, "but eventually I would like to anchor at a large market."

In her own view, she has now made it to the "big time." Nashville is a great market for her field, she said, and she feels that all the work she has done has been worth it.

"It's worth the time and trouble," she reflected. "It's worth being a gofer or copy person to get where you want to get—you have to be willing to work."

Lonnie takes pride in her work. When she walks into the studio for her newscast, one can see the professionalism she radiates. Almost before she knows it she hears:

"Five-four-three-two-one and you're on."

"Good evening, I'm Lonnie Lardner and in tonight's news..." □





'Working' Women

By Dennis Deming

The old fart was crafty, but he was old, too old. He was shrewd enough to wear his best suit, an ordinary, conservative business suit, practically new and wearing well. Such a suit, respectable, yet inconspicuous, was a necessity to him. Without it he couldn't make money.

The old man's mind, the wits he lived by, had grown a little weak over too many years. That weakness showed in his eyes—their shine had disappeared. His most striking feature, however, was his nose. It was bent, broken into a dogleg shape. As a young man he had been hit in the nose with a bat while playing in a pick up baseball game. He had never been able to decide whether his broken nose had been more of a help or a hindrance to him. Some people mistrusted him as soon as they saw it. Others seemed attracted by his homeliness, seemed more willing to trust a broken face than a flawless one. That meant a lot to him. He was a confidence man. His name was Gus.

Gus had played the confidence game for almost fifty years, but it hadn't made him rich. He could easily have made more money, but he had a conscience. In his lifetime he had taken hundreds, maybe thousands of "marks," but not one woman. Perhaps it was some out-moded chivalry, perhaps the dim memory of a mother he lost as a child, but he simply couldn't bring

himself to "work" a woman, at least not till now.

Gus had been sick lately, far too sick to work. He needed money desperately enough to forget his taboo against "gaming" women. "Hound" Lawson, a fellow con man, had once told him, "Gus, half the people in this country are women. You'll never get ahead if you cut yourself out of that many marks. The average housewife doesn't know beans about business. It's like shootin' fish in a barrel—you can't lose." Gus had begged off then, but he was hungry now.

From a window booth in a sterile coffee house, Gus watched the women go by. He paid particular attention to their clothes, their physical bearing. He hoped to find a woman whose dress and demeanor labelled her "new money."

Gus still wasn't sure what game he would use when he found his mark, but he felt sure that something would come to him. His biggest problem was his desperate need for money. There wasn't time for a lengthy scam which would pay off handsomely. He had to make a quick score with a complete stranger.

As he sipped his coffee he mumbled to himself, his words scarcely audible in the general hum of the coffee house. "You could use the scam Joe used in Sacramento. He cleaned up in three days. Just gotta remember how it worked. Was an insurance scam. The mark

was the beneficiary, but what was the hook? Hell! Forget that one."

"The lost purse scam ain't no good either. You'd need a partner for that. You got problems, Gus," he told himself.

"For damn near fifty years you've made a living preying on the greed of the man in the street, but you've never really hurt anyone. Sure, you've taken their money, but you gave them something in return. You always taught them the evils of greed," he mumbled, repeating what he'd been telling himself ever since he started in the business. He'd repeated it so often that he had actually begun to believe it himself.

"But you can't use greed now. You remember what Hal told you in Memphis in '37, 'If you're gonna play the ladies you need a good, sentimental hook. You gotta hit 'em where they live.' Hell, that's what the boys in Chicago told you, too. Make 'em cry and they'll give you their last dime."

And still the women paraded by.

"If they're greedy it's their hard luck, but taking advantage of sentiment, of the goodness of somebody's heart, that's different. It stinks, but you got no choice, Gus."

Gus shifted nervously in his seat and motioned to the waitress for a refill. When his cup was full again, he returned to watching the women go by.

"You could use the Seattle game.

'Working' Women

How'd it go? Oh yeah, head for the suburbs. Look for a house with the family's name on the mailbox. You gotta find toys in the yard, some kinda clue to tell you if a boy or girl lives there. Go by during school so the kid won't be home. You just knock on the door and when the woman answers you tell her that her child has been rushed to the hospital after an accident and you need money before the child can be admitted. You tell her that you couldn't reach her by phone, either her phone or the hospital's isn't working. If you just need fifty dollars, you tell her it's a broken leg. Massive seizures are good for \$200."

"Jesus, that's low. It's probably a real money maker, but it sure leaves a bad taste."

And still the women paraded by. Gus was beginning to get worried. He felt a little out of his element with women. He stared out the window at the dull, gray Kansas City sky. It looked like rain.

He tried and tried to remember just one scam he had come across in fifty years that would work with a woman, a scam he could live with. Hal, "Hound," the Chicago boys—a thousand faces came back, a thousand scams. Then he remembered Houston. Back in '31, when he was just beginning, Stan had been his mentor. Stan knew every game that had ever been invented and had come up with a few ones of his own.

Stan had taught him the perfect game.

"Yeah, Stan's inheritance scam is perfect. You got a hook that's half sentiment, half greed; a death in the family and a large inheritance. The only problem is you're gonna have to pull it on a complete stranger. She's gonna have to tell you her name and where she's from, not to mention a relative's name. Now if the mark has an accent," he mused, "With all the traveling you've done you'll at least be able to tell what state she's from. You can get her to tell you the rest, no sweat."

Gus had the waitress fill his cup one more time and settled back to find his mark. Most of the women he saw were ordinary enough and the ones that weren't appeared eccentric and unpredictable—far too risky. The woman he was looking for wasn't there, but Gus was patient. He waited for over an hour before he saw her.

She was on the opposite side of the street about a half a block away. She was a tall, thin woman with a naive, trusting look on her face. She moved with the unconcerned fluidity Gus had learned to look for. As soon as she saw her he knew he had found his mark.

Gus quickly paid his bill and left the coffee house following the woman at a discreet distance. As he slowly closed the gap between them the breeze picked up—humid. Finally he saw his intended victim

stop at a crosswalk. He hurried up behind her.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, startling her with a tap on her shoulder. "May I ask, what is your name?"

"Mister, I don't even know you."

"My name is Daniel Rivers. I am a private investigator on an inheritance case."

"I don't see that that has anything to do with me, Mr. Rivers. Now, if you don't mind. . ."

"Ma'am, you may well be the beneficiary of the estate I represent. I might add, it is a rather large estate," Gus said, confident that his hook would work.

"Very well, my name is Sandra Jessup."

By now Gus had pinpointed her accent. "And do you have any relatives living in Michigan, Miss Jessup?"

"Why yes, my Uncle Clifton lives in Iron City."

"My condolences, ma'am, but your Uncle Clifton passed on three days ago. He named you as his sole heir," Gus lied.

"Uncle Clifton dead? That can't be. He was always the picture of health. How'd it happen?"

"His house caught on fire. He died of smoke inhalation. As far as they could tell he didn't suffer." Gus led her across the street when the light changed. She looked a little pale, obviously shaken.

"I can't believe he's gone. And why did he leave his estate to me? I

loved him dearly, but he was always so gruff with me."

"It often happens that way," Gus explained. "He obviously knew you loved him, and he must have loved you, too. You must realize that many people find it difficult to express love openly, Miss Jessup."

"Poor Uncle Clifton," Sandra said, beginning to cry.

"You're an unusual woman, Miss Jessup. Most people ask how much they've inherited before they ask about their benefactor. I am touched by your genuine grief. It is so rare these days."

Sandra said nothing, seemingly stunned. When she didn't ask how much she had coming, Gus volunteered the information.

"Miss Jessup, your late uncle's estate totals \$79,000. I have a certified check for that amount in my hotel room. I would like to give it to you today."

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry I seem distracted, Mr. Rivers. Of course we'll do it today."

"Fine. There is, of course, the small matter of the fee for my services. It comes to \$200 for time spent locating you."

"Okay, take it out of the inheritance."

"I'm sorry, Miss Jessup, but I can't do that. The will expressly states that you must receive the full \$79,000, and I myself make it a policy to demand payment in advance in such cases. I have delivered inheritance checks to

many people, made a few rich, and gone unpaid as often as not."

"Of course. I'll be glad to pay you now, Mr. Rivers. Let's sit on this bench a minute," the counterfeit heiress said, pointing to a bus stop shelter.

Gus smiled inside as he watched the young woman, too shocked to know better, write him a check for \$200. When she handed it to him he asked, "Where shall I meet you with the inheritance check?"

"Let me show you. It's just down the block."

They walked about fifty yards along the sidewalk and stopped in front of a large and slightly run down building with a small sign proclaiming it the East Kansas City Day Care Cooperative. In the large

front window several children could be seen building a castle of wooden blocks. Sandra tapped gently on the window. Two of the children looked out at her excitedly.

"How nice," Gus said. "You work with children."

"Not exactly," Sandra said, as the two children burst through the door and leapt into her open arms. "I'd like you to meet my children, Mr. Rivers. This is Richard and this is Lisa. Say hello to Mr. Rivers, children. He's a very nice, very nice man."

Gus was already turning away. He dropped the check on the pavement. Just as he turned the corner and disappeared from sight, the dull, gray Kansas City sky was filled with rain. □



Photograph by Larkin Chumley

Rabbits

I'm a rabbit, yes a rabbit
And I played in the Garden Sea
Where I ate the cabbage, carrots,
And saw what rabbits see.
But this rabbit had a habit
That showed him things he should not see,
Above all else it showed him
Where the simple rabbits be.

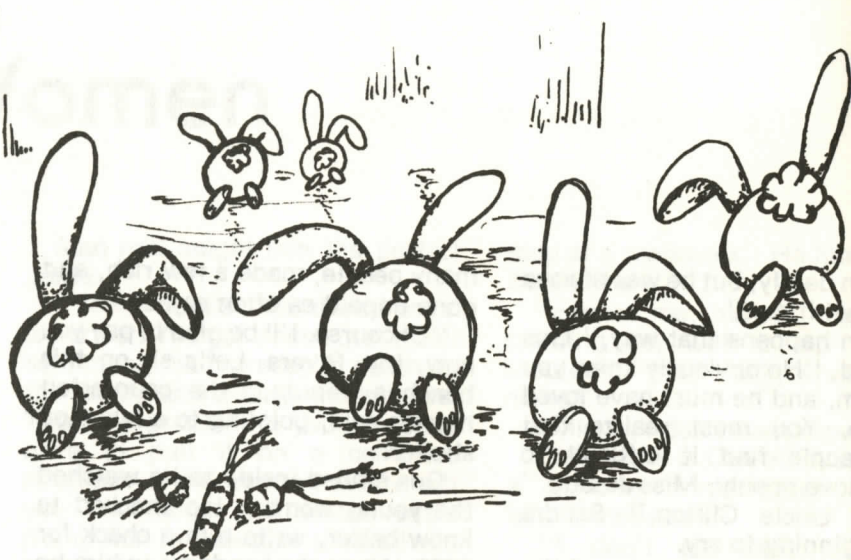
He would stare in silent wonder
At the returnings from the field
At the fat and shuffling rabbits
And what they would reveal.

"Surely there is more than this,
The problems of belly and home,
To wake each day and carve our way,
Pinned to the present, pinned to today,
Searching for comfort and pure rabbit play
If this be so, we are machine, oh no,
With nothing to say besides

'Hey, which way to where the rabbits play?'"

This rabbit, disturbed, ran to his lair
And from deep in his hole
Looked out at the night air,
And he realized how much
Alike is the the rabbits' view
And the one he had here. . .

20 A channelled view, oh what to do?



There it was so clear to him
As the coyotes' howl and the bitter wind,
And this rabbit knew he'd knocked down the wall,
That kept rabbits rabbits or rabbits at all.
But for rabbits to see what poor rabbits be
Releases the floods of rabbit sanity.
And this rabbit ran from rabbit door to rabbit door,
Breaking rabbitry traditions
With the knowledge that he bore,
And every little rabbit stared in dismay,
For they never understood a simple
Thing he tried to say.
They shook their heads, shook
Their heads, and went back to rabbit beds
Dreaming of a Garden Sea,
Where cabbage, carrots was all there be,
Eaten by fat rabbits with rabbit sanity.

And now this rabbit stays in his lair,
Never venturing out into the rabbits' air,
Nor playing in the Garden Sea
Where rabbits eat, and rabbits be,
For he doesn't see what rabbits see,
And he knows, he knows what simple rabbits be, while he's
Captured forever in his new insanity.

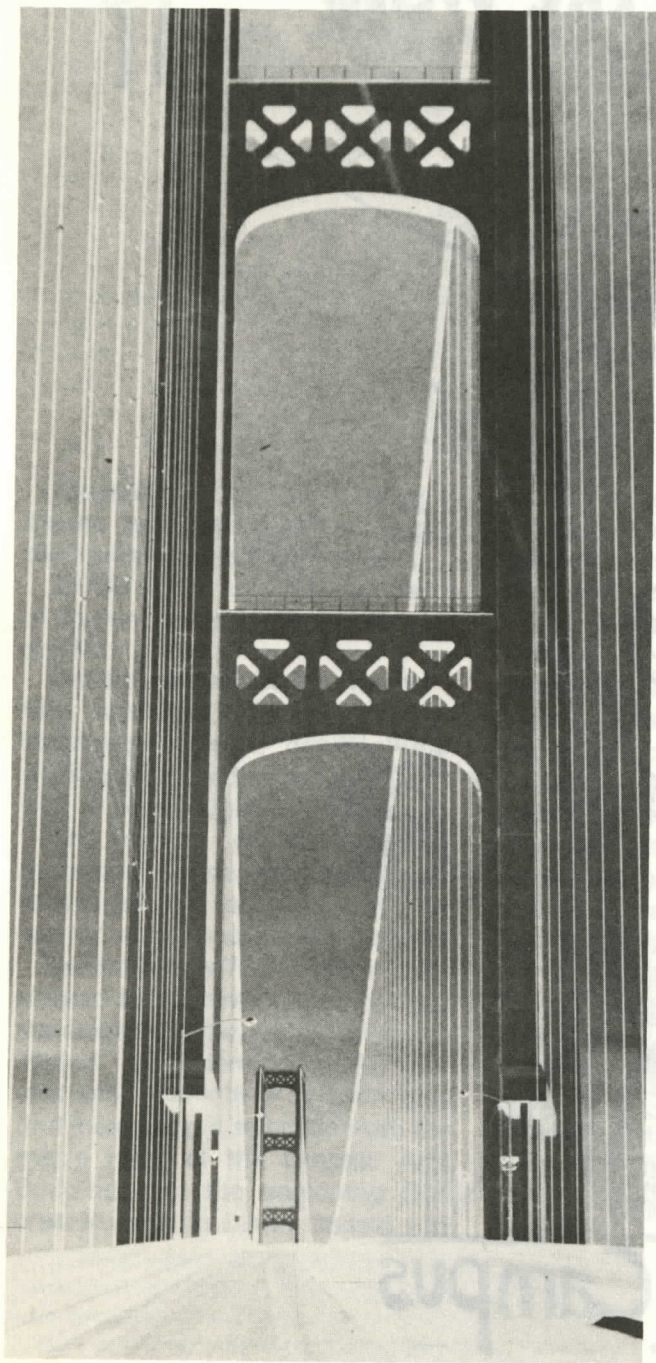
by William Fitzhugh

Staircases Down

The rider and horse move
Instinctively, almost
Poetically through the background of the grey-filled city,
Where around, the shrill of broken
Laughter bounces along the
Walls, those
Built by the pragmatism of
Our time, gleaming in mediocrity,
Cornered in a section of mankind's dream.
The city sidewalks, with their
Place as the footsteps echo,
Cracking in sheer reflections,
Lead to Staircases Down,
Where boredom shakes the
City's children to the tears of insignificance,
Trapped beings, the essence of
Our times and of our Minds.
Puposeless dandelions
Growing wild, so wild
In the forest of steel,
Desperate in its growth,
Devastating in its limitations,
Perpetuating the desires to
Comfort what can't be comforted,
The evolution of a new sanity.
The horse and rider moved
Into the center of a busy
Traffic section
And the blinkers on the horse
Unthoughtfully fall away,
Presenting an unknown, incomprehensible world,
One the horse could feel, yet never
Understand, for its very
Complexity governed his own limitations.
The horse pitifully faded into
A nervous breakage,
Collapsing with horns blowing and,
Anxious, Irritated Humanity hollering,
"What's the matter with that animal?!"

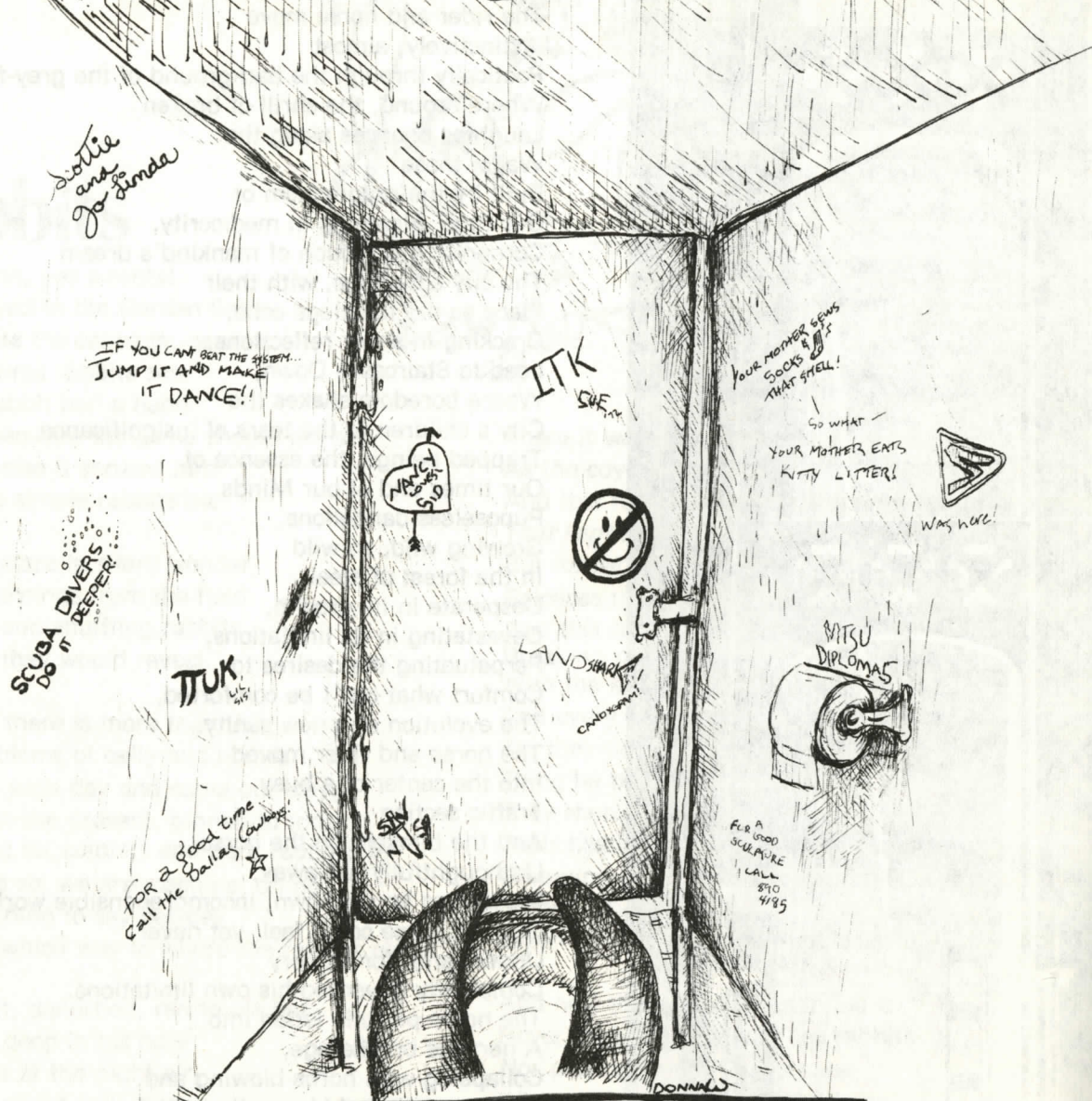
Oh irony, irony, such blissful Irony. . . .

by William Fitzhugh



Photograph by Fred Schwoebel

The Writing on the Wall:



Graffiti on Campus

The Writing on the Walls

Graffiti on Campus

By Logan Demonbreun

Student writing at MTSU is by no means restricted to the three student publications on campus.

MTSU walls hold an abundance of student creativity in the form of graffiti.

Graffiti, as defined by Webster's New American Dictionary, is "an inscription, slogan, drawing, etc. crudely scratched or scribbled on a wall or other public place."

The writing on the wall is, therefore, a fine example of the talents of the persons attending and/or working at the University.

Graffiti at MTSU, when considered for its anthropological and sociological value, is an arresting subject for scientific study. For example, students of religion may find interesting a selection from the men's room of the Graphic Arts Building: "In the beginning God created graphics. And Donald Hill

gave him a -1 for neatness," a biting, yet loving, remark directed toward a well-known University professor.

The sexual leanings of persons on campus can also be determined simply by reading the walls. Consider this example: "Looking for a girl? I'm a pimp and my best girl's name is ——— (sorry, but propriety forces deletion of the girl's name). If you are interested call ——— (no phone numbers are allowed either) and I will make arrangements."

In the realm of sexual philosophy, we have "Virginity is like a bubble. One prick and it's gone." Various kinky sexual habits are alluded to by the writing on the walls, but we seek not to cater to the prurient interests of the huddled masses.

Animosities between independent students and their Greek

counterparts are also evident in a study of restroom walls. "Join a fraternity and buy your friends," from an independent is countered by a Greek who writes, "Greeks do it better." The score remains tied.

Humor and its subtleties are represented in such choice selections as "Elvis Costello is not a tribute"; "Any relation to 'Coe Porter or 'coe' cuts?"; and the ever-popular "You and whose army?"

Although these few examples by no means constitutes the complete findings of an in-depth anthropological or sociological study, they do point out that perhaps the three publications' editors go the wrong route when seeking new writers for their staffs.

All they have to do is go to the bathroom. □

The One Man Speaks to the Two Who Listen

By William Fitzhugh

We are here virtually trapped but everybody is essentially in the same position. Even those with all the money they could ever spend, well they're trapped, caught with us in this human dilemma.

Their entrapment is just on a different economic level than ours. Their thoughts, and even the dreams you'd find are not so different from ours. But these odds that have placed us three together on this dirty city street sidewalk, in a world of millions, in a universe of infinitely incomprehensible distances where galaxies exist in undoubted millions, must surely be a trillion to one. Odds that high against our very presence have been defeated in a sense, and an incredible amount of luck, if that's what one might wish to term it, responsible for us being here at all.

And our good fortune is not just a mistake against incredible odds, there is a reason, a reason for us to achieve a purpose of our existence besides supernatural mysticism. The mere fact that we three are here at this second of the minute of this hour against all probability, discussing our very essence is the true meaning of hope, mankind's fence guarding the dangers of the abyss. For we are here, victors in our own right. And maybe, we poor three solitary souls, just maybe we are headed homeward to the Place that originated the odds and guided us through the millions of years.

Wherever it is, whomever it is, even if it is an is at all, our discovery of the new horizons beyond the narrow scope of day-to-day existence, will be the stepping stone to the ultimate purpose of mankind. We will make it and discover true sanity. □

Run On

By Randy York

One night, as I was vigorously and enthusiastically sitting on my living room couch watching nothing at all except the turntable turning out the jams and the smoke shadows dancing on the wall, my philodendron (Phil) approached me and, speaking with a lisp, began to engage me in an intellectual conversation regarding the properties of absorption which a sponge

possesses before immersion in a solitified liquid, and I, not being an expert on such a matter, or even a sponge buff, remarked that it really didn't matter and he agreed, so we dropped the subject, which left us with nothing to talk about. So I, not out of ignorance, but out of curiosity, asked him where he learned to talk and he informed me that was a she and it was none of my damn business. . .

Two Farewells

By Jackie Gearhart

Tears came when he sold the first painting. Whether it was sorrow or joy he could not explain. He could not even comprehend. It was as if he had painted it with the very blood of his own veins. And when he was finished, and stood back to study it, he felt that the last drop of his living paint had drained from him. He gazed at it, longing to climb into the canvas and become a part of it as it had become a part of him. But it would not allow that.

She cried also, the woman who had carried him in her womb. When he had been born, it was as if her every emotion had become alive, her every breath had found meaning. Now as she gazed at him she tasted the salt of her joys and sorrows which she could not even comprehend, and she became short of breath. She longed to go with him and be a part of him as he had been a part of her. But he would not allow that. □



Art by Bill Bryson

Variations on 'Variations on a Theme'

By Karen Zimmermann

He was a beautiful man physically: fine, chiseled features; a tall slim body; graceful hands; a dancer's movements; a musical voice. Therefore, one naturally wondered why his eyes sometimes portrayed a deep sadness. And yet, that reflection was rare, as if he had almost, but not completely mastered his masque, self imposed. His fleeting gaze seemed hesitant, but penetrating nonetheless.

One could not say that he was a handsome man, and yet, after a time his features became indistinguishable from the total combination of parts. It was only through his artwork that his inner beauty cunningly radiated forth into creativity. Through art alone is he able to give torment a voice, though flickering eyes, at times, give hint of dissatisfaction. His controlled, comforting voice has been totally won over and will never turn traitor

to his soul's hiding.

He is beautiful, yes. But his rational mind will not accept his beauty. His eyes, though at times very perceptive, see beauty only in others while they are hauntingly reflecting his own beauty. His voice is seething rain and will not betray its maker. It gives life to ideas, of others, but cannot convey the essence of conviction. And thus, the feeling that the bittersweet quest can never be quelled, remains.

He is beautiful, and yet it is not the physical beauty but rather the mental peace that stays with you after he is gone. His eyes grasp all, like a sponge, they thirst for knowledge. His perceptions make light of confusion, and the music in his voice seems to gently wash your wounds. And you want to be with him for a time.

Physically he is very handsome. You are attracted but then repelled,

however gently, from the man. His eyes invite inquiry; his voice compels it until your nakedness is exposed. But a trap door has automatically sealed shut after x-amount of communication has passed. Bowing your head, he is in a sense unreachable. He sees but will not be seen.

On a good day, his beauty expands into a brilliant greenish blue sun-lit sea, compelling. An easy assuredness, he seems to grasp at once all of the problems of the universe, and yet not be bogged down in the mire of confusion. Fading away, you can get lost in the flavor of his voice which is both tantalizing and stabilizing at the same time. His laughter, a release, is at times contradictory to the hint of a great sadness in his eyes. . .

Or maybe it is just the light reflecting off loitering madmen. □ 25

The Collage Helpful Handbook for Dedicated Discoers

By Mary Ann Richards

TO THE INSTRUCTOR

Too long has the average disco patron and student suffered from a lack of practical, organized material to help he and/or she move toward self-actualization in the turbulent, yet satisfying world of disco. This is an easy to read, easy to follow attempt at breaking down and dissecting the various components of the disco world, so the average discoer can better organize and apply his and/or her material accordingly, in hopes of achieving a higher realm of the disco experience.

TO THE STUDENT

So you want to give it a whirl? Why not? Even though the world of disco is demanding, don't allow yourself to become immobilized by fear. With no talent, determination and endless practice, you, too, can find yourself "one" with the disco world, thus bettering your life and the lives of significant and insignificant others by reading, digesting and utilizing the techniques and theories presented in this helpful handbook for the dedicated discoer.

Let's face it students, disco is an

art and any reader who feels otherwise should take another look at him- and/or herself and ask, "Am I taking this seriously enough?" Like all good artists and over-achievers, you must be dedicated. In other words, you must be ready to give yourself over to your art. Art to the artist is his and/or her mistress and/or mister, and in this case, disco should and will be yours if you decide to gain control of *you*, and allow peer group pressure to mold you into the disco scene. This book is designed to help you as a serious disco student understand the overt and covert language of the intricate disco set. One should remember that the end result of disco will be uniformity for **UNIFORMITY = DISCO = ART**. Let's explore this world of art together.

DISCO ATTIRE

Perhaps this specific area of the disco world is the most encompassing, for disco clothing must represent disco's heart and all serious disco students should make sure their uniforms are in order, for one can never underestimate the power

of first impressions, especially on the disco floor. It should be every serious discoer's personal responsibility to ensure he and/or she represents the true affect and message of disco—**UNIFORMITY**.

Remember students, dressing for disco can be fun. . .so don't allow your trepidations to impede your relationship with your closet, when confronted with the issue of appropriate disco attire, for with a little practice, dedication and polyester, you can slowly "strut your stuff" across any disco floor. To make this step easier, you can always refer to this easy-to-carry quick disco checklist, small enough to fit (when folded) into any disco bag or French cut jeans' pocket.

DISCO CLOTHING CHECKLIST
(Any well dressed discoer should follow these guidelines.)

SLACKS, PANTS, TROUSERS

Are they tight enough? Never, for the most important thing to remember when stepping into your Saturday night disco slacks, is that all slacks must fit extremely snug. This snugness not only shows the contours of your frame more vividly, it

also allows you to experience a feeling of closeness with something, and this is most important because this is the only type of real closeness one can ever expect to feel while hustling in the disco world. Are they long enough? Disco slacks when unrolled should, and must, touch the outer tip of your disco partner's disco boot or clog. When rolled, disco pants must expose only the upper edge of your ankle, thus exposing your ankle bracelet. *extra note:* A little extra shine is always nice, for there is nothing as beautiful as a disco light shining upon acrylon and dacron, thus creating an effect words cannot describe. Remember all you 100 percent wool lovers, there's nothing tackier than lint under a mirrored ball. Serious discoers will not allow a partner to draw attention away from them by reflecting balls of lint on their pants. Besides, any discoer can tell you. . .if the Creator wanted you to wear 100 percent wool, He and/or She wouldn't have created Sears and J.C. Penney.

BLOUSES, SHIRTS

Open-necked and glitter is the name of the game, here hustlers. It doesn't matter the color of your chosen garb, just make sure it plunges and shows off not only your gold sun-sign choker, but for you "discoers" a few chest hairs, and for you "discoettes," a line of some sort of cleavage is always nice. The blousey look in sleeves is in, so for all you frustrated musketeers and Tom Joneses, the sky is the limit when it comes to disco shirts and blouses. Tuck them in or pull them out, but by all means shimmer and sweat. We want our disco shirts not only handsome, but functional.

UNDERGARMENTS

Bet you thought we'd let you down in this area. Not so disco friends. Disco experts are real up-front people and we wouldn't let a touchy subject such as undergarments stand in our way of helping the disco student feel more at ease when faced with the delicate subject of "what to wear underneath it all." The total idea of undergarments in general is like the total theme of the disco scene itself—light, airy, but with no purpose, form or direction. So choose your undergarments accordingly. Disco men usually find bikini briefs much to their liking for not only are they non-intrusive, but they are also colorful and make their presence known only when one so desires. Disco women, Frederick's of Hollywood is an excellent choice. From kinky to quietly seductive, every disco lady can find herself with fine selection of disco wear. The disco lady will find that ill-fitting panties greatly take away from her tight-fitting pants, thus destroying her total disco look.

SHOES

Form and function are in. One must never assume, like some new students have done and later regretted, that they can call attention away from the foot by dressing the rest of the body appropriately. Not so discoers. Any dedicated disco patron can tell you the serious discoer dresses well from head to toe and the damage done by one pivot of an ill-colored sneaker or one kick of a 1977 Weejun creates serious repercussions. So, no cutting corners when it comes to cutting mean

steps, friends. Stacked heels, wedged heels, spiked sandals, boots with aluminum-plated spurs and any shoe with a wooden sole will do.

HAIR

Discoers—preferably parted in the middle and swept back. Hair should be styled in such a manner that no matter how strenuous the disco step, the hair always falls back in place. Length—no longer than one inch below the ear when standing upright. When bending over at the waist, hair should fall well forward touching the sternum and diaphragm area.

Discoettes—The look is tension. Crimping one's locks is always acceptable and permanents along the line of the "kiss of the electric light socket" are in order. Remember, only cover one eye with hair; both eyes covered is out. Remember you are striving for the sensuous, virginal look, so make sure your parts are straight.

JEWELRY

Disco bags, bracelets, chokers and sequined combs.

Being the complex world that it is, disco life demands the sincere member to utilize and get acquainted with these terms, for one will often marvel how the everyday mundane language blossoms to the elite, while under the spell of the disco light. One such metamorphosis is the change of the tone of a said participant's name. For if you have been referred to in the layworld as George, Robert, Jane or Susan, you will immediately become Georgie, Bobbie, Janie or Susie on the disco floor. (Exception: names like Mary and Tony will be

Disco Handbook

changed to Maria or Anthony.)

One must always remember the importance of the letters "ie" and "y" in transferring names into disco sets, and it does one well to practice referring to oneself and significant and/or insignificant others in a similar way. EXAMPLE: "Frankie, this is Mandy, Maria Janie, Jeanie, Susie, Georgie and I musn't forget Tommy. Tommy, Georgie, Susie, Jeanie and Maria Janie, I want you to meet Frankie." Hence, one can see the necessity of suffixing names, for one of the major endeavors of every-minded discoer should be to unify and become "one" with the disco community by subduing any attempts of individuality. Every comrade would do well to pivot and hustle well within the boundaries of the disco bell curve and/or base line.

extra note: Objects of affections, such as friends, lovers and automobiles immediately become one's objects of possession for the disco scene seems to promote such a state for often one hears phrases like, "My old lady," "My man," "My chick," and the all-encompassing "My scene or thing." Also disco seems to readily change a non-incestuous relationship into questionable aspects for a non-related other often becomes one's sexy sister, baby, mama, big daddy, loving daddy and/or funky brother.

TRANSACTIONS

One never walks through an establishment serious disco students, one "cruises" the scene. It is also wise to remember one does not talk; one raps and flaps one's jaws, which, ironically, becomes "yaps." I know it's difficult student, but one can, with a little weekend practice, achieve this higher realm of the

QUICK DISCO WORD LIST

Everyday Usage

here [adverb]

walk

dance [verb]

female, woman, girl

male, man, boy

beverage

restrooms

exit or leave

Disco Usage

set, scene [nouns]

cruise

swing, groove, get down on it, start your engine, shake your thing and do it to it.

fox, cat, kitten, chick, baby, sister, queen, piece

big daddy, hound, main pain, hunk, chunk.

fuel, toddy, cold one, hot one, mellow mixer, brew and your friend's date.

pit stops, gas chambers, little pauses for great causes, void, whiz, dump fuel, write on wall, get a fix, make bladder gladder.

split, boogie, break scene, bust loose.

total homogenous disco scene. Also remember, one never works at something; he and/or she does a "thing." And speaking of "things," the mortal sin of the disco world is rapping or flapping about anything as insignificant as world situations, art, literature, energy crises and world hunger, for you will find yourself completely ostracised from the disco world quicker than one can say "disco sucks." Discoers are sensitive about such subjects and will go to great lengths on the disco floor and within encounters of the first-third kind, to make sure heavy subjects are banned in the disco society. Saying phrases like "aesthetic value" and "intrapersonal commitments" will cause the average discoer to react like a succubus to morning light or Governor Blanton to a press conference. In other words future disco patrons, one slip

of the tongue and it's curtains. And you'll find yourself, once again, home alone on Saturday night watching public television, thus greatly impeding your future as a model, stewardess, professional cheerleader, car salesman and most importantly, writer or editor of *Collage*.

EFFECTIVE CRUISING

By now, serious students should be aware of the importance of the term, "cruising." If one is confused as to just what this word implies, he and/or she can merely check back to the quick disco list of word translations. Assuming that the student has already done this, we will move ahead and explore the art of effective cruising.

Cruising in the disco world is the center and/or nucleus of the disco scene and it is perhaps the most difficult art one must learn if he

and/or she hopes to become the true disco artist. Cruising is a paradox, for not only must the said "cruiser" have a purpose. That is, in order to pick another cruiser up, the said "cruiser" must at the same time look like he and/or she is above all that cheap riff-raff. Sound difficult? Well, discoers, it is extremely complex, but role playing can be made more simple with these few helpful "cruising" suggestions. We will approach this art in a scientific manner.

APPLYING EFFECTIVE CRUISING FORMULA:

The serious disco student should first practice looking uninvolved. This can be done effectively at home in the shower, in front of a mirror or even at Krogers. The art of walking "uninvolved" is to first think "uninvolved." Thought process behavior is an excellent method to begin with; in other words, think like a snob and your body will follow. When images have flooded your mind, begin your actual process of "cruising." Walk with your head parallel to your disco clogs or slightly tilted up, gazing only at prospective dance partner's foreheads. As you begin to strut, allow for an occasional gaze of your eyes to drop in a bored, nonchalant manner upon patrons sitting at tables to the right or left of you. A toss of the head and a flip of the hair are especially effective when it comes to putting others in their place. You may, at times, slightly smile, but never grin, for this is a sure giveaway to vulnerability. Remember, we don't want those insignificant others to know you are vulnerable.

Discoettes should pivot their pelvis as they cruise.

Discoers should pivot the pelvis as they cruise, but only to a limited degree since too much kinkiness might involve them with a member of the same sex. Besides, what disco partner in his right mind would want to be seen dancing with a partner wearing the same French cut jeans?

It's often helpful to pause and lean up against the back of a chair giving the cruiser a chance to totally check out the entire scene in a disgusted manner. Pouting the lips is a must when one pauses. Cigarettes, disco purses and pockets come in handy for the anxious cruiser because we all know that nervous, fidgety hands love a nice prop for security (these props often aid the cruiser in his and/or her quest for the sophisticated look).

Aren't we glad the creator himself saw to it that his and her anxious disco cruisers could find an oasis in a desert? That's why He and/or She created bars, for the edge of a bar is the very place where one can lean back, take it all in and pull him and/or her self back together again for another cruise.

Leaning on the bar is an art, too. First, place the elbow against the back of the bar. After you have positioned yourself, you are free to lean back and cross a leg, always remembering to keep the head parallel or slightly tilted upward from the disco clog. Once you feel comfortable you are free to gaze as indifferently and smugly as you like until you have rested and are ready to pivot and strut your way back into the complex disco community. If you happen to feel a little cocky or extra rambunctious you may even want to ask the person leaning next to you his and/or her sun sign

or perhaps you may even want to offer them a cigarette.

SUMMARY

Above all students, always remember to think look and act disgusted and uninvolved, whether pivoting your pelvis, weaving your pelvis in between tables or leaning against the bar. I would like to repeat cruising is a paradoxical situation and even though your prime motive is to meet a significant other in a world of insignificance, you must never look vulnerable or eager to actually get close to another discoer. If you can achieve this goal you are on your way to becoming a true disco artist!

POSSIBLE DISCO-ORIENTED PROBLEMS AND HOW TO COPE

We all know life has its little drawbacks and even the fun and exciting disco world isn't without its sudden adversities. Realizing that the disco student may be subject to moments of chagrin has prompted me to aid him and/or her in coping with these possible disco drawbacks.

In order to cope with a problem, one must first recognize the problem. Right disco students? Here is a list of possible adverse situations that one might encounter and a means of coping with each:

1. *The danceless discoer:* If, after cruising the scene and resting upon the bar, you have not yet encountered a dance partner, you can camouflage this tacky situation through the use of buffers. Buffers come in an assortment of sizes from drinks to telephones to restrooms. If you do find yourself danceless and obviously unable to score, immediately sit down at a table and place a disco bag or drink in front of you.

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If you are female, order two drinks and make sure you don't stain one glass with lipstick, so as to prevent others from thinking the glass belongs to another female cruiser. If you find yourself with a number of Bloody Mary glasses in front of you, pretend your gang just got busted and had to leave the scene quickly. If you're a little frightened by this controversial snow job, then by all means run to the restroom or make a phone call...even if you have to call the helpline for time.

If you are a male and find yourself in a similar situation, don a hat in a pimpish fashion and other discoers will assume you are merely working. If this doesn't alleviate your discomfort, strut with a limp so others will realize you're in no state to twirl on the dance floor.

Another source of diversion is to begin immediately writing on a cocktail napkin so others will think you are so overwhelmed with passion you must express yourself in a disco-struck poem. A little culture goes a long way (as long as it is written on a napkin).

OUTSIDE EXTRA ACTIVITIES

In order to fully develop your disco personality, one does not merely leave "disco" at the disco, rather one surrounds oneself with friends, subjects and music conducive to the total disco being. Here is an easy to follow helpful list, designed to keep the new disco student exposed and stimulated:

SUBJECTS OF STUDY

ASTROLOGY. A must in the disco world. This subject will come up time and time again and one should begin now the quest for astrological knowledge. Often disco

romances are begun with the aid of astrological knowledge for it's not uncommon for one to be approached as follows: "Sagittarian, right?" or "I just love a Leo," or "anybody dig a Pisces?"

MUSIC. MacArthur's Park is an excellent record to have on hand for those times when the serious disco student might need to slip and play music with more diversified range. Remember, it's the pulsating beat in disco music that keeps everyone unified, regardless of the tune, the beat remains the same. Perhaps it would be wise for the new student to play MacArthur's Park while sleeping, thus exploding the subconscious to disco. *Extra note on music:* Any music written and recorded by the same artist is a disco no-no. All disco music must have redundant background lyrics and, at no time should lyrics even hint of subjects outside of Saturday night love and frustration.

DISCO SELF HELP GROUPS. Such groups provide the serious student with insignificant others to share disco related problems. Such groups also provide peer group pressure which is perhaps the greatest influence in pioneering disco converts. Remember, when you feel weak and you're ready to play that Dan Fogelberg album, you can always call on the "group." A little reinforcement goes a long way.

DISCO BREAKS. Need I say more?

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

At this point, the serious student is ready to take the plunge into the world of disco. We have outlined

and discussed subjects such as attire, language, social transactions and outside study. If one puts them all together one comes up with a hypothetical conversation that the disco student can practice in his and/or her spare time.

Just plug in your own friends' names, always remembering the name changing rules, and practice until you feel at home with your disco conversation. Remember, one always feels most anxious when entering a new world, whether it be marriage, birth, academia or disco.

Be sure and keep your disco dictionary with you the first few months you encounter the scene.

YOU. "Glad you could make the scene. I've checked it out myself and found some great foxes (or Hunks). Bobbie, meet Maria Janie, Mandy, Susie and Georgie.

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS TO INSIGNIFICANT OTHERS.

"Wow, man. Nice to cruise with you. Maria Janie, I dig that kinky outfit you're wearing. Sagittarian, right?"

YOU. "Nope, my scene, man. She's A Scorpio. Find your own chick, hound."

MARIA JANIE OR OTHER INSIGNIFICANT OTHER.

"Hey, Daddy, I need to make a pit stop in the chamber, so buy me some fuel while I'm gone, so I can get down on it when I land. Incidentally, I'm into freedom."

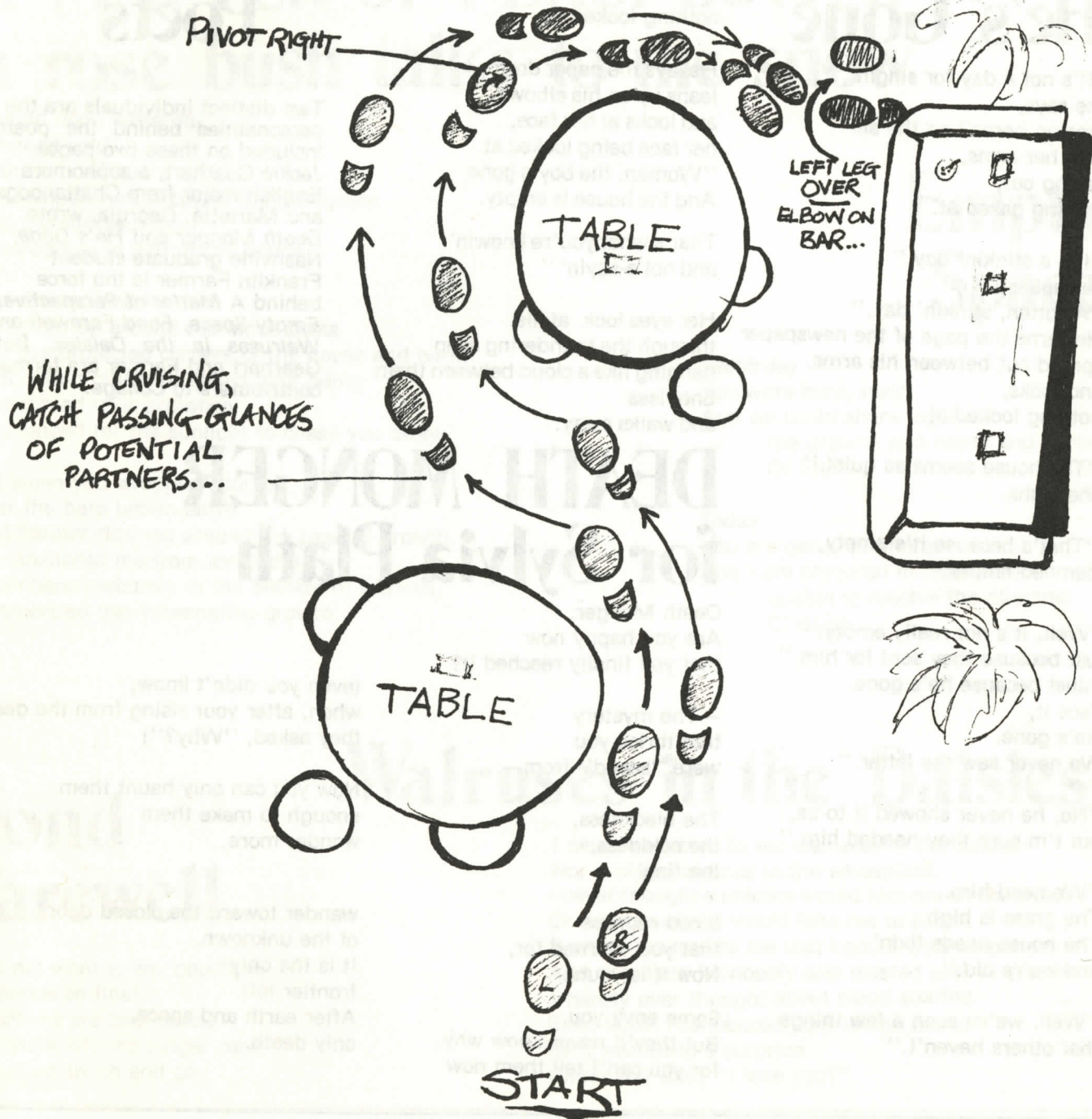
YOU TO SIGNIFICANT OTHER.

"Check that scene stealer. Some Mama, right?"

INSIGNIFICANT OTHERS. "Giggle. Laugh. Let's cruise some more. The lights are really great tonight."

ALL WALK AWAY HUMMING "MACARTHUR'S PARK." □

A VISUAL AID FOR THE DEDICATED CRUISER...



He's Gone

"It's not a day for singin',"
she says,
bracing herself on the sill
with her arms,
gazing out,
nothing gazed at.

"It's a stinkin' day,"
he replies,
"A rotten, stinkin' day,"
He turns the page of the newspaper
spread out between his arms,
and looks,
nothing looked at.

"The house seems so quiet,"
she sighs.

"That's because it's empty,
damned empty."

"Well, it's not really empty,
just because they sent for him."
"Just because he's gone.
Face it,
He's gone.
We never saw the letter."

"No, he never showed it to us,
but I'm sure they needed him."

"We need him.
The grass is high,
The house needs fixin'
and we're old."

"Well, we've seen a few things
that others haven't."

She sits herself down in the chair,
uneasily,
and looks around,
nothing looked at.

He lays the paper down,
leans up on his elbows
and looks at her face,
her face being looked at.
"Woman, the boy's gone
And the house is empty.

That's what you're knowin'
and not a-sayin' "

Her eyes look at his
through the thundering echo
hanging like a cloud between them
She rises
and walks away.

DEATH MONGER for Sylvia Plath

Death Monger,
Are you happy now
that you finally reached it?

—The mystery
that thrice you
were "saved" from—

The blackness,
the coldness,
the final

blood-redness
that you yearned for,
Now it is yours.

Some envy you.
But they'll never know why,
for you can't tell them now

Poets

Two distinct individuals are the personalities behind the poems included on these two pages Jackie Gearhart, a sophomore English major from Chattanooga and Marietta, Georgia, wrote *Death Monger* and *He's Gone*. Nashville graduate student Franklin Farmer is the force behind *A Matter of Perspective*, *Empty Space*, *Fond Farewell* and *Walruses in the Daisies*. Both Gearhart and Farmer are former contributors to *Collage*.

(even *you* didn't know,
when, after your rising from the dead,
they asked, "Why?")

Now you can only haunt them
enough to make them
wonder more,

wander toward the closed door
of the unknown.
It is the only
frontier left.
After earth and space,
only death.

A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE: a rose bush talks to the snow

Around noon yesterday
It turned cold.
In three brief hours
The temperature dropped thirty degrees
And the sudden storm
Ushered you in with frigid blasts.

You whirled and twirled
And piled up around the fence posts
And the protected corners of the house and barn.
I know that others despised your being
And cursed your presence
And longed for the sunlight to chase you away.

But when you wrapped yourself
Over the bare brown earth
And feather-downed around my base of growth
You sheltered me from icy drafts.
I slumbered securely in the blanket of warmth,
Mesmerized into hibernative growth.

Empty Space

Yesterday
You were here, near.
And we could share together
the dreams and needs and hurts
Of life.

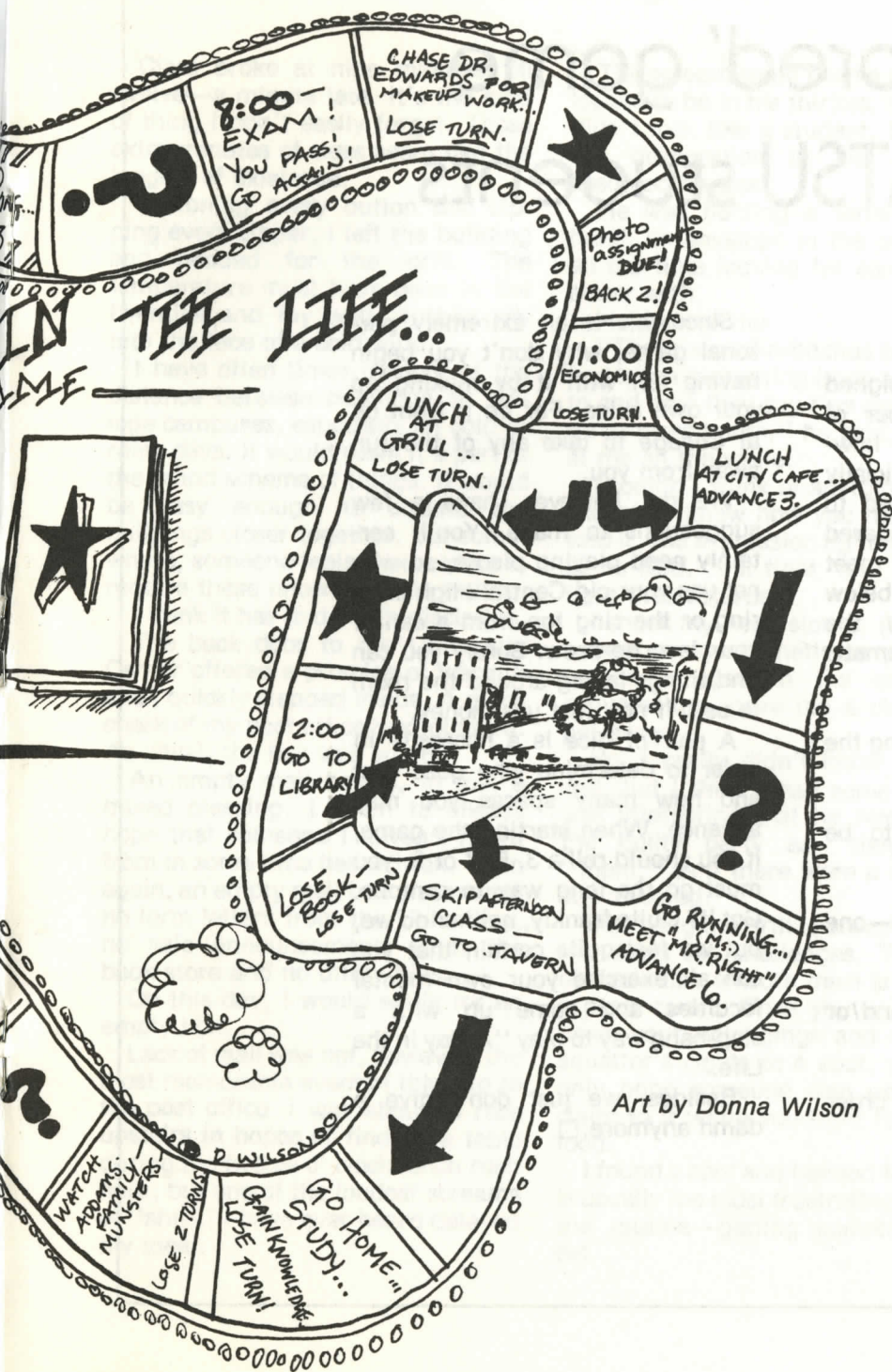
Today
You are gone, nowhere.
And I am captured in loneliness
unable to resolve the dilemma
Of death.

Fond Farewell

I do not want to say goodbye;
It sounds so final.
Goodbyes are best saved
For those who no longer care.
Let's just touch and go.

Walruses in the Daisies

I never expected to see walruses in the daisies
Nor a hippopotamus in the wheatfield.
I never thought a unicorn would kiss me on the cheek
Or a circus clown would take me to lunch.
It never occurred to me that I could wear cashmere
And chocolate Monopoly sets existed only in dreams.
I hardly ever thought about cloud soaring
Even when I fantasized your image there.
So it was quite a surprise
When you said, "I love you!"



Art by Donna Wilson

a 'bored' game for MTSU students

RULES OF THE GAME

"A Day in the Life" is designed to be played by any number of apathetic persons. Players, however, must be declared officially bored before they are allowed to participate. In order to be declared "officially bored," one must meet any one of the criteria listed below (meeting at least three of the criteria makes one the automatic winner of the game.)

1. You actually enjoy watching the wall paper peel from the wall.
2. You go to the library to be stimulated.
3. You do your homework—one day early.
4. You count your cavities and/or fillings.
5. You go to the bathroom in order to read the walls.

Since this is an extremely personal game, why don't you begin having fun with it by making up your own rules. Far be it from us at *Collage* to take any of the fun away from you.

We do, however, have a few suggestions to make. You'll certainly need playing pieces, so why not use your old Central High class ring or the ring top from a can of your favorite brew. Surely you can find things laying around the room to use. If not, just use money.

A pair of dice is a necessity in order to determine who goes first and how many spaces you may advance. When starting the game, if you should roll a 3, 5, 7 or 9, you must go the long way to campus. Got it? Quite frankly, neither do we, but we feel quite certain that you can all exercise your own mental faculties and come up with a slap-bang way to play "A Day in the Life."

Besides, we just don't give a damn anymore. □

'I know what you mean...'

by Henry Fennell

Class broke at nine minutes till twelve—a minute late. It's the kind of thing I don't easily forget. Those extra minutes of class seem like the longest of existence.

Buttoning every button and zipping every zipper, I left the building and headed for the grill. The temperature must have been in the twenties and my walk pushed me into the face of a cold wind.

I have often times thought of the distance between buildings on college campuses, especially on cold or rainy days. It would seem it's part of the grand scheme of things. It would be easy enough to situate the buildings closer together, but somewhere, someone feels it necessary to require these uncomfortable walks.

I think it has to do with discipline.

The back door to the University Center offered a promise of warmth and I quickly stepped inside. A quick check of my post office box followed. As usual, the box was empty.

An empty mail box is, to me, a mixed blessing. I seem to always hope that someone I haven't heard from in some time has written. Then again, an empty mail box also means no form letters from the University, no sale announcements from the book store and no utility bills.

On this day, I would settle for an empty box.

Lack of mail was not, however, the most memorable event of this trip to the post office. I was about to race upstairs in hopes of finding a table during the twelve o' clock lunch rush hour, but one of the loudest screams of "shit!" I have ever heard delayed my meal.

The scream came from a man who looked to be in his thirties. He really didn't look like a student, but from the desperation in his voice, I assumed he was.

He was holding a letter in one hand, an envelope in the other and all the time looking for someone to swear with.

He spotted me.

"Those son-of-a-bitches told me I had taken everything I was supposed to and now they say I've got to take three more hours," he said, glaring at me all the while.

I couldn't think of anything to say except "I know how you feel," so I said it. His expression lightened a bit as he said, "I'll fight 'em, yea, I'll fight the bastards."

I shook my head slowly, (trying to appear as sympathetic as possible) before a lapse in the one-sided conversation, gave me a chance to get away.

No, I really didn't know how he felt, but I think I had some idea. It was interesting that he referred to the guilty party as "they" and "them," as if there were a conspiracy involved.

Surviving the grill is always one of the day's top challenges. The first obstacle to a smooth meal is finding a place to sit. Once you've thrown down your belongings and claimed squatter's rights to a spot, you can only hope someone else won't lay claim to it while you fight for some food.

I found a spot and headed for what is usually the most frustrating part of the routine—getting something to eat.

The grill offers three basic choices when it comes to food. The first choice is the cold food (peanut butter and jelly, pimento cheese, salads). It's the easiest and quickest way out.

Hot food is the second choice. It's a little more hassle and a lot longer to wait to get a bowl of Monday's soup on Wednesday.

The third choice is fried food. It's hard to imagine who has the patience to wait for food from the grill. Maybe a monk could get enough food from the grill to survive, but not too many others.

I took pimento cheese.

After going through a line that was fifteen people deep, I found my spot still free and sat down.

With almost half the sandwich gone, I caught a glimpse of a guy on crutches heading toward the table. He was trying to stay on top of the crutches and juggle a tray of food at the same time.

It didn't look easy.

"Is anyone sitting here?" he asked. I told him there wasn't and to have a seat.

It took some time for him to get the tray in place on the table, tuck his crutches away, lower himself into the chair and get into a position to eat.

Manipulating crutches is not a skill one is born with.

After finally seating himself, he looked across the table at me and said, "You know, it's pure hell trying to get around on these things."

I had to say "I know what you mean."

It was all I could think of. □

gallery

Gallery is a compilation of imaginative and creative photographic and art works executed by persons on the MTSU campus. The works on these pages represent a wide range of human emotions that are blended together in *Collage for Spring*.



Photograph by Steve Harbison



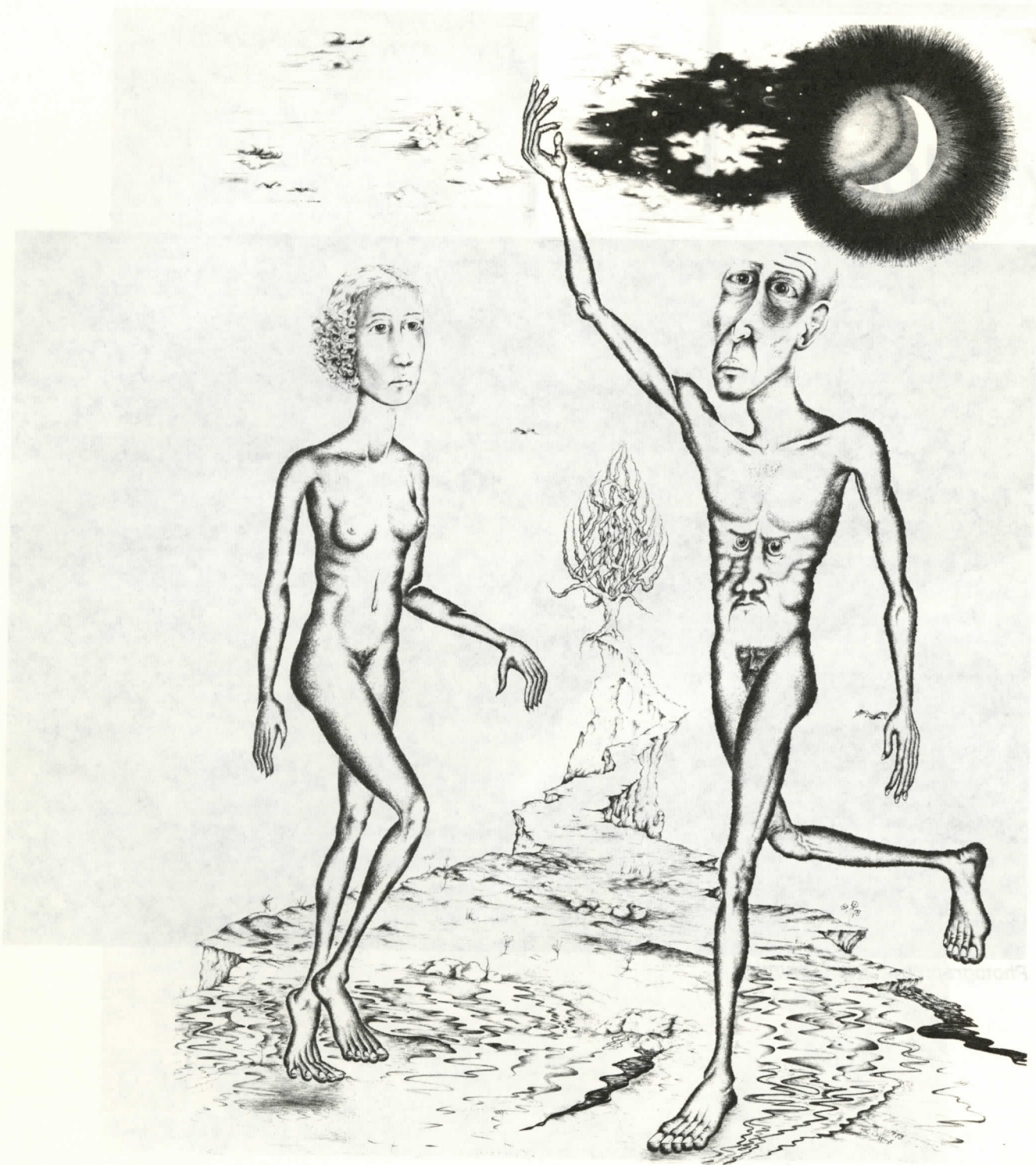
Art by Joe Griffin

Art by Randy York

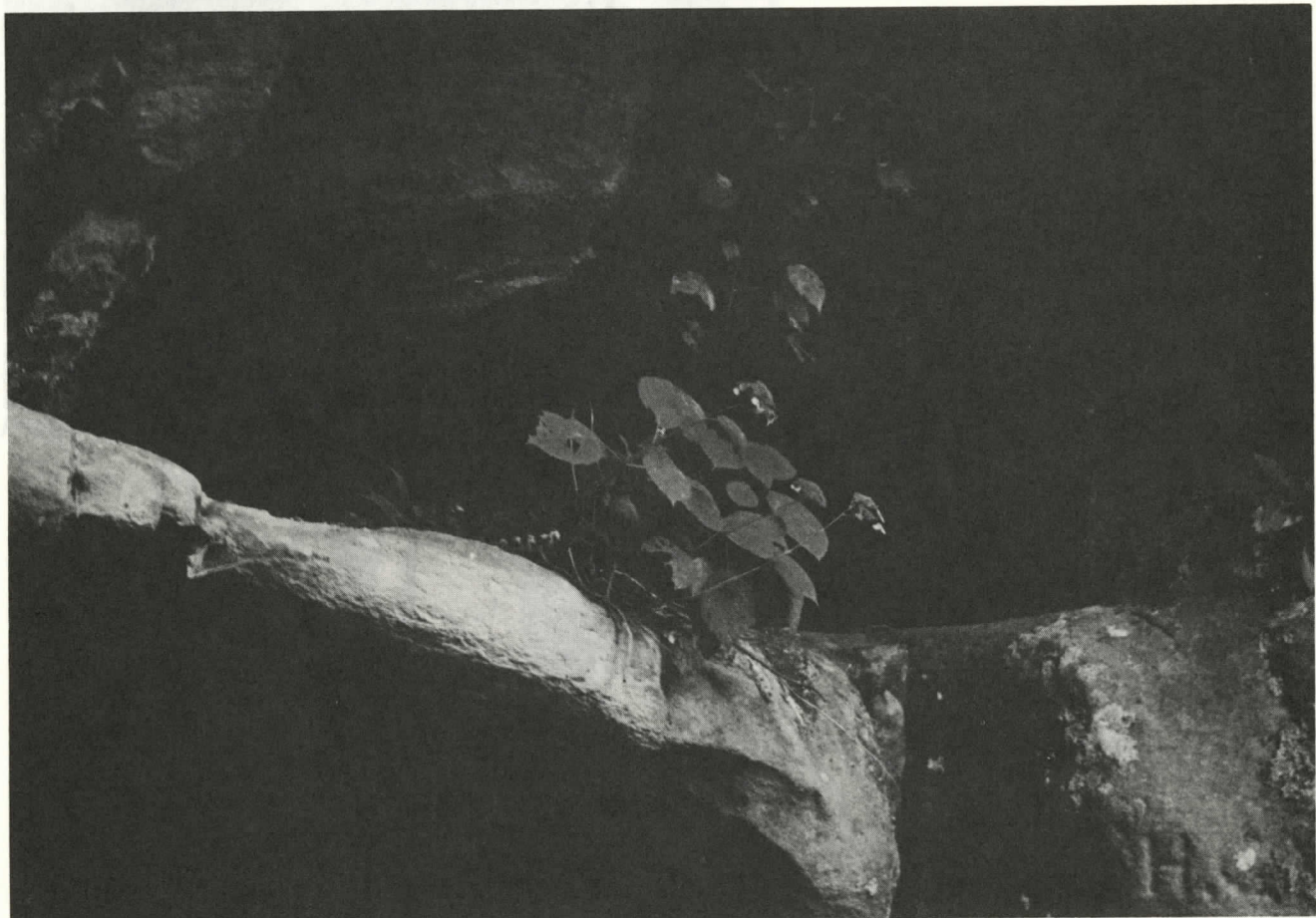


Photograph by Gary Long

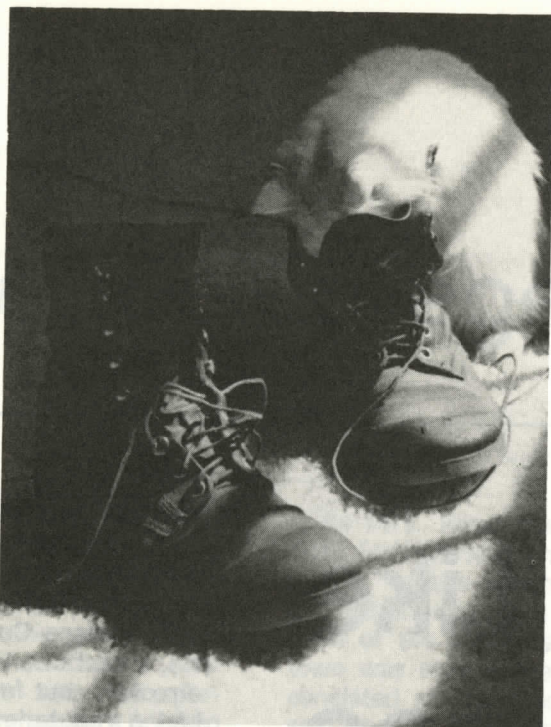




Art by Joe Griffin



Photograph by Larkin Chumley



Photograph by Cheryl Montgomery



Photograph by Lynch Orr

gallery

'Like one big sorority'

By Jeff Ellis

"It was like one big sorority," said Ida Read, speaking of Tennessee College for Women.

Tennessee College for Women? No, it won't be listed in any college directory, but for forty years, TCW had a reputation which some feel was surpassed only by the seven sister colleges in the east.

Located on East Main Street in Murfreesboro, Tennessee College for Women was chartered in 1906 by the Southern Baptist Convention and opened its doors to students in the fall of 1907.

"Everyone who graduated from Tennessee College felt as if she knew everyone else," Mrs. Read, now an instructor-librarian at MTSU's Todd Library, commented.

But, according to Mrs. Read, the most important thing the school's alumnae received from the college was "moral teaching."

"Since it was controlled by the Baptist church, we studied in a Christian atmosphere," Mrs. Read emphasized. Chapel attendance was compulsory at the college, and for dormitory students vesper services were conducted each evening.

Tennessee College for Women

"We always thought we could compare ourselves to the schools in the East. Of course, we weren't a monied institution, but we did have good academic training," she said.

Indicative of the school's academic excellence was the percentage of faculty members holding earned doctorates. "I think that in comparison to schools of similar size, Tennessee College for Women probably had more professors with (earned) doctorates," Mrs. Read observed.

Another important factor in the school's existence was its relationship with the city of Murfreesboro.

"Our 'town and gown' relationship was excellent," said Mrs. Read, offering townpeople's attendance at college functions as an example of the good relationship which existed.

Among those college functions was the annual May Day festival, held the first day of May each year. The highlight of the festival was the crowning of the May Queen. According to Mrs. Read, the queen had to have a certain scholastic average with the winner selected by popular vote.

As Mrs. Read described it, the May festival was one of the 'big events' of the school term. "The coronation was held on the front lawn of the school and the whole town was always there. The court consisted of the queen and representatives of each class. Each of the classes would present a dance in honor of the queen, while dressed in lovely costumes."

But the thing that has outlasted even the May festival are the friendships which developed among the women at Tennessee College. "When a freshman girl entered the college, she was assigned an upper-classman who was her 'big sister,'" Mrs. Read remembered. "The big sister helped to orient the freshman to life at the college and to help her in any way possible."

However, even friendships could not prevent the school's declining enrollments. In 1946, Tennessee College for Women closed—with an enrollment of only 75 women.

"The cost per pupil was so high that it just didn't pay them to keep the college open," Mrs. Read said with a tinge of nostalgia in her voice. "The alumnae tried to keep it

open and many wanted the school to go coed."

But men were never able to attend Tennessee College, and all that is left of the college today are the tennis courts and swimming pool on the grounds of what is now Central Middle School.

"It was a lovely site for a college," Mrs. Read remarked. "The school had a fair enrollment during the war years, but after the war all the schools were competing for students."

Although little remains of the school, physically, Tennessee College for Women continues to thrive in the memories of its alumnae. The last Saturday in September has been set aside as the reunion date with alumnae expected back next September for the 19th annual event.

"It's always a joyous occasion and we are all so glad to see each other," Mrs. Read beamed. "Attendance grows every year. Word spreads of the good times we have and more and more alumnae come back."

And once again, Tennessee College for Women is "like one big sorority." □

On Rare Occasions

On rare occasions
I sit back and view my life
with the practiced eye
of an impartial observer
sometimes seeing it
as a trip through a tunnel
which is suddenly
very short.

I move so quickly now,
wondering if this momentum
is natural—
or could the rushing in my ears
be the final gasp
of my living breath?

When I was young
I went so much slower,
and my tunnel was
never-ending
an infinity of kinds and turns
obscuring the view.
Then I could never be sure
of what was coming up.

Now I think I know.

Poets

A myriad of personalities is evident in the works included on these two pages. *Why* is by J. Phillip Jones; *Deviant Behavior* by Daisie Gasser; *On Milton* by Joanna Ormiston Long; *Scratchings* by Jackie Gearhart; *Chromalox Morning* by Janet Leah Page; *Haiku No. One* is copyright 1979 by Geoff Hull; *Life Raze* and *Security* are both by Franklin Farmer; and *On Rare Occasions* is by a friend.

Why

What evil spawned the "tree of knowledge,"
And poisoned all the fruit.
And schemed to spoil the order there,
While nourishing the root.

What culprit hands us tools of doom,
Each greater than the rest,
And leads us to believe we advance ourselves
While we actually regress.

Who smiles while we destroy ourselves,
And takes pride in his success.
While we kill the Earth that welcomed us
With his greatest weapon, progress.

Deviant Behavior

Deviant behavior, my God, can it be true?
I'm shocked, because I really thought the deviant was you.
But everywhere I go and all the people that I see,
Tell me that with the things I do, the deviant is me.

When people stop and ask me, 'why can't I just conform?
Why can't I do the right things? Why do I not reform?'
I never know just what to say, at times I'm quite confused.
The things they think are normal only make me feel amused.

So I drink my beer with breakfast and eat rye with marmalade;
Wear jeans to formal dances and thigh-high boots to nurses' aid.
I find love affairs amusing, they just don't turn me on.
The way they make life happy, I'd rather be alone.

Everyone seems so concerned about my state of mind,
Because I just won't see the light, I truly must be blind!
So I might give thought to being as straight as I can be.
And settle down with someone just as deviant as me.

On Milton

They bend beneath art's weight, to yield—not break.
When Milton's pain shot forth bright poetry,
he considered how his light was spent, for sake
of sight denied, to grow a fairer tree—
as others master with their sullen art
infirmity, obsession, and despair;
they learn, in losing self, the buried part
can root and grown and fruitful blossoms bear.
We view all art with wonder, seeing how
adversity's sweet use makes mankind great—
and still bends down humanity's frail bough,
hung golden with globed fruit to compensate.
Now praise the power that grants us gifts like these,
and gives to artists small deficiencies.

Scratchings

Except for a few brief moments
spent scratching new lines,
most of his time is spent
looking back on
previous scratchings.

Once they were marvels—
words with jagged edges,
ready to cut
the unsuspecting paper,
The words of a youth
struggling to escape
from a boxed-in world,
loving the security of the box,
yet hating its confinement.

The words were emotions—
as red as the fluid
that might have fled
from his own wrists,
had he not his pen and paper,
his defense,

his revenge,
his haven—
—now just scratchings,
like fingernails clawing
a locked door.

He turns the pages back
and scoffs at the
unsatisfactory scratchings,
feeling confident that
now,
with more doors open
in his life,
the story will be different.

He spends a few brief moments
scratching on,
the letters taking boxed forms
on the box-shaped paper.
He sets his pen and paper down
and flees the entrapping words,
closing the door.

Security

Security
is knowing
that I don't have to know
if I have your approval.

Chromalox Morning

It's another Chromalox-gray morning
Sunlight filters through my windowshade
Like fluorescence through factory air.
And every breath merges
Into seconds and minutes and hours
And lifetimes,
And Time Eternal
And the only thing that changes
Is the wristwatch that you wear.

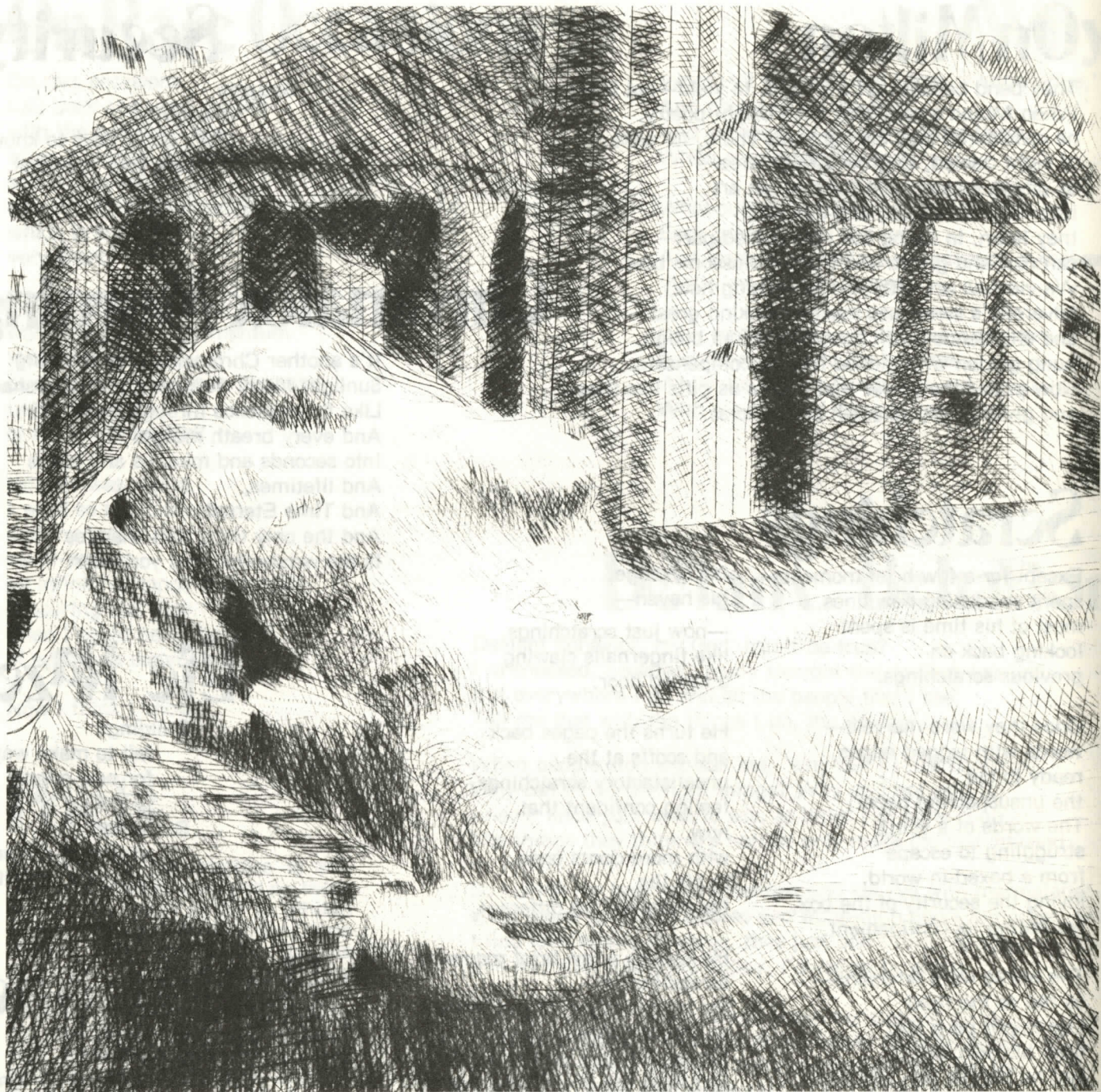
Life Raze

Buildings
fall to make way
for new ones.

But lives
shattered are not
so easily rebuilt.

Haiku one

Loving lifted them
Dim light swirled far away
It must be earthshine.



Art by Bill Bryson

Miss Gaunt and the Sociable Disease

By Mary Ann Richards

Squish...squish...squish. Orthopedic oxfords methodically brushed the tuft of the crewcut carpet. A cold aluminum slab was pressed against a starched white coat. Later, Ms. Gaunt would hang the aluminum-encased papers alongside the other, dangling like phone books from the rack in the nurses' station. Squish, squish, squish. She marched with determination past the corraled portraits of Sigmund Freud and B.F. Skinner, both stoically facing the grey rec room. Above the faces, a painted, framed basket of fruit and nuts hung, contrasting with the bland expression of Freud and Skinner.

Ms. Gaunt, like the nailed heroes she passed, made a nice neutral. Grey, sprayed hair, twisted and precisely forced into place, rested like a bump of synthetic knowledge on her stiff collar. Foggy eyes glanced professionally at the wrinkled faces belonging to the aluminum cased soul. Squish...squish...squish. She descended on Room 197 like a lumpy cloud and halted.

Cigarette smoke, accented with Jungle Gardenia, swirled and curled, caressed a naked light bulb and moved in snake-like fashion between the plastic bottle of cosmetics, pink sponge curlers, and a can of White Rain. Dolly Parton's delicious voice oozed out a transistor and melted into the smoky room. April Lowell scooted her greatest asset across the thorazine-stained cover of her bed and pushed her painted toes, like voluptuous peapods, into mountains of pink fluff. She decapitated her Virginia Slim with one quick blow and slipped her way to the mirror where she promptly loosened the band choking her hair. Her body, like a bottle bursting with hormones, began to sway back and forth to the rhythm of the music. "Here you come again..." Waxy, yellow spaghetti strands fell down as she tossed her head about like a bridled horse. "...just when I was about to get myself together..." April pouted and pursed her lips, tilted her head and seductively observed herself like a pompous parakeet.

"...looking better than a body has a right to..." she began to hum as she cradled her peaks and curves, posing like a *True Confession* cover girl. "just when I was about to get myself together..." Click! An intruding light cut into the sensuous atmosphere. Like a cold front meeting a hot front, the atmosphere grew tense as Ms. Gaunt stood, icy chart against icy chest, facing April, fondling a yellowed picture of Elvis, pressed between the molehill of her tummy and the mountain of her breast.

"April, how are we feeling today?"

"Don't know 'bout you, honey, but I feel like June bustin' loose. Ain't he purty?" April dangled the crinkled picture of Elvis in front of Ms. Gaunt. "Man that purty is enough to make an honest woman out of anybody."

Ms. Gaunt, jaw set, flipped open the aluminum cover and placed a sharpened pencil between her square fingers. Squish, squish, squish. She positioned herself upon April's visitor's chair and glanced

Miss Gaunt and the Sociable Disease

down at a stack of magazine covers displaying the dental work of smiling Nashville stars. "I see we have been doing some reading," she murmured as she rigidly pulled her uniform down over her shiny, support-hosed knees.

"Can't honey. That medication's like white lightnin'... damn near blinds a soul... Thelma, she brought them to me... she's so sweet and all... she's from Toledo... say there's nothin' like lookin' at a good lookin' man to set you back on your feet. Thelma, she..."

"April, sit down. It's time to discuss some of our problems."

April plopped herself on her bed, crossing her legs and dangling a slipped foot. Resembling an over-developed inquisitive child, she leaned forward and began to swing her fluffy foot back and forth. "What can I help ya with? You having problems, honey?... Here, one of these will relax ya." She tossed the green package of Virginia Slims onto Ms. Gaunt's broad lap. Ms. Gaunt gingerly gave the package back to April.

"I don't smoke," she fumed.

"Well, help yourself to one of these, honey." April glided a gaudy colored box of Kresge candies toward Ms. Gaunt. "Ain't they cute... shaped like hearts and all..."

"I avoid sugar." Ms. Gaunt sourly glared at the loud heart-shaped box.

April's foot slid to a halt. She uncrossed her legs and leaned toward Ms. Gaunt with a gleeful expression. "Well, shoot. I know what you need, I'll let you see my entire collection of Elvis. Thelma brought them up and all. I've been keepin' up with him since '57. That'll make your toes curl and your soul get hot."

The upholstery on the visitor's chair began to whine and complain beneath the weight of Ms. Gaunt's body. Ms. Gaunt drew in two or three concise breaths and shifted to the edge of the chair. "April, Elvis is dead," she pronounced. Her body popped suddenly from the chair like an over-done Toast 'em. Squish...squish...squish... She began to move around April's room in coach-like fashion. "April, it's time you faced the music." She turned and pointed a bland manicured finger toward April. "April, we will no longer put up with your irresponsible behaviour and until you decide to join our community and control your inappropriate impulses, we will no longer allow you phone nor visitor's privileges. What do you have to say about our decision?" Ms. Gaunt pointed her pen toward April's rounded chest.

April plopped a pink finger in her mouth and stared at Ms. Gaunt's white iridescent knees. "Jus' cause I think he ain't really dead, don't mean..."

"April," Ms. Gaunt's voice rose

sounding like an irritated platoon leader, "because you fail to live in the real world, you"... thud, "have," thud..., "failed,"... thud... "the real world." Thud... thud... thud. She drummed her fingers to the beat of her words and swollen veins began to protrude from her neck, throbbing to the rhythm of her indicting words. Squish... squish...squish. Her orthopedic oxfords once again surveyed the room. "April," Ms. Gaunt paused and placed her pen upon her rectangular jaw, clicking its top like the trigger of a gun. Click, click, click, click. "April," Ms. Gaunt turned on her pajamaed victim and leaned over her like a prosecuting attorney. "You have not reported to Dr. Goldman's group therapy for the last three sessions. But you, no doubt, took it upon yourself to lead you own group in Mr. Tucker's and Mr. Freemont's room. You know women are not allowed in male patient's rooms," she snarled. "And little Miss Runabout, you certainly find the time to parade that body of yours up and down our corridors, but you have never, never, I repeat, marched yourself up to the station on time for your medication. Furthermore, Ms. Grey tells me you had the audacity to order a so-called 'special' from Tony's House of Pizza and had it delivered to our front desk. And," Ms. Gaunt began to sneer at April's comatose

transistor, "you have played that 'thing' past ward hours, polluting our halls and corridors with that, that NOISE!" Ms. Gaunt bellowed. She leaned rigidly over the back of the visitor's chair, fuming like a diesel engine trying to gain momentum. Puff, puff, puff. She panted, waiting to strike, "What do you think this is? A hotel?"

April blinked in a trance-like manner. "Just wanted to add a little life..."

"April," Ms. Gaunt screamed, "get control of yourself. You have just crossed your transaction. You must remain in your adult ego state."

April removed the plump finger from her mouth, and folded one leg around the other.

"You are sick, and when you admit you are sick and need our help, half the battle is won. April, you must accept this fact and take control," Ms. Gaunt's voice shook the air.

Her body bulged as she held tightly to the back of the chair. Puff, puff, puff. She stopped and looked smugly at April's limp, wilting body and began to poise herself for one last verbal strike. "I have one more little piece of information," then lowering her tone, she hissed, "I think you will be interested in knowing Dr. Goldman tells me you have a social disease..."

"I ain't got no sociable disease," April sniffled as she swung a leg

nervously to and fro.

"It appears, April," Ms. Gaunt sneered, "that the 'so called' public relations job you said you had got the best of you. It appears those 'so called' Toledo fun nights you so often seem to brag about took their toll."

"I ain't got no sociable disease," April murmured again.

"Well," Ms. Gaunt pronounced with finality, while straightening her knotted hair and starched white uniform, "When you play with pigs, expect a little MUD." She slammed the aluminum cover closed, set her jaw and pivoted out of April's room. Squish, squish, squish. She made her way down the hall to the nurses' station.

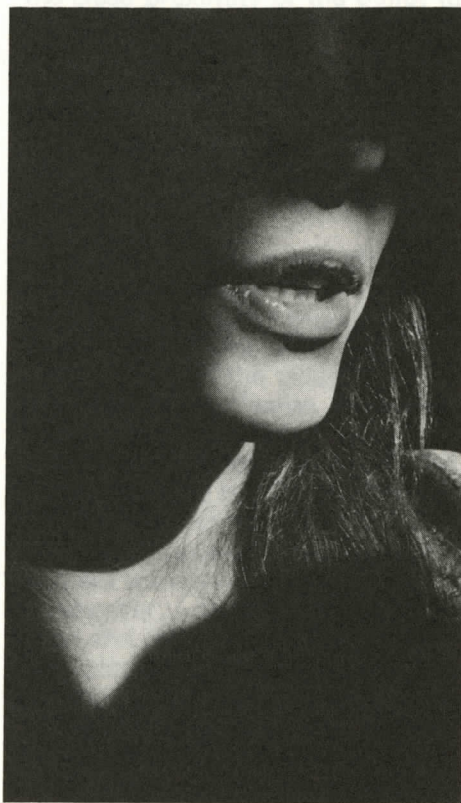
April pulled a perfumed tissue out, blew her nose, and wiped her eyes. Crossing her legs, she lit a cigarette. Click! Elvis' voice burst forth from April's transistor. Suddenly her room became alive with pulsating beat of *Heartbreak Hotel*... "You make me so lonely baby..." His voice continued to rise, traveling down the vacant corridors, it filled the empty rec room... "You make me so lonely"... The framed pictures of Skinner and Freud began to rattle and shake, vibrating to the sound of Elvis' crooning... "I could die..."

Squish...squish...squish. Ms. Gaunt's oxfords brushed the tuft of the carpet at a faster pace as Elvis' voice rose behind her, echoed in the

vacant station and engulfed the sterile air beyond.

April's smile widened as she leaned against her pillow and rotated a powder puffed foot, keeping time to the lyrics of *Heartbreak Hotel*.

"See, I told you he ain't dead...I told you..." □



Photograph by Patricia Casey-Daley

Vietnam:

One Who Came Home

by David Pierce

Vietnam is a small country, only about the size of California. But between 1964 and 1972, approximately 1.6 million Americans saw action, and more than 345,000 were killed or wounded, in the war that raged there.

One of the 1.6 million soldiers to serve in the conflict was MTSU senior Matt McKnight who saw combat for more than two years as a tank platoon commander and then as an aero-rifle platoon commander on separate tours.

Matt McKnight is one who came home.

McKnight deployed to Vietnam in December 1966 as a platoon commander in charge of three tanks, seven armored personnel carriers and 44 enlisted men.

"I was responsible for everything they (his men) did or failed to do. If they went to sleep and got their throats cut, then it was my responsibility," he explained. "It was a demanding job. When we were in the jungle, I'd be lucky to sleep two to three hours a day."

The jungle described by McKnight sounds much like that portrayed in the old Tarzan movies of the '30s and '40s. "We were

nine degrees above the equator and it would get up to 120 degrees in the shade during the day time," he said.

The extreme temperatures were followed by the rainy season, during which it would at times rain hard enough to allow men to take showers, as they frequently did, McKnight said.

During his first tour of Vietnam, McKnight was seriously wounded by enemy gunfire. "We were north of Bien-hoa (about 20 miles north of Saigon) near the Michelin Rubber Plantation where my platoon and calvary troop had been conducting an operation looking for a North Vietnamese supply area. There was a river ford that we had to cross to get into the area and this river ford was the only way out. My platoon had dropped back to investigate something, but the other platoons drove into the ambush. That's when they called for me to reinforce them.

"As we came up I guess someone recognized me as an officer and laid down a pretty heavy volume of fire," he recalled. Two rounds hit the flak jacket which served as a bullet proof vest for the officer. .

"One of them went through a sheet of armor plating and hit me in the left hip just above my billfold."

For three days, McKnight was paralyzed due to the swelling and the close proximity of the bullet to his spinal cord. About five weeks later, after he had recuperated sufficiently, he was sent back into combat.

The memories of Vietnam are not pleasant ones for McKnight, but one very bitter instance is a recurring one.

He and his platoon had aided the people in a village by bringing a doctor with a much-needed drug to them. The doctor and his drug nearly saved all the village's children from being "eaten alive with chicken pox," McKnight said.

As the soldiers entered the village, a young boy warned them of a hidden pressure mine in their pathway. The result: the lives of the soldiers were saved.

However, several days later, upon the return of McKnight and his platoon, they witnessed a horrifying sight.

"This young boy, his mother, father, brothers, sisters, everyone in his whole family, were nailed—

One Who Came Home

crucified, to the side of a church with a sign in Vietnamese that read, 'This is what happens to people who help the Americans.' "

Following his first tour of duty in Vietnam, McKnight returned to the United States for 18 months. In May 1969, he returned to Vietnam, only this time as an aero-rifle platoon pilot.

Why the switch from tanks to helicopters?

"We had been in the jungle about 45 to 50 straight days and most of my underclothes had rotted off of me. This helicopter had landed to take our wounded and I opened the door to talk to the pilots. They had on crisp, clean fatigues, shiny boots and had on good-smelling after shave lotion.

"I decided that if that was the way to fight a war, then it was better than the way I was doing it.

'I figured the life
of a pilot would be
more enjoyable'

"So when I had the option of going back for a second tour on the ground in the jungles again, or go back living the life of a pilot, I figured being a pilot would be a little more 'enjoyable,' but it turned out to be just as bad."

"As to why I stayed," he continued, "I felt that we were doing something worthwhile. I know a lot of people back here didn't think so."

As commander of an aero-rifle platoon, McKnight was in charge of five helicopters and a 44-enlisted man rifle platoon that was deployed on the ground.

After three months at this post, he was promoted to troop operations officer and was second in command of 27 aircraft and 33 pilots.

The mortality rate of the pilots was alarmingly high. While McKnight was there, he said of the average strength of 33 pilots, there were 14 or 15 pilots shot down and killed and 33 seriously wounded.

"Of the five pilots I went to the country with," McKnight remembered, "all were either seriously wounded or killed. I was the only one who went the entire year without being scratched. I guess I had my share of good luck."

"Our job was to go out and find the enemy, fix his position and hold the enemy in that position until the ground forces could maneuver to respond to what we found," he explained.

Only after being wounded was McKnight given a week's leave during his first tour of duty. During his stint as a pilot, things were a bit more comfortable due to the fact that he had access to an officers' club.

"You developed a very close comraderie with your people," he reminisced, "which made it very difficult when you'd lose one of them."

'Lieutenant Calley lost
control of his men and
he was responsible
for what they did'

McKnight was a smart officer. His views and concepts of the Vietnam conflict are not always the popular favorite. His opinions on the Lieutenant Calley controversy is one example.

"I have no sympathy for him at all. That might not be a popular statement to make, but I have no sympathy for him.

"Lt. Calley lost control of his men," he contended. "He was responsible for what they did. And I think losing control in a situation like that was a very serious crime on his part."

Recalling an experience similar to Calley's, McKnight said, "I can remember in instances where we had the option to shoot back blindly and not know what we were hitting, and we could see that there were civilians out there. We normally would not (shoot back)."

Were the Americans guilty of losing their first war?

"Yes, we lost. However, the American combat forces were never defeated on the field of battle. We lost politically. One thing I think a lot of people fail to realize is that we were not fighting the Viet Cong, we were fighting the North Vietnamese regular army. They matched us man for man, and then some, in the South.

"I really feel sorry for the Viet Cong now that the war is over. They were the real losers in that entire war. They tried to fight us and we beat them soundly. Then they thought the North Vietnamese were going to be their saviors, and they came down and took everything."

'I really feel sorry
for the Viet Cong
...they were
the real losers'

McKnight blames the American loss of South Vietnam to the Communists on the lack of support from the American people. "Had we had the support of the American people, the war would have ended in 1968 or '69," he suggested, "and we'd have been the winners."

"Any type of war that you fight is immoral," he added. "And what we were doing was immoral. But what we were trying to prevent was far more immoral."

Another source of irritation for McKnight is the press coverage of the use of drugs in Vietnam. According to McKnight, it was blown out of proportion, and as a result, the stigma of "dope heads" was applied to Vietnam veterans.

'In the jungle...
you didn't do anything
that would
impair your senses'

He said that he did encounter persons who used drugs, but they were not the ones who held positions of great responsibility. "When you were in the jungle and faced possible ambush by the enemy at any time, you didn't want to do anything that would impair your senses," he observed.

McKnight's most bitter feelings are toward the North Vietnamese and the American press. "The press reported what they thought the American people wanted to hear. For instance, we had one sour

apple in the bunch (Lt. Calley) who went out and committed a terrible atrocity. The press went out and played it up to the nth degree. And yet the North Vietnamese would go out and commit a similar atrocity, if not worse, and the press just never seemed to report it or to be interested in it."

He also recalled how the press created pseudo-situations for the sake of their newscasts. For example, a CBS correspondent was filming after an extremely bloody battle in which McKnight had taken part. While the newsman filmed his report, he asked American soldiers to fire a few shots in the background for authenticity.

Indicative of his services and acts of bravery in the conflict, McKnight was the recipient of numerous awards and commendations from both the South Vietnamese and the United States armies.

Presently he continues to contribute his services as commander of an air cavalry troop in Knoxville and as a major in the Army National Guard.

Planning to graduate next December with a degree in marketing, McKnight lives in Murfreesboro with his wife, who is a teacher at the McFadden school, and his daughter.

Just by looking at Matt McKnight today, a man who came home, one would never know that he would have such a story to tell. □

A Commentary for Collage

By Mary Ann Richards

Once upon a time there was a university with a somewhat "meaty" population cradled snug and warm upon the bosom of the rolling hills of middle Tennessee. Dressed and blessed with green lawns and contemporary buildings and trimmed with a progressive educational system, its campus was lovingly rocked on the knees of several surrounding communities and gently burped by a lullaby city—Nashville. Approximately 10,000 students attended this post embryonic institute of higher learning. Approximately 50 percent of these students were women and 10 percent were of non-Caucasian backgrounds.

Now, once upon a small climb of crime there existed within this university campus a guidance center. The purpose of this guidance center was, of course, to guide students who felt the need for some personal assistance with problems they might encounter while soaking their cerebrums with knowledge attained at this expanding institution of higher education. Three counselors rendered their counseling services to these 10,000 students. Three counselors listened, leaned forward and reflected within this guidance center.

Now, these three counselors were all blessed(?) with an abundance of

androgens—mainly testosterone. And these three counselors shared something else in common—their skin pigmentation put them *all* in the same ethnic nitch—Caucasian.

"Holy jock strap!" you might say. You mean to tell me that once upon a time within this progressive institute of higher learning, there was not *one* counselor with an abundance of estrogen or *one* counselor that didn't have a Caucasian background?? You mean to say that within this advanced institution of higher cerebrum-soaking all three counselors were Caucasian men?? "Holy E.R.A.!" you might say. How can all the students receive fair representation and feel comfortable transferring pre- and post-cerebrum soaking feelings when 50 percent of those students hand an abundance of estrogen and 10 percent had a non-Caucasian background?? "Holy Bigotry! Holy Chauvinism!" you might say. Approximately 60 percent of the students' needs couldn't possibly be met adequately with such poor representation. Holy Boston tea party! Bring in some estrogen...bring in some new pigments. Call a caucus of the staff or call it a STAPHYLOCOCCUS! "Holy penicillin!" you might say. There could be an overlooked narrow

minded virus thriving withing this guidance center....

It's time we put down our sneakers, weejuns, flip flops or whatever else houses our soles and stamp out this virus. We need at least *one* female counselor and at least *one* non-Caucasian counselor in the guidance center as much as Richard Nixon needed phlebitis and Adelle Davis didn't need the A.M.A.! No more dangling Addidas! We need fair representation for all students. Holy deaf ear! Who is responsible for this obvious lack of representation? Holy Brooks Brothers shirt! Whoever you are, please reexamine this case of runaway androgens and ethnical narrow mindedness. Holy fumble-on-the-50-yard line of equal rights! If you can't pick up the ball and find the means within yourself to fairly and equally represent all the students at the guidance center perhaps *you* should drop back and punt your way into a caucas for your staph...oops, I mean staff. Perhaps *you* should seek counseling. Whoever you are, if you are a male Caucasian, you'll feel right at home at M.T.S.U.'s progressive guidance center. You can find it snuggled safe and warm within a womb located in the U.C. Unchecked viruses can be harmful to your health!



Photograph by Ron King

FREEDOM



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Art by Paul Tosh
'Freedom' copyright 1979 by Geoff Hull

IMAGES IMAGES IMAGES

"Images" represents some of the work done by students in the creative writing class of Robert Herring of the MTSU English department.

Wind

Unseen turbulence
Tossing branches grasses
Leaves rising circular
Total discomposure

Kite

Paper skin
broken bones
powerlines
a final home.

Untitled

Downward
rain,
wet and windsome.
touching
into dry earth.

Birches

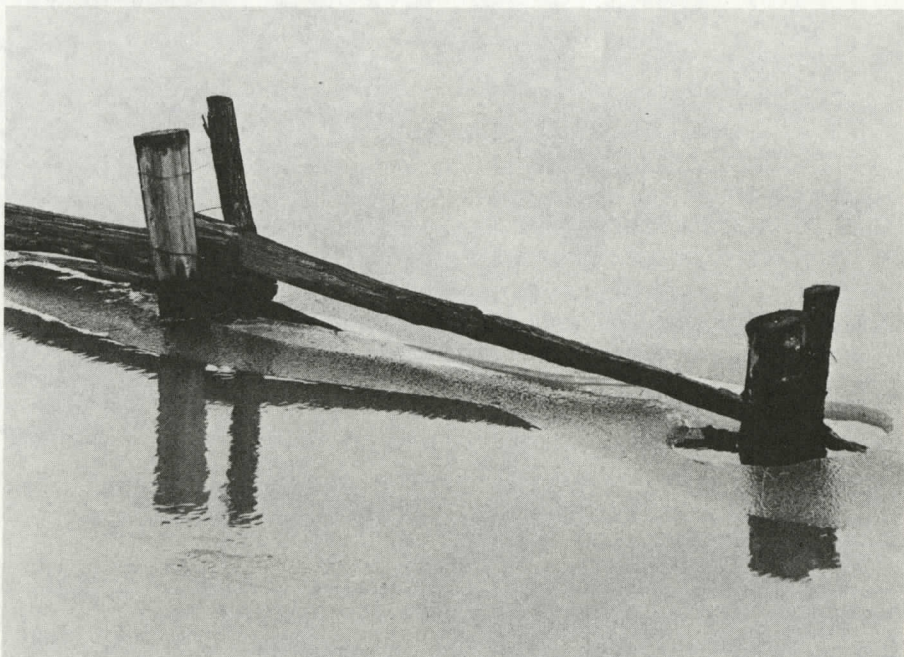
Dawn's advance
silent
touching wooden fingers
that reach toward the sky.

Untitled

Outside my window
moths are knocking
like children.

Killing Time

Insignificant creatures
With the discipline of Prussians,
Disordered by the shadow
Of my boot.
A simple shift in balance—chaos.
Kicking, scuffing, I expose
The paragon of fertility.
The queen is dead,
The soldiers fly.
Quick and silent
Slaughter.



Photograph by Steve Harbison

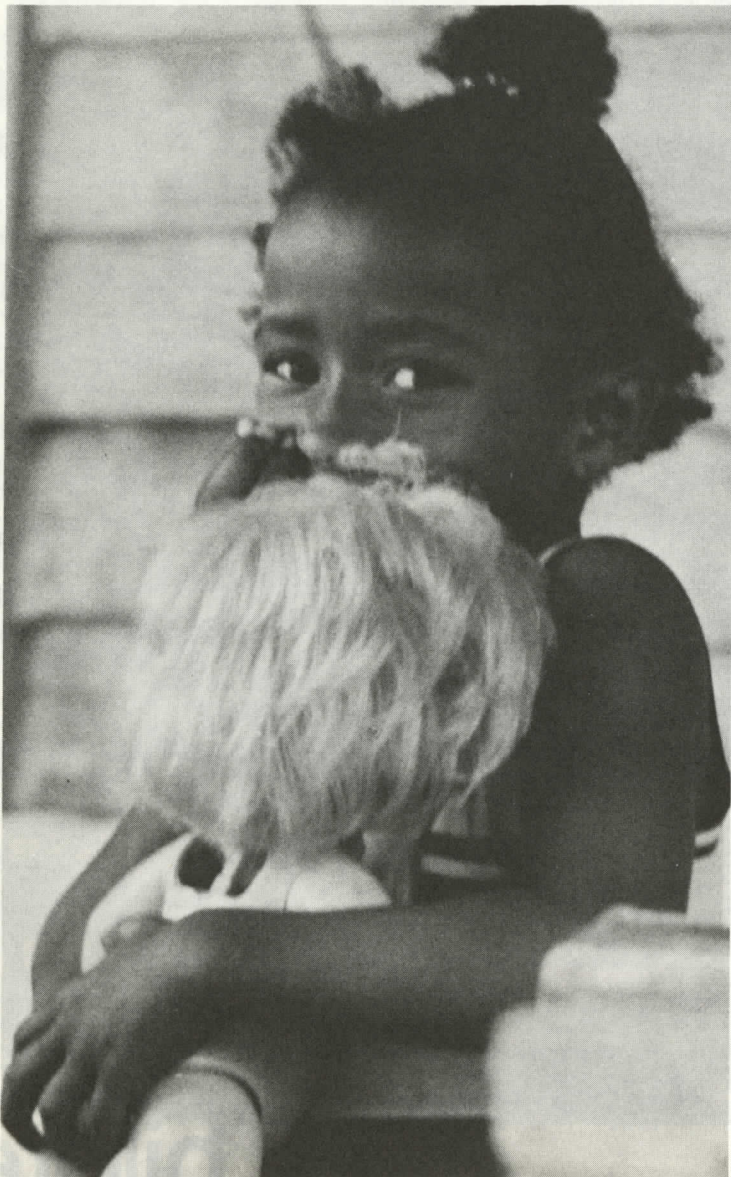


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Photograph by Frank Wm. White

Freedom Copyright 1979 by Scott Hull

Children....



Photograph by Frank Wm. White



Photograph by Kathy Appling

Children have long been favorite subjects of photographers. Their innocence, naivete, zest for living and their boundless imagination are among the traits that distinguish children from their elders.

They can be loving, or they can be rude, but very seldom does one run across an apathetic child.

Fran Leibowitz, best selling author of *Metropolitan Life*, said that she has found that quite often children are sticky, but regardless of that discovery, the humorist places them among her favorite people.

Only one thing disturbs Leibowitz about children: they are more often than not accompanied by adults.

Whether they be sticky, loving, rude or with adults, children are captured by the camera's eye in these photographs. □



Photograph by Karen Zimmermann



Photograph by Robert Pierce



Jeffrey Ellis, editor-in-chief

Cynthia Haeberle Charlton, design director

Ernie Edwards, associate design director

Julia Gesch, photography editor

Donna Wilson, art editor

Bill Ray, typesetting

Elaine Wagner, design consultant

Frank Wm. White, advisor

Photograph by Faye Hale



Julia Gesch, Ernie Edwards, Donna Wilson, Jeffrey Ellis and Cynthia Charlton.

winners

Just prior to the release of *Collage for Autumn* last semester, the staff announced the establishment of an awards competition for materials used in the magazine's two issues.

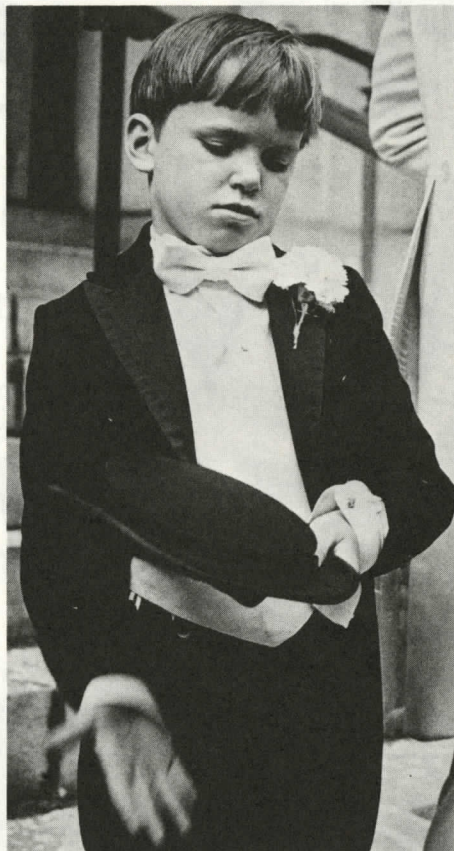
Originally it was planned to have overall winners for both, but with the abundance of high quality work, the staff reconsidered and chose instead to present awards for each of the two issues.

The Merit Awards for *Collage for Autumn* go to a group of creative and extremely talented individuals for their deeply personal and provocative efforts—efforts which played a vital role in the overall excellence of the magazine.

Steve Harbison claims top honors in photography for his print which was used to illustrate the story, "Living Together—Is Everybody Doing It?" The photo, found on page 13 of the autumn issue, shows a young woman lying in a bed beneath two windows.

The merit award for art in the autumn issue goes to Ollie Fancher for his imaginative work which was used to illustrate the story, "Angel Dust...PCP." A longtime contributor to *Collage*, Fancher's creativity continues to flourish, as is exhibited by the work.

A newcomer to MTSU and *Collage*, Mary Ann Richards, takes the award for fiction. Richard's "A Letter to Harold," a satirical look at a deteriorating marriage both



shocked and amused our readers with its frank and entertaining treatment of a heavy subject.

The merit award for autumn poetry is shared by David Wilson and John Cannon. Wilson's "Paradise Bar," a moving account of an aging man's struggle to find paradise before he dies, is an ideal choice for the award. Cannon's "Dream Stuff," a poem about the relationship of a young man and his father and the father's subsequent death, like Wilson's effort, is an obvious selection for the award.

The Merit Awards for *Collage for Spring* also go to some very creative persons.

Robert Pierce's photograph of a child playing with a balloon is awarded the top honors in that category. Pierce's print captures a child's fascination with a simple rubber toy balloon and is an ideal choice for the award.

Bill Bryson takes the award for art. His etching of a reclining nude, found on page 48 of this issue, is only one of several outstanding works in *Collage for Spring*.

"Working Women," the story about Gus the aging con man and his plan to "work" a woman for the first time, wins Dennis Deming the award for fiction.

William Fitzhugh, a quite prolific writer with several works included in this issue, claims the award for poetry. "Rabbits," an entertaining and provocative poem about life as seen through the eyes of a rabbit, is an excellent choice for the award.

The high quality of the work submitted to *Collage* meant the judges faced a difficult task.

Though difficult, it was a pleasant task. The *Collage* staff extends its congratulations to the winners and its heartfelt thanks to all who allowed us the opportunity to consider their work.

"Hey kids, let's put out a magazine!"

Since we first shouted that phrase last spring, we have been hard at work to produce this year's *Collage*. The majority of last summer was spent planning stories and design for this year's effort, but all too soon, an end is fast approaching.

With the realization that we will soon be kicked out of the office, comes reflections on this year's achievements, or a lack thereof.

Reviews of *Collage for Autumn* have generally been good ones. Although we did receive some pans, we refused to close out of town.

Most certainly those bad reviews did more to encourage than to discourage. Among the things some people didn't necessarily like were our choice of paper stock ("If the photographers had wanted their photos tinted, they would have done it themselves."), our choice of stories ("Did you actually ask people to write these things?") and our choice of artwork ("Why don't you get someone else to do something besides the same old people?").

Suffice it to say these comments came from people unwilling to contribute their own work to this magazine.

On the other hand, we received some glowing reviews. Among the things people liked most were our choice of paper stock ("You can tell it's certainly expensive!"), our

choice of stories ("This is the first *Collage* in years you can actually sit down and read.") and our choice of artwork ("It was beautiful.").

The old adage about pleasing some of the people some of the time seems to hold true in this case.

But the good things far outweigh the bad. During this past year I have had the good fortune to work with an extremely talented and devoted staff. Though small in numbers, the members of the *Collage* staff have exhibited a desire to work and to learn throughout the year.

I could never adequately express my appreciation to these people for their tireless efforts. Stated quite simply, this magazine could never have been were it not for their dependability and perseverance.

Collage also owes a great debt of gratitude to those persons who gave of themselves by contributing the stories, art, photographs and poems included in the two issues.

I really wish that we could have had more issues this year, but it was financially impossible to do so. We had to decide whether we wanted quality or quantity.

We chose quality.

In an effort to give our readers what we felt they wanted, we selected story topics designed to provoke thought and to entertain. We sought to maintain a high level of art, photographs and design so that this magazine would be stimulating to

the eyes as well as to the mind. We included more poetry than ever simply because that which we received was deemed to be of a high calibre.

There were, however, many things we planned which did not become reality. But does that mean we have failed? We think not—but then we are a bit prejudiced.

Our failure or success can only be determined by you, our readers. This is not the "Jeff Ellis Magazine" as some of our more harsh critics have said. This is the magazine for Middle Tennessee State University.

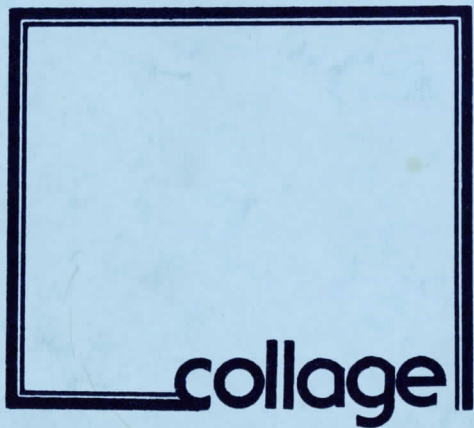
We hope you are pleased with our efforts. If not, we hope you will let us know so that perhaps next year's staff can benefit from our mistakes.

Next year, *Collage* will be under the editorship of Jackie Gearhart, a junior from Chattanooga. We feel certain that the magazine will continue to prosper under her guidance.

Regardless of how you feel about this year's *Collage*, we want to hear from you. We hate to leave, but our job is completed.

Yours is just beginning. . .





the creative magazine
Middle Tennessee State University
Murfreesboro, Tennessee 37132