

DRYING

Repression  
Electrically Adjustable Bed  
Artists

# COLLAGE

The Creative Magazine of Middle Tennessee State University  
April, 1980  
Volume XIII, No. 3

TALL OF BIG MEN

SILK SCARF  
PROSE

I WANT ONE OF THOSE!  
Potato Museum & "IT'S TOASTED"

About the author Carl Stinson has been closely involved with chemicals since 1965, the year he joined Shell as a toxicologist.

Against the Wall, December

SUICIDE ME  
No temporary ride

JEWISH CAMPS FOR EVERYONE  
MELP

TUCK YOU  
If



Home Home Home

Home Home Home

DEADLY  
tail action!



ONE

Rain

AUTUMNAL TREE WAX

Reincarna

Friday

JAWS

Bring The Boys

LYUN  
LLYEN  
ALIEN  
TOP

haunting

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed please find my \$\_\_\_\_\_ money or \_\_\_\_\_

ARAUCANA CHICKENS  
Lay Colored Easter Eggs

ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN

Boys 8-18  
20-50 lbs

HOUND MEN

FOR LOST BOYS & GIRLS AGE 9 TO 16



Made in America only \$3.95

I'M PROUD TO Die

The difference between the men and the boys is the price of their toys.

DELUXE SUPPORT PLUG

ZIP

Reflection

If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility...

-T.S. Eliot  
"Burnt Norton"

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.

-T.S. Eliot  
*Four Quartets*

collage

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## **In Harbor**

*I watch the seasons come and go,  
Tides of life in ebb and flow,  
Plotting course against the chart  
Of winds and currents in my heart.*

*Seeking compass, I find none.  
One thing's sure; when sailing's done  
My ship will crack in rib and spine  
And bed it's bones in weeds and brine.*

*Before that time, though, I will scull,  
Barnacles upon my hull,  
To some forgotten, sunlit bay  
Where months are spring, and spring is May.*

*There the ocean's salt in tears  
Can rime the passing of my years.*

**-Mary Sie**

## **Against the Wall, December**

*His feet among the fallen fruit, he leans  
against the wall,  
watching leaves blow  
through his bare-limbed orchard,  
and clouds across the moon.  
"So, the season's changed," he thinks,  
shivering in the pale-painted dark,  
"The leaves and blossoms  
spent in the genesis of the fruit,  
and Summer's sweetcorn chorus  
become December's dead-leaf dirge."  
The bitter blast bites his face,  
But it's not the cold that drives him in  
to the kitchen and the coffee pot.*

**-Joel Rutledge**

## Lines Before Dinner

The hands of the clock beat at me wildly.  
The leaves of the calendar fall all too fast.  
The sun someday shall fade away.  
Hurry Honey, dinner is at eight.

I don't like this house.  
It's narrow, dank and damp.  
But I don't know how to  
Change it.  
I don't like this house.  
It's dark, cold and empty.  
Perhaps I'll rearrange it.  
I don't like this house.  
No one comes here anymore.  
The path is filled with stones.  
I don't like this house.  
It's old and dead before it's time.  
Nothing left but decadent bones.  
I don't like this house.  
Endless nights and lightless days.  
But I'm afraid to change it.

## Subtle Declaration

Now is the time.  
Let me have grace.  
Let skies and mountains wrap me up  
And thrust me heavenward.

Let heroes cease to move me.  
Let not flags discolor my skies.  
Let me move gracefully among my friends  
And not measure time with years  
And all the fears of solitude.

Now is the time for all the tense faces  
Torn by dusty dreams and disillusionment  
To be ignored and forgotten,  
Because pain is numbing  
And is soon tolerable  
To the insecure multitudes.  
I know me alone and can move only me,  
And now is the time.

-Ed L. Uhles

-Sheila Gray

-Ed L. Uhles

**Thunder Storms in Winter  
(Snow in the Summer)**

Spilling clouds upon us all  
You like the rain, the wind  
The winter things.

May there be for you  
Dreary days  
And lonely nights

May there be rain and sleet  
For the bitter ones  
And snow-  
To soften the edge.

May there be rain  
For you to cry in  
May there be cold  
For your heart  
To lie in.

May the Winter's Mark  
Solace the lives  
You are painters of.

May you find the light;  
May it be extinguished  
By you eyes  
That you might see inside  
Yourselves  
For that is where the spirit lies.

**After the Ball**

Chaos craftsman of war and cause,  
Of wine and song, a scene too long,  
Must stop to pause and give us peace  
The morning after when all is spent,  
When your guests have gone  
And you have had enough,  
When the shades are drawn  
The moment of dawn,

When the good noble maids  
Clean the vomit and gore  
Wine and glass and shattered jade  
From our polished marble ballroom floor,  
When you are dead yourself  
And not before.

**a conch**

solitary,  
silent,  
half-buried in the sand,  
a conch waits  
for one ear to press against it.

**-Catherine Ryder**

**-Ed L. Uhles**

**-Jackie Gearhart**

# Buleah Davis: *Waiting for the Year 2000*

Story by Jane Mier  
Photos by David Mudd



It seems like professors always come and go, but there is one instructor on campus who is retiring this spring after 36 years of teaching here at MTSU.

Health, physical education, recreation and safety professor Buleah Davis has been here since 1944 — longer than any other instructor on campus.

"And I'm looking forward to retiring so much!" she laughed. "Someone brought me a memo from administration the other day and it was dated the 47th. Goodness, if they go adding 17 days to every month I won't get out of here as soon as I had thought!

"Why sure, I'm going to miss the students and my coworkers, but I'm ready to retire," Davis said. "Every year I vow not to take any work home with me but I always do.

"I don't want to fight the clock any more. I want to sleep late and make my own schedule."

Those students who make their schedules out to fit Davis' have nothing but good things to say about her and the classes she teaches.

"When I first met her I thought she'd be quiet and reserved, but she's more energetic than the students," Peter Gould, one of Davis' folk and square dancing students, commented. "She's really enthusiastic and just goes wild when she dances. I like her an awful lot and will miss her."

Marty Daniel, a freshman from Hendersonville, describes Davis as a "trip."

"It's really the best way to describe her," he said. "She's a lot older than all of us but certainly doesn't act it. Dr. Davis gets into dancing a lot."

"I love teaching more than anything," Davis admitted. "I think learning is so exciting. There is nothing as rewarding as taking a group of students who want to learn — and I assume that all students in my classes want to learn-and teaching them."

"She is an outstanding lady in all respects," said A. H. Solomon, chairman of the HPERs department.

"I have known her for 11 years and have always known her to be totally committed to her profession and to the growth of her students."

This commitment has earned Davis



many awards and plaques, which cover the back wall of her office. Her honors include Outstanding Educator of 1975, Notable American, 35 Years of Service Award and Personalities of the South.

Davis, however, is not what some students describe as "easy," according to Solomon.

"She has her standards and abides by them," he explained. "But her classes always fill up, and for years after graduating some of her old students come back to visit her."

Davis feels, however, that students are not as serious about their work as students were in the 40s and 50s.

"Students were more mature back then," she reflected. "They were more serious. They knew they had to get jobs and they wanted to be prepared."

"Now anyone can go to college, regardless of their educational or socioeconomic background. Many students look at college as a country club. Granted, they are more knowledgeable about the world and more sophisticated, but they just aren't as serious with respect to classwork."

There is also a tendency for young people not to have much feeling for elders, Davis claims, adding that this is merely a trend of the times in the United States and not necessarily a characteristic of college students.

The peppy instructor has seen many trends come and go during her lifetime. Expounding her views on everything from the presidency of the country ("Jeepers creepers! Who in their right mind would actually want to be president..!") to drinking and drugs ("People do it 'cause others do it and they do it 'cause others do it and it goes on and on."), Davis kept up a stream of nonstop commentary.

She earned her bachelor's degree from Middle Tennessee State Teachers College in 1936. (MTSTC became MTSU in 1967).

"Back then there were about 600 students on campus," Davis recalled. "Later, after the war (World War II) was over, enrollment reached 800. This was because a lot of men came back from service. So many had to leave school in the middle of their education so the college let them come back and pick up



where they had left off. By that winter we had enough men here for a basketball team."

After graduating, Davis taught for eight years in public schools in Santa Fe and Cornersville, two small towns in Tennessee, before returning to her alma mater. She became coach of the girls' basketball team and a math instructor at the campus school, then moved to MTSU's HPER department.

"I had to go to Peabody and receive my physical education degree (in 1942) because I majored in math and Latin and minored in economics and history while I was a student here," she explained.

"I have also traveled a lot," she said, indicating the 50-some-odd foreign dolls and musical instruments which fill the shelves and cabinets of her office.

"I began travelling the year I started teaching," Davis related. "My first trip was to Florida and Cuba. I had to borrow \$100 to go. I remember that for a three-day, all-expenses-paid trip to Cuba it cost me \$44.50."

If she could live anywhere in the world, what country would she choose.. "Switzerland or New

Zealand," She answered without hesitation. "The natural beauty, the quietness and the friendliness of the people is so wonderful."

During her travels, Davis is always on the lookout for dances to bring back to her classes.

"A folk dance is a dance of the people," she explained. "It has to be easy for ordinary people to do. I've seen Nuryev dance 'Sleeping Beauty' in London and I myself have danced with Polynesian natives."

Davis, who has never been married, plans on travelling more after her retirement. She claims it will also take her several years to clean out her attic, do some crafts, church work, gardening and reading.

"Most people just do not prepare themselves for retirement," she asserted. "Of course, some people try to prepare financially, but almost no one is ready emotionally or skill-wise."

"I am ready," Davis claimed. "I'm always looking forward and just taking each week as it comes. Goodness, I can't wait for the year 2000!"

## mama

mama

she taught me--taught me to belong to  
nobody  
nobody but...HIM

mama

she sought me--sought me to sing my song for  
nobody  
nobody but...HIM

mama

she fought me--fought me to get along with  
nobody  
nobody but...HIM

mama

she bought me--bought me to be strong for  
nobody  
nobody but...HIM

mama

she caught me--caught me--stopped me  
just when i longed to take as well as  
give, she blocked me  
and i locked me

now i belong, sing my song, get along and  
am strong-box strong for  
nobody  
HE IS GONE

## Co-ed Mother

Ten minutes 'til school; Hurry girls, we'll be late!  
Almost to the door-oh my gosh-WAIT  
Where's Amy? Where's your coat? Where the hell are my  
keys?  
Let's run to the car; don't fight, girls. PLEASE ?

I checked my mailbox, maybe I got a letter.  
But it was just bills, I should have known better.  
Got a "C" on a paper I worked on for days.  
Getting an education certainly pays.

It's been a long day, I'm so tired I can't move.  
I keep wondering, "What am I trying to prove ? "  
Kids, eat your supper! Lori, sit still!  
Amy, get Mommy one of her pills.

A call from ex-hubby, he can't pay this week.  
Girls, why don't you go play hide and seek ?  
No, there are no more cookies. We're all out of Coke.  
Putting glue in my make-up was no funny joke!

Silence is golden, they both are in bed.  
Did a whole thought finally get through my head ?  
Isn't it wonderful? I can't hear a peep.  
It sounds so damn lonely. I'm going to sleep.

-Mary Ann Richards

-Daisie J. Gasser

## Invisible Tubes

Other Mother-  
mother birth  
has pushed my compressed housing  
through the tube of phallic browsing  
to my moistened reign on earth.  
Other Mother-  
mother youth  
has nudged my inflorescence  
through the prime of my pubescence  
to the shadows of your truth.  
Other Mother-  
mother age  
has taken all my learning  
and the twisting and the turning  
of it leaves me filled with rage.  
(The jellied building of my brain's  
communication center strains  
the tonguing of the verbal stage.)  
Other Mother-  
mother death  
will shove me through the passage  
from the house without a message  
(at the leaving of last breath)  
to the fluid-solid flowing,  
never naked-never knowing-  
never being-never death...

-Mike Quinn

## Duty to God and Country

My mother works from dawn till dusk  
shaving thorns from roses.  
My father is a shoe-shine man  
which calls for awkward poses.  
While he spits on toes and wipes on heels  
his squatting stature quite reveals  
the tatoo (of a thousand men  
dressed up as GI Joes  
stomping through a restaurant  
and kicking mashed potatoes,  
continuing around his side  
(though you cannot see them)  
they march right to his belly  
where the scene is switched to mayhem.  
With a great big stick, a great big man  
hits the soldiers when he can,  
and drives the dressed up army men  
(gravy shoes on their toes)  
past my mother sitting there  
(the stickers shaved from her rose)  
to my father's shoe-shine shop  
for polished mashed potatoes.

-Mike Quinn

# Of Rats and Men

-Mike Kopp

Rats.

Considered by many to be the lowest form  
of life in our society

Rats.

Those furry chattering menaces  
scurrying their chubby little bodies down  
alleys, rummaging through the city's trash.

Rats.

They are the most disgusting plague  
of the earth.  
So we give them alcohol, heroin,  
saccharin, laetril, anything considered dangerous  
to man's health. Injecting it into their  
bloodstreams and sitting back to  
watch as their bodies twitch and  
squirm, reacting to the invasion.

Rats.

They deserve it. They are the  
chosen ones. Chosen to infest  
our cities contaminating us with  
disease.

Rats.

Joe creeps silently down the alley,  
cautiously calculating every step, every move.  
Climbing the cold steel of the revolver  
tightly in his fist, he slips from  
corner to corner. Watching.

The rats scurry from corner to corner,  
watching.

Sweat flows down Joe's brow.  
His body twitching with tension. His  
face is gripped by pain. The once  
compassionate eyes are now red with  
anger, fixed on the shadowy figure  
he approaches.

The figure, with wide-brim hat,  
stands alone, leaning against a damp  
alley wall.

Joe's eyes watch the figure estimating  
distance between them.

The rat's eyes are fixed on the scene,  
watching.

Joe stops and crouches silently behind  
an old rusty barrel. Raising the cold  
steel, he levels it at the shadowy figure.  
His heart pounds in his chest as  
pictures develop in his mind's eye.  
The figure is feeding him trash.

Juices flow in his veins like a  
river of green.

His hands, once gripping green  
for food, now tighten around cold  
steel.

The figure begins to grow  
and Joe has to stop it.

A swiftness of a finger volleys  
death at the shadow.

Forever it falls into a puddle  
of red, as Joe scurries away.

The rats scurry in the alley behind him.

The rats are the chosen ones.  
destined to live in trash, victims  
of society.

We are the chosen ones, we  
create the society.

# Make the Noise Stop

by Chris Armstrong

Deke was a criminal. Most of my friends are, for that matter, but Deke had a gleeful viciousness about him that marked him as dangerous.

Deke was short and stocky. Pete said he was built like a "little refrigerator." His hair was brown, thick, and bushy. He always wore a moustache and had a small tuft of hair, like a musketeer's, that hung from his lower lip to his chin. He walked slightly pigeon-toed, as if he were grinding out a cigarette butt, and his stumpy arms cradled the air in front of him as he twist-walked like he was dancing with an invisible partner.

He was a hard drinker with a raspy voice and a sinister cackle-laugh that he would voice while describing what he would like to do to someone he didn't like. He told me once how to break someone's forearm so that it wouldn't heal: "Ya break the small bone by the

elbow, an' the biggun by the wrist, an' jus' mix 'em up in between, heh, heh heh." He cursed well, and was quick to either like or dislike whoever he met: no in-between.

Deke could cope with discussion to a degree, but argument was beyond his grasp. In the early stages of argument, Deke, burdened by lack of workable vocabulary, would clam up and turn red. His method of argument was physiological. He would, as Pete said, "make the noise stop." Words meant nothing to Deke in an argument but were, rather, noises that could be stopped by making vocalization impossible (through a variety of methods). This blocking out of word meaning also made it next to impossible for others to stop the incredible flurry of energy which possessed Deke in a fight. He would turn on any would-be peacemakers and beat them to a pulp before returning to his already comatose victim.

Pete and Deke were from the same hometown. He told horror stories about Deke's youth and his notoriety in the town. Deke's parents had owned a succession of Honky-tonks and his mother was a diagnosed schizophrenic. She was also violent and young Deke grew up fast, playing in barrooms and witnessing several attempts on his father's life. At seventeen, Deke joined the army and, after a brief stint in Germany, was quietly discharged for psychiatric reasons. The discharge was honorable and he came to school on the G.I. Bill. He got an apartment, registered for classes and from then on only went to school to pick up his checks or to meet friends. At that time, the monthly pay ("eagle shit") was to the tune of six hundred dollars. Several of my friends received that amount and we all drank heavily for the whole semester. We would meet in the morning, buy beer, go "dirt roadin'," and return to Deke's to watch the Gong Show. When I met him, he was nineteen.

Hutchins brought a stupid, loud-mouthed friend over to Deke's apartment one afternoon. Jim, the kid, was too familiar with Deke, whom he had just met, and made the run-of-the-mill insult jokes that would have been ac-

ceptable from anyone else in the room.

"Hey, Deke," the kid said. "Hutchins said you were a dumbass, but I didn't believe him 'till now."

Hutchins laughed. Deke tensed and said "uh huh." His face turned red and the tendons of his hand tightened as he squeezed his beer bottle. He stared at Jim, shaking slightly. The four of us who knew Deke knew that his silence was dangerous-for everyone.

"He said you were short and ugly too, but he didn't say how short and ugly." The kid laughed a stupid laugh.

Deke got up from his chair and walked towards the kitchen. He slowed down and leaned slightly toward Jim as he walked into the other room.

"Say, he's a pretty good nigger too, brings beer and everything."

With Deke gone but in hearing, the four of us looked at Jim with poker faces and didn't laugh.

Something slammed in the kitchen.

Deke came back in. Jim, even in his immense ignorance, somehow sensed the danger.

"Well, I godda be goin'," Jim said.

"Yer books are in my car," said Hutchins.

"Yeah, I'll get 'em. We'll see y'all later."

We all said goodnight, except Deke. It was silent. We heard Jim start his car, pull out of the driveway, and leave.

"Hutchins," Deke said slowly, "I'm not runnin' down yer friends, but that fucker's a dumbass."

"Hell," said Hutchins, "he's not my friend, he's just a guy I grew up with."

"What... He's not your friend... I wanted to kill that sonofabitch." Deke twisted his invisible neck.

"Hell, I hate the fucker. I woulda liked to've watched you kick his ass."

"Goddamn!" Deke jumped up fuming, grabbing at the air, helpless. "I'm gonna find that sonofabitch an' break his fuckin' legs." He grabbed his coat.

"Alright," said Hutchins. "I'll go with you."

They were out the door. We heard the car start and grinding gravel and the erk-hum of them barrelling down the road. I changed the channel on the TV.

"Damn," said Pete. "I'd sure hate to be that sonofabitch."

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*I didn't hear you at first.  
For came the wind boasting  
cannoned thunder  
blinding light  
and then the drenching  
pouring  
flood that fell upon me  
parched and barren as I was.  
I thought the torrent nurtured me  
and feared its passing  
for streams  
rushed in rivulets  
exposed my hopelessness  
until the edge of me was bared.  
And in the sudden silence  
that follows storms  
I waited  
tense and trembling for you to go  
but came the gentle rains  
boasting nothing  
save quiet ecstasy  
and sustenance  
that urged me back to life again.*

**-Sheila Gray**

*I have been long enough alone.  
Years of nights  
have found me silent with  
stars and moon  
as I drank deep - deep  
of solitude.  
Winter snows have blown  
upon my face  
or floated  
mute  
through the night  
as I stood  
expectant  
listening for some sound  
beyond the beating of my heart.  
My mind  
as companion  
no longer surprises me  
but has become predictable  
as do mates  
after years of loving  
and hating.  
Yet I remain a fixture on my hill  
rooted  
transfixed  
immobilized by something I cannot yet see  
as my heart  
with some instinctive  
primal knowledge  
propels me towards life and all eternity.*

**-Sheila Gray**

## On Emily Dickinson

*I understand  
the poet's mind:  
I can account for passion bent  
on essences distilled--  
for urgent need of solitude  
that leaves love unfulfilled,  
for intellect betrayed  
at every turn by heart.*

*For I have known  
compulsion sown  
and madness reaped  
compassion sapped  
by mind's detachment; doomed  
to stand and watch humanity  
and by mere study, damned--  
yet saved, like Emily,  
by shared, transcending Art.*

## Unfinished Story

*I am not a book  
To be checked out  
At your convenience  
Given mention as a  
Point of reference  
Nor displayed as part  
Of your collection.*

*But any of these  
Would be better  
Than knowing  
That you closed my covers  
And put me aside,  
Half-read.*

**-Joanna Ormiston**

**-Franklin Farmer**



## Manic Depressive

Suicide  
No temporary ride  
No time capsule to confine  
So feebly, then cast them  
Back dizzily into the raging

Suicide  
A slow ride up the steep side--  
To the top--now throw their hands high  
An infinite ride down the incline

Sure we all have our highs and lows,  
Some get higher than March kites,  
Some get lower than February moles.  
Me, I'm a manic depressive,  
But it's much more passionately passive,  
Than actually being star-gazingly crazy.  
And I've never seen one that was sloven or lazy.  
There are times when I'm quite colorful,  
With aqua blues, violet reds, and grays that are mournful.  
Sunday I asked for a release,  
They say all the shock treatment will cease.  
I'm being cared for as an old chipped stone,  
Could it be better to walk alone . . .  
So I'll crawl on home to stay,  
And try to cope as I may.  
Without the little pink pills, I'll still be alright.  
Maybe there will be several gray sleepless nights,  
But, I'll live on, and be strong.  
Most of all I'll be on my own.

-Ed L. Uhles

-Larry W. Brewer

# Karen, Learning

by Joanna Ormiston

**K**aren sits on the floor beside her stereo. Her copper-colored hair is twisted in an untidy knot on top of her head, her eyes are closed, her face gleams pale in the dimness of her sealed-in, one-room apartment.

The cracks around two windows and a door are stuffed with towels. The open gas-jets on the little stove murmur; a winter wind mourns around the corner of the apartment complex, but she hears only the music beginning to filter through the gray headphones. Karen has bought a record to die by.

The first time Karen heard the song was when she was twelve—almost seven years ago. On a mid-summer evening, when the sky was full of stars, she'd sat on the steps of another run-down apartment building where she lived with her mother. From a radio came the strains of music from her mother's era—from a time when Karen's father still lived with them, and they were a family, and Karen had known what it was to feel not-alone.

"You'll never walk alone," a voice sang richly. She listened to the words. Listened carefully. And suddenly the words seemed true, and the stars came down, and Karen knew that she was not alone.

The song ended, the announcer spoke. "You have been listening to the Rodgers and Hammerstein song of hope and inspiration," she said, "You'll Never Walk Again!"

Karen laughed at the blooper. When she'd stopped laughing, the stars were back in their places. Never again could she feel the warmth and certainty she'd known for that moment.

She grew up, began to work in a supermarket, left her mother's apartment to live in one of her own. Twice she'd thought she was in love, but nothing came of it. Nothing seemed to help her feeling of aloneness. So she



bought the record, telling herself it was best to go out with a laugh.

The record spins around. "And don't be afraid of the dark—" The voice is rich and melodious. Words and music surround her, and she wonders how soon she'll begin to be drowsy. She tries to ignore the words—it had been a crazy idea to play the record at all, she thinks.

No crazier than what I'm doing to myself, the reply comes. "Walk on, walk on," the voice counsels her. Deliberately, she jumps ahead to the punch-line, saying aloud, "You'll never walk again." She tries to laugh.

No laughter comes. "—with hope in your heart," the voice sings, relentlessly

urging her. *Hope*—the word fixes itself in her mind. Other people are alone, she tells herself. We're all alone some time or another.

Then her eyes open wide, like a child's. Like a child she asks: Or are we really alone. . .

And she knows all at once that no one needs to feel alone. She yanks off the headphones, dashes to the stove, turns off the gas. She jerks the towels from under the door and flings it open. A gleeful wind throws a handful of snow in her face. Snow swirls into the room and glistens against the carpet like tiny stars.

The winter sky is full of stars. They come closer as Karen looks up.

## Soul Music

Only one who has  
Laughed and cried  
Can write a melody  
Of heart things.

-Franklin Farmer

## To the World or Cutting the Cord

sitting, slumped, sticky in baby fashion  
sucking cigarettes  
please call  
so I can hang up on you

-Mary Ann Richards

## Empathy

I stand naked  
and welcome thorns and splinters  
with no sheild  
to protect my skin.

Let their sharpness  
pierce my body  
to the boney structure  
that lies within-

til my spirit in agony  
cries out  
to feel the warmth  
of the blood  
stream, flow, trickle  
down the roughness  
of my skin,  
elucidating, enveloping,  
embracing  
what surrounds me  
on the outside,  
pushing it within

-Jackie Gearhart

## The Arts Secretary

a traveling exhibit  
...eyes of blown glass  
my smile acrylic...sometimes

the face you see is stretched canvas  
...dabbed with crayolas

i am a negative...positively

a conceptual shuffler of  
conceptual forms

feet of clay  
fingers of ink  
hair woven and tie-dyed  
...brain of soft metal

i have been baked in a kiln  
stretched over rough boards  
chisled and hammered into form  
gazed upon the inside of hot firebrick  
and have  
been dipped in the chemicals

what you see  
...is me

i know nothing of art  
i am happy here

i think i'll stay awhile  
maybe someday...

i'll be "from the permanent collection"

-Janice Savage

## Sidewalk Scene

A blind man sits,  
Tin can in his hand,  
Thinking the world is kind--  
Poor wrinkled rag.

Plagued by guilt,  
A man strolls by  
And drops a nickel in.  
Now he is satisfied,  
Delightfully and sincerely  
In love with himself again.

-Ed L. Uhles

A sitting soliloquy  
Sighing through facts  
of imagined isolation  
and genuine loneliness.  
An ambitious dreamer  
Too afraid of rejection  
To be moved.

-Merry Clifton

# Gallery

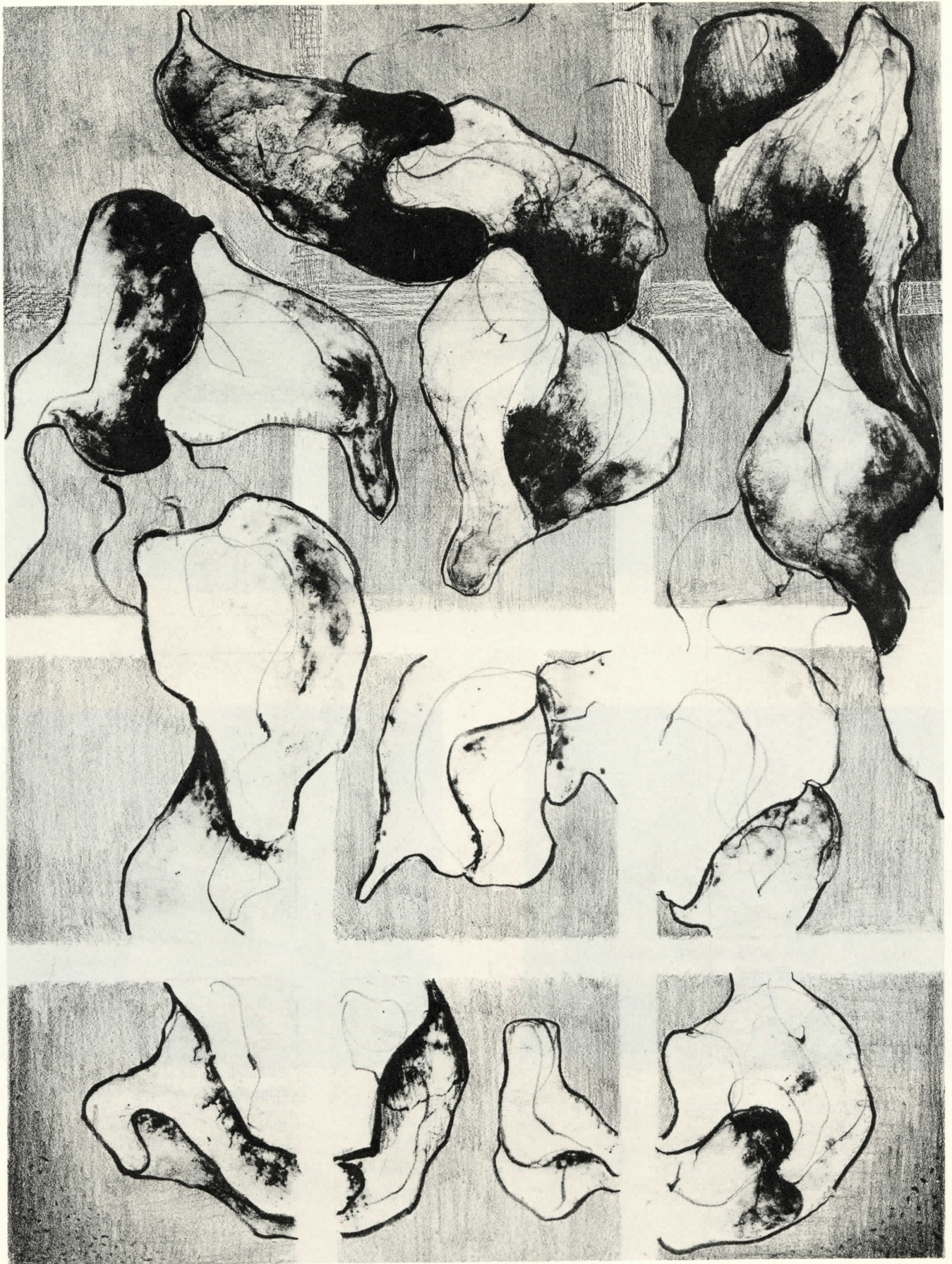


Holly Proctor

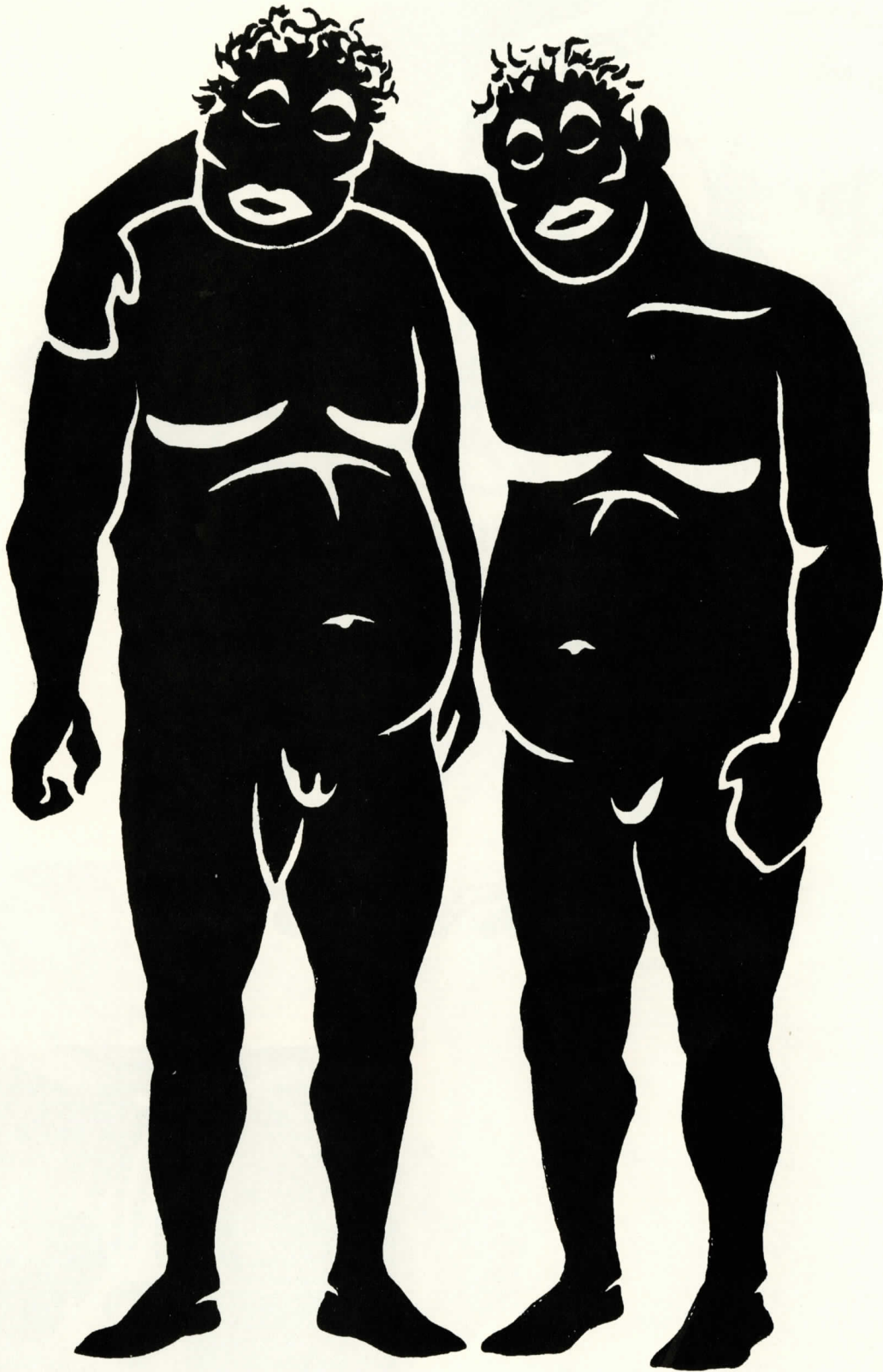




Sounds like a lot of supernatural baloney to me:  
"supernatural" perhaps, "baloney" perhaps not...



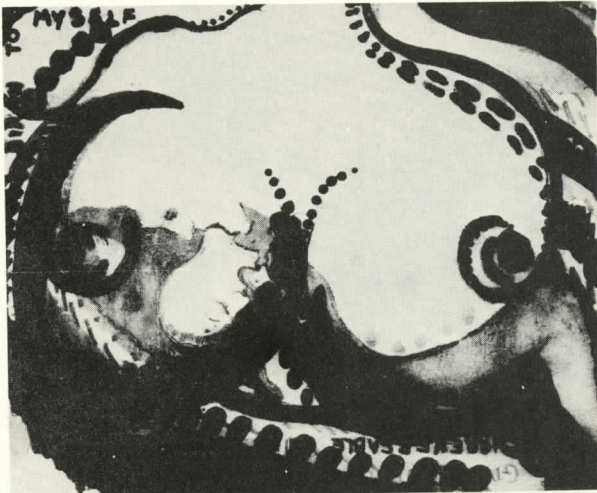
Susan Chenot



Buddies

Joe Griffin

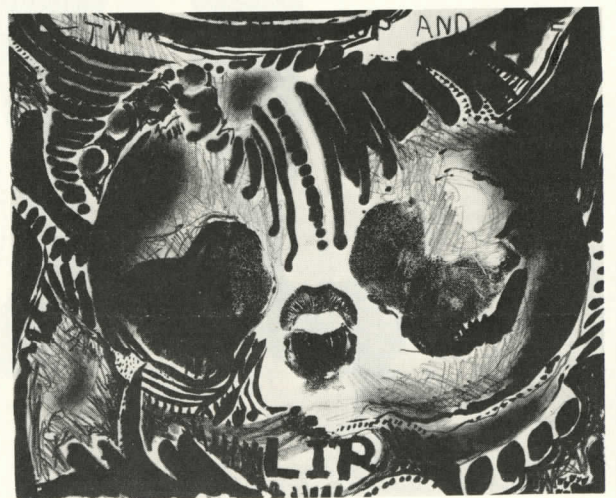




Thanks for the Memories

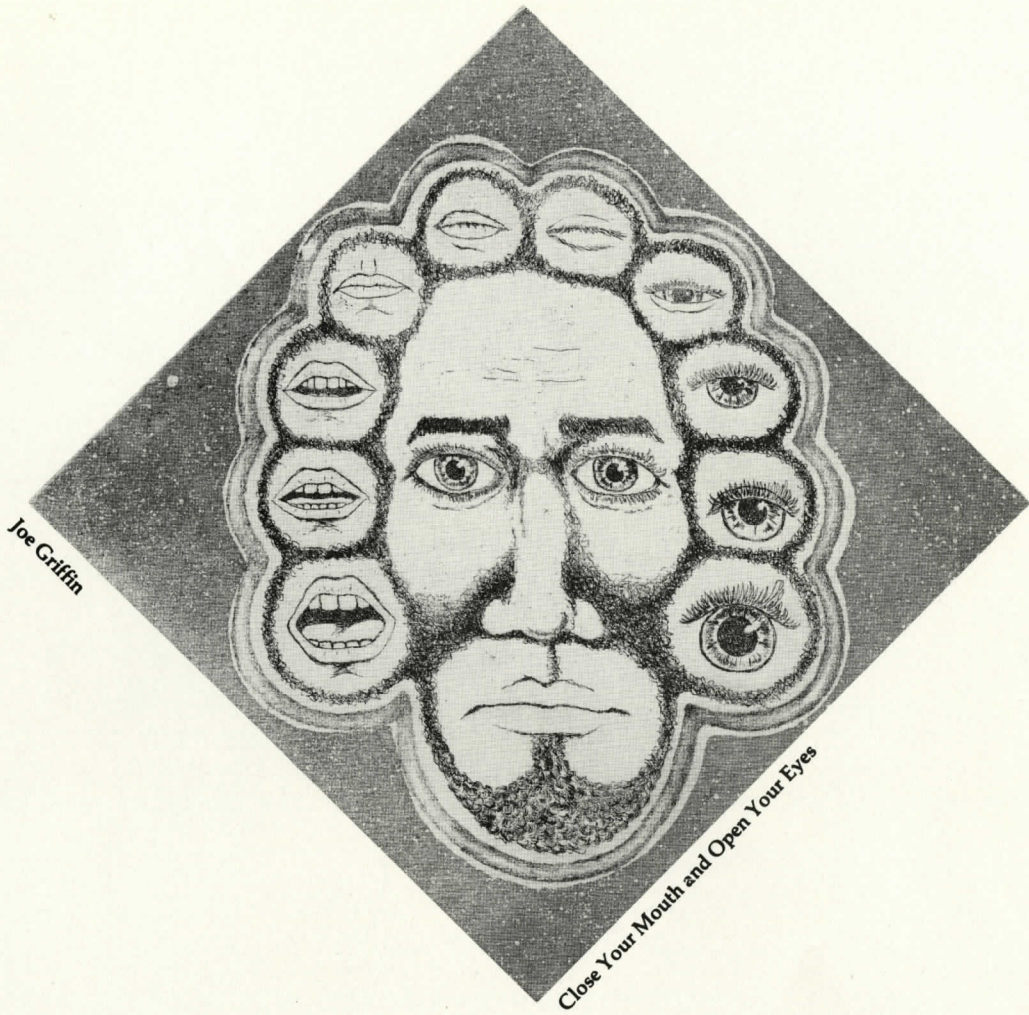


Valentine



Betwixt the Cup

E. Byler Hurt



Sea Dreams

Michael Jackson



Kim Proctor



**Cheryl Montgomery**



Larkin Chumley



noon/passing

Dan Hosse



M. L. Smith

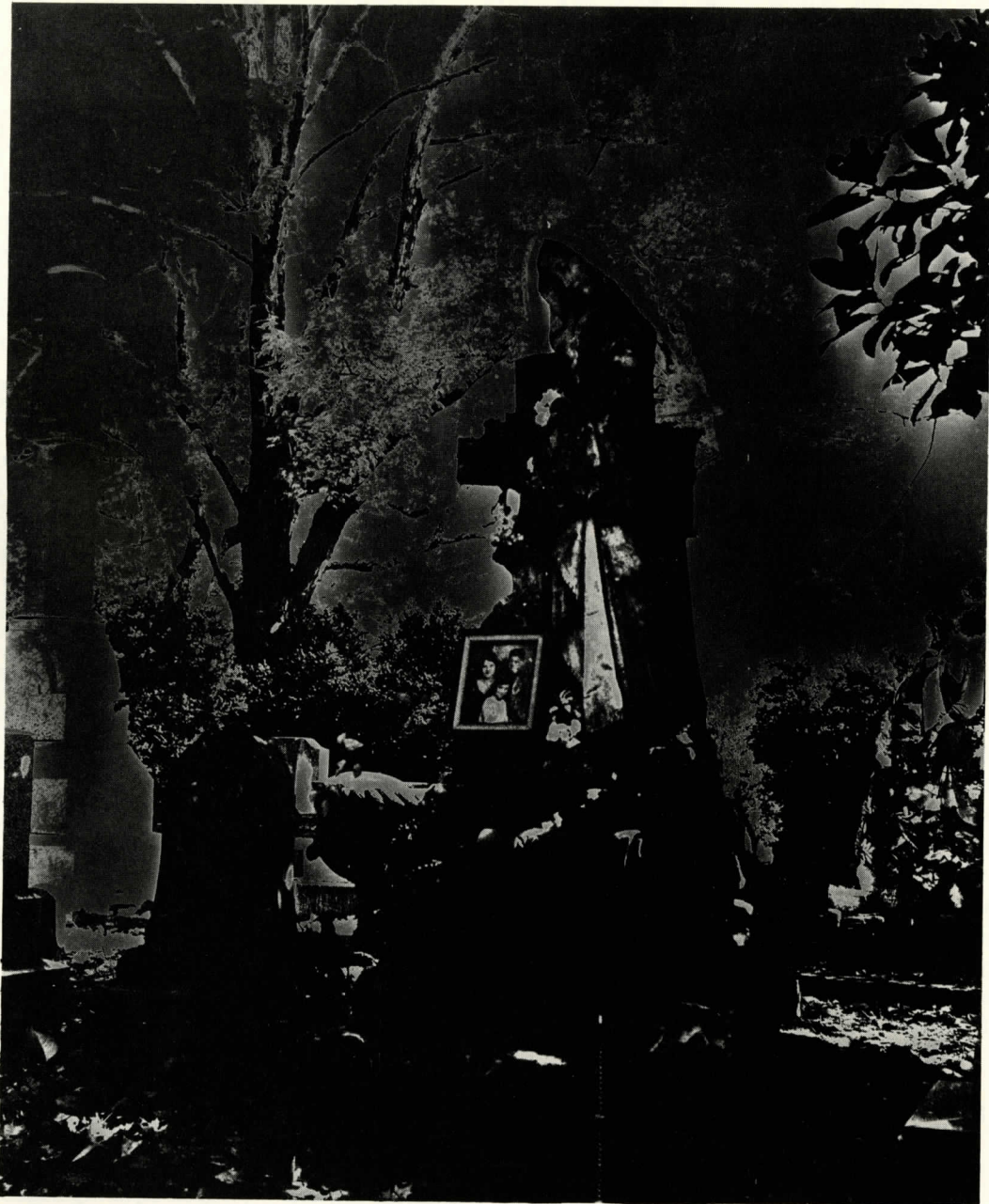


Lynch Orr





Chuck Trotter



Madonna

E. Byler Hurt

# The Demon Dies in Mind

by Alan Sissom

Will had never joined in games or anything else that dealt in the myriad workings of chance, simply because he had convinced himself he would lose.

The residents of the fast lane, those who relish taking their sometimes misplaced luck past the limits set upon it at birth, have a saying they love to repeat to anyone who might ask why. Why do they live risky lives when they seem to have everything. . . The fast lane people lean against their soon-to-be reclaimed, expensive, foreign car and indifferently reply "life is a game." This was one of the few things Will seemed to agree on with the members of the night life, but he was never one to take their chances. He believed life was a game, knew he would lose at games, and had just never tried.

But as always, it was too late to try.

Will was dead

The crash hadn't been expected. As always, he had been driving well within the speed limit, keeping his car far enough on his side of the yellow line. Unfortunately, the drunk -- a down-trodden member of the fast lane club--coming the other way, had not.

Will had watched in slow motion as the intoxicated driver, only trying to keep his old '54 Ford--a shambling, paint pealed, gas hog that he had begged off his cousin last month--between the ditches, had come barreling down the yellow line toward his own sickly little Volkswagon. Will had been in danger only a few times in his life, and watching the aggressive headlights of the '54 Ford get larger and larger had become a matter of great interest.

At first mesmerized by the seemingly slow rush of death, and then paralysed by the fear of it, Will veered the VW neither left nor right. Neither did the drunk. And so Will watched as the old Ford began to crush his car remorselessly. He felt his body fly forward as if something had pushed it from behind. He flew for a short and timeless distance into his windshield and felt his skull crack as it began to push the glass away.

By the time his body had landed on the pavement a few yards away, Will Stewart was dead.

And that was that. He was dead.

Dead and gone.

*Gone where?* His mind suddenly jumped as if shot. *Gone where?* But there was no answer.

The haze he felt was the same as if he had been daydreaming forever and had suddenly become aware of it, wondering what he had been thinking and doing before. It was the kind of confusion that was brought about when his mother would call him from sleep in the morning, her voice blending with his fading dream.

*Why?* His mind stirred once again.

"Life is a game."

And though he thought the answer was almost, in a kind of satirical way, Zen-like, he felt the answer to his panic-influenced question was probably true. Life is a game. He knew he would lose at games. Therefore he was dead. It all made sense.

Then in his dream-state, he heard a sound. At first it was low and hard to detect. But soon it grew louder and louder. It could have been his heartbeat, he theorized, the sound of his soul thumping in final wakefulness, retired from the task of pushing blood from one part of his body to another. The sound came to tell him that the end was far from over. Where life had stayed behind in the no-man lands of reality, he had crossed over. And now his soul thumped in his ear, telling him to wait.

So he waited. But it wasn't long--forever and never, in fact--before the figure came within sight.

Wrapped in the shroud of ebon darkness, it came stealthily toward him on haunches. It seemed the shape of fear, the lion leering in the hunter's face, the vultures waiting for the predator to walk away. It was vaguely the shape of a human, but alien enough to instill a dread fear in Will that would have left him breathless for many minutes if he had still been alive.

But the characteristic which made him most uneasy was a strange familiar quality about its face, which he could now see. It wasn't a human face, far from it. It reminded him of the old pulpish drawings of demons. It also reminded him of his own personal image of a vampire, without the fangs. Boney nose, misplaced cranial cavities, slit

*"All that we see or seem  
is but a dream within a dream."*

—Edgar Allan Poe

mouth, widow's peak skull--all reminded him of the image. But the eyes,... they were strange.

He looked at the figure's body. Its form took on the same type of positive/negative outlines that can be seen in a picture of a skeleton before a black backdrop. It was the symbol of death, and more, a symbol of extreme evil. And since it was then close enough to see details, Will realized "it" was the correct term after all, for it had no genitals of either gender. *Evil has no sex.* Only a very weak smile appeared on his lips with the thought.

But it was the eyes which brought his attention always back to the face.

Those eyes were quite a contrast with the rest of the figure. They were human. In them he saw the eyes of his first love as she said, "I'd rather date men, not boys," and the eyes of his aunt, accusing him of her sister's death, and the eyes he saw in the mirror every morning. They were the eyes of disgust.

"You know who I am," the figure stated flatly.

"Yes I do," he acknowledged, surprised at his "voice."

And then Satan placed his arm over Will's shoulders and led him through the darkness into a hidden corridor, a path well used. As he was led by the Devil, Will was frequently beset by chills, despite how quickly the temperature rose as they walked. But Will wanted to walk no further. He stopped abruptly, catching Satan in midstride. "Wait!" He almost began screaming each word in pure panic. "What about the *trial*... What about the judgement after death... Where's the justice of a fair judgement..."

"There is no justice," Satan replied. "Besides, it has already been decided."

"But I wasn't there!"

The Devil's human eyes focused rigidly upon him, and the fear that surfaced was almost strong enough to persuade him to run wildly down the corridor toward the waiting sentence. "It was *your* decision," Satan sneered.

"My what...!" That time he almost *had* run. "B-but I haven't sinned! Christ, Satan, you've got to tell me! Why am I here..."

You've willed yourself to lose."

"L-lose...?" Will was then past running, past doing anything. He was then sure there was no escape. "I never! I swear to you! Who would put himself... in Hell?"

Satan laughed his soul-less laugh until the mirth became nonsensical, "But you don't understand. It's not a mere choice of coming with me or not. It goes deeper than that. You feel guilty. And what better way to avenge that guilt than put yourself in Hell... Your body may be dead and rotting, but your "mind" lives on. And what an imagination! I congratulate you on the body you've given me. *Marvelous!*"

"What do you mean *I've* given you..." Will's fear was replaced by an insane curiosity and confusion. "I didn't create you." But then a doubt appeared. "Did I?"

"Certainly," Satan replied. "How do you think you recongized me... I'm a part of you, your guilt itself."

And then it hit him. The memory came like the thundering crash of the rising tide, and almost knocked him down with its force. He remembered the articles he had read when he was alive, magazine articles explaining how the spirit could possibly exist after the body has died. It was theorized by a group of scientists and modern philosophers, that after the body has ceased functioning, the electrical field which makes up the intelligence and the memories in the mind exists practically forever. So after death, the *being* still exists, locked within a chemical coding of atoms, carefully place positive and negative charges forming a basic pattern in the same basic way programs are saved in memory by computers. He was taken aback. *Could it be possible?* He tried to imagine himself as a set of atoms playing soccer with its electrons, and couldn't.

But the only answer was the figure called Satan, his leering grin, those sneering human eyes. "My guilt," Will began. "Could my guilt for my mother's death be *that* strong..."

Will's personality was like an iceberg. Only the tip of it was evident during his life. But now he was dead and the guilt, the large part under the water, was just as present as his social being. His personality couldn't cope with itself as a

whole, the guilt was too strong, so to relieve the tension Will was literally sending himself to Hell.

He remembered the fire that had killed his mother. "It was my father's lighter," he said aloud. Satan laughed at him in contemptuous mirth, but Will ignored him. Instead he tried to talk his guilt down. "I was young and I liked playing with my father's lighter when his back was turned. I was only five! How could I have known... So I was careless--caught the curtain on fire." Symbolic tears flowed from his eyes.

"Could I help it if my mother didn't know I was already safe outside, hiding so she wouldn't beat me... Could I help it if she went back in for me...and..." But he could no longer talk. The guilt and the shame had taken over. He was a prisoner once more.

"Come with me," Satan commanded, and obediently Will did. He could no longer fight.

At the end of the corridor, the heat was overwhelming. Within the flames he saw the demons, waiting to prolong his suffering. They looked like his first love who had turned against him, his aunt who had never forgiven him, and all the bullies and holier-than-thous who had "helped" him through school. And before Satan could push him into the fire, Will tried one last time to forgive himself. He reminded himself it was his guilt, *only* his guilt. But as always, it was too late.

And Hell felt very real.

# A Fairy Tale

-Daisie J. Gasser

Once upon a time there was a great kingdom  
which thrived in a period of peace and prosperity  
And this kingdom was called the New Frontier.

Now it came to pass that the New Frontier looked about  
and saw a smaller kingdom in which there was unrest  
And the New Frontier saw that this was not good.

And the large kingdom decided to send its people  
to the small kingdom to make a large war  
So that they would be victorious, and win  
for the small kingdom a good way of life  
In which they would be happy.

And so it came to pass that many people from the New Frontier  
went to the small kingdom, carrying guns and knives  
And left their families with promises to be home soon.

But a great epidemic of unhappiness and anger fell upon the New Frontier  
for more and more of their people were sent to the small kingdom  
And many did not come home.

Therefore, many people left the New Frontier  
so they would not be sent to war  
And others of the people made a large cry for peace.

And behold the great mouths of the nation  
received full media coverage in their fight for justice.  
And they made great speeches and walked with their signs  
in marches and shook their fists into the cameras.  
And the great leaders when seeing the unhappiness  
among the people, made their new stand to remove their people  
from the small kingdom,  
So that they may be re-elected to high positions.

And they made great speeches and did little  
because it was thus far from election time.

But the people fighting in the small kingdom  
with their guns and knives were still killing  
and shivering under the blasts of gunfire  
and being killed.  
And they felt alone and deserted by the New Frontier  
and they wondered why they had come to this place.  
And they heard promises of being allowed to return to the New Frontier,  
but still they hovered in the depths of the jungles  
And were beaten and starved in the camps of war as prisoners.

And then from a meeting of leaders there came a great cry of joy  
which was heard all the way to the jungles of the small kingdom;  
For the New Frontier was calling their people home from the small kingdom.

And after long periods of negotiating  
the people were brought in lots  
back to the New Frontier.

And after much time of bargaining,  
even the people shivering in camps of war  
were brought back to the New Frontier.

Thus, there was a time of joy and triumph  
from the great mouths of the nations,  
For their cause was won.

And the leaders of the New Frontier took bows  
for the fine parts they played in the cause  
And were applauded by all of the people.

And the people who had fought in the small kingdom  
were welcomed home by their families.

Time passed in the New Frontier  
and there were good times and bad times,  
But there was peace.

And many leaders came and went and many mouths with causes aged.  
And the war of the small kingdom was but a long ago memory.

But the fighters of the forgotten war  
were without arms and legs  
and many were without hope  
And for many there was no peace within themselves

For there were many times when an aged mouth  
would speak to the fighter of the useless war  
and the fools who fought it.  
And the fighter would remember burning flesh  
and the feeling of taking lives  
In the name of his kingdom  
and would cry the tears of fools.

And it came to pass that after many years  
the great kingdom of the New Frontier  
Was thriving in peace and prosperity  
and it looked about  
And saw a small kingdom in which there was much unrest

And it came to pass...

# Childhood 😊

muddy puddles and club-  
house fires

lit up bugs and bicycle  
tires

Christmas noisemakers

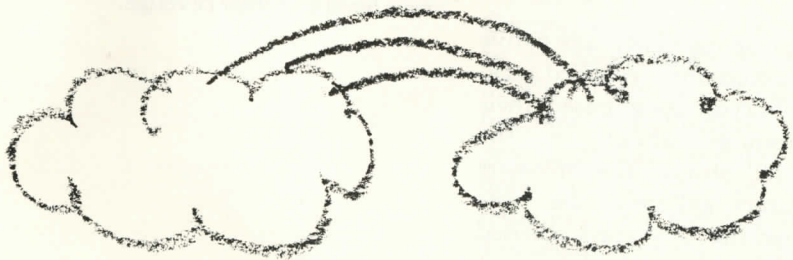
birthday bows

barefoot races, won by a toe

curiosity ran and climbed  
up the trees

as far as i wanted,

as far as i could see



by: Barbara  
Neligan

# With Slow and Measured Steps

by Joel Rutledge

From the moment that his Survey team had fired, killing several of the natives, Dean Garrett had felt that it was a mistake. As a Survey Starship's commander, there were many and sometimes conflicting directives, for the application of which he was responsible. Some, he'd told the team after yesterday's incident, issued from Earth's own Space Code. Such was the one concerning the safety of his crew. But, some issued from the ageless law of the ancient Galactic Alliance, notably the one against unnecessary violence toward primitive aliens. The penalty for infraction of such a law would be stiff indeed. "And, damnit," he'd told them stoutly, "we don't even know for sure whether those creatures' approach was meant as an attack. Now, don't fire on them again unless you're positive you're in danger."

From the lofty vantage of the ship's cargo hatch, he squirmed out across the planet's frantically verdant landscape. All morning he stood peering intently down into that madly teeming jungle, trying vainly to pick out something that he could positively label as aggression. It seemed virtually impossible to pick anything out, singly, from that milling morrass, but until he identified specifically the aggression patterns of the local fauna, he couldn't be sure that the natives' approach had been an attack.

By Earth standards, it had certainly seemed like an attack, as those blue-scaled demons had swooped in, seemingly all teeth and claws. But, their amazing speed had carried them far in among the scattered Survey team before the latter could make a move to escape. And yet, oddly, not a single team member had been harmed. The terrified technicians had just blasted the creatures with their sidearms and fled madly for the ship.

Out in the steaming valley, the native life pursued its constant, electrified pace, even as the Survey team nosed their analysis modules about in the surrounding sail strata. The browsers ran, the grazers galloped, the trees shambled, even the very grass scurried about unceasingly. And, most astonishing of all, the forms Dean had

tentatively labeled as higher carnivores streaked about like rockets, scarcely distinguishable amid the confusion of their surroundings. From such creatures as these, he realized, those hominoid natives must have evolved.

He'd been watching a lion-sized carnivore circling a herd of much slower grazers, expecting to see it pounce on one and drag it down for an Earth-style kill. But, evidently, the centrifugal force generated by its fantastic speed prevented it from circling tightly enough. The slower creatures had been evading it by angling in toward the center of its wide circuit.

But, now it had begun to slow itself. He could see the strain in the animal's knotted muscles as it gradually slowed to match the pace of the slower-moving herd. Then, from arm's length, it struck, felling its prey with one lightning blow of a clawed forelimb. Deftly scooping up the tumbling carcass, it sprang away like a bolt, consuming its meal with a flash of whirling teeth.

Dean scowled disbelievingly at the place where the creatures had last been. Could it be, he marveled, that this planet's biosphere was so charged with chemical fuel, so stimulated by its fierce sun that it actually cost these creatures effort to slow themselves, that headlong flight was their relaxed state, that they never slowed down except to attack their prey . . .

Suddenly he realized that the Survey team had left their work and were grouping uncertainly together on foot. They were arguing about something beyond his line of sight around the stone shoulder of the valley. Reaching an agreement, they holstered their weapons and stepped diplomatically forward. Up from the valley another band of the hideously-fanged natives approached, with slow and measured steps, to within arm's length of their revenge.

# MTSU: *Looking Back*

by Julie Crump



What is now the industrial arts drawing building was once a cafeteria.

Amidst the rolling hills of Tennessee, nestled in the quiet, little town of Murfreesboro, there lies a University. It all began as a dream in the minds of several people. As this dream was nourished, it suddenly began to take the form of reality. The dream grew and soon was known throughout the state. This dream is now Middle Tennessee State University, home of the Blue Raiders.

MTSU began as Middle Tennessee State Normal School under provisions of the General Education Bill on March 4, 1909. On November 30 of the same year, there was a meeting of the Tennessee State Board of Education to discuss the various state-wide Normal Schools. Both the advantages and disadvantages were discussed and afterward it was decided that the East Tennessee Normal School would be located in Johnson City, Washington County; West Tennessee Normal would be in Memphis, Shelby County; and Middle Tennessee Normal in Murfreesboro, Rutherford County. A prominent Murfreesboro citizen, Andrew L. Todd, was the person responsible for the location of Middle Tennessee Normal at Murfreesboro; and hence has been called the "founding father" of the Murfreesboro school.

With the final decision made, a large meeting was held in Murfreesboro late in 1909 at which the sum of \$180 thousand was given to the State Board Selection Committee by the city and county for the purpose of purchasing the land and erecting the buildings. The first building they erected was what they called the Administration Building, but what is referred to today as Old Main.

Next, the President was selected. The first President of Middle Tennessee Normal was Robert Lee Jones. On September 11, 1911, the Normal School was dedicated and classes met for the first time. Opening enrollment came to a grand total of 125 students. The figure increased during the academic year of nine months to 347 students. It was a small school at that time and the students were rather closely knit. All students were required to attend assemblies which were held three times a week. William Jennings Bryan was a speaker at one of the programs and another program featured Uncle Dave Macon and the "Dixie Dewdrop."

As the school began to grow and progress, it began to turn its sights on things outside the academic field only. In September of 1912, plans were being made for the publication of a college newspaper. In October of the same year,



## Looking Back

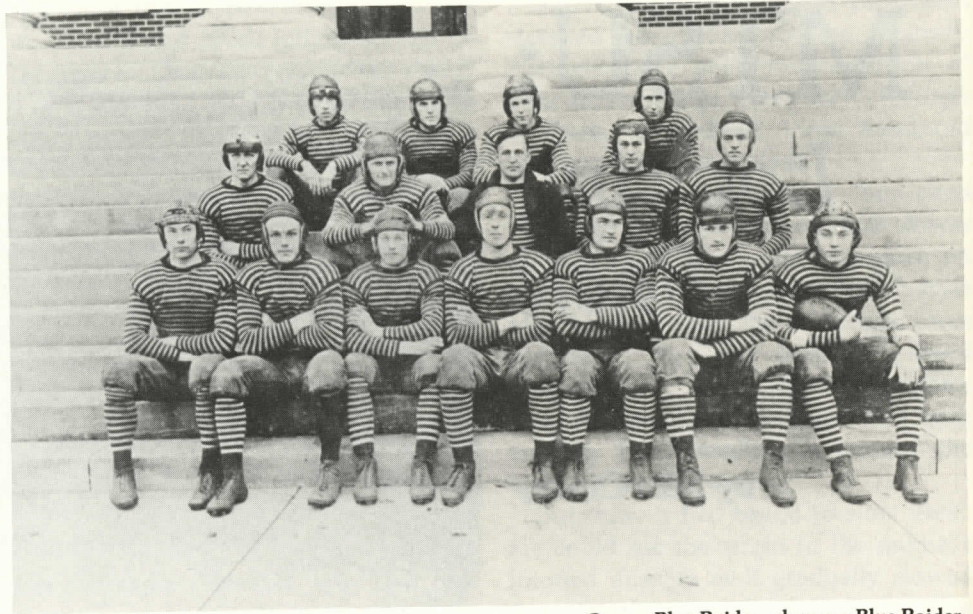
*The Signal* was approved and became Middle Tennessee Normal's first college newspaper. *Sidelines* was to come in later years.

Athletics was also on the upswing in those early years. An informal football team was organized in 1912. They played on the high school level at first and gradually advanced to the collegiate level. They played under the leadership of A.B. Miles, who coached the team until 1924. The first football team captain was W.B. McKnight.

It was also in 1912 that two faculty members and one student leader were selected to choose the school colors. In 1913, the football uniforms bore blue and white for the first time. The first school song of Middle Tennessee Normal was *Hail M.T.N., All Hail*. It was written by William McConnell, a student at Normal.

Campus life in those days was quite different from today. Mornings began with breakfast in the cafeteria with the students sitting at assigned tables. The blessing was given and then the singing of the Doxology. Immediately after the singing, the doors of the cafeteria were shut and no one else would be allowed in to eat. Late-comers would just have to go hungry or find somewhere else to eat.

Then at five minutes to 8 a.m., the official bell-ringer appeared on the front steps of the main building and announced the beginning of classes;



Once a Blue Raider, always a Blue Raider.

another day of school. In the evenings, students were required to be in their rooms by 7 p.m. and lights were to be out promptly at 10 p.m.

The 1920's saw more transition for the Normal School. In 1925, the name was changed to Middle Tennessee State Teachers College. The first Alma Mater was *Hail S.T.C.: Hail S.T.C. all hail noble and strong/to thee with one accord we raise our song/Swelling to heavens height our praises sing/ Hail S.T.C. all hail to thee we sing.*

Later in 1934, the conception of the name "Blue Raiders" came about as the name for the mascot. The name became permanent and has lasted through the years. In the late 1930's, it was agreed by

all that the students needed a government through which they could voice their opinions and participate in the affairs of the school. Thus, on January 11, 1939, the Associated Student Body (ASB), as it was called, was approved for student government leadership. The ASB still exists today and is still the means through which students can participate in school governmental affairs.

The 1940's saw still more transitions in the ever-changing school. In 1943, the name was changed again to Middle Tennessee State College. In his book, *The Raider Forties*, Joe E. Nunley recalls a favorite breakfast spot of many students. It was a place called "Bock's



Tea Room," and was across the boulevard from Rutledge Hall. For a nickel, a person could get two doughnuts. A glass of milk would cost another nickel. Nunley also recalls that in 1946, white tee shirts were the vogue for the guys. Everyone wore them and carried pencils in their khaki pants' pockets.

Then as the 1940's rolled out, the swingin' '50's and '60's rolled in. Mrs. Rose (Dodd) Drennan, a freshman at MTSC in 1959, recalled that the atmosphere was very casual. "We were all quite close. You knew almost everyone; if not the name, at least the face. I don't recall it ever being cliquish, although the athletes usually hung together."

She also remembered the things they did for entertainment. "We had what we called 'Fun Night' every Tuesday night. Any student could come. We would meet in the Tennessee Room of the Student Union Building and play records and dance. Once in a while we were lucky enough to get a live band. There were lots of dances in the spring too. There were never any closed parties or anything like that; everyone was welcome. Also in the spring, we had lots of picnics. A place called "Walter Hill" was one popular spot for spring campouts."

The dorm life was quite different from what it is today. "They were strict about curfew," she continued. The curfew for freshman girls was 9 p.m. If you were late for curfew, you got what we called

'campused.' This meant that you couldn't go anywhere for a week or so.

Rose Drennan was a student at MTSC until 1963. In reminiscing her college years, she stated: "Everyone was loyal to the school. We were a close group. I thoroughly enjoyed my college years there and I have nothing but fond memories of that time."

Progress still continued. Once again in July, 1965, the State Legislature changed the name from Middle Tennessee State College to Middle Tennessee State University; the present name of the school. In February of 1966, the president appointed a long-range planning committee which would aid in the development of the school well into the 1970's. Now the '70's have come and gone. They, too, have seen changes. New buildings being built, a growth in population, and changes in attitudes and campus life were among many of the changes which occurred during that decade.

Today, the year is 1980. This school has an enrollment of some 10,000-plus students. These "hallowed" halls have seen many a student pass through on their way to class. If walls could only talk! They could tell what records and files could never tell. They have seen the growth of this school from a small Normal to a larger University.

A new decade is here and Middle Tennessee continues to grow and expand. Someday, future students will look back to see how much progress was

made during this era. They will laugh at the 'funny' way we dress and the things we do for entertainment will probably seem strange to them, just as swallowing goldfish seems rather bizarre to us today. The 1980's look good and should prove to be a decade of advancement and great horizons for this school. Middle Tennessee State University; a proud past and a hopeful future of great things which lie ahead.

photos courtesy of the  
MTSU office of Alumni Relations



Middle Tennessee State Normal School, 1923.

## Up Against the Wall

It's ten til two  
And you still haven't  
Met a friend.  
Through smoke-burned eyes  
You look around the room  
One more time.  
Everyone who's still here  
Has the same idea:  
Meet and devour.  
It no longer matters  
Much about looks  
Or personality  
Or anything else.  
It's simply now  
No matter who/no matter what.

Isn't it strange  
How the prospects  
Of a lonely night  
Can change a man's  
Perspective?

## It's raining 1:30 A.M.

Locked, trapped inside.  
Faster, faster  
Methodically  
With blanketed faces  
Waiting for the clock.  
(They'll train you how).  
Then they drink, they laugh  
And smoke their cigarettes.  
Twelve hours later,  
Back again.  
They work and smoke  
Their cigarettes.  
Day in, day out, day in  
And out again.  
Relentless, driving.

You feel the pressure, throbbing.  
Turning, patting, turning, patting  
Staring at the windows  
Constant, constant  
Anger locked within your eyes  
Somewhere else, perhaps.  
Blue, crystal blue  
Clear and hard;  
Like solid rocks  
The sea is crashing, thrashing.

Lonely, trapped, and wired-  
Waiting.  
You stared at me  
Disbelief-  
Confused, you turned away.

So take your money drawer  
(Is it yours . . .)  
And count the checks  
One by one-  
How you glared at me.

Keep swimming-  
You'll break the ice  
Someday.

-Franklin Farmer

-Catherine Ryder

## Undercover Hippie

You'll see him in a business suit  
Dressed in impeccably good taste  
And he wanders off at coffee breaks,  
Without a moment to waste.  
Then he comes back with a glowing smile,  
A kind of floating look.  
And stops to lecture to his boss  
On Richard Nixon's book.

He's an undercover hippie,  
Thoreau dressed in a suit.  
Pure radical in nature,  
No love for institutes.  
But he likes to eat and must keep warm,  
And so he plays the game  
Of the irreversible system;  
The ideal claim to fame.

He marches on the week-ends  
For peace and equal rights.  
Lives with the women that he loves  
And finds fun in flying kites.  
But on Monday his jeans are gone,  
The wind has left his hair.  
He rejoins accepted human race,  
Yet his soul is never there.

He's an undercover hippie,  
A reaver in disguise.  
With great distaste for laws and rules,  
And Mom and apple pies.  
But he will live the life he must  
From eight to afternoon.  
To attain success in business  
His private paper moon.

-Daisie J. Gasser

## Joshua Jonas Farke: Quotes

"The man of the hour is the martyr-man  
He plays with words and builds emotion.  
He takes up the cause and in the final scene  
Meets the blade. The curtain falls (short pause).

To play with the emotions of ignorant men  
Is to play until the end and play perfectly.  
The show must go on. The audience has its martyr  
And he plays but for an hour."

-Ed L. Uhles

## A Focus

I'm balancing on the circus wire  
which stretches above the tents and rings  
shakily grasping for something to steady.  
Looking to one side I see

dancing and tricks-  
rambunctious and daring gaiety

Dizziness comes quickly from that whirling side  
and though I'd like to watch and become a part,  
I would surely fall-  
Then where would I be . .

To keep from falling I look away  
and on the other side I see

the dancers all labor to practice their steps,  
the tricks are dissembled and I see  
how they work,  
and the smiles on the clowns are being  
shaped on with paint!

How sad it all seems  
and my eyes fill with tears,  
but tears blind me and I might shake with sobs.  
Then I would fall from the wire and  
where would I fall . .

Confused on my wire,  
jerking left and then right,  
I fight for strength to stand and be still  
Closing my eyes I grip to a halt.  
I open my eyes to look only straight,  
A focus is there-  
A beautiful dove waits at the end  
of the wire for me.

I do not wish for it to fly so  
slowly I move  
with steady new strength.

by Margaret Derrick

# Throw-Away Girl- No Deposit, No Return

Perfumed, coated hair, shaped like a bottle  
Peaks and curves that beg to be coddled  
Breakin' up homes, gettin' stoned  
Can't seem to change, but I oughta  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

Wednesday afternoon quickie  
Wife's no concern, it won't get sticky  
Room 107 I'll take ya to heaven  
Cause I'm the model without composite  
A skeleton with no permanent closet  
Just say the word and you got it  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

I'm not your take-it-home and show crystal  
I'm a lovin' one-night-stand hot pistol  
An out-of-control enemy missile  
One sip of me and you're bound to relax  
Cause I'm a power, powdered packed cola  
With a twist-off cap  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

I come in a six-pack variety  
Cause I'm a cool, flip-topped commodity  
And you'll fizzle and foam with sobriety  
Drink till you're sober 'cause my cup runneth over  
For I'm every community's chest  
A six-month lover of the best  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

I'm your love her and leave her psychiatrist  
Your bedroom beautifier ecologist  
A find yourself for a night anthropologist  
I'm a quick-stop, popped-top, pick-you-upper  
when you fall  
A no-fuss, no-muss, finger-lickin' kewpie doll  
A party-packin' accident about to happen, ready for rappin'  
makin' house calls  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

My place lies on the eternal triangle  
For I'm the all-American other woman, star-spangled  
Made to be munched, crunched, and dangled  
Never permanently entangled  
The Ripple Rose, who gets in the way  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

I'll sit on your back porch  
Along with old newspapers and bottles  
I'm thrown away without remorse  
Cause I'm an obstacle looking for a course  
I'm just a throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return

But my heart's breakable  
Though I'm x-rateable  
misplaceable  
unmistakable  
Bio-degradable  
Throw-away girl  
No deposit, no return.

by Mary Ann Richards

# April's Light

by Jackie Gearhart

Carrying of the Cross.

"We heard from Joseph today, Mama. Says he's working for the railroad. Would you like me to read you the letter?"

The old woman glanced at the letter and warmth filled the wrinkles of her face. "No, no, maybe later. I must finish my rosary. Only one more Mystery left. Did you say the railroad. . ."

"Yes, Mama, he's in Tennessee now. Didn't you tell me you used to live there. . ."

"I was just a little girl." Her face seemed to contain a spark of reminiscence. Her daughter moved the cup closer on the nightstand and turned to leave the room.

April looked at the cup, but didn't bother to drink from it, knowing that it would still be hot for some time yet. She looked back down at her rosary and resumed her prayer. *And bearing the cross for himself, he went forth to the place called the Skull.* Her father had been crippled for almost as long as she could remember. She was only six when the boxcar had fallen and crushed his leg. He was only 25 then and already an engineer for the railroad.

Mostly she remembered her mother's tears. Muffled sobs seeped from under the door of the next room as April kneeled at her own small bed, her small, white hands folded tightly, her lips murmuring over and over, "God bless Daddy, God bless Daddy."

April heard the footsteps of the doctor and her mother as they left the room where her father slept. Her mother's voice seemed bitter, not the tender voice she had known. "And what was he doing on that boxcar anyway. . . Always busy doing someone else's job for them. Never in the engine where he's supposed to be."

*Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. . .* Patrick Kelsey, what a perfect name for a hot-tempered Irishman. Why, she could remember the time her daddy had ridden a train sixty miles just so he could curse another man out for, oh, she couldn't remember exactly now. Things like that happened often. He got to where he wouldn't step inside the church because of a grievance he had with Father Kellerman. "He calls

himself a man of God," he said, thundering down the front steps of the church, "But he hasn't got an ounce of humility. Just once I'd like to trap him in that confessional until he learned what forgiveness really is."

But Patrick's distrust of the priest didn't destroy his faith. He still supervised April's prayers at night and made sure she never missed mass. "Did you remember to light a candle for your Mama. . ." he oftener asked. "Yes, Daddy, but sometimes I burn myself before it lights." He would smile knowingly and kiss her forehead.

One day, while saying her rosary, April asked her mother why Jesus had suffered so that we wouldn't have to suffer," her mother said. April remembered her mother's bitter tears the day of her father's accident, but kept her thoughts silent, and never asked.

*Ten Hail Mary's.* She could practically say them in her sleep. She moved her fingers to the next bead. *Blessed are you among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. . .* Five children she had been blessed with, five wails of pain and of new life. Then there was Joseph, her sister's son. She had raised him like her own. "Such a smart boy. He knew all my tricks," she smiled to herself.

She and her husband had done pretty well for themselves, and their children were used to the best. Verndon was a merchant. He was a gentle, saintly man who ran his hardware store the way he ran his household, often giving more than he received. He made a name for himself in the small West Virginia community in which they lived.

She remembered the story that Verndon had always liked to tell about the hardware store. Henry Hatfield had come into the store and said he wanted to buy a hand-saw, "But I saw the very same one in the Sears Roebuck catalog for two dollars cheaper, and I don't see why you can't give me a discount."

"Well, all right, Henry," Verndon had said. (His words sounded more colorful every time he told the story.) "And how much are the shipping costs. . ."

"Well, it says right here it's fifty cents," Henry said slapping his hands on the page in the catalogue, and poking his chin out like he'd just won a bet.

The old woman clasped the rosary in her fingers as she was startled from her sleep. The bedroom door had only creaked lightly, but it was enough to awaken her from her prayerful dreams.

"Mama," said her daughter's voice, "I brought you your tea. Now sit up and be careful not to spill it." Even the smallest of the acts she performed for her mother reflected a gentle reverence like the lighting of candles under the statue of the Virgin.

April sat up a little and looked down to see where her prayers had stopped. The Fourth Sorrowful Mystery-

"Okay, then we'll just add that on there, Henry." Henry felt that was only fair. "And you can pick it up in about two or three weeks."

"Whatcha talking 'bout, Verndon. . . Why, there its is hangin' up there on the wall. Why can't ya just let me have it now. . ."

"Henry, just how long do ya think it would take Mr. Sears and Mr. Roebuck to get it here anyhow. . ."

"You win, Verndon," Henry said, and he paid the full amount and left with his saw.

Soon came the Depression, and there were sacrifices. Often April would have to put Oleo in a butter mold and color it to look like butter, so that her children might not notice the family's hardships. But young Joe had known better, and didn't mind. Anything was just fine on his bread. Often now, thinking of Joe made her life and its struggles seem more worthwhile. She lit a candle in her thoughts for Joe.

It was Spring and the weather was getting warmer. Beads of sweat had formed on her forehead. She saw that the steam had stopped coming from her tea. So she took the cup and drank from it. As she moved the rosary in her fingers, she thought more of what a fine altar boy Joseph had been. Sometimes, though, when it was hot in the church, he had a tendency to faint. Once he fell right on the chimes, just in time, and the church resounded with their ringing as the priest chanted, "Hoc Facite in Meam Commemorationem" *Do this in Remembrance of Me.*

"I remember, Joe," she whispered to herself.

She glanced back down at the beads. *Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and the hour of our...* She felt a sharp pain in her side and a burning in her feet and the palms of her hands. She let her eyelids fall, closing out the darkness, and the pain no longer seemed like pain, but like an elucidating warmth that filled her body.

She held the beads tighter in her hands as the warmth continued...*And Jesus cried out with a loud voice and said, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' and having said this, he expired.*



H. Philip Sadler, Jr.



## Lost Day

*Yesterday  
Is a time  
I can never  
Experience.  
It is only  
For remembering.*

**-Franklin Farmer**

## Arrival

*winter, having dislodged itself  
being shaken to its senses  
gave up*

*(ENTER SPRING)*

*inside the slanting fenceposts  
the early harvest flaunts itself  
wavering with promises  
powdery furrows recline alongside dark earth  
and draw their pride in lines of finery*

*outside the slanting fenceposts  
daisies emblazoned in yellow sun bonnets  
singing to the skies  
humming to the sun*

**-Janice Savage**

## The Lake

*Our lives  
like the ripples  
in the water  
Intertwine with each other  
Some return to the shore to stay,  
hopefully to meet old friends  
Some leave in haste never to return  
Some just drift, not knowing where  
to return to.*

**-Kat Bailey**

## A Serene Place to Die

*I'm glad I've found a serene place to die.  
As I lie here the buzzards blot the blue Sky.  
They soothe and comfort me with their fans,  
It's restful, calm, quiet here in the sands.  
They'll wait patiently for their feast.  
'Cause when I've gone to rest,  
They'll get the reward for which they seek.  
Circling, Circling, overhead,  
Please don't be impatient for me dead.  
To my friends above I leave the remains,  
Just as my blood, the sand is stained.  
I'll write my last words in the sands,  
To wash away in the bubbling rains.  
I'm glad I've found a serene place to die.*

*The daystar  
as it continues to descend  
leaves the atmosphere a dusky blue.  
As time continues,  
The dark hours begin to settle,  
leaving behind its presentation of the  
many colors of blue.  
Thereupon  
the worldly show comes to end,  
leaving the darkness of the night  
to rule.*

*Birds in flight,  
Spring.  
Essence of beauty,  
World without strife.  
Bursting forth,  
Elapsing.  
Dazzling sparkle,  
Sky of blue.  
Greenness  
And coming of age,  
Here.*

**-Larry W. Brewer**

**-Brenda Dilege**

**-Virginia A. Mosley**

# Notes from the Third Floor

Somewhere on the third floor of the James Union Building there is an office in which dwells a group of wacky people who call themselves the *Collage* staff. Once upon a time these strange people created a series of magazines, the last of which was the ultimate in weirdness. It was different from the magazines they had published before. Out of the blue they had decided they wanted a new paper stock, a new type face, a new design, a new logo and a crazy cover. They got lots and lots of wonderful submissions but didn't have room for them all. So they stretched their budget and added lots of pages. When they stretched their budget too far, they cried on the shoulder of a rich yearbook friend by the name of *Midlander*. When *Midlander* smiled and handed over the dough, they still only had room for the very best submissions.

In the name of wackiness, grafitti and off-the-wall zaniness, (alias, creativity), the *Collage* staff got strange one production night and conducted a survey. From the answers they received, it was obvious to them that they were not the only bizarre people on the third floor of the JUB.--

## What do you do on Saturday nights in Murfreesboro?

- Leave it
- Play in a psychiatric ward
- Drink
- Do the town, come back about 8:30, take a bath, go to bed, hope for something better the next day.
- Play pool
- Get spaced
- Go to Nashville
- Go to Nashville
- Go to Nashville
- Get kinky
- Watch "ChiPs" and drool over Erik Estrada
- Trip
- Shit, I don't know
- Get the kids to bed early
- Go to Faces, the swinging bar
- Put on some high tempo dance music and just dance till I drop!
- Well, let's see, what is this for? I better watch myself - Can I think about it? What a limiting question... Go down to Roses and watch the shoppers.
- Take a couple of quaaludes, smoke some pot and get the hell out.
- Get drunk and pretend something is happening.
- Snort a bunch of cocaine and go dancing in Nashville
- Sit at home in front of a fire, drink beer and have a naked woman beside you - a good-looking naked woman
- Trip around the countryside without the headlights on in a full moon's light
- It has never occurred to me

## What is the most significant thing you've learned at MTSU?

- Weideman's is 25¢ cheaper than Bud
- How to get out of college in ten years or more.
- I can use public restrooms without uneasiness

- Never use public restrooms
- Never eat yellow meat products served at the JUB cafeteria
- How to be responsible
- How to spend four years escaping responsibility
- How to get kinky
- There's nothing to do on Saturday nights
- Not to believe everything you see.
- Ha ha ha ha
- Not to get involved in social bullshit
- That's a loaded question- Sometimes when you feel discontent it is better to face it and deal with it than to do something hedonistic to counteract it.
- That I don't really know what I'm going to do
- The collective personality of the student body changes but the spirit remains the same.
- Oh, that's an easy one- oh I've learned a lot since I've been here; I don't know what - What have I learned, how to drive when I'm drunk, how to drive when I'm stoned...
- I've learned that a person can survive on beans and potatoes for a long time. You'd be amazed how long it takes to wither away on beans and potatoes.
- It's a cruel world.- when the bank sends your check back to the phone company.
- Oh, I could get real heavy; the value of people - to have them respect you for career and friends.
- That all the people that party all the time and hang out in the grill and in the bars are about the loneliest sons of bitches in town.
- How to score: not to park on the grass.
- Not to major in painting. Seriously, if you're going to learn anything significant you're going to learn it on your own; institutions of higher learning are not that, they are really just trade schools
- Guys don't grow their hair long anymore.
- Birth control pills work
- Eskimos have seven names for snow
- How long you can put things off before they catch up with you.
- An extracurricular activity for every orifice of my body

## What does the word "kinky" mean to you?

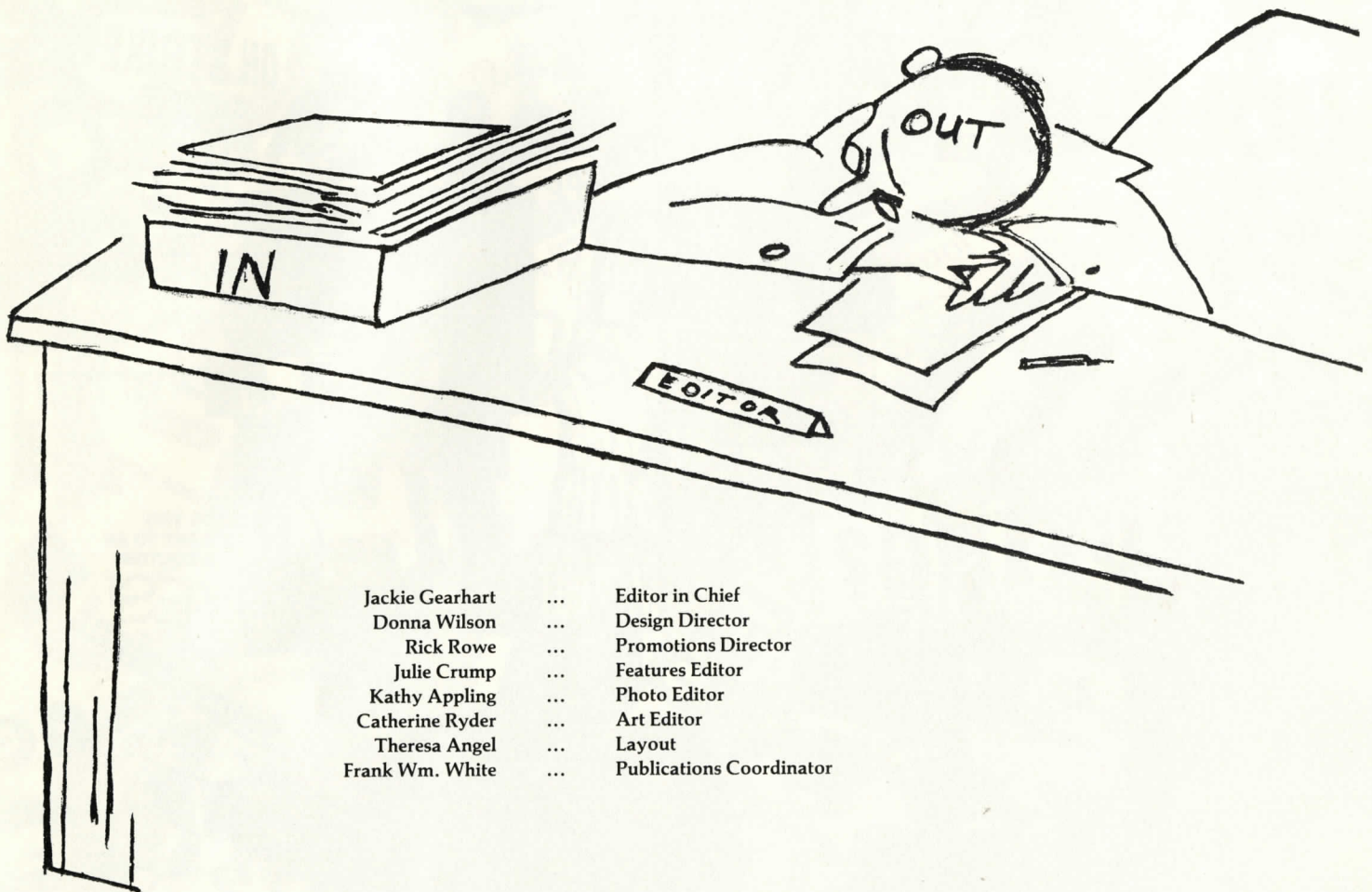
- me
- A rabbi's wife in bondage being made to eat pork chops while the rabbi watches
- It makes me homesick
- Exchanging Valentine cards with John Gacey
- An afro
- ~~censored censored censored censored~~
- Sat nights in Murfreesboro
- There is no such thing in Murfreesboro
- I wish I knew
- Perverts
- Do you want me to free associate?
- Fun
- The meaning has changed. In Illinois it meant any kind of strange and far out spacy thing; in Murfreesboro it means socks that don't match.
- Oh, anything sexual.
- What does that have to do with anything? Nasty, fun, off the wall

- Ha ha ha a little strange, a litte gay.
- Tightened up in little bitty curls.
- When I think of kinky I think of sex-but three or more
- Amputee love - legs and pegs.
- Belts and chains - vibrators with fish hooks.
- Uninhibited to the point of being ridiculous.
- Animal sex
- Ha ha ha rubber pants, barking like a dog and having sex at the same time.
- Not straight up - unusual; I guess there are other things you could apply it to besides sex.
- A huh - *Penthouse* magazine
- Anything that is sticky or hurts
- Having sex with a twinkie
- Unusual - socks on his ears - shoe fetishes - I don't know.
- Frizzy hair
- Pissing in a light socket with a light bulb in your mouth.
- I have to associate that with disco
- I know what that means; I'm just trying to think how to word it - It has sexual connotations and it means sexually imaginative.
- Ha ha ha. Makes me giggle - crazy, insane, out of whack.

**What is the ultimate reality?**

- Sex and drugs
- Art, God, and country
- Anything I can get away with
- A casual buzz
- The goldiggers on Saturday night
- A case of beer and an afternoon free
- The void
- The Huddle House at 3 a.m.
- Being kinky on Saturday nights in Murfreesboro
- Throwing away yellow meat products from the JUB cafeteria
- ?...?...?...?...?
- Sitting in the grill realizing you're nowhere
- What? Oh God, I don't know, I don't think there is one. That's a loaded question.
- Sounds like philosophy class - no one whats to face it!
- A retiring sportsman
- Death is ultimate
- The same thing it was to Plato - truth and beauty
- ULTIMATE REALITY! Why are you asking these heavy questions? The meaning of life is Doodoo! I don't think like that. Can Dick run?
- Oh God, that's got to be the final question - I could write a paper or book on that one - I say there isn't any way to answer that absolutely.

- Interaction between life and death or somewhere in between
- THE ETERNAL COSMIC TWINKIE; BUT THE CREAM FILLING IS A LIE
- Understanding Why.
- Blissful Ignorance!
- Death - I gotta go study.
- If import records went down to \$1.50 a piece - if Gong, Charlie Mingus and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles all played at the same concert.
- It's "non-consequential" You could get highly philosophical - becoming one with yourself and the universe - realizing where you are - that is the center of the universe!
- The moment you first wake up!
- Non existence
- That's right - what is the ultimate reality?
- Reaching Nirvana at the Holiday Inn
- Everything means everything, yet nothing means a thing.
- Running about ten hard miles.
- Give me about six years out of college and maybe-
- To be who you are and not try to hide behind who you would like to be.
- Fighting for peace is like fucking for virginity.
- Sex, and Drugs, and Rock n' Roll
- Reading *Collage* magazine.



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A Feat Feat Feat Feat About Word?

THE CANCER OF AGE

INSTANT

FABULOUS

A Little Doubt'll Do Ya  
Piece of Time

Images Ancient

THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE

Sunset

Gone

DYING?

DO IT YOURSELF

or Cut

ing a Cord

Shattering, splintering prisms surround our lives, waiting for us to enter their dimensions unawares.

SEX is

SEX is

Wilson

Toxic citizens

NO DUMPING

Home

Home

Home

Home

"There is a Time"

Home Home Home

Home

A DAY IN THE LIFE

What Do Women Want?

The grainy look

POOR MEMORY

BEYOND

Graffiti

Millions have been all over

DO YOU WANT TO BE A DOCTOR? YES!

Impressions.

See-Saw

Choose any Angel for only \$1

Word Word Word Word About Feat ?

Limbo identity

Dance

MOONFALL

FLAME

BECOMING

Support The Arts

KISS A MUSICIAN

ON STRIKE

NET SET

VICTORY OVER COMMUNISM

VICTORY MARCH

DANGER KEEP OUT

1980

HUG O'WAR

Gone

Sunset

WIDE-BODY

Tides of life in ebb and flow

and Forever Adventure

FEATURES

NEW! IMPROVED! DOG WASTE CLEAN-UP SYSTEM

Support The Arts

KISS A MUSICIAN

ON STRIKE

NET SET

VICTORY OVER COMMUNISM

VICTORY MARCH

DANGER KEEP OUT

1980

HUG O'WAR

Gone

Sunset

LIES

Shattered Time THE Experiment

ME?

What Do Women Want?

ON STRIKE

BEYOND

Graffiti

Millions have been all over

DO YOU WANT TO BE A DOCTOR? YES!

Impressions.

CHARGE TICKETS BY PHONE! CONTACT WINNERS BUY SH...