

COLLAGE



FALL

1991

COLLAGE



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Chris White
And our anonymous
literature jurors

FALL
1991



Untitled
Bady Haston
oil on paper



"Jet Black Factory"
Dawn Kunkel
acrylic on canvas

Sermons We See



*I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way.*

*The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.*

*And the best of all the ministers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.*

*I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast to run.*

*And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.*

*For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you live.*



Larry King

Ode to the Grill

A Greek Tragedy

Sara Blane Cotham

In this Wasteland

many-faced land

Symbols worn across their chests,

Children of society are blessed

With common ground.

Look around.

Serene space so utilized

With frivolity, an undetected nomad

May surmise.

But who detects the value inherent

In a shallowness so apparent?

This melting pot of mediocrity, fail not,

In such a place of grace, resurrect this lot

And take it not for granted;

Their paths are firmly planted

In their meager steps today.

We remaining forge our way.

Perfect

by

John Christopher Wheeler

(Cross-section of Franklin's thoughts upon awakening Saturday morning):

Christ . . . what the hell time is it . . . cold as . . . *ten-thirty!* . . .
I'm freezing to . . . where is that telephone . . . need some
coffee . . .

(Katherine to Jeanette):

Jenny . . . wake up honey . . . daddy will be here for you at
eleven . . . Jenny . . . time to get up

(Announcer on television in Franklin's bedroom):

For relief of discomfort due to heartburn and nausea . . .

(Dialogue between Franklin and Katherine via telephone at ten-forty):

Look, Kathy, I overslept, O.K.
Oh, my, and you're usually so responsible,
I'll be there in an hour, alright?
You don't have to see her if you don't want to,
You know I want to,
I mean if you don't have time, want to sleep late, I'll just -
Just give me an hour,
Rough night last night, huh, out with a client were you?
None of your goddamn business, I'll be there in-
Yeah, sure,

(Reproduction of printout on Franklin's fax machine in his office):

15

AVCOM UP 3 1/4
ADVISE SELL 3000 UNITS
PLEASE VERIFY
MERRILL

91

73

(Franklin singing in shower, accompanied by radio):

It's impossible . . . to tell the angels not to fly . . . it's just impossible . . .

4

(Dialogue between Jeanette and Katherine):

What are you doing Jenny?

I'm drawing a picture of Alfred for Daddy because Daddy doesn't get to see Alfred anymore,

72

(Franklin to Katherine at door of Katherine and Jeanette's residence):

Hello Kathy, you're looking well,

It's twelve-thirty Frank,

I know, I'm sorry,

Well, it just seems to me you'd show a little more interest, I mean she is your only

91

(Franklin remembers an incident not unlike this one during which he began to cry; Katherine does not remember this particular incident.)

72

daughter

and it looks to me like if you really gave much of a damn you'd at least-

You always were the most heartless bitch I ever-

47

59

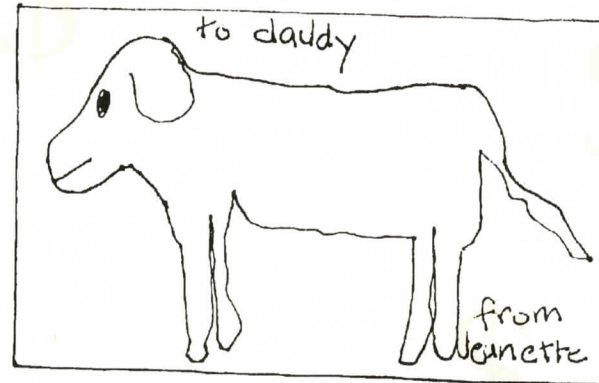
15

4

(Jeanette, from the hallway, to Franklin):

Daddy! Look what I drew for you!

(Reproduction of Jeanette's portrait of Alfred):



(Dialogue between Franklin and Jeanette as they drive in Franklin's car):

Where would you like to go, darling?

Do you like my picture of Alfred?

**How about the zoo? There's a lot of animals at the zoo,
they've got a lion,**

Do you like Alfred, Daddy?

(Franklin sits in his study at six-thirty simultaneously reading the Wall Street Journal and watching "Washington Week," flash impressions sailing through his consciousness):

O.K. If I sell my stock in AVCOM I'll make maybe two
hundred now . . . **I ought to get her a stuffed giraffe . . .**
those fucking West Germans got the market cornered on . . .
Kathy can't turn her against me . . . I'd sure like a Tom Collins
. . . Remco would make a hell of a tax shelter . . . **I'm a good**
father goddamnit . . . where's the vodka . . . need to tell
Merrill to get me controlling interest in Remco . . . **I wish I**

could strangle Kathy by her goddamn tongue . . . George and
his supply-side economics . . . *the weather in Marseille* . . .
she's growing up and I don't even know her . . .

(William F. Buckley speaking from Franklin's television):

. . . however, if Bush wishes to be genuine as the education
president . . .

(Dialogue between Jeanette and Alfred):

I showed Daddy your picture, Alfred,

erremmmuppph,

I don't think he liked it,

[silence]

Alfred, do you love me?

(Thoughts creating insomnia for Franklin at eleven-thirty):

God, if word gets around about Remco's new design . . .
what the hell happened to those eighteen unrecorded years of
Jesus's life . . . **Oh, Kathy, you were so soft and tender once,
my smooth soft lover . . .**

(Alfred sits in the kitchen, looking for his food dish):

chicken, dark, nobody, dark, whatssat, doesn't smell like me,

gotta pee [he stretches and bites himself],

(Jeanette lies asleep on her bed; voice of announcer on Home Shopping Club from her television):

eighty-nine dollars! For just eighty nine-dollars . . .



*"Cubed 'A' Man"
Darryl Stevens
computer*

As I looked around, I started to smile
I thought, "I haven't given a quiz in a while.

They are all just sitting there, talking away
Wouldn't it be fun to just ruin their day?"

It was fun to watch, as their smiles all faded
I felt the power, my soul was elated!

Their cries of agony echoed in the hall
I wondered how many grades would fall.

As they handed them in, one by one
I felt satisfaction at what I'd done.

Their talking started again, louder than before
I wondered if I should give them more.

"Should I count this double?" I wondered aloud
A cry of "No fair" arose from the crowd.

"OK, then triple!" I said with a smirk
Maybe more than that if you don't get to work!"

"You haven't given us any!" they shouted angrily
I said, "Look at the board, unless you can't see!"

As I tried to think of something else to say
The bell rang, and they all sulked away.

As the next class entered, I thought with a smile
"I haven't given a quiz in a while!"

the Teacher

Larry Joel Crews II



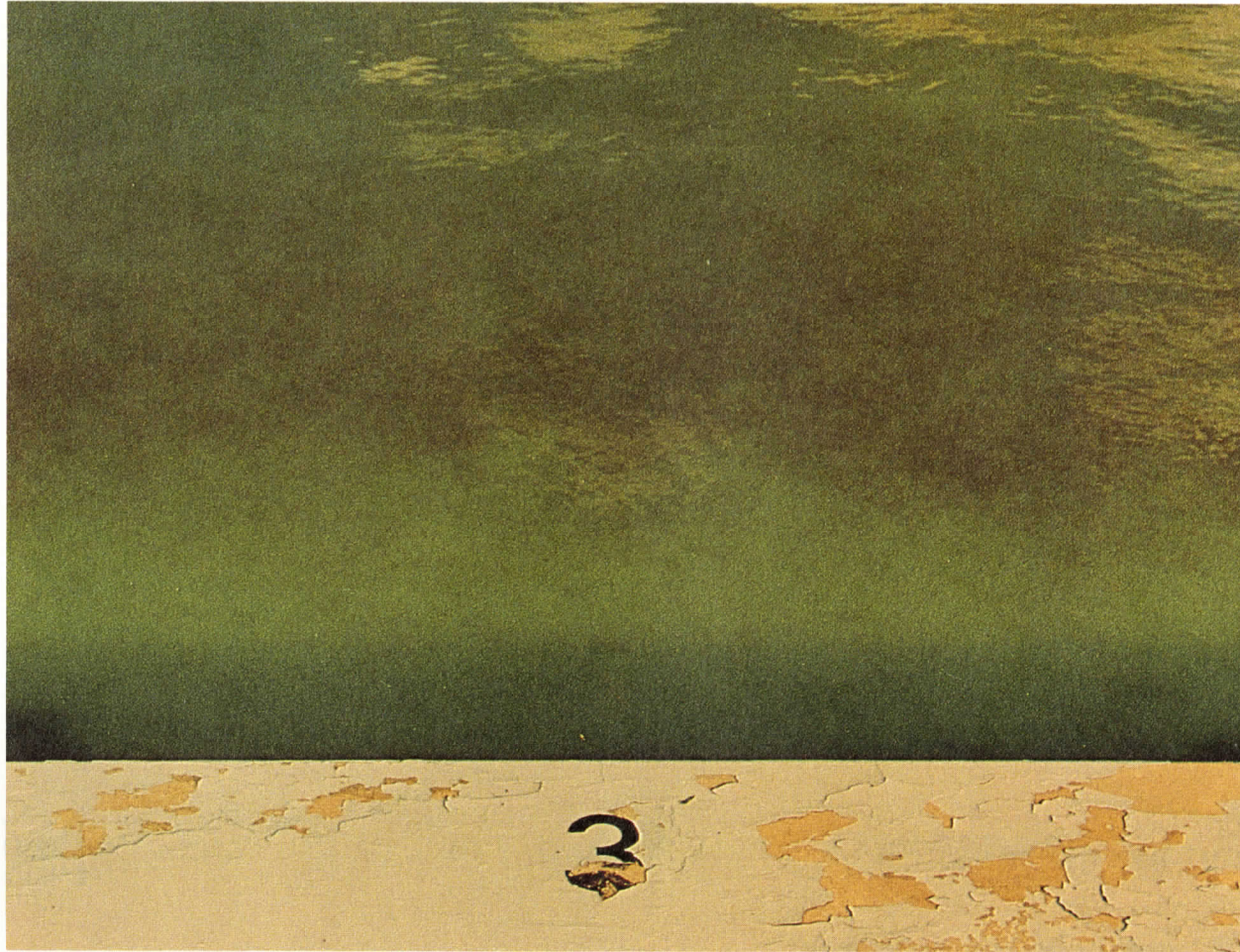
Untitled
Jo Ryden
charcoal on paper



*Shelley Mays
photograph*



Untitled
Scott McRoberts
clay



*Shelley Mays
photograph*

Denise (Lonely Valentine)

In Third grade

On Valentines's Day

I thought the new girl's name was Bernice.

It addressed my valentine to her Bernice.

It turned out her name was Denise.

I can remember her looking at it.

It was the only Valentine she received.

Marie

By not loving me

You taught me

More about love

Than if you had loved me.

David Randolph

At The Creek

*I can remember
A summer So
Long ago*

When the pieces

Of bark we pulled

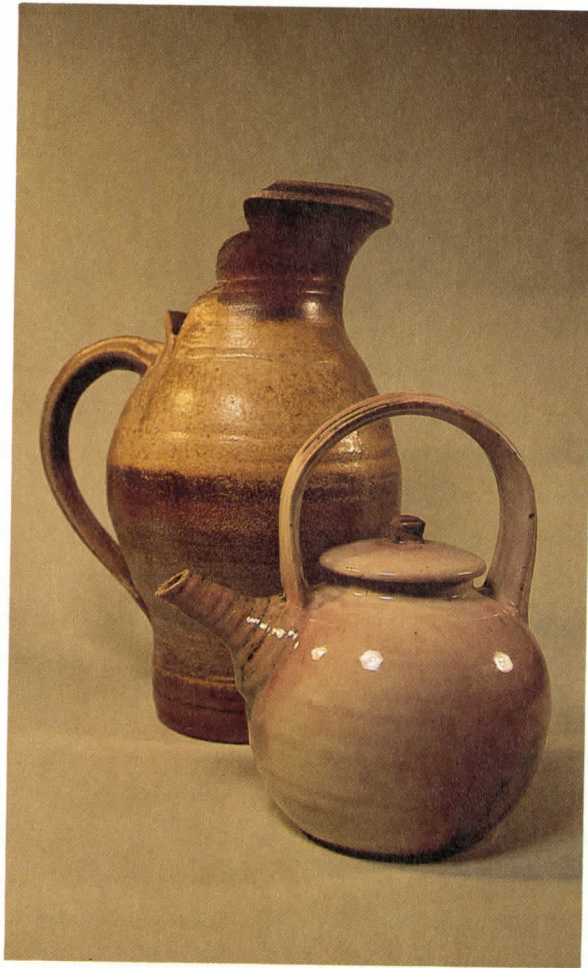
Away from an oak

Tree became

The rafts of imagination.



"Medical Waste Fish"
Mae Etta
clay



Untitled
Chris Baumann
clay

Sometimes it takes more walking than riding to get through rural areas when I get off the main drag. But when a guy gets a ride going the right direction, its easier to figure its for the best for the time being and later on will take care of itself. I was a heck of a lot further from the main highway than I like to be that morning.

It wasn't a road of my choosing either; narrow with trees snugged right up to the edge of the asphalt, and so winding I could never see more than a few hundred feet either way.

The morning chill was lifting and I'd just slipped of my pack to rest when a battered old pickup came over the rise. I stepped back against the trees and barely had time to get my thumb up as the truck wheeled out around me. Seconds later, I heard the brake drums grinding and the truck rolled to a stop.

I jogged down and fitted my pack in between feed sacks and the tailgate and hustled into the cab, putting my guitar on the seat between us. I never liked to keep a ride waiting.

It was a woman.

"Howdy," she said and grinned. "Where to?"

"Just any road that tracks north suits me fine," I told her.

"Going up to Washington for the pear harvest."

"You're a week early."

"I know. I like to get a camp set up and pick my boss."

"You happen to do any mechanicking?"

"Sure."

"I got an afternoons work — need the tractor re-wired — six bucks an hour, lunch and supper. Want it?"

"Yeah. I'm a week early for pears anyhow."

She laughed. The laugh was light and feminine, not like her. She was one heck of a big woman. Looked close to six feet tall and broad in the shoulder. She had denim shirt sleeves rolled up tight above the elbow. Her skin was years of sun and wind tortured brown and the fine down hair that laid smooth across the bronzed flesh of her arms was

The Drifter

by

Sue Mullin

sunbleached gold. Her brown hair was close-cropped and used to the wind that blew in the open window, and her eyes were clear blue against the tanned face, smooth but for the crowsfeet that were pale from sun-squint.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Jessie Coleman?"

"Lee Morgan."

She looked like she did a man's work, but she wore a narrow wedding band.

"You run a farm by yourself?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said with a 'What's it to you, Buster' tone and casually she slipped her left hand out the truck window.

I leaned back and stretched my legs as much as a guy could in the old cab and lit a cigarette. I was damned disgusted with myself for killing the conversation. She seemed like a curiosity that'd be interesting to be nosey about.

She pulled off on a lane running between two cultivated fields. Further down, through the window, I could see the white of a house, the color of flowers. She wheeled in and backed up to a shed door. A big hound was baying and snapping at the wheels of the truck. I drew my arm in the window.

"Stay put 'til I tie him up. He doesn't like strangers."

When she walked away from the tethered dog, he sat quiet instead of yapping and pulling at the end of his rope like most mutts do. It made me wonder if she could do that to a man — make him stay in one place and not complain. I watched her walk back, breasts taunt under the old shirt, muscles smooth in snug Levis, the graceful long strides that yielded only a slight sway to narrow hips that looked as if they had never quite ripened to womanhood and never born a child. Hips that tempt a man's arrogance.

I got out of the truck and opened the tailgate and set off my pack. She opened the shed door and swung the first sack to her shoulder and

walked into the shadow of the shed. I was damned glad she didn't see me hike my sack to my shoulder. I wasn't quite used to working with a woman nose to nose as tall as me and didn't like the idea of knowing if she took a mind to out-work me, she could, and there would be no way in hell I could ever keep up.

When we went up to the house for lunch, I couldn't help but notice the flowers and the grass even and edged. Tree shadows made cool spots and stone paths disappeared through shrubs and hedgerows. Following her, watching the straight back and the set of her shoulders, I couldn't figure her out. The first impression she gives a man isn't that of a woman who grows pretty flowers.

The house was clean and fresh. Curtains hung at open windows and vases of cut flowers were every where giving scent and color to the quiet rooms.

As soon as we were in, she went straight through the archway into the living room and turned on the record player. There was a stack of 45's on it and I was surprised to hear an old Les Paul and Mary Ford song come on. After scrubbing up in the bathroom off the kitchen I sat at the table while she started to put on lunch. I offered to help her but she shrugged it off and told me to just relax.

I liked the music and I liked watching her. The records kept playing. The Weavers, Guy Lombardo, Jo Stafford, Kay Starr. Songs my dad played on his guitar and taught me to play on mine.

"Aren't you kind of young to have a collection like this?"

"I was a change-of-life kid. I spent a lot of time alone because the other kids were older and we lived out away from other families. These records were left behind when the older kids grew up and I played them to pass the time and keep me company. They're still my favorites."

Rosie Clooney sang a silly one that I remembered hearing on the radio a lot as a boy.

"I wonder what ever happened to nonsense?" she asked me. "Laughter for the sake of laughter used to be a thing to give a person

strength when he needed it.”

“Mind if I look at the records?”

“Help yourself. Play any you want.”

I put on “Greensleeves” by Guy Lombardo. Jessie was setting the table and as I watched her from the living room the stiffness went out of her and a warmth came into her eyes. She looked touchable. Then she noticed me watching and went to the stove, holding her back rigid again.

I thought about seeing the minute of softness in her. A man like me doesn’t often see that kind of hospitality and cleanliness. A good homecooked meal was even more rare. Sitting there like that, a guy couldn’t help but think about the fact it wouldn’t be long ‘til winter. It makes a fellow wonder if maybe it wouldn’t be a good place to hold up until the weather breaks in the spring and it’s time to move on.

Even though I knew a woman can tie a man if she gets a chance, and knew guys that had gotten themselves messed up that way, I found myself being the gentleman and laying on the compliments whenever I could. From the look that would come into her eyes every once in a while, it wasn’t a wasted effort.

She put me to work on the tractor after lunch. There was a shop full of well-used and well-cared-for tools and it made me wonder why she picked me up. I suspected she could probably do the job herself, and probably in less time. I kind of doubted there was anything much she couldn’t do.

She didn’t come around me at all. After she put me to work, she went out to the back field with a hoe, and I never noticed her stop to rest or straighten until mid-afternoon when I saw her go up to the house. Listening to the muted sound of records playing again, and the occasional clatter of her doing dishes, time passed, and then I saw her go back out to the field. Evidently she had put on supper, because soon the smell of meat roasting drifted across the yard, and I mixed keeping an eye on the shadow of the sun with watching her back bent over the hoe.

I wasn’t sure of what was drawing me to her. I didn’t like being out-done, especially by a woman. Maybe I wanted her because she could out-do me. She seemed to be so much woman and so much strength at the same time. She scared me too. A man like me can’t stay put. She didn’t strike me as the type of woman that moves. And it wouldn’t matter if she were. On the road there’s only room for one at a time. On the road it’s solo all the way.

She came out of the field again just about the time I finished the wiring. I helped her with the evening chores, finding we made a good team. The work was pleasant and there was a peacefulness that lured me.

A couple of times we were close together and I could smell the field heat and dust still with her and once we brushed shoulders by accident. In the narrow corridor of the calf barn, I touched her waist on purpose. She didn’t say anything or move away, but just looked at me, her blue eyes dark in the barn shadow, a look of confusion in them. She seemed smaller, more fragile, in the barn’s half-light.

The first thing when we got in the house, she turned on the records again, this time background. Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Mantovani — nice stuff to hear again. She didn’t have many lights in the place, and the few she turned on were soft, the only bright lights were over the stove and sink. She told me I was welcome to shower if I’d like and disappeared through a closed door in the living room saying she’d be out in about a half hour to put on supper.

I got my pack and guitar and went back in to clean up and change. There was something spooky about just walking in without knocking: the soft lights, flowers, clean smells, supper cooking. A permanence about it that made a part of me want to grab my gear and run.

When I went back to the kitchen after my shower she had dinner nearly ready and the table set. A check was propped up against my water glass. She was efficient.



"Meeting on Parallel Paths"
Vicki Terry
wood construction

She looked nice. She was wearing clean denims and soft moccasins. Her shirt sleeves were rolled loose just over her wrists. A pink showed through the tan of her cheek and her hair was fresh washed and dried. I caught a glimmer of a fine gold chain with a small blue stone in the open vee at her neck and I noticed the wedding ring was gone.

Supper was great. I ate slow, enjoying the garden freshness and the lack of restaurant grease. Her biscuits were light and the milk gravy thick and smooth.

We visited easy, the way strangers do when they know they will never see each other again. Strangers in a chance meeting can be honest in a way nobody else can — talk about things they never could with a friend. It's one of the advantages of being a drifter. I can always be me.

Talking like that is the kind of thing that isn't good to interrupt. It's a kind of talk that you let run down into silence and then the quiet is right, too. I accepted the coffee, the extra cups that ran into time, which didn't matter. And the silence came.

I thought of the stories we had told each other and the way we had laughed together and the fragments of herself she had given me, and of the way we blended in the quietness. There's something to the way so much can go from one person to another when there's just two people and a little time.

I didn't see her as too big and different anymore, but just felt her across the table from me — felt more than saw. There was beauty and a warmth that means a lot.

We rested in the silence for a while, and then she broke it.

"Can you play that thing," she nodded at the guitar leaning by my pack in the corner, "or do you just carry it to impress young girls."

"My dad played in a little band, gave me this back before I can remember, and taught me how to use it."

I reached over and picked it up.

"Let's go out on the front porch," she said. "It's cooler than in

here."

"What do you want me to play?" I asked her on the way out.

"Do you know the old ones?"

"That's what I learned to play on."

"How about 'My Happiness'?"

I settled on the step and tuned it up and started out. Jessie moved over in the shadow by the corner post and sang each song in a clear soft haunting voice. She seemed to be as alone in the corner as if I weren't even there. Finally, she came and sat down on the step beside me. "Just chord a little, okay?" she said.

My fingers found them out of habit. "I noticed earlier you were wearing a wedding ring."

"I was married once."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone — for a long time."

"What was he like?"

"A drifter. Had the wanderlust. We married in the fall and he left in the spring."

"Is that why you picked me up?" Hoping I'd heard of him somewhere?"

"Did I ask you?"

"No."

"I'm not going to ask. If he wants to come home, he knows where I am. I'm not waiting. I just happen to still be here. This is my life."

I stopped the guitar. There was nothing but the crickets and the frogs and the night. I waited a while before I kissed her. She was waiting, and felt like she had been waiting for a long time.

Pulling her to her feet, I led her to the closed door off the living room. She opened it to let me in.

The bedroom was as big as the rest of the house. Its wood floors were rubbed smooth and reflected light from the kerosene lamp on the fireplace mantle. Windows ran to the floor, curtains tied back. There

were pillows and throws on a couch, rugs near the bed and chairs, and doilies on the dressers. There was a big four poster covered with satin and lace.

I stayed by the door, suddenly feeling like a heel and thinking I didn't belong in there. She took my hand and pulled me to the bed. Okay, I figured, defending myself, it's her choice. Besides, I wanted her.

"There's a whole lot of you to love," I teased.

"There's a whole lot of me to hurt, too."

Damn her! She kept messing me up.

"Do you want me to stay?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"I'll be leaving in the morning."

"I know."

She pulled me down into the satin and the softness and the worm smell of her. She wore lace under the denim. She was tuned with me, twisting under my hands, pulling away my shirt, impatient.

"I love you, Lee."

The sound of possession stilled me.

"You haven't had time to feel that. Don't fool yourself that way, Jessie. It'll only hurt. I'm leaving in the morning."

"Some men have one night stands," she told me, "and some women have one night affairs."

She turned on her back, her body long and smooth, her belly hollowed, her hips tensed. I let my hand slide down lightly stroking low on her belly, gently tormenting her.

When sleep stilled her, I laid awake. If I shifted away from her, out of her touch, she moved closer, curling and fitting herself to me. It took a long time to fall asleep, and I woke early, restless and crowded. I was acutely aware of the walls and the closed space and Jessie warm against me. But I knew the scent of her and I knew her laughter and her song. She would understand that I couldn't make a promise, that I could stay today, and maybe a few tomorrows, and maybe the staying would

be so good, it would be worth us crying a little later on. But I couldn't do that. She'd already said there was a lot of her to hurt.

Pushing the blankets back from her, watching her sleep for a moment in the early morning sun that filtered through the curtains, I sat making a memory of her. Then I left her bed and dressed.

I didn't want her to wake up until I was ready to leave. I knew she'd be all right and I understood that she lived alone that way because she wanted to, the same way I made my life the way I wanted it. Even knowing all that, sometimes it's tempting to tie up, just to have a night like we had. Sometimes, drifters and loners seem to need somebody else. Like she said, a one night affair, because special nights can't often happen.

I gathered up my gear and woke her.

"Jessie. I'm going now. I loved you."

"I loved you, too."

On the way out, I turned on her record player and put on 'Greensleeves'.

I didn't look back going across the yard because I knew she'd be watching me from the window and I knew I'd left part of me back there with her. I think she knew how much she'd left with me too, and knew that she would be the woman I wouldn't forget — the one I'd see in the ripples in a river thousands of miles later on.

I wasn't sure I could look back and see her watching me leave and keep going. I didn't know if I had really loved her in the night, if we really had enough time after all, but I didn't dare take the time to find out.

Guys like me — sometimes we got to move on and love isn't enough to hold us. Nothing is.



Untitled
Jennifer Ford
cast aluminum



Untitled
Jennifer Ford
carved wood

The Wind

*Wind O wind
I can't see you, I can't
Smell you
I can't taste you, I
can't
Touch you
You piss me off
Important papers?
You seem to ask
Laughingly
I'll gust, watch them
Fly
Say goodbye
To these, essays,
You know
Important stuff
Wind O wind
If only I could
See you
If only I could
Touch you
I would
Hurt you
A lot
Wind O wind
You blow*

Ty Hagar's Semi-Poetic Diatribes to the Elements

The Rain

*Rain, rain, go away
No, wait, come back
No, go away
Come back
Go away come back
Pretty confused now
Aren't you, Rain?
Well, that's what you
get
For
F#!%ing up my 1974
Little League
Baseball game
I'd've done real
Well
In that game too,
Rain
Maybe I could've
Scored
Been a hero
Impressed some
Babes
But NO!
I hate you
You and the wind
You're both real
Putzes*



*Scott Ayers
photograph*

There it goes shooting
itself across the still, black
canvas, engraving its short-lived
path in the silent Milky Way.

The water navigates through
and over and down the steep
breasts of the Earth. The virgin
is quiet and unique in her posture
so frail a creature to be engulfed
by the throngs of the inhabitants habits.

Habits of failure, failure of convenience
convenient only to desire, desire
sparked by lusting
temptations for the innocence

Trees, long wide green fields,
thick woods, liberated woman, TV child,
wooden man, broken life, hard soul,
birds sing there lullaby, not knowing
its a dirge for my dear world and theirs.

March

and

Sing

Mark Roberts



*Shelley Mays
photograph*

Production Notes

This issue of Collage was produced on an Apple Macintosh IIci using Quark Express software. A single typeface, Palatino, was used for all text applications.

Printing is in two colors, with nine pages printed in four color process, on 70lb Sequoia Matte. Cover stock is 100lb Sequoia Matte.

