



COLLAGE

Spring 1992

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Submission Guidelines

Collage accepts a variety of creative work to be reviewed for publication. Each semester, *Collage* announces a deadline for submissions. At this time, all submissions should be brought to the *Collage* office in Room 306 of James Union Building, Monday through Friday between 8:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. and should conform to the following guidelines:

Each student is limited to three (3) submissions.

Written works must be typed and be submitted with four (4) copies and a cover sheet. The cover-sheet must contain the author's name, MTSU box number, local phone number and title of the work. The cover sheet is the only place the author's name should appear. Written works will not be returned.

Visual works should be properly presented and have the artist's name, box number, local phone number, title of the work, media, and size on an attached 8.5 x 11 piece of paper. These works can be picked up at the end of the semester. Visual works that are not picked up by the end of the following semester become the property of *Collage*.

In order to be considered for publication, all works must conform to these guidelines.

Please address any questions to:

Collage

MTSU Box 42
Murfreesboro, Tn
37132

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Literature Editor

Mark Miller

Assistant Literature Editor

Sue Mullin

Photographers

Shelley Mays
Carl Lambert
Alan Jasenovic

Public Relations Director

Amy Adkins

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Jenny Crouch

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Carl E. Lambert, *Kuwait City 91*, photograph

Sleeping with the Kennedys

TWISTED SMILE FAMILY JAW
BONE GNASHING IN ENEMY'S
HAND IN HARM'S WAY IN JESUS'
NAME WE THANK THE PRESS FOR
THE REST OF OUR DAYS
OF SPLENDOR UP THE ASS,
OF WINE AND DEATH ROSES,
NOSES SO FULL OF GUSHING
BLACK-ROBED BIMBOS
CRUSIN' FOR A SHMOOZIN',
LOOSIN', THE EMPTY PLAYHOUSE
IS OOZIN' WITH THE BLOOD OF
THE MADE NOT SO INNOCENT.

Cooking with George

While nodding at home, about a week ago
I saw George Bush on a cooking show
He wore a little red apron that read, "I'm in charge"
Misread a tiny Teleprompter in the chicken tartar

He stumbled for a moment, for a second lost the plans
While a plastic Florence Henderson fiddled with the pans
The laughter sounded evil, sounded twisted, sounded canned
A thousand points of light beamed down on trembling hands.

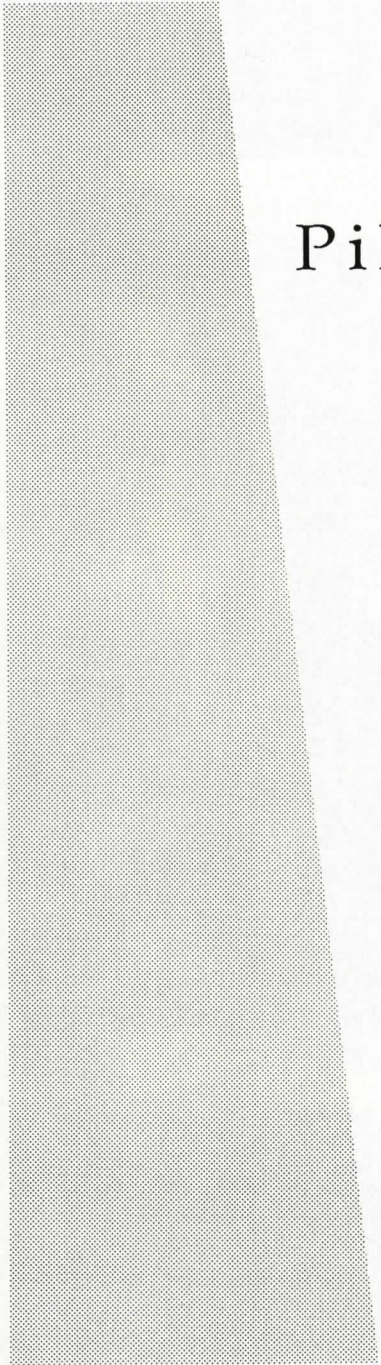
By Jay Jones



Scott McRoberts, untitled, ceramic vessels



Carl E. Lambert, photograph



Pilgrimage

by Bob Charles

And yellow crawling virus
sprawling falling
through the daydream
calling
find another way to say
you've got to run away
someday
let go of home and memories
she's pleased
to see the scarlet trees
and windswept meadow
summer song
some friendships born
and some are gone
it's not so easy to believe
the logic
that it's time to leave
receive the spirit to achieve
alleviate these thieves
to grieve
and scarlet trees
and slingshot seas
only add to fantasies
relying on a soul
denying chaos
amber daydream
flying trying
not to ground the driver
sell the cell
the lost survivor
strike out
when you strike out alone
isolation to the bone
and shifting moods
and attitudes
she finds that happiness
eludes.

The Oracle in the Third Stall

by F. Randolph Myers

"Imagine all the people
living life in peace you-who-ooo
You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us
and the world will be as one."

John Lennon

The white line on the edge of the blacktop, a quick drying paint sprayed by a slow moving truck, leads me down Veteran's Memorial Blvd. I left the car at the dealership — a couple of months ago the car place was a Morrison's Cafeteria — now my car's oil is draining where they used to make macaroni and cheese. We used to eat there — roast beef, macaroni and cheese, pecan pie. I stayed in the waiting room for a while, watching unknown people on the Sony spin the wheel and then Vanna exposed her letters. The Coke machine groaned and chugged and accepted dollar bills. The new cars were so shiny, fresh, smelly babies. In the service shop the cars were dented and dirty — tires were worn, windshields were cracked (the first wrinkles, crow's feet around the eyes), the brakes screamed in pain — rheumatism. The unknown guy from Iowa couldn't solve the puzzle — s_cc_t_sh. I yelled at the screen, "SUCCOTASH DAMN IT!" and left.

Tired of following the white line past hamburger place, pizza place, hamburger place, fried chicken place, I sit on a concrete bench in front of the used car place where little plastic triangles — red, now faded to tea rose, something blue, and white — rattle in the wind, the wind of passing cars. On the bench's backrest there is an advertisement for the Channel 5 Evening News. The eye witnesses of the Action Evening News stare at my back. They smile. Six rows of cars go by. I sit in front of the weatherman, between the anchorman and the sports guy. Me and the evening news team smile and wait for the next bus.

Up the steps, drop in seventy-five cents, find an empty plastic bucket seat, hold on to my lunch. This back and forth, stop and start motion almost makes me sick. Somebody pulls the string that stops all busses and I go back to the white line on the pavement, the resting place for earthworms — sizzled by the blacktop, baked by the sun, eaten by the roadside ants.

"Imagine there's no heaven," heave. "It's easy if you try," he sings.

In the third stall from the door, I'm throwing up — blowing chow, tossing cookies. The floor is a random pattern of square ceramic tiles (tea rose, misty beige, something blue). I forget the designer name, something blue. Little pieces of half chewed popcorn float in the toilet bowl — buttered popcorn, economy size Diet Coke, and movie size Milk Duds. I walked down

the highway to the mall, killing time, waiting for the car. Housewives, mothers pushing their babies, old men sitting around the nightclub-size tables at the pizzeria. These are the daytime occupants. I felt out of place in the daytime mall. Palm trees and weeping figs reached for the skylights, longing for a normal life outside the mall. So for \$3.50 I went to see the matinee.

On the stall wall in the mall, etched in mauve paint, are messages. "If you are 9 inches or more meet me here tomorrow — 1:00." No date. I hope today is not tomorrow. The floor is wet under my knees and hands. I don't want to know what the moisture is. I imagine it is the cool mountain spring water you see in the beer commercial instead of the probable mixture of urine, fecal matter and chlorinated toilet water. In the time between heaves the randomness of the tile floor becomes ordered, maybe. If I were Catholic I could probably see a shrouded silhouette of Jesus, but after the chills and before the sweats I see John Lennon — made of square tiles, a mosaic, like a computer generated portrait in tea rose, misty beige, and something blue. "Die queers," a magic marker message reads.

Kneeling before the commode, dangling my head where no head belongs — over a seat shaped like an ox's yolk, Bemis — my gastric acids mix with the water. The movie was a jerky, homemade documentary. The stale lard laden popcorn didn't like this amateur hour. So it and the Milk Duds decided to leave, damn it. In this position before the toilet temple, the oracle of the third stall at the mall looks up at me

through his round tea rose glasses and begins to speak, kind of like the Wizard of Oz in his cloud of flames and smoke. "Imagine there's no heaving," he sings. In the toilet bowl, the temple fountain, my stomach enzymes and the movie concessions assumed their own order, a classical order, the outline of the armless Venus surrounded by Corinthian columns. Imagine — me, John Lennon and Venus in the restroom, resting. "It's easy if you try."

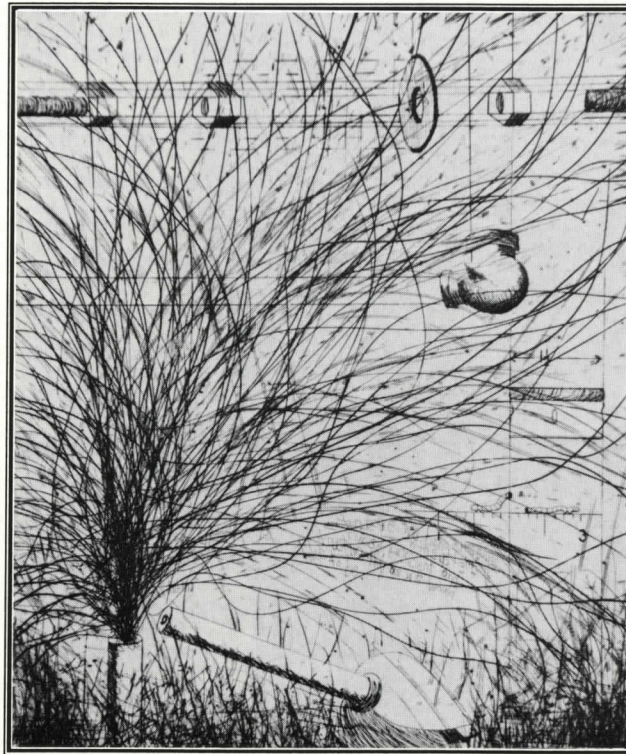
Heave. A new Reebok, white sports sock, a hairy ankle is by my left hand. This guy can't hit the temple fountain, more mountain spring water for my knees and hands. "Nothing to live or die for," sings the oracle. Venus waves her stubby upper arms, playing an air guitar. My hands are numb and a cold sweat is collecting on my face. Yesterday's air freshener, today's orange blossom mist, the flatulence from stall number two, and the past week's floor moisture create a strange bouquet, a fruity gaseous nose, incense for the oracle.

Sitting on the temple, elbows on my knees, recovering; the flash of an instant on television shimmers on the back of the door in the third stall. A holographic image of the sports guy, wearing a plaid sports coat, speaks, "Back to you Ted."

"Thanks for that report Chris. Now let's go over to Bill for a report on the weather."

"Thanks Ted. Today's weather is brought to you by those courteous folks at _____ stores, located at all the malls."

Someone turns on the blower that dries hands the germ-free



Ken Uselton, *Rebellion* etching

way. I sit on this Bemis seat, grab the moist handle to flush, pump the soap dispenser, turn on the water, turn off the water, push the button to start the blower, and now my hands are magically dried and sanitized by this blower so I can turn the same door knob that every other guy has turned. "Back to you Ted."

"Thanks for that report Bill. Now let's take a break for a word from our sponsors."

Retch. "Help, I need somebody. Help!" sings John. A nebula of mold, of fungus feeding on urine surrounds him in mystery. "We're gonna start a rev-vo-lu-oo-tion, yea-eah you kno-ow." My stomach revolts. "We all want to change the world," in the stall at the mall. I pull the sweating toilet handle and Venus spins around the bowl, spirals down the tornado of water with the Milk Duds and the popcorn. "John, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

"Welcome back. Now let's go over to Barbara for a look ahead to tonight's late edition of the Eyewitness Action Reports."

"Thanks Ted. Tonight we will follow up on..."

The channel remotely switches to Vanna and the wheel. It's a phrase on the stall wall — WE ONL_ _E_IN TO LI_E W_EN WE _ON_EI_E O_ LI_E AS TRA_ED_.

"Pat, I'll spin," says the guy from Iowa. "Is there an F?"

Vanna exposes three F's.

"Pat, I'd like to buy a U."

"Sorry, there are no U's. Now I must ask our contestants to

turn their backs to the puzzle so we can take this commercial break," says the host.

"Black people unite," a stall message read by one person at a time. The stall is like a confessional booth, I am bowed and the oracle listens and speaks. "Keep hope alive." — J. Jackson. Elbows on our knees, pants around our ankles, one person at a time, we

receive the messages. "Give peace a chance." "Hey Yoko, it's a phrase — 'We only begin to live when we conceive of life as tragedy — W.B. Yeats.'" Yeats was here, in the stall at the mall.

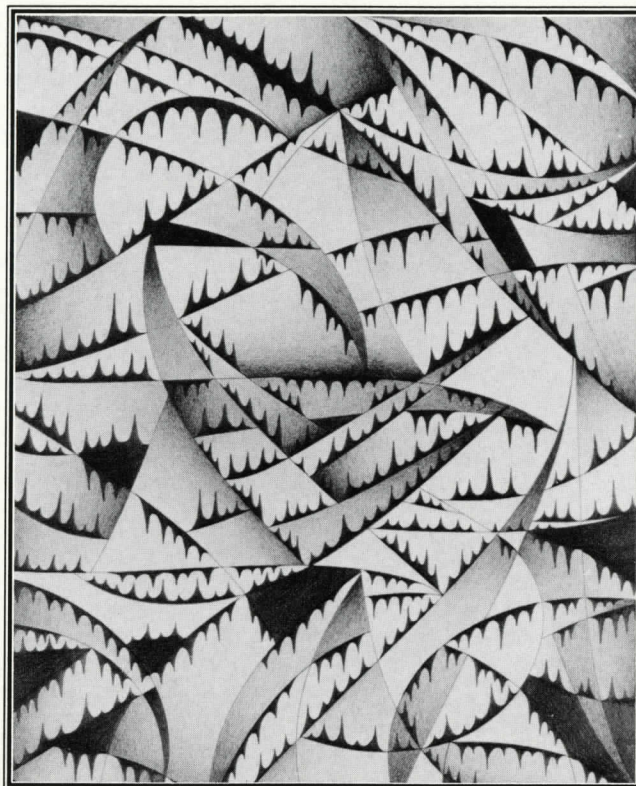
"And finally tonight, a story that comes to us from our reporter in the field, our man about town, our eye in the sky, our..."

Our guy in the third stall, the oracle in the mall singing the messages of the day, the philosophy of the stall. "Imagine all the retching people, living life in a restroo-oo-oomm, you may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us, and the wor-or-rlld will heave as one. Back to you Ted."

"Thanks John."

Pull the sweaty handle, open the stall door. Turn on the water, pump the soap. Wash, rinse. Turn off the water, push the germ-free button, rub hands together under

sanitized air. TURN THE DOOR KNOB.



Beth Moerschel Hamilton, *Bat Wings* pencil drawing





Lutie Lovett, *Porchwalk Shadows*, photograph



Elkton:
Part Seven
by David Randolph

And Grandfather said Pray for my soul.

I couldn't tell him I didn't pray anymore

But I told him I loved him.

He said be a good little boy now.

I said I would be and hugged him goodbye.

I walked past the tree he had planted for me

When I was born.

I remembered the time we two sat under it

And ate watermelon in the rain.

He made sure there were no seeds

Before he'd give me a piece.



Tammy Dye, untitled

Ending

Later
too late
he said
"Darling,
I need you."

"No."

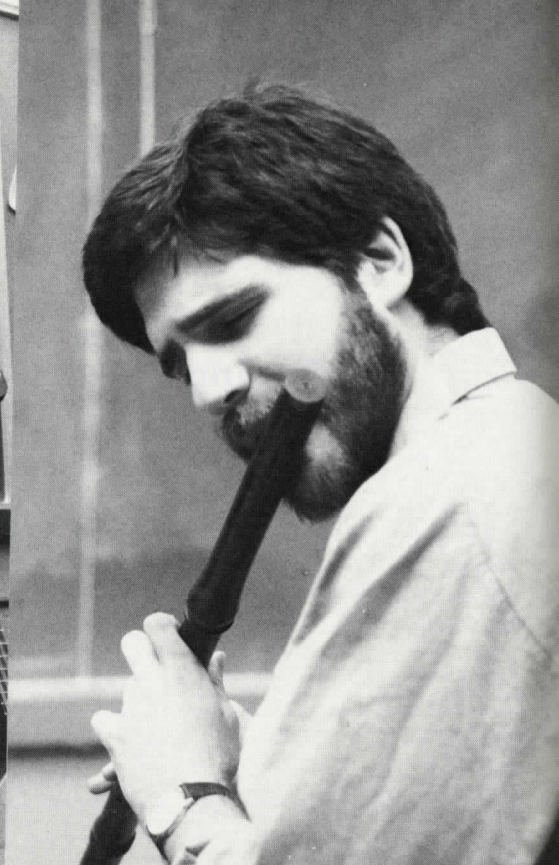


Two
by
Sue Mullin

Seasons

Your love
is like the spring wind
caressing my cheek
rumpling my hair
wrapping its arms around my waist
inside my jacket
but won't let me catch it.

It seems to please you
to be the spring wind.
It's too bad you haven't
noticed how your breath
blows autumn on my face.



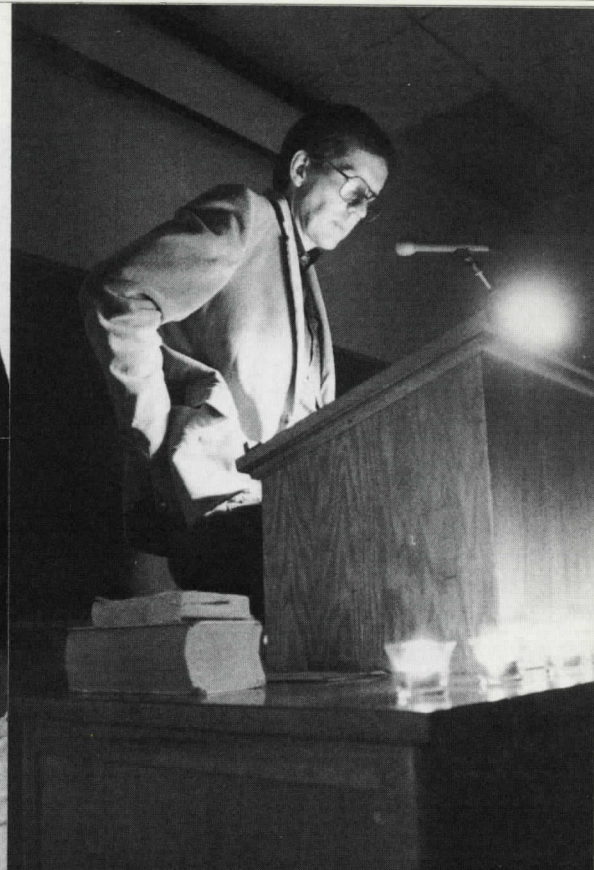
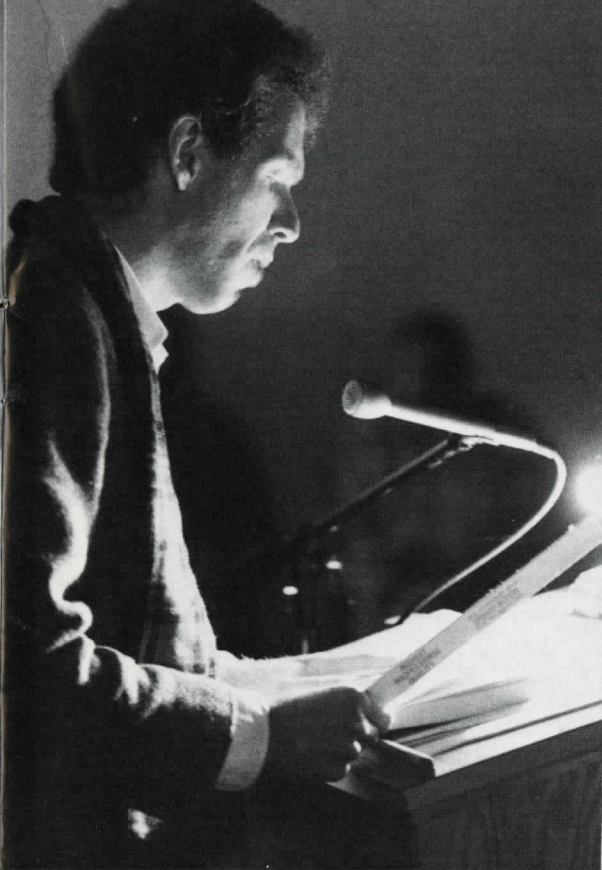
An Honorable Tradition

In ancient Athens, Aristotle strolled through the gardens surrounding the temples as he lectured to students. The gardens were called Lyceum. The Lyceum concept grew to include philosophy, poetry and politics. The advent of radio and television thwarted the Lyceum idea.

Under the nurturing direction of Chairman John P. Montgomery, the honors department is resurrecting the dusty Lyceum concept and applying

it to modern times. Montgomery says he wants to make college a more enriching experience. He is saddened by the disillusionment of so many students caught in the hustle and bustle of today's world and wants to help fulfill their vision of the college experience.

The first MTSU Lyceum centered around the traditional Celtic music of "The Rogues" which lured us back in time. Dr. Ron



Photographers: Shelley Mays and Alan Jasenovic

Bombardi fiddled melodies, accompanied by the mandolin, bagpipes, tambour and lute to pay homage to the culture of the Irish. Toes tapped to reels, ballads, slides and polkas. People were transported outside their own world, returning with a new-found appreciation for the magical ability of music to speak without words.

The second Lyceum featured a poetry slam, the brainchild of English professor Tom

Strawman. Spectators sat quietly at first, not sure what to think about this unfamiliar outlet for expression. In the candlelit room, readers made their way to the illuminated podium. It was reminiscent of the days of smoke-filled coffee house recitals. Students and faculty of all disciplines responded with the tapping of paint sticks as the drum beat softly, building anticipation for each new reading.

These two events are just the beginning of what Dr. Montgomery hopes will be continued cultural exchanges between students, faculty, staff and eventually the community. Lyceum events are geared toward a specific goal—reviving the spirit of shared ideas and talents in order to breathe life back into the halls of academia.



Treadmills and Fresh Ground

My heart beats with a hollow, empty pounding. My breath is sucked heavily into my nose. I cannot take my eyes from her lovely, sad form. I am powerless to help her and I am ashamed of my position.

Inadequacy fills my soul and a crimson shade slowly covers my face. What can I do to ease her woes? What can I do to stop my wife's grief?

"What you thinking about, Anne?" I ask with a dry croak. It is a terribly shallow thing to ask, but the only one that comes to my troubled mind. "About Dad," she responds sharply and offers no more explanation. She wants to handle it by herself and I credit her decision. Selfishly, I am glad to be relieved of the responsibility.

A heartbeat fills my ears and all at once I remember why I love her. I remember why I have vowed myself to this woman's happiness. It is now my duty and honor to worry.

She is lying on the couch, unaware of the world around her. Her arm lies firmly over

her eyes and hides any secrets they might betray. She is gripping a cheap, leaky pen like it was her last hand-hold on reality. This trinket gives her so much comfort and she allows me to give her none. I am a loving observer and happy to be just that. Slowly, ever so slowly, tears roll down her cheeks.

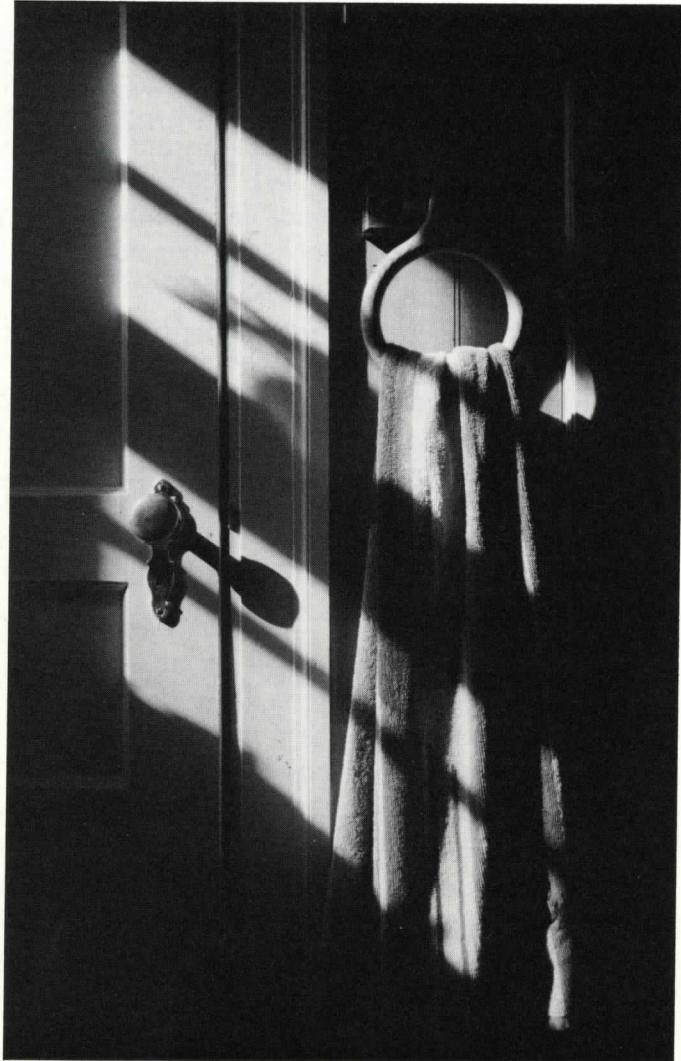
I know this is not typical of her, but I also respect her. I also know her decision not to include me was her own, so it must be founded with her reasoning. Her reasoning commends a unique soul.

Eternity beats its solemn drum.

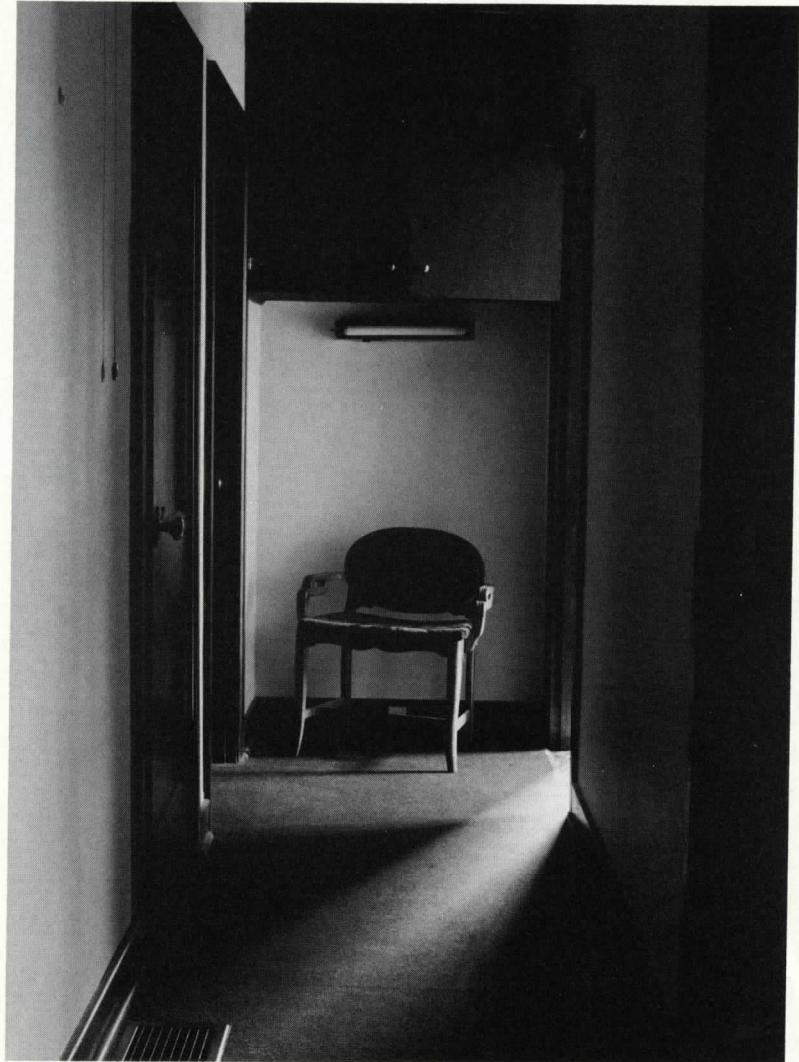
Finally she rises from her sorrow. Walking around the coffee table, she flashes me a little smile, so I know she is okay.

Her father died 11 years ago today.

By
Gregory
A.
Adkins



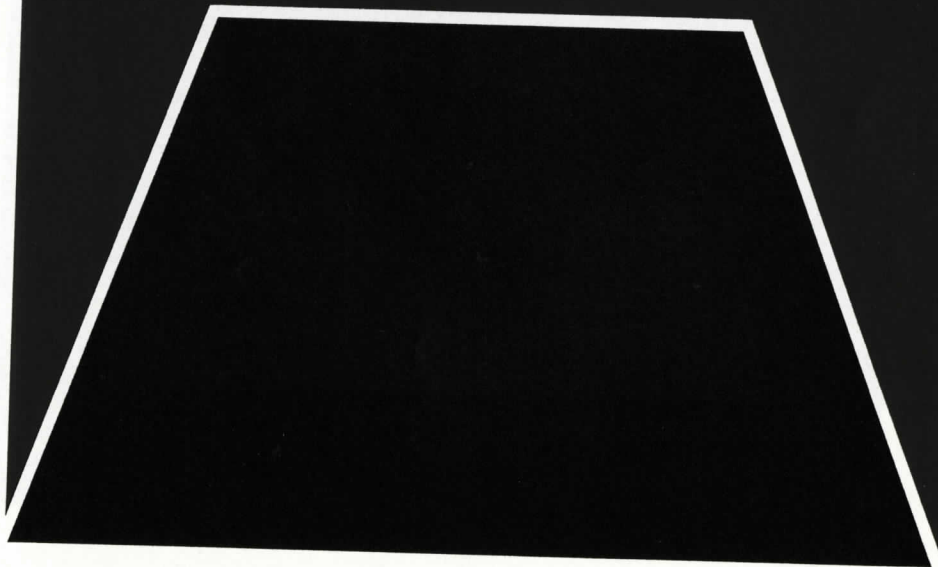
Tyrus Kernea, photograph



Cindy Cook, photograph

Across the Tabletop

by Adrian Smith



"Okay, tell me about last night."

"I don't remember nothin'."

"Nothing?"

"No. Why should I?"

"That's what you're supposed to tell me."

"Well, I can't remember nothin' so I guess you're fucked."

"Okay, if you want to play it that way, that's fine. Let's start with something you might find a little easier to answer. What's your name?"

"My name? Ted."

"Ted what?"

"Just Ted."

"Okay, where do you live, Ted?"

"Around. You know, here and there. I travel alot."

"Trying to find yourself?"

"No, man. This ain't the sixties an' I sure ain't no hippie. I just like to get around an' see things."

"How old are you?"

"Are you gettin' excited writin' all this shit down man?"

"It's my job, Ted. We have to have all this information."

"We? You mean there's somebody else, a friend sittin' behind that mirror, takin' notes and analyzin' everything I say?"

"Well...yes."

"Aw, Christ this really sucks...You got a name, man?"

"Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Just Jim."

"That figures. I thought you guys were supposed to act like grown-ups or something."

"Ted, why don't you try to be a little more cooperative and answer some of my questions? Where are you from?"

"I told you man, I travel."

"I mean originally."

"Pictford."

"Where did you go to high school?"

"Pictford High...the only place I could go. It's a fuckin' tiny little town."

"How long ago did you graduate?"

"I didn't exactly do that."

"What?"

"Graduate."

"Oh ..."

"I dropped out at sixteen. Or was it seventeen? I don't remember."

"How long ago was that?"

"Three, four years. Sometimes it's hard to say, nothin' seems to change in my life. Except the women that is, they always change. Everything else just blurs together."

"Do you like women, Ted?"

"What man don't...you some kinda fuckin' homo, Jimbo?"

"I have a wife and three kids, Ted."

"That don't matter, I guess. You ball and chain types'll do just about anything to break the monotony. You been doin' some weird shit to break the monotony, Jimbo?"

"No Ted, I'm straight. How about you?"

"What?"

"Do you like it straight?"

"Hell yeah, I like women. I can't believe that you had to even ask, Jimbo."

"Sorry Ted. Have you been with many women since you left Pictford?"

"Yeah, I've had my share. Like I said, the only things that seem to change in my life are the women."

"What happened to all of those women, Ted?"

"Well ya see...I can't...I don't...uh, can I have one of them cigarettes? All these questions are wearing me out, an'...hey, am I gonna get anything to eat anytime soon? Like today maybe."

"Here's a cigarette, but you'll have to wait for lunch until we're finished."

"Okay man, thanks."

"Ted, what happened to all of those women?"

"Well, Jimbo, you know what it's like. Sometimes things just don't work out. You gotta cut your losses and move on. Nothin' lasts forever, and if you just keep pretending that it will, it just hurts worse. Yep, that's what my dad told me right before he left me and the old lady. He said, 'Son, I've known you and your ma for a long while now, and I like you both, I really do. But son, I'm bored. And there ain't no use stayin' somewhere when you don't want to, cause

it only hurts those around you, an' I don't wanna do that.' Then he left."

"Do you hate your father for leaving you, Ted?"

"I thought you were supposed to ask me if I hated my mother? I thought you guys always asked people if they hated their mother."

"I guess you're right. Did you get along with your mother?"

"Yeah, sure. What good ole American boy don't? We had our troubles, though. She didn't like it when I dropped outta school. Said I needed to make somethin' outta myself and get outta Pictford. Well, I got outta Pictford at least."

"So, you left all of those women because you were bored like you said?"

"Yeah, I guess. I don't really remember. I haven't seen some of those women in a long time, three or four years at least."

"Did you ever hit any of them?"

"What the hell kinda question is that, Jimbo? It ain't none of your damn business what went on between me and my women."

"Ted, I need to know if you ever hit any of them."

"How am I supposed to remember anything like that? I knew alot of women over the years, Jimbo. Now, you're asking me to remember 'em specifically. It just can't be done."

"Ted, tell me if you ever hit any of them."

"Only when they deserved it, Jimbo. I mean it's like when you gotta discipline a child or a dog. You know what I mean? If they do their shit somewhere you don't want 'em to, you gotta rub their nose in it a little. It's like my dad used to tell me, when I did something wrong, he'd say, 'Son, this is gonna to hurt you a helluva lot worse than it's gonna hurt me, cause that's the only way you're gonna listen. That's just the way people are, they only listen to pain.' Then he'd beat the living hell outta me, but I got the message...I got the message."

"Tell me about last night, Ted."

"What do you mean?"

"Who was the girl you were with?"

"The girl? Oh, that's Alex. Man, she's hot. I mean she's one damn fine babe."

"Yes, she was."

"Alex, oh Alex. Man, she's been a blast. She's one wild babe."

I remember when I first saw her. It was a week ago, no, two weeks ago. She was working in a doughnut shop not too far from here. I remember she was wearing a cute little waitress outfit, a leather apron and her hair was frizzed out to hell. God, she blew me away. Her hair was red like fire...just the way I like it. I knew right away that we were gonna get real close if you catch my meaning, Jimbo."

"Yes Ted, I think I do. Did you start seeing her right away?"

"Jesus Christ man, you don't let up...yeah, you might say we hit it off real quick. Twenty minutes after I ordered my first glazed doughnut, she was climbing up on my bike and wrapping those beautiful arms around my waist like steel cables. She wasn't gonna let me get away."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, y'know, the next few days were a blur: sex, booze, some other stuff and more sex...God, was there more sex."

"What kind of other stuff?"

"Well, drugs and stuff, but you can't prove it man."

"No. No, I can't prove it."

"Well anyway, I don't know exactly what happened over the next few days 'cause things just got way outta control."

"Ted, tell me what happened last night."

"Why do'ya wanna keep bringin' up what happened last night? What's it got to do with you anyway?"

"Ted, just tell me what happened between you and Alex last night."

"Nothin' man, it was the same old shit. We went down to the Black Lounge, bought some beer, played some pool and then went back to her place."

"That's all?"

"Well, we did do a couple a lines of coke, but it wasn't nothin' we hadn't done a million times before. It was just another night."

"You want to tell me about the fight you had with Snake Peters, or don't you remember that either?"

"Hey. I didn't have nothin' to do with that. I mean, yeah I beat his face in, but it was all really his doin'. He's the one that started it all, making eyes at Alex and hittin' on her. He's really lucky that I didn't mess him up worse than I did. That's one thing a man just can't put up with, someone sniffin' around his property. Jesus Jimbo, I mean, you gotta wife. How would you like it if some ape was tryin' to get in her pants right in front of you? You know what it is? I'll tell you what it is, it's a total lack of respect. He didn't respect my rights of ownership so, I had to teach him a lesson. That's all, nothin' serious."

"What about Alex?"

"Well, sure Snake's gonna say she was coming on to him, but Christ man, she's my woman and he should've kept his flea-bitten hands off her. It's like a code. We all know it. You just don't screw with another man's woman, that is unless you are prepared to pay the consequences. Snake apparently wasn't, 'cause I'd just barely touched him when he started to cry like a baby. It was a sorry sight to see. I swear t'ya it really was."

"You broke six of his ribs and his jaw, and that's not to mention what you did to his right hand. Five different witnesses say that it was you that went berserk."

"Hey, it's not my fault that he was holding that long-neck. How was I to know that the bottle would shatter in his hand. Anyway, I

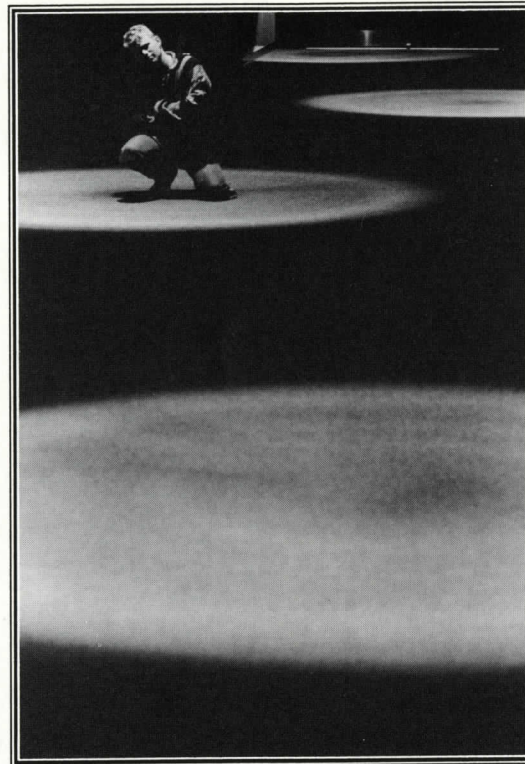
told you, he had it coming. It's like a law, the code is."

"I wanted to know about Alex. What happened to her?"

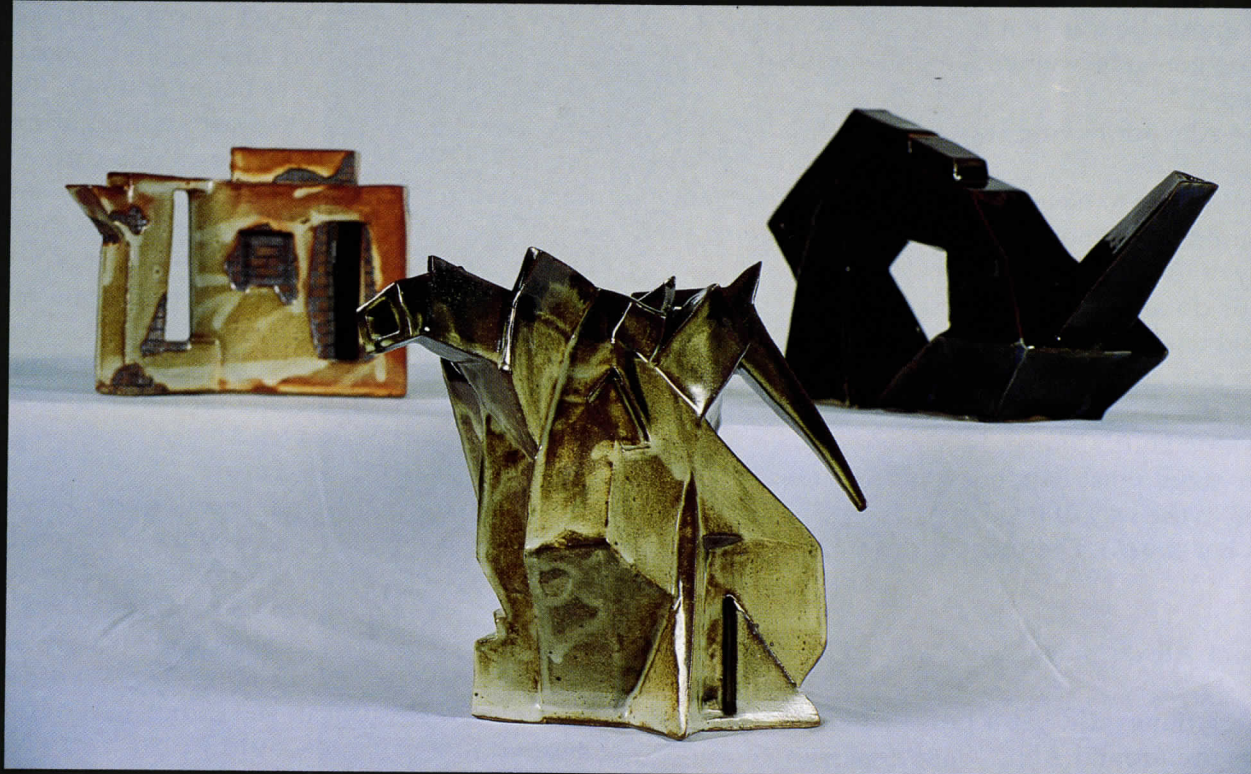
"Hey man, we just went back to her place after all the fuss died down."

"Did you wait for the police?"

"How many times do I hafta tell ya? This was a private matter. We handled it like men and we didn't mess anything up, so



Joseph E. Hardwick, *Isolation*, photograph



Duane Brown, *Mesa Boro; Preist; Attack* ceramic vessels

there wasn't no need to call the cops."

"What did you do when you got back to Alex's?"

"We just had us a talk, Jimbo."

"What did you talk about?"

"We just talked about things. You know. I told her I didn't want her screwing around anymore. I told her she was my woman and that she didn't need to be coming on to nobody else."

"So, she really was coming on to Snake Peters when you disassembled him?"

"No...well yeah, I guess she was. But he should have known anyway. I mean women are gonna be women. But, like I said, it was all in the code and he broke it."

"You didn't blame Alex for having started the fight? Not at all?"

"Well, sure I did. I'd have to have been pretty stupid not to. But, like I said, Snake should have known. Women will be women, an' there ain't nothin' any of us are gonna do about that."

"You didn't say or do anything to Alex for having started the brawl between you and Snake?"

"What the hell are you going on about? I've been tellin' you that Snake knew the way things were. He got what was comin' to him. It wasn't none of Alex's fault. Course, I did sit her down and have a long talk with her about what happened and what exactly I expected from my women in the way of loyalty."

"Did you yell at her much? The neighbors said that there was alot of yelling."

"Yelling?"

"Yes, coming from Alex's place. Did you really lay into her?"

"Well yeah, I guess things did get a little outta hand. But, that's just the way things are around Alex. I mean she started out calm enough but she wasn't really listening to me, so I tried to make myself heard. But she wasn't having none of it. So I had to try to make her listen. I mean it's an important thing: loyalty. That's when things started to get out of control."

"Why didn't Alex want to listen?"

"Aw hell, she kept going on about being a free person, or some shit like that, about how I didn't have any right to be making decisions for her, about how she was gonna see any man she

wanted to."

"What did you do, Ted?"

"Well you know, I've got kind of a short temper, and she wasn't listenin' to any of what I had to say, so I guess I got a little loud yelling at her you see, an' she was sittin' in this huge reclining chair ignoring everything I was tryin' to say, so, I grabbed her to get her attention and..."

"Wait a minute, Ted. Did you hit her?"

"No. I mean I don't think so. I did grab her, but I don't think that I actually hit her. Like I said, it was a really confusing situation. She was screaming and kicking and I was tryin' to get my point across. I was just tryin' to hold her down. Tryin' to get her to listen to what I had to say. She just kept ignoring me, slapping me and kicking at me. I thought it was kinda cute at first, but she just went nuts. Wouldn't stop. She kept hittin' me and I guess it started to hurt, specially, when she hit me with the baseball bat...it was a Louisville Slugger, and man did I slug her."

"Wait a minute, Ted. I thought you said she hit you."

"I did...I mean she did, but like I said things were pretty crazy and I kinda just got outta control. I mean, I was just tryin' to shut her up a little an' she hit me. That's when I hit her back...oh God, I hit her back real hard."

"What happened next?"

"Christ. Oh God, it was crazy. It was like I was feedin' on the blood, 'cause I just kept swingin' that bat at her head. I just kept swingin' and poundin' and oh Jesus...I broke the bat. I was hittin' her so hard that I broke the bat. I loved that bat. My dad gave it to me before he left. I always kept it with me. She screamed and screamed and kept screaming! There wasn't no way she should of kept screamin'. I mean she didn't have no face. And she still kept screamin'. She just wouldn't die and I kept swingin', hopin', prayin', that she'd stop screamin', but she didn't. She still hasn't. I can still hear it in my head and whatever I try...whatever I try, I can't stop it. I can still hear her screamin'."

"..."

"...oh god, just please make it stop."





James Gordon, photograph

Two by TY (Hagar)

An excerpt from
Dreams of the Inconsequential

I dreamed that I was nine years old and my dog Skipper got run over by a big Ford dump truck. My parents, feeling sorry for me, bought me a neat new bike. My best friend Billy wanted a neat new bike, too. I told him he should kill his dog. Make it look like an accident. Billy killed his dog, but didn't get a new bike because instead of making it look like an accident, Billy made it look like suicide. His parents weren't nearly as suspicious about Billy's dog hanging himself as they were about the note.



Secrets

His reverie is his
Revelry
His weakness, his
Joy
His method his
Madness
His madness
His toy
Hilariously somber
Seriously funny
Dressed as
Captain
Kangaroo
He plays with his
Bunny



Mark Miller, photograph

Poker Face

by John Irwin

an old woman
with a deck of cards

she deals from the bottom
of the night
we play poker, five card stud
everything wild
especially my hair
we're gambling at 75mph
in an open convertible

2 hours later
car sick and \$500 the lesser
she pulls over
to allow me
the long sought opportunity
to vomit
without high speeds or high stakes

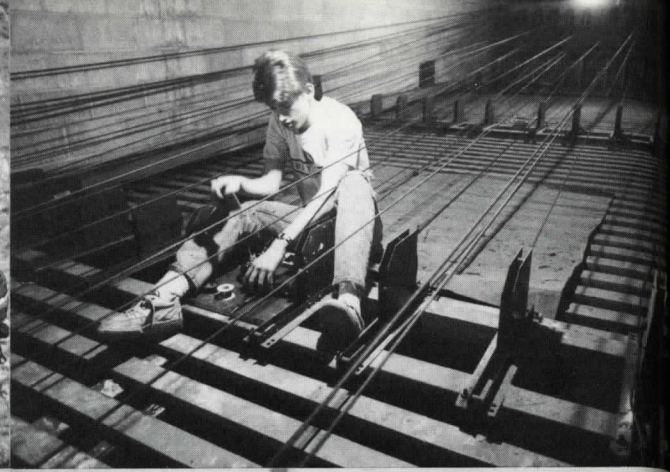
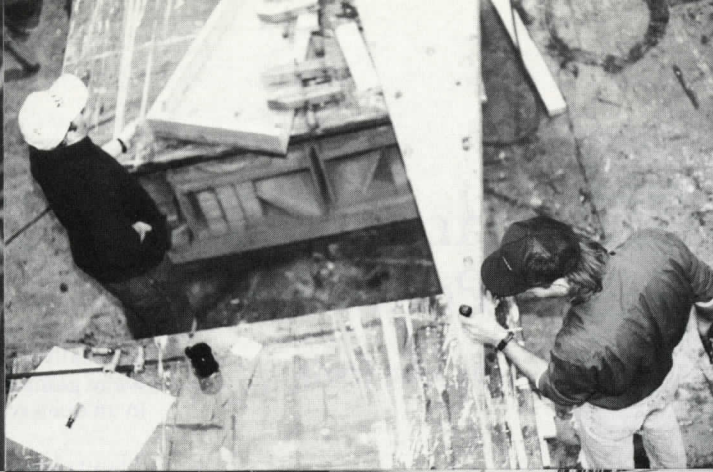
weary from the night's debauchery
she leaves me broke and nauseous
she leaves me in desperate need of a comb
she smiles and giggles
as if a schoolgirl
"i had a wonderful time"
she says
her fixed income no longer fixed
"by the way young man...go fuck yourself"

2 days later
sober and armed
i set the date for our next encounter
double or nothing
i say
and she agrees

we meet in the park
with pigeons and the losers
fuck this bitch
i pull my blade
she pulls a gun and blows a hole through my chest

death is like gilligan's island
though the memory lives on
it's only in reruns

nothing further to report



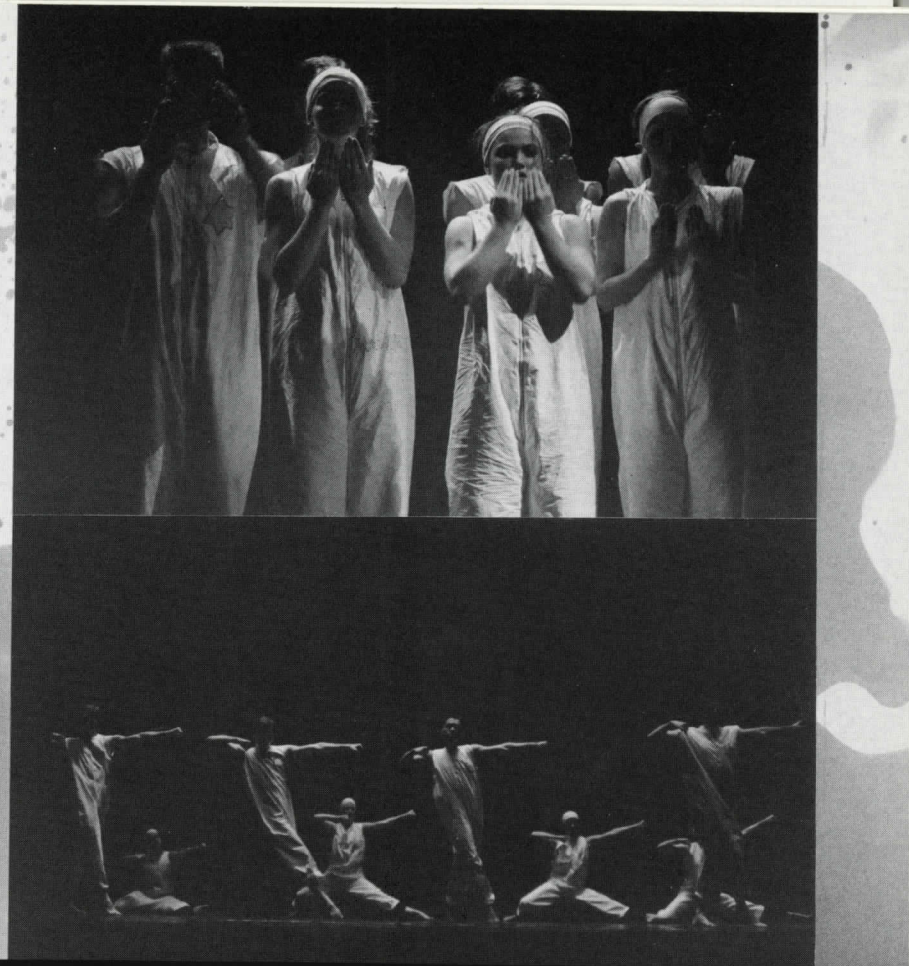
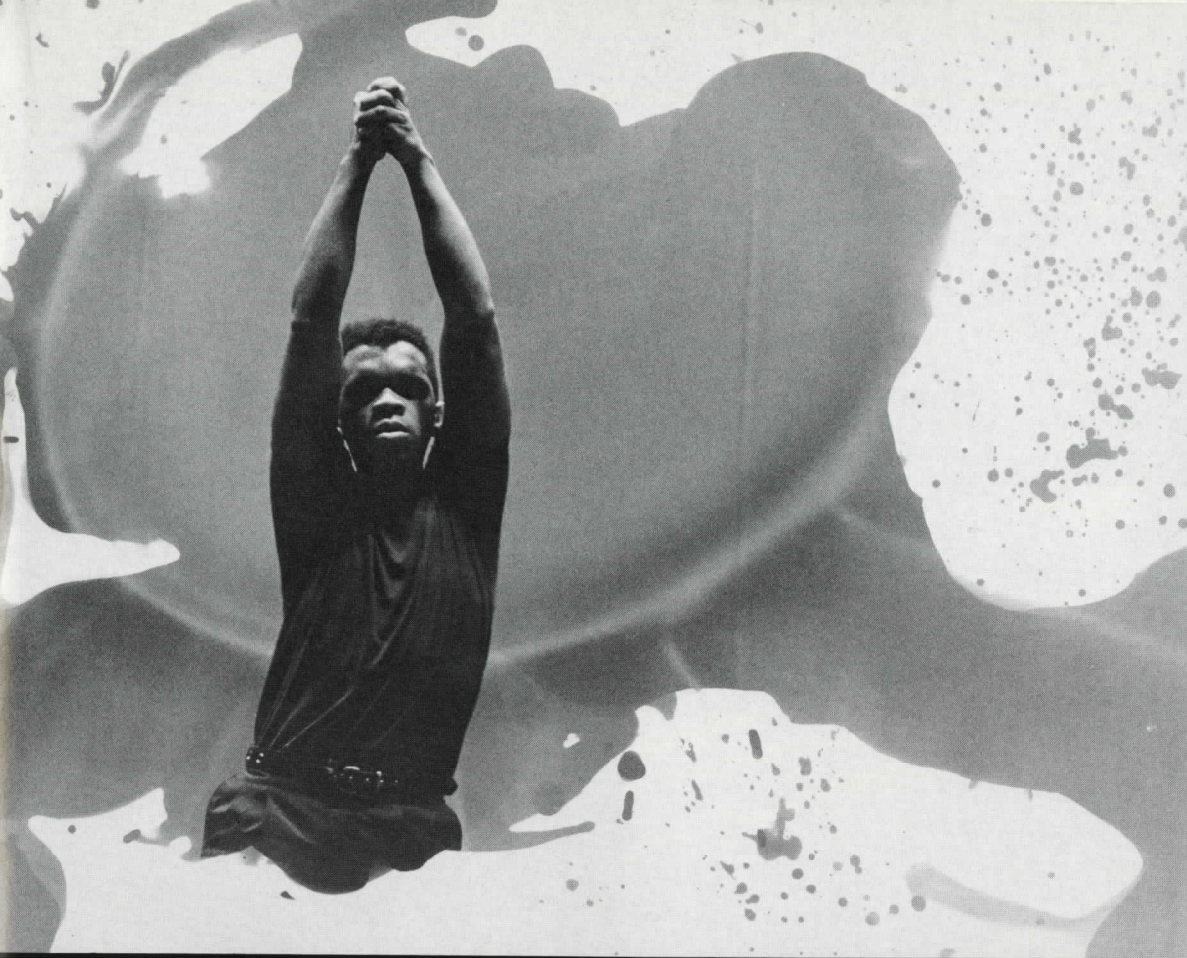
MTSU on Stage

Dr. David Anderson of the MTSU Speech and Theatre Department said the Buchanan Players acting ensemble strives to carry out the challenge of bringing the community together to share the re-creation of the human spirit on stage.

When the house lights go down and the magic begins, the audience is often unaware of the planning and hours of teamwork necessary to make the show possible. The effort from script selection to the selling of tickets involves countless hours of

commitment. Actors audition and directors select casts and schedule tedious hours of rehearsals. The innuendo of every word and gesture is meticulously planned to appear to the audience as reality.

Meanwhile, sets are designed and students work in the shop for untold hours building sets and props. Property personnel add detail with careful selections down to the last book on the shelf and ashtray on the coffee table. Costumers study the period of the play, recreating appropriate dress according to



Photographers: Alan Jasenovic and Shelley Mays

character and time. This is complimented with make-up and hair styles. Sound and lighting personnel painstakingly choreograph their own special effects, enhancing the overall magic on the stage. Rounding out the team, publicity works throughout the community to promote the production.

Dr. Anderson, the Speech and Theatre Department and the Buchanan Players are entitled to take an extra bow.

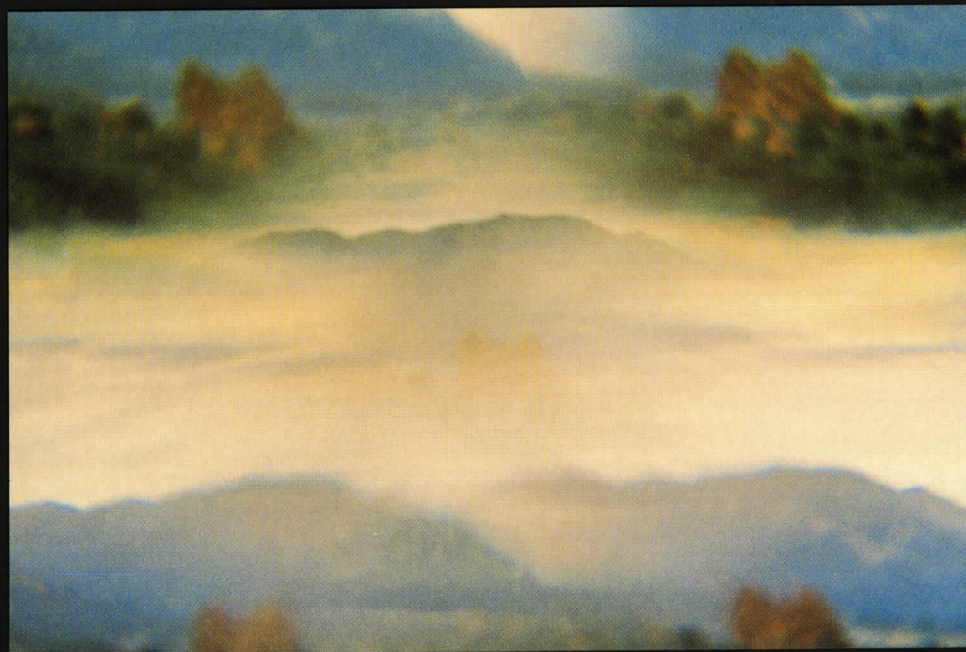
Dancers speak a universal language. They translate the human spirit into a visual experience, using the body to express feelings words cannot. They write the script by intuitively moving to the rhythm of our emotions.

MTSU's Blue Moves dance ensemble, under the direction of Anne Holland, presents variety and contrast—from the struggle between man and woman to the freedom of birds in flight. Formerly a little known dance group which spent endless hours in solitary

rehearsal halls, Blue Moves now brings in full houses and stuns audiences with imagery of hard-to-describe emotions.

The dancers represent us with an almost uncanny perceptivity. Blue Moves creates a new interest in dance—proving that it is one traditional form of expression that shall never take its last breath as long as there is a need to bridge the gap between humans and their surroundings.





Sandy Butters, photograph



Sandy Butters, photograph

Origina

by Mark Roberts

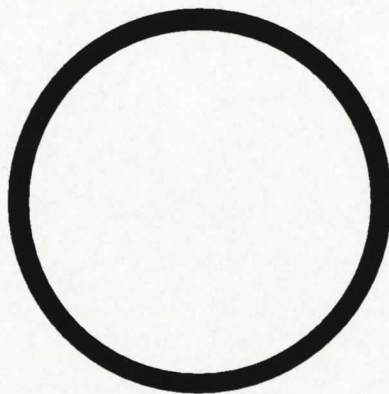
I saw the Infant struggle to push UP
b
etween his mother's legs
e

His desire to retreat from HERE and
back to the Womb

is real

I have often thought that the Sexual
desire of man for Women Sub-consciously
harbored this thought...

TO retreat
back to the Womb.



jkb

by Laura Patterson

i lived to see an orchid bloom
and almost died when it decayed
i wept to see the earth consume
the silken petals, dark and frayed.
i stood a while and bowed my head,
allowed my salt to seal its tomb
then felt a pounding underfoot
(the earth may also be a womb)



Monitor

by James R. McCulloch

Monitor: Species of carnivorous lizards ranging in size from 6 inches in hatchlings to 8 feet and larger in some adults. Indigenous to Africa, Asia, Australia, and many islands in the South Pacific, they are easily tamed and are becoming increasingly popular as pets.

Sinuuous, serpentine, a sensual convolution
Of muscle cased in softness to envy virgin's hair;
A majesty older than man is captured there.

Eyes of fire that shame the setting sun:
The pupils rimmed in gold from Solomon's mines,
They hold pretensions of humanity at times.

Here a scale of green and there one of dun,
Colors and patterns undreamed of on canvas;
One wonders what color a dinosaur was.

He is the ruler of his domestic dominion:
And of his sovereignty, who could doubt,
To see his gait, assured and stout!

His saurian form more noble than any cat,
Yet faithful as any dog that warmed a hearth.

Naked

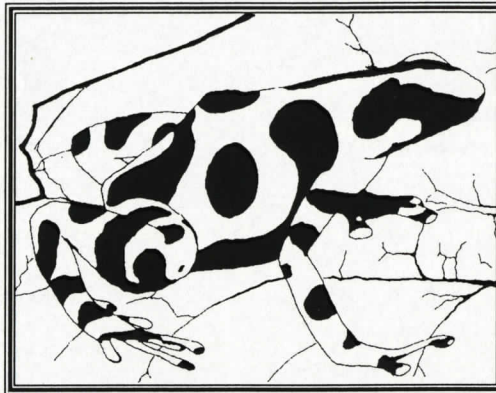
I roll through

fruitpaint

Roll on

Roll off

O, impressionable me



by Debra Stanley