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contents

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ABOUT THE COVER

Recalling the chilling winter snows earlier in the semester, this month's cover photograph serves to remind us all of just how good a Springtime sun can feel--especially after we had to plod to class in the stuff. The photographs which comprise the unique pattern were supplied by Doris Pilkinton, and in case you can't guess, depict the Old Science Building after the last snow-fall.

SPECIAL

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Duane Sawyer
Sheila Alford
Doris Pilkinton
John Blockley

NEXT ISSUE OF COLLAGE
TO APPEAR LATE IN APRIL.

A LAMP-LIT RAINY STREET	3
Donald Ball	
FREEDOM IS DILEMMA	4
Elaine Mallard	
IT'S A THINKING DAY	
Tom Wade	
LOUISIANA BIRTHDAY	
Curtis Whittington	
ON FIRST FINDING GRAY HAIRS	
Curtis Whittington	
VEIL OF FLOWERS	5
Victor Arnold	
THE SHORT SUN BURNS	6
Larry Arnett	
NEVER	
William Phillips	
ZING!	
Barbara Deal	
THE WORLD ABOUT ME	7
George Stapp	
THE CLOUDED EYE	
Ginny Ray	
THE INCINERATOR	
Tom Wade	
THAT THIN SHELL	
Donald Ball	
REALIZATION	
Gary Lemmons	
THE DAY I BECAME AN ORPHAN	8,9,10,11
Curtis Whittington	
ART NOW	12, 13
Phillip Vander Weg	
GRAIN OF SAND	
SCHOLARSHIPS. . .DO THEY REALLY EXIST?	
Fay Davenport	
WMOT-A 1000 WATT HAPPENING	16,17
Sheila Alford	
WHERE TO EAT. . .AND WHY	18,19
Staff Report	
LATER POEM-MARCH 12, 1961	20
David LeDoux	
SNOWFALL	21
Elaine Spencer	
CLASSIFIED	22
Oskar	
CHATTANOOGA HARRY	23
Rhea Cole	

COLLAGE—student magazine of mtsu



BOX 3883, OFFICE 218 Cope Ad.

Bill Peters ---editor

Vicki Hill ---associate editor

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STAFF EDITORS

Rhea Cole--art editor
Larry Ludwig--poetry editor
Al C. Notgrass--short stories editor
Fay Davenport -- editorial assistant
Gary Matthews---essays editor

A Lamp-lit Rainy Street

Soft rain on a still street
lifted the false hopes of a dusty day
with a thousand subtle fingers --
and I alone beheld its fall --
sucked in the gutter of no escape.

My spirit hid in the still shadows;
the light's edge became my tomb.
Only the blind dash of a stray cat
dared disturb the hazy lie.....
....and once again my sight fell full
on a thousand shames
covered by the tears of the heavens.

Donald Ball

Freedom is Dilemma

Tall, dark, and handsome he was
kind, gentle, and good.
Working, playing,
laughing, crying,
singing and dancing
together--we were.
Love?

He: tall, dark, and handsome

I: too fair Yes,

and his hair kinked.

Together we were in secret;

Alone we are today.

We're free!

Alone.

Freedom is. . . what?

Freedom from. . . ?

bigots?

(Cruel, hateful bigots!)

Freedom for. . .

for. . .

bigotry?

NO!

safety?

Yes, SAFETY!

Freedom IS safety!

Tall, dark, and handsome

with kinky hair

kinky hair. . .

kinky lines. . .

divisions in my mind

to keep us alone.

Together we were. . .

Yesterday laugh

Yesterday sing

Yesterday dance

Yesterday, yesterday, yesterday!

Today alone--I'm. . .

Who am I?

Yesterday's me?

No, TODAY! squelched, safe

My deaf ears hear

rebuttal to my unuttered protest

while my blind eyes see

hate.

Hate like a mirror

like me.

Kinky hair-lines divide

make me hate bigots

like a scared bigot.

Together we were--yesterday.

If only we were--today.

ELAINE MALLARD

it's a thinking day

Now it's a thinking day,

An unexpected storm bloomed the heavenly

Yes, we sit and dream and plot our fancies,
As the happy fire-gold falls and dances.

I try hard to conjure some warm sun and

sky blue.

Now, in the wistful silence and the mist,

you.

TOM WADE

Louisiana Birthday

Faceless as a thin-nickel Indian,
that September Saturday birthed with rain--
and pillow-soft drops like minutes
hung heavy on the oak's moss-pendulumed
boughs, and each plopped deathward
to shatter the gray world it globed.

The brush of water, like ropes of moss,
fell cushioned against the windowpane,
silent as sand past the polished
apices of a just-turned hourglass.

And each run of water down that beaded
pane became a prismatic line--
a strand of parasitic love

that mirrored my history--myself, standing stranger,
wet with September and the rain.

CURTIS WHITTINGTON

On First Finding Gray Hairs While Shaving

Often, the plane abstraction in a mirror
seems a self more real than image,
an animus encaged in window glass;
and more than eye finds tangible sins
as real under lather as whiskers
or damp bristles on a just-used toothbrush.
And it's times like these when I -- imprisoned,
feeling earth tilt toward autumn,
the parched grass burn drier -- attempt
to move away, to liquate myself
from my sins and time flawed in that glass.
But movement itself is imperfection
and rainbows a trinity of selves in space,
each prised, a shard of past and future;
and escape can only be a forgetting:
my selves soften like soap in a dish.
Resigned, I snowplow sins and images,
and feel my hours erode into yesterdays,
and feel summer's end marrow my bones.

CURTIS WHITTINGTON



Photo by Dennis E. Hill

Veil of Flowers

by Victor Arnold



Wind rustled through the trees and tossed the clouds as the full moon lighted the city park. She was beautiful. Her hair seemed to float about her face echoing the beckoning of her dark, lonely eyes. She smiled and her smile softened the night. She bent down to pick the wild flowers near the stream, and her gracefulness multiplied her beauty.

Violets, primrose and wild iris made her seem a goddess. The beauty of nature was at her command when she turned around...Soon the park would close for another night and she would be gone...gone to wherever it is that one goes when the city's day has ended.

She held her bouquet close and took one last stroll around the park. Her face was pale; she was the image of femininity. He wanted to touch her, to hold her. His eyes were sincere, sincere because he cared. He walked beside her and reached out to take her hand. She had known no man before, nor did she know this one. But his eyes were sincere and she knew he cared.

In the morning when he came back to the park to see her again the flowers had wilted. Her soft, white body had been changed into a mangled bit of horror, hardly identifiable as human. Her clothes, or what was left of them, were caught on a snag in the stream...only the flowers covered her body and they were dead as she was dead.

He turned and walked away from what he had done. ■

the short sun burns

The short sun burns,
The hot sand seeps blood
And the sky is sticky and swollen with birds.

The dark beach
Stands steaming in the spit of the Sea.

The wind's long tongue
Licks the salty lips of my love softly,
And my rough mouth sings black songs,
While the hot sun chews her breasts.

LARRY ARNETT

NEVER

By William Phillips

What's a speech that is never said;
What's a poem that is never read,
What's a man that never gave,
But a name and a grave.

Corruptible things should not be cherished,
For they with time will have perished.

What's a bell that is never rung;
What's a song that is never sung,
What's a man that never declined lust,
But a soul for Satan and a body for dust.

zing!

The bell has sounded
Let our selves depart
While souls unfounded
Shield a sobbing heart

Barbara Deal

the world about me

The Robots

Robots fighting each other to get more green.
Stay out of their way.
They'll step on anyone to keep their hands clean.
Soon they will decay.
They were human beings when they were in need.
Now they are ruthless giants with hearts of greed.

The Colors

Are you Red? Are you Yellow?
Are you Black? Are you White?
Only friends can see the light.

The Youth

Your hair is so long that it hides your eyes
From facing a world that has taught you lies.
Face reality and do not despair,
For what will you do when you lose your hair?

The System

Presently it's a contest for the best grades,
And knowledge for knowledge's sake It evades.
The System needs a change, which we can supply.
We can work together, just give us a try.

The Society

When we were young, we did what we were told,
And they tried shaping us into their mold.
Now that we're older, and see many wrongs,
We tell each other by singing our songs.
But songs are just words that show us the way.
While actions shape the future of today.

GEORGE STAPP

the clouded eye

My world is torn with strife and pain
Only to come alive again
My thoughts are clouded by aches of heart
Which tear the mind and soul apart.

Until the day that I may see,
The sea may come alive to me
The earth may move
The sky may fall
And still my thoughts be over all
The wind may tear my soul apart
And still my heart would not be smart.

Now I see
The day has come
The earth may move
The sky may fall
And now my thoughts aren't over all.

—Ginny Ray

the incinerator

The tower stands--great, gray and grim
And gobbles at the garbage in.
Down by its base through an oval door,
A doll's leg dangles in synthetic gore.

Old lettuce leaves and beer cans are making
their debut.
But wait now! The burning starts,
foul smoke of grayish hue.
Shortly, all is dust again from which
it was created.
The same, to which, the mortal ones will
soon be obligated.

TOM WADE

that thin shell

courted by He whose lips have worded praise,
shall suck marrow from each bone.
prompted by He whose throat forced life at creation,
shall sound laughter by each grave.
Pale flesh may not know--only waxen image--
of His final plan.

DONALD BALL

realization

There is contentment in the land;
I am anxious.

There is peace abounding;
I am at war.

There is light all around me;
I am in darkness.

There is abundant life;
I am sick unto death.

There is wisdom encompassing the earth;
I am ignorant.

There is a redeeming hope of union;
I am condemned to be free.

There is the blessing of love upon the people;
I am hated.

There is much speaking;
I am deaf.

There is faithful togethe

There is faithful togetherness;
I am alone.

--Lemmons



I always tried to stay away from the old man. It wasn't hard. Each day about the same time, Mr. Jones' boy would wheel him down West Washington to Mary Street, turn his chair around, and wheel him back home again. I guess old men need a lot of sun. Anyway, if it wasn't raining, you could always count on them being in front of my house around four o'clock each day.

But this time Mr. Jones and his boy came up behind me while my back was turned. I had seen a grass snake slide into the ivy in front of Mrs. Lomax's house, and I was outside, pulling up the long strands and holding them up at arm's length so that I could see where the snake had gone. That's when they came up behind me. Those rubber tires hardly make any noise at all.

Mr. Jones spoke clearly for a man of his age. You never had to strain to hear what he was saying. I never really listened to what he was saying after I had heard his Pontiac story for the first time, but I knew that I ought to respect old people, so I had to pretend to listen at least. He had got to the part of the Conspiracy where Pontiac attacks the English at Bloody Run and then camps at different spots around the place where Detroit was going to be later when he suddenly stopped his story. Stopped it right in the middle. The boy pulled out a cigar, unwrapped it, and handed it to the old man with the band still on it. Mr. Jones pulled off the band and

handed it to me. "There's a ring for your finger, son," he said. "You'd better put it on your thumb, though." It always made me a little mad when people said things like that. I was ten years old, and everybody knew that old Mr. Jones wasn't kin to me at all. The boy struck a match on his seat and lit the old man's cigar. I had never seen Mr. Jones smoke before, and I watched the uneven yellow teeth and the thin, purplish lips move the cigar about in his mouth. He looked down the street toward town for a while and then turned slowly and blinked at me through the cigar smoke that hung like a screen before his face. I wondered if he was going to tell me a new story about the woman whose picture was on the red band of the cigar. But he didn't. "Son," he asked, "what's your name?"

"Franklin Delano Wilson," I told him and then added to be polite, "My father has the wholesale dry goods store up town."



The Day I Became An Orphan

Mr. Jones nodded his head slowly with the cigar in his mouth and said, "Well, son, if you are Franklin Delano Wilson, did you ever wonder who is Franklin Delano Wilson?"

I couldn't see what the old man was driving at, but I answered politely, "No sir, I never did."

"Think about it, son," he said. "You have to be a somebody. You can't just be a name." He took off his straw hat and fanned the smoke away from his face with it. I could see bright gold lettering on the band inside. I looked up at the Negro, but he only seemed to be smiling at me. The old man chewed on the end of his cigar and smoked in silence for a few minutes then put his hat back on his head and brushed off an ash that had fallen on his tie. It made a little grey streak on the blue tie.

"Do you know anything about poetry, son?" he asked suddenly. I told him that I didn't. "Well, a poet once said that we all have to leave footprints behind us on the sands of time. But, son, what the poet didn't say was that you had to be a somebody before you can make footprints. I think he knew that, though. He must have known it." His voice seemed to die away.

I didn't know exactly what the old man was talking about, but I told him, "That's right, Mr. Jones. He'd have to be somebody before he could make footprints." Somehow that seemed to make sense.

"Think about it, son. You just think about it a while. A man's nobody unless he is a somebody." He took the cigar out of his mouth, scowled at the chewed end of it, and threw it toward the street. It went into Mrs. Lomax's ivy, and the old man sighed. "Take me home, boy," he called over his shoulder. "I want to go home now."

I watched the two of them pass through the patches of sunlight and shade as they went away from me. They seemed to become smaller and smaller as they went back up the sidewalk.

A door slammed across the street, and David ran across to the place where I stood. One leg of his knickers had slipped down toward his socks, and his green plaid shirt had pulled out from his belt on the other side. "Jesus," he said. "You sure let yourself get caught! What in hell was the old buzzard talking about all this time? It was too long for all that Pontiac crap!"

It made me a little mad that David had seen me and Mr. Jones talking, but I couldn't say why. Anyway, I felt like standing up for Mr. Jones. As if I was on his side. "Oh, it was just that same old stuff again. You know. He just got carried away with himself this time," I told him. "Come on, let's go down to the bag swing at the Manns'." The Manns lived a few doors up the street, and they had two swings: an old rubber tire off a car that hung from a chain, and a croaker sack stuffed with cotton hulls knotted on a long rope to a big limb.

Since David was always trying to out-do me, I took the rubber tire. I didn't want any more trouble today. I pushed my legs through the rubber tire, sat down on the hard rims, and began to swing. The chains screeched on the metal bar over my head. I guess it was rusty. It was dusty under the swing, and my feet stirred up little clouds of it as I pushed against the ground. Then I began to think about what Mr. Jones had said, and I let the tire die down and sat there thinking about it. It was nice and shady there, and I picked up a stick and began to write my name in the dust.

David was swinging high on the bag swing. I saw him look at me from time to time, but he didn't say anything. After a while he let the bag die down, too. Then he got off and picked a few leaves from the little, low plant Mrs. Mann had growing around the edge of her flower beds. The stems were almost as sour as sour grass. When he came over to me, I could tell from his smile that he was going to give me trouble.

"You know what an orphan is?" he asked, and, smiling, began to pick at his nose. I looked down at the ground and moved my foot over the spot where I had been drawing. I was afraid to look at him, for I knew my face would give me away. He was always throwing those sixth-grade words up to me.

"Sure, I know what an orphan is," I said. The only way to make things right was to show David that I really wasn't interested in knowing what an orphan was. And, after all, I wasn't. Not really. I just didn't want David going around thinking that he knew so much more than I did. A squirrel was making funny noises up in the oak above the bag swing. He must have been eating an acorn, for a few pieces of shell fell to the ground.

I looked at David, and I could tell by his smile that I wasn't fooling him. "You know," he said, "it must be awful to be an orphan. Think of it. Your real parents not wanting you and giving you to some other grown-ups to raise. It must give you a funny feeling all inside. Jesus, it'd be awful, just thinking all the time about how your parents didn't love you and all that. And you'd never really know about the people who was raising you, would you? Jesus, what a life!"

I looked at the ground again and moved my feet in the dust. David knew that he had the upper hand now. He waited a minute or two, watching me closely and letting what he had said sink and then asked quietly, "You know you're an orphan, don't you?" I didn't say anything for a while, but I knew he was smiling. Then I began to get mad.

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying to keep my face set.

"You just think I don't," David replied. "I heard some of the boys at school talking about it. And then I asked my mother, and she told me that it was right. Jesus, I really feel sorry for you."

I never was one for being pushed into a fight, but I said loudly, "You're telling a lie and you know it!"

"No I'm not," he said. He was really smiling now. Just couldn't keep it in. That really made me mad, and it was all I could do to keep looking down at the ground. "It's the gospel," he said. "I'll swear it!"

The Day I Became An Orphan

I couldn't hold back any longer. "You take that back!" I yelled at him. "You know it's a lie! Damn it, I'll make you take that back!" I began to get out of the tire as fast as I could, but it wasn't easy, backing out of a tire.

David began to laugh and run toward his house. "Just you wait until I tell everyone at school," he called back. Then I heard his sing-song, "Frank is an orphan! Frank is an orphan!" over and over again as he slammed the front door to his house. I guess he was still laughing.

I got back in the tire and swung back and forth slowly. I always start crying when I get mad. And I didn't want anybody to see me and get to thinking that I was a sissy to boot. I sat there swinging back and forth and wiped the back of my hand across my eyes. I got to thinking about how bad it was to be an orphan and not to have anybody really love you. I was feeling pretty sorry for myself, until I got to thinking about something that Mr. Jones had said. It just popped into my head. It was that bit about the difference between me and other people. Popped into my head as quick as a flash. And then I began to think again. At least, I didn't know of any. It began to sound like a good deal to me. If I was an orphan, I was already different from the others. I was already a somebody, and I wouldn't have to find out how I was different from them. I had to ask my mother about this--if she really was my mother. I had to find out the truth.

I got out of the tire and ran home. The woman who called herself my mother was in the kitchen. I didn't call out "Mother!" as I usually did when I came into the front door. It wouldn't seem right now. I just looked until I found her.

She was helping Sally, our cook, get ready for Sunday dinner. Dr. Ransom, our preacher, comes a lot for fried chicken on Sundays, and at the rate that she was fixing lemon pies, it looked certain that he was coming tomorrow. She was beating the whites of eggs in a large flat plate with a funny spoon-shaped thing that looked as if it had a wire spring pulled all the way around it. The kitchen was hot, and the lemon smelled good.

I decided to come right out

with it. If I caught her off guard, she might tell me the truth before she thought about it. Making my voice loud so she could hear me over the slapping of egg whites against the bottom of the plate, I asked, "Am I an orphan?"

"What?" she asked. She did not look at me, and she kept on beating the egg whites. But she put the plate down flat, though, and smoothed a few strands of hair back from her forehead with her other hand. Maybe I was getting through to her. Sally took the chewed end of the matchstick she dipped her snuff with out of her mouth and snorted. It sounded like a horse. When she made that noise, it made her stomach move under her apron as if it was alive, and she looked fatter than she really was. Sally had been with us thirteen years, my mother said--almost like a member of the family. Couldn't do without her. I wondered if the way that woman put the plate down without looking at me showed that I had taken her by surprise.

"Am I an orphan?" I asked again, just as loud as before.

She didn't reply, asked only, "Who told you that?" and kept on beating the egg whites with the plate flat against the table and not looking at me. Then I noticed her pick up the edge of the plate again. That seemed suspicious. As if she was avoiding me.

"David told me," I said. "And what's more, it's true, too. His mother told him so." I sort of raised my voice to make that last a little stronger. I wanted to show her that I knew what was what. Sally was looking at me and smiling. I wondered why she always had brown streaks in the whites of her eyes.

"Well," she said, "you just go tell David that he doesn't know what he is talking about and that you know that his mother didn't tell him any such thing!" She put the plate down and pushed the stray hairs from her forehead again. Then she picked up the spoon-like thing and let some of the whipped egg whites drop onto the plate. They fell into a little peak like a mountain. She opened the table drawer and then looked right at me. "In fact," she said, "your coming eleven years later than your youngest sister was quite...." She turned away from me suddenly and said, "Oh,

The Day I Became An Orphan

well, you just tell David that he's wrong." She picked up the plate of egg whites, and I wondered what eleven years were quite.

"You just don't want to tell me the truth," I said. "I know that I'm an orphan. I've got proof!" I was beginning to get really mad now.

"Well," she said flatly, "you are not, and I ought to know. Now go back outside and get out of the way."

"I know I'm an orphan, and you just won't admit it! It'll ruin you as a mother!" I had made my voice louder to show her I meant business. Sally just snorted again, and that made me even madder.

It looked as if she was beginning to understand. "If you don't get out of this kitchen and leave me alone, I'll have to punish you, as large as you are. We are having company for dinner tomorrow, and I have to get these pies baked." She poured the egg whites on top of the pies. I wondered why egg whites never tasted as good as they looked.

"You just don't want me to know I'm an orphan!" I shouted. I was really mad now. "You think I'm too young to know the truth!"

"I told you to get out of this kitchen, and I meant it," she said. It sounded as if she meant it. As if she was getting mad, too. "Well, let her," I thought. "She ought to, now that she knows I know what she's done to me." She picked up the table knife and made little peaks on top of the egg whites.

"I'm not going," I said and set my face and kept my voice under control. "I'm not going until you tell me the truth." She put the pies in the oven and closed the door. Sally snorted and put the toothpick back into her mouth as she stared at me. I didn't like to watch her stomach jump like that.

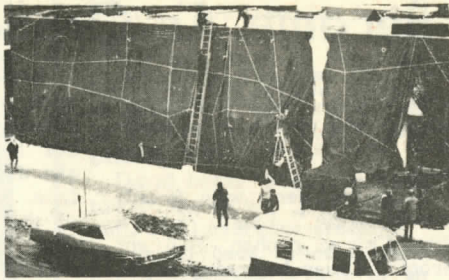
"I've already told you the truth," she said, straightening up and looking right at me. "You are not an orphan. You never were, and you never will be. David was just trying to make you feel bad. He's done

it before, you know. Now, go back outside. I'll call you when dinner is ready." She turned her back on me, and I knew she didn't want me to see her face. Sally turned away to one of the cabinets under the kitchen shelf and took out the rolling pin. We were probably going to have biscuits for dinner. Sally's biscuits were always big and tasted like rolls. And that woman went over to the kitchen sink and began to wash some vegetables. It looked like spinach. "We might as well have spinach!"

I could see I wasn't going to get a straight answer from her, so I gritted my teeth, clenched both hands into fists, and squinted both eyes shut tight. I stood like that until she turned around to see what I was doing. "How many times have I told you not to do that? Now, you stop it and get out of here," she said, and her voice was much too loud. After all, she didn't have to shout at me. I could take a hint.

I turned toward the living room, holding myself set as I was, only with one hand out so I wouldn't run into the swinging door between the kitchen and the dining room. As the door swung shut, I heard her say, "Did you hear me? I said for you to stop making that terrible face this very minute!" I walked into the living room and let it loose. She couldn't see me, and it hurt to hold it. "And don't you stamp your feet in the house, and don't you slam the front door!" I heard her call through the swinging door.

I put my feet down firmly as I crossed the living room, and I jerked the front door shut behind me. "She's lying," I thought. "They're all lying!" I gritted my teeth, clenched my hands, and squinted my eyes. "I AM an orphan! I AM an orphan!" I said over and over under my breath and through my teeth as I walked down the front steps and into the world that is an orphan's home.

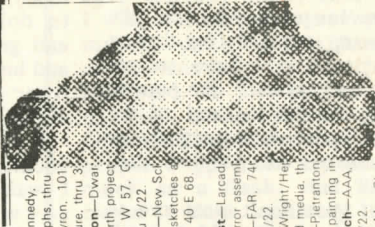


THE CHICAGO MUSEUM ENWRAPPED
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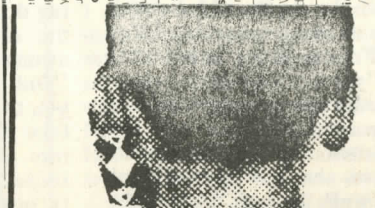
works by gallery artists, thru 3/1.
Thomson—19 E 75, 249-0242. "Expressionism
Intact"—Runnstrom, Rakowski, Blanc, Morris,
Doulayn, thru 2/21.
Visual Arts—209 E 23. Or 9-7350. "Part II, Chi-
cago. Hairy Who drawings by Nilsson, Nutt, Green,
Falconer, Rocca, Wisum, thru 3/14

Museums

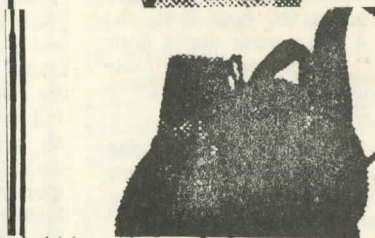
Asia House—112 E 64, Pl 1-4210, Mon-Fri 10-5
Sat 11-5, Sun 1-5, Chinese Art Under the Mon-
gols, thru 3/2; Hamaya's Japan, photographs,
thru 3/14.
Brooklyn Museum—Eastern Parkway, Ne 8-5000,
Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun & Hol 1-5, American Print-
making: The First 150 Years, thru 3/23; Oceanic
Gallery: permanent installation opens in Feb.
Center for Inter-American Relations—680 Park,
248-8950, ext 25, daily 12-6, Macao: Fictions by
the Argentine painter, thru 3/8.
Finch College Museum of Art—62 E 78, Bu-
8-8450, Tue-Sun 1-5, The Collection of Jacques
Kaplan, thru 3/30.
Gallery of Israeli Art—4 E 54, Pl 1-2700, Mon-
Fri 10-30-5, Sun 1-5, Paintings by Avador Arikka



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LOOK BACK TO
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Miss Jean

nots, drawings by Conder, John
thru 3/18
Illiance—197 E Boww, 475-0200
u 3/2
adison, Le 5-3840, 20th century
olors, drawings, thru 2/78

Magg

STEPHENS FR

22 TIRE
77

MOCK-OFF (C) H
WHEEL OUTER
TIRE

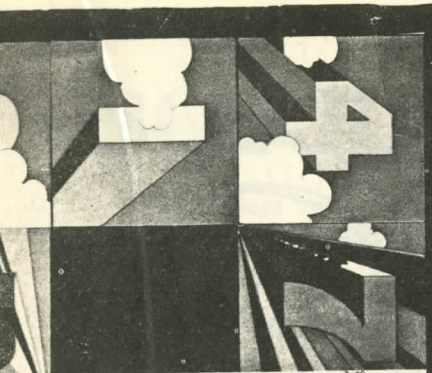


ART, the new art, the significant art to this generation, is about NOW--not then. Campbell's soup cans, custom cars, flashing syncopated neon lights, laser beams, infinite space, chrome covered carcasses, computerized machine made men, super-real bigger than life billboards--this is the visual world today. New materials developed for the space age society not only offer a new way of life, but also necessitate a new art form or media. The new art, the post-1965 art, is no longer a window on the world, but an emphatically real part of the world. Art imitates, and is

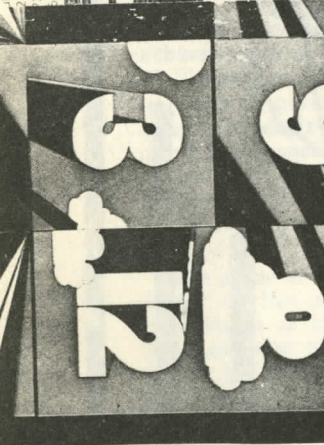
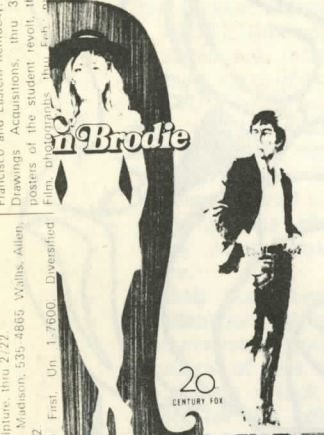
to a degree a reflection of, our life modes. Life imitates and, at an ever increasing rate, reflects art. The decade of Jackson Pollock's pigment splattered action painting and the soul searching negativism of abstract expressionism is gone. The New York School of the Fifties retreated to an ivory tower of internalized emotion. The patron society it spawned was unable to transcend itself to look at the world. The art world and public was more than ready in 1961 to welcome the positivism, almost a romantic quality, of an art movement they could relate to and grasp, POP ART.

ART--NOW!

by
Phillip Vander Weg



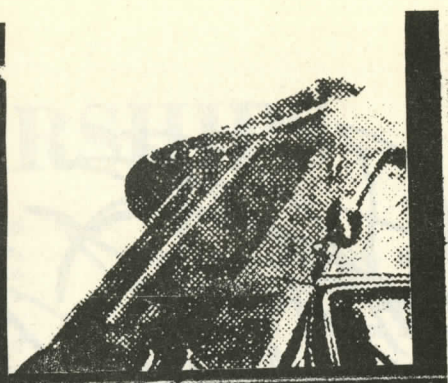
STAGE SUCCESS
K
OTION PICTURE



Hard on the heels of Warhol's Campbell soup cans and Richtenstein's comic books was the rapid progression of artists and movements determined to deal with the real external environment of man: mass production -- mass produced art, billboard paintings by the millions -- billboard paintings, neon lighted roadways -- neon sculpture, computerized life styles -- computer art. The contemporary artist's question is not so much why these objects exist, but how we can relate to them. He is concerned with awakening our senses and providing us with a means of gaining some perception of ourselves in

Whitney Museum of American Art—945 Madison St. Mon-Sat 11-6, Tue till 10, Sun 12-6. Helen Frankenthaler paintings, thru 4/6.

Art on paper, wings, lithos, woodcuts, selected.



Campbell's
CONDENSED

Golden Vegetable
NOODLE'S
NET WT. 10 1/2 OZ. **SOUP**



relationship to this new environment.

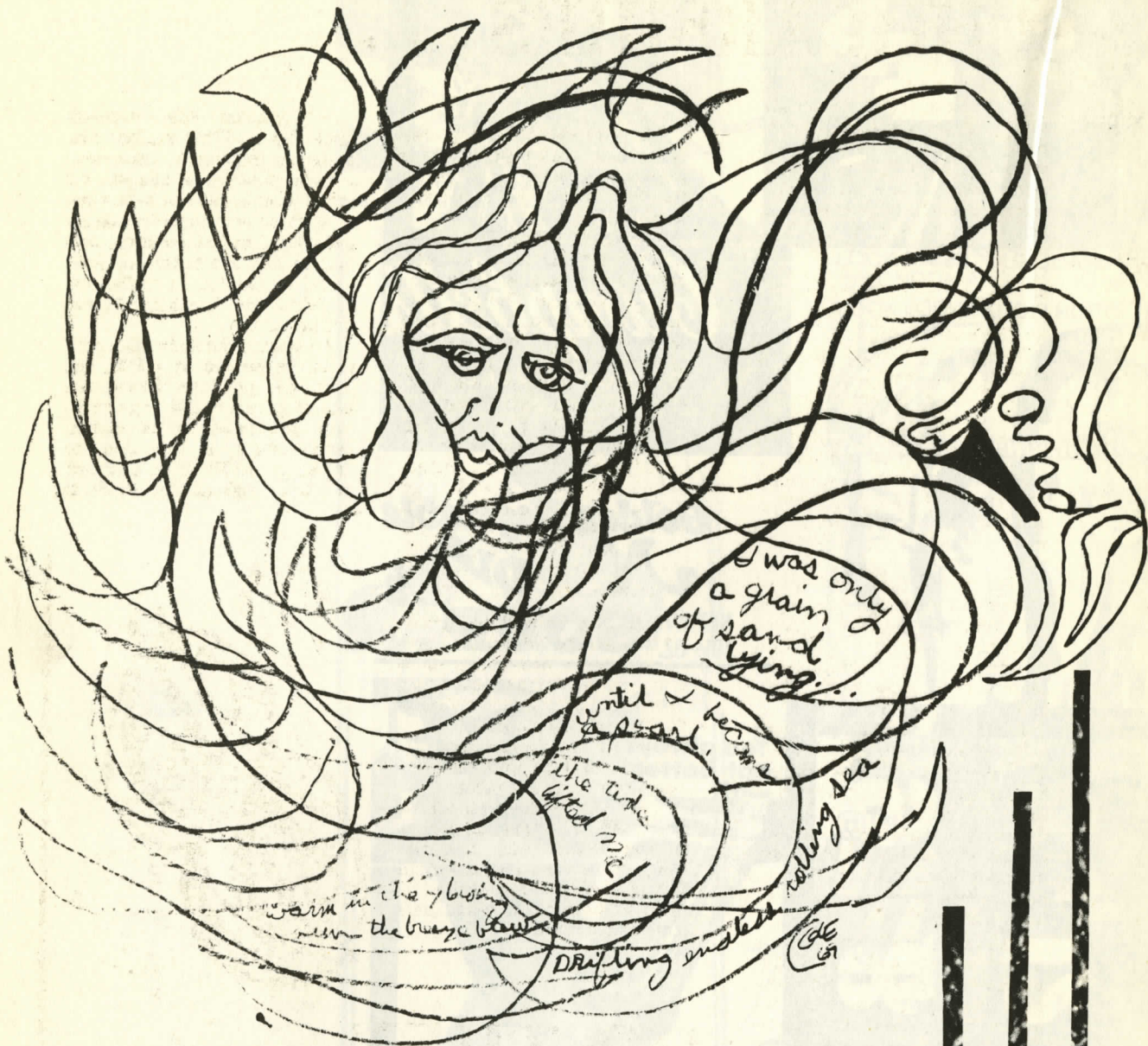
The artist cannot afford the luxury of sticking his head in the sand and ignoring the new aesthetic that has developed.

Art no longer gives us a nostalgic backward glance at a by-gone era or an internalization of another's emotions. Art, instead, is a vital ally that forces us to participate in a world that at best is difficult to understand.

Art, real true art, never is practical and is not for the timid. Large scale and incorporation of expensive materials and techniques all combine

to make this new art a public art, not intended for and often inaccessible to most people individually.

The great speed and scope of art today has precipitated a crisis, an urgent need for critics willing and able to help bridge the gap between the artist and his public. No one needs to read criticism. No one needs to look at art. But those who want to enlarge their perception of new and puzzling art forms which are directly related to their immediate environment need the critic now.



I felt as if I were only a grain of sand,
one of many,
until I became a pearl.

SCHOLARSHIPS . . .

As college registration and tuition fees continually rise, many students seek means to ease the burden of sky-rocketing costs. One outlet of relief is through various types of scholarships offered by most progressive colleges and universities. Students desiring scholarships are naturally drawn to the schools which offer the largest selection.

MTSU, through the office of student aid, offers one significant type of scholarship, the MTSU Work Scholarship, although a few small scholarships not involving work obligations are available. The maximum amount offered by any scholarship of this group without a work commitment is \$60 per year.

Belt Keathley, director of student aid, recently stated that the reason the number of scholarships of this type is limited is due to a lack of funds available for the scholarship program.

Funds for scholarships at schools such as the University of Tennessee are contributed by various private organizations and industries. MTSU needs assistance from similar groups if it is to establish and maintain a satisfactory scholarship program which would attract prospect

The office of student aid here keeps on file a list of names of students at MTSU who have been awarded private scholarships, but it does not participate in the selection of the students.

Work Scholarships, also known as State Board Scholarships or Workshops, presently aid approximately 260 students at MTSU. These scholarships, worth the amount of registration fee, are open to students who indicate financial need and who meet certain grade requirements. These requirements are 2.0 for students with less than 30 semester hours credit and 2.8 for upperclassmen.

The work-scholarship student must work four hours per week in a work site set up for him by the office of student aid.

Various departmental scholarships similar to work scholarships are offered here also. The Speech and Theater Department according to Larry Lowe, chairman, offers a type of scholarship to students interested in this field who indicate financial need and who possess ability to participate in activities sponsored by the department. Sixteen scholarships are offered each year and are funded directly through the Speech and Theater Department. Students participating in this program work an average of four hours a week.

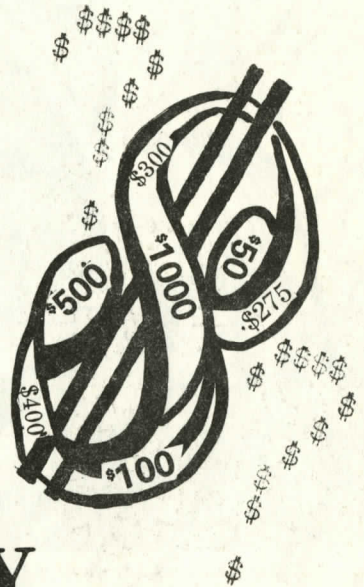
Athletic scholarships, granted through the Athletic Department, award one-fourth, one-half, three-fourths and whole scholarships to students endowed with athletic ability.

The Music Department offers scholarships which also involve work commitments.

The work scholarship program offers a great advantage to the student who is qualified, but it also has one fault the lack of time for work-scholarship students to participate in school activities.

A comment was recently made by a MTSU student who holds an important, time-consuming position on campus. He stated that he did not have time to work an additional four hours and maintain his position, and that he felt a scholarship program is needed at MTSU for students who, like himself, can not work.

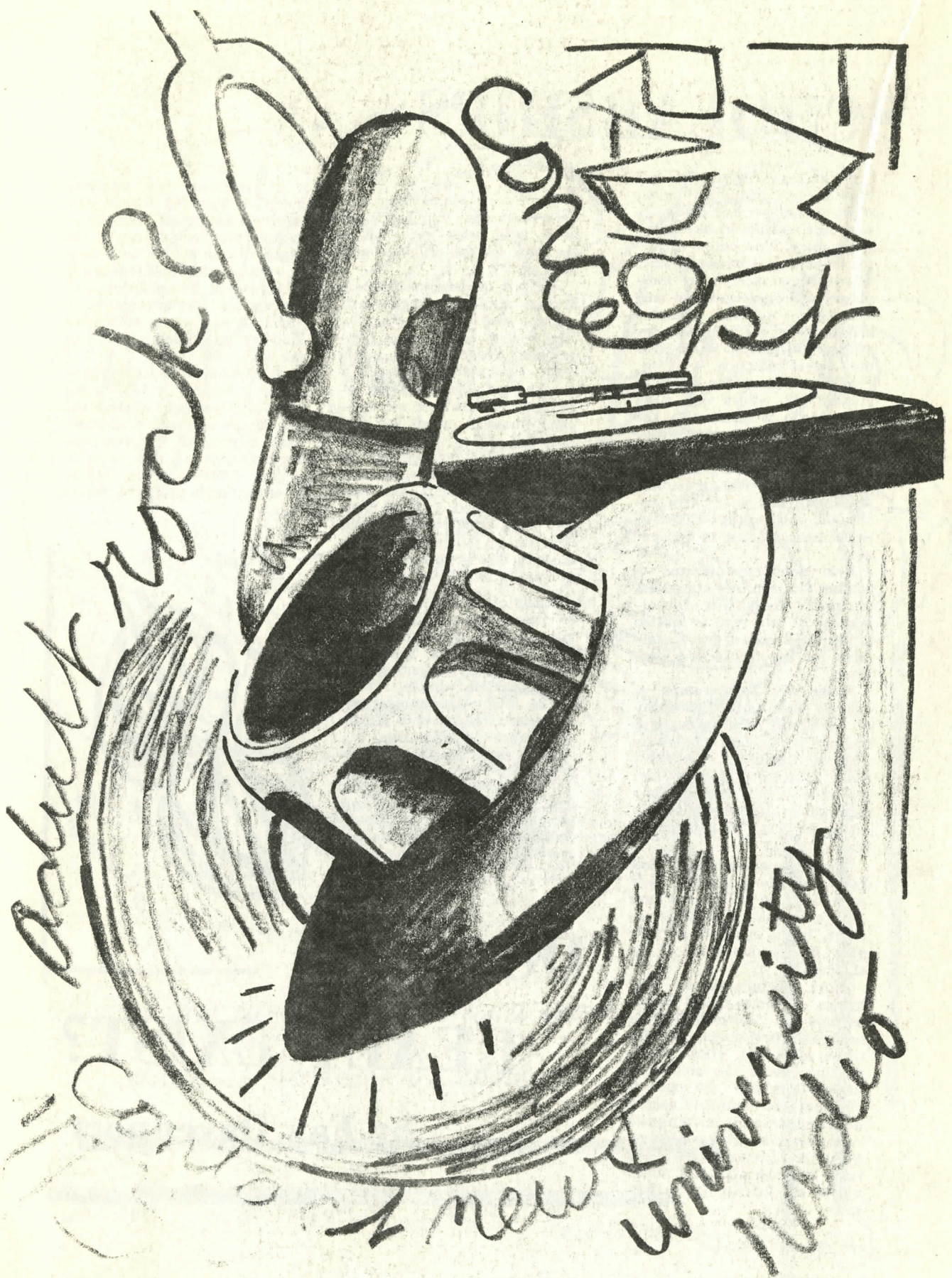
An expanded scholarship program is needed at MTSU, but it is only possible through the aid of persons and organizations interested in education. Improvement in this area is urgent if MTSU is to continue to attract high-quality students.



DO THEY REALY EXIST?

by Fay Davenport

\$1,500 \$199 \$35 \$232 \$80 \$190 \$800 \$160 \$340 \$100 \$250 \$600 \$70 \$725 \$300 \$75 \$200 \$135 \$1,000

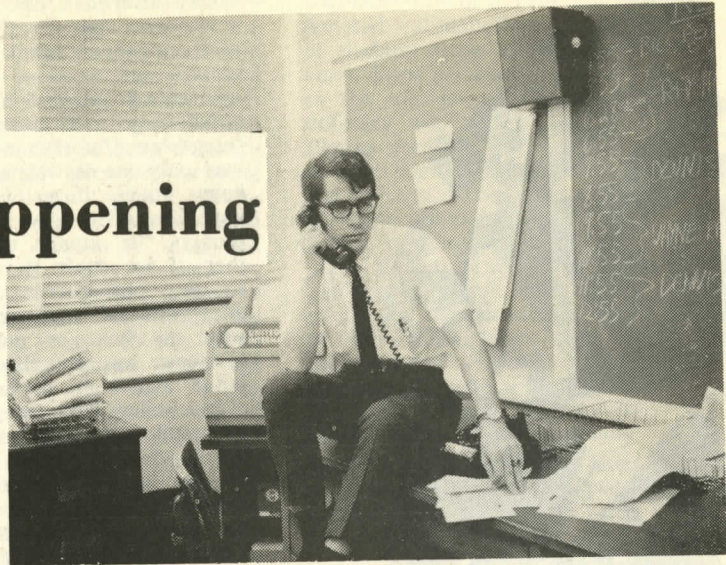


FM
RADIO

Do you rock?

new university
radio

WMOT-FM-- A 1000-watt happening



Director of Broadcasting Douglas Vernier tests one of several extensions located in the station.

There are strange people on the second floor of the Dramatic Arts Building. They inhabit the lower end of the floor where the doors are all marked with signs reading "WMOT FM AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." The language they speak is also strange--such words as "beeper," "quick cue," "promos" and "pots" spice up their language, just as the language is spiced when someone slips across the nylon carpets and opens the door.

The people are those who have been lured into the workings of a campus FM radio station--a new facility which has been in various stages of development since the arrival of Douglas Vernier, director of broadcasting, last fall. That work will be terminated as the station becomes a reality with its sign-on at 4:30 p.m., Wed. April 9. The schedule presently calls for nightly broadcasts beginning at 5 p.m. and signing off at midnight: Monday through Saturday. Sunday's broadcasting schedule calls for an earlier sign-on, with the sign off set for midnight.

Pat Jones, program director, recently of an interesting phenomenon he called "adult rock." What is adult rock? "Well," commented Pat, "it amounts to a type of sophisticated popular sound with less emphasis on the hard rock element." Strange, perhaps, but deejays Don Beck, James Eskew, Dennis Jones and Dave Walton felt that the format was in keeping with an image appropriate to the university.

Others have also devoted their time to give WMOT a different sort of sound on Sundays. John Mast, MTSU English instructor, will feature a special two-hour folk program on Sunday afternoons. Jazz and classical music will be featured on Saturday and Sunday programming, along with Tennessee legislative reports and contemporary educational programs.

Located at 89.5 mhz. on the FM band, MTSU's transmitter will span a 100 mile diameter with the sound of what Vernier commonly calls "University radio". Whatever the ultimate effect of this university radio sound will be, it is certain to be interesting. The school's fledgling radio minor program, initiated this spring semester with two courses entitled "Radio Production and Performance" and "Introduction to Radio" will have the facilities necessary to sustain competency in the art of communication.

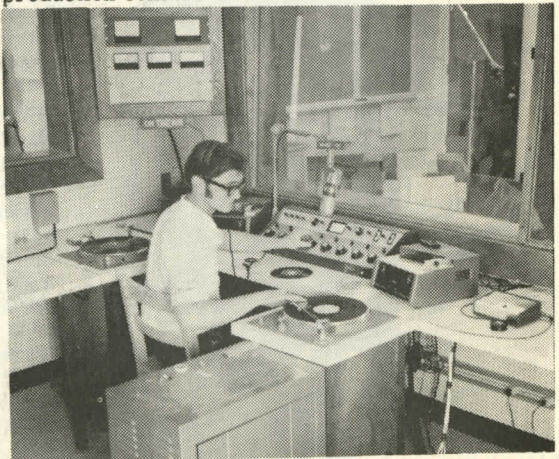
But then, the strange people in the studios at the Dramatic Arts Building probably have other worries at the present time, especially with the high-voltage potential of the nylon carpets on the floor.

Format plans for the station call for music "interspersed with poignant, lively educational segments and five minutes of campus and national news every hour," according to Vernier.

The station facility itself consists of two remodeled classrooms and an old recording studio. There are two control rooms with double windows designed to reflect sound up and away from the control boards. Studio A, completely carpeted and soundproofed, will be utilized for presentation of radio drama and skits. A smaller Studio B is to be utilized for newscasts. The transmitter, producing 1,000 watts of power, is housed across from the record library and adjacent to the station's newsroom. A United Press International newswire has been leased to provide concise and current information to WMOT's news staff.



Tony Marshall admires the new CCA stereo production console at WMOT-FM.



Getting in some extra practice, late-night DJ Dennis Jones cues an LP.



One afternoon not so many afternoons ago, the COLLAGE staff, jungered from editorial efforts and tired of the food available from ARA-Slater decided to go to town for something to eat. Unfortunately, there was only one dtawback--no one knew where to go or what to eat. Then and there we reasoned thusly: "It stands to reason that if we don't know where to eat, perhaps no one else does either." And so armed with the best of quixotic intentions, we all sallied forth, lance held high, to find those places endowed with the "touch" for food and condiments. The result, dear friends is a rating of the selected eateries of Murfreesboro adjudged to be the more popular establishments in town. In any case, perhaps you shall be spared the experience of venturing into the lairs of the robber barons or dining at the local ptomaine tavern.

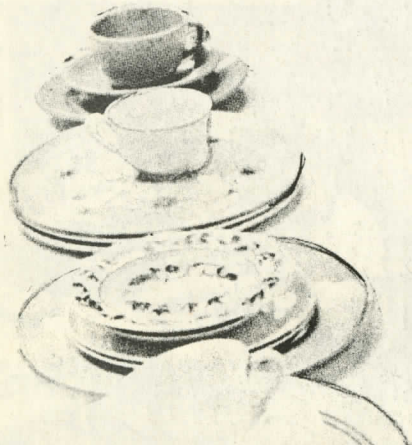
In a typically subversive manner common to any publication, each eating place listed below was visited at least once in the past month in an effort to ascertain the quality of the food, the prices, service and overall cleanliness. Since the ratings are aggregate opinions of several people who ate there, there can be no recommendations of what is "best" in any particular place, nor can the ratings be accepted as the final judgements of each of these establishments. Ratings are broken into two categories: the quick-food places and the true restaurants.

BURGER-CHEF--This is along the same lines as Burger Broil. Burger Chef specials are generally good, especially on such foods as double-deck cheeseburgers, french fries and a milk shake. Prices are reasonable and there is a limited amount of space inside in case you don't like to carry your food to the car. The same problem of thoughtless people leaving their litter behind mars the overall high standard of cleanliness of the place.

BURGER-BROIL--Of the chain sandwich shops in Murfreesboro this is one of the better places. Quite naturally, the menu is primarily concerned with hamburgers, complete with onions, mustard and catsup. However, you may order such sandwiches as pork tenderloin, fish or hot dogs. Generally, service is fast, even in somewhat crowded situations. Prices are about standard for hamburger shops.

MR. SWISS--The hamburger chains seem innumerable--but who ever heard of Mr. Swiss? Somehow, it conjures up the thought of beer and pretzels, etc. The establishment has a high rating on our survey--food is quite good, primarily because it is cooked in the short time while you wait for it. Prices are comparable to other take-out places, and the student may save a bit on an occasional special or on the milk shake flavor of the week. From the times that staff members have eaten there, cleanliness has been among the best and the management has been friendly (how rare).

Where to Eat... and Why



QUICK-FOOD (CHAIN STANDS)

DAIRY-QUEEN--In the case of the Dairy-Queen, we've known several people who have eaten there once, and some who have eaten there twice, but never have we known any one who ate there three times. Despite the sandwiches; cold drinks and ice cream are available in a variety of sizes and prices. Service is fast except for food orders, and the cleanliness of the shop (inside) is quite respectable.

BOBBY'S --To be sure, there is no place in the world quite like Bobby's. That's the place where you can purchase a foot-long hot dog with onions. You may also order several other goodies at this veritable place of delights--like hamburgers, chili, pizzas, fish sandwiches, etc. BUT . . . it has been our observation that such goodies may be bought at comparable places at even better prices in more sanitary conditions. Still, if you get the urge to eat some delicacy as aforementioned, Bobby's has later hours to accommodate the insomniac.

REGAL KREME—What's Regal Kreme, you say? It's the small spot immediately opposite Jackson Heights Shopping Center that looks like it's never open. But it is. From our experiences and the comments of friends, we feel that this stand serves the best hamburgers in town --the meat always appears to be fresh, the food is served hot, and the prices are very reasonable. There is the regular menu of short order items, also at reasonable prices, and a wide variety of drinks to accommodate your tastes. The service is curb, and sometimes is apt to be slightly less than rapid. To our knowledge, the management is very friendly. The same sanitary problem of so many drive-in, curb-service places appears here also--people are simply too lazy to take their refuse to a waste barrel. Nevertheless, we feel that the hamburgers, at least, are well worth a visit. The ham sandwiches are good, too.

PRONTO—Everybody knows where Pronto is--right? Well, Pronto serves a variety of foods, including plate lunches, short orders, chicken, etc. Prices are reasonable, but not as much so as some other places in town, but this might be made up for in convenience. If you order hamburgers, watch the onions. Soft drinks and dairy treats are in abundance here, and are good. The establishment is well-kept and clean, and the management will even play country music for you through the speaker system.

THE CHICKEN PLACES

MINNIE PEARL'S CHICKEN--Another example of what an unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate can do--if you can't do it the first time in politics, try chicken, and become head of a multi-million dollar chicken enterprise. That's what we call success. We must admit that we haven't rated this establishment due to a case of staff bankruptcy from rating the other two chicken shops. However a number of acquaintances have indicated that in their opinions Minnie's chicken is better than "you know who's" only if you like yours well-spiced. The prices have been observed as competitive in the business, and it is understood that quality is uniform. Cleanliness of the surroundings is quite good, and there is also a dispenser for the same soft drink appearing at KFC.

KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN—The grand old man of the feathered set strikes again with a carry-out chicken shop located in Murfreesboro. As the most established of all the chicken pluckers, Col. Sanders' delicacy is generally accepted as being "finger-lickin' good." However, some people have argued that the chicken is much too greasy. It really depends on how you like your chicken to taste. Besides this item, the customer may choose turnovers, baked beans, extra cole slaw, etc., to really do the thing up right. Quality of the food remains the same, and prices are quite reasonable. If you eat in the store, there is a drink machine which dispenses a small cup of a legendary soft drink at 10 cents a throw. Service is extremely rapid and the standards of cleanliness are excellent.

CHICKEN CHEF—A smaller and somewhat less well-known service in this area is Chicken Chef. In rating the chicken of these places, the staff decided on a draw--we'll never tell whose chicken is really best, outside of dear old Mom's back home. Prices are comparable to KFC, and the food is good. An advantage here is that CC also serves fried shrimp--an extra if you crave seafood and your date wants chicken. Service is fast and courteous, no less. Cleanliness has been observed as being very good.

THE OTHERS

ROY ROGERS' ROAST BEEF—Ah--roast beef sandwiches. Here you can get what the name indicates, and even more. While the shop specializes in roast beef, you may also obtain hot dogs and fried chicken. In our visits there, we have noticed that quality is not uniform in the way that the roast beef is cooked. It's a fifty-fifty chance on getting either a well-done sandwich, or a very rare edible. Service is also variable --while it is extremely fast in uncrowded situations, the service drags in a landslide, so be prepared to wait awhile. However, the roast beef and chicken are usually quite good, and special plates are very reasonable indeed. You may eat in the place if you wish, or it will be fixed to "go" for those days when Stones River beckons to your native wanderlust. Cleanliness is quite respectable and the management doesn't bite strangers.

PEPE'S—One of the two places devoted exclusively to the art of making pizza in Murfreesboro, Pepe's caters especially to the college crowd with its delivery service and location. Pizzas come in several sizes, and all sorts of extras may be had for the extra price, which is quite good. Spaghetti and Italian hoagies supplement the pizza line in case you really can't devour one. Atmosphere really on the nonexistent side of this pizza place, but the management is friendly. Cleanliness could be improved somewhat, but if you are the true pizza fanatic, you probably could care less. Service is often slow, so come prepared to wait. At least you can watch television.

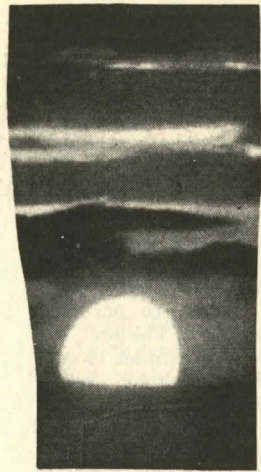
SIR PIZZA—Aha! the night teenie bopper spot for Murfreesboro. The pizzas are again the big part of the menu, but offerings such as ham sandwiches and special Crusader sandwiches are available. Soft drinks and coffee is served, and a take-out can be arranged in a jiffy if you don't want to fight the Top 40 box and crowd inside. Because of the trade, service is generally slow. But the pizzas here are also very tasty. Prices tend to go on the heavy side of Pepe's--atmosphere again. Cleanliness is better than most places, but you may find yourself sitting at a table with someone else's remains for a few minutes until it is cleaned away.

Well, so much for the short-order places. See the next issue of **COLLAGE** for the run-down of the restaurants.

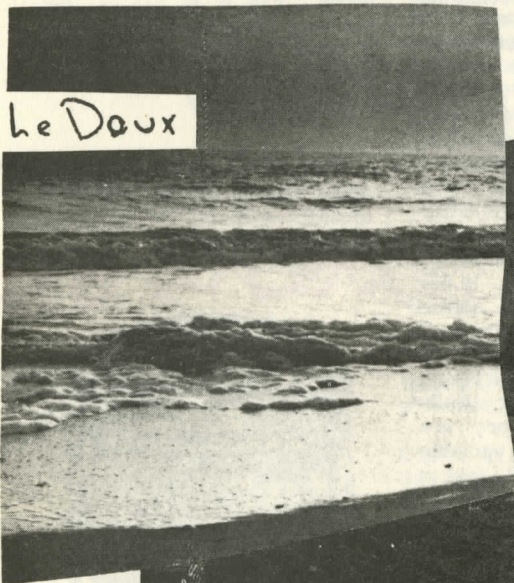


Later Poem - March 12, 1961

After rain, beyond morning calm
The day broods over the voices
Of birds that pierce the drying air
And out of the emptying receptacle
Which is myself (And this afternoon
Hour, a random point in lessening
Light, the unfixed integer of an unseen
Time, a sun under clouds, grey roads,
Green and ochre fields, blue hills, all
Fixers at least of there and far) spill
Idle ruminative pulsings and the tiny
Fragile-mouthed injestors, these moments
Are consumed by their own presumption.



David Le Doux



Sitting here
encased in human
convenience and
trapped in the
wise heritage
of generations,

from the molded
volumes of sages
now cold and
and
shift my attention
to the majesty
of that Nature
which reclaims
eventually those
who seek to clamp
her mysteries in
scientific formulae
and well-turned
epithets
purporting to
mirror truth
but really
latching on to
one tiny piece
from the giant

jigsaw puzzle
called Life
and
so my senses turn
to peer through
the window
from some
seventh sense
that ties
my soul
to the unique
snowflake that
carries a morsel
of Heaven in the
pure whiteness of
its innocence
and sacrifices
it to the
eager earth
that absorbs it
and
grows one ounce
richer for the addition.

The multitude of
glistening snowflakes
tumble
down so silently
that they
blot out
the sounds
of society and
focus my refreshed
soul on the
beautiful thought
that each
flake
brings
to earth
with it.

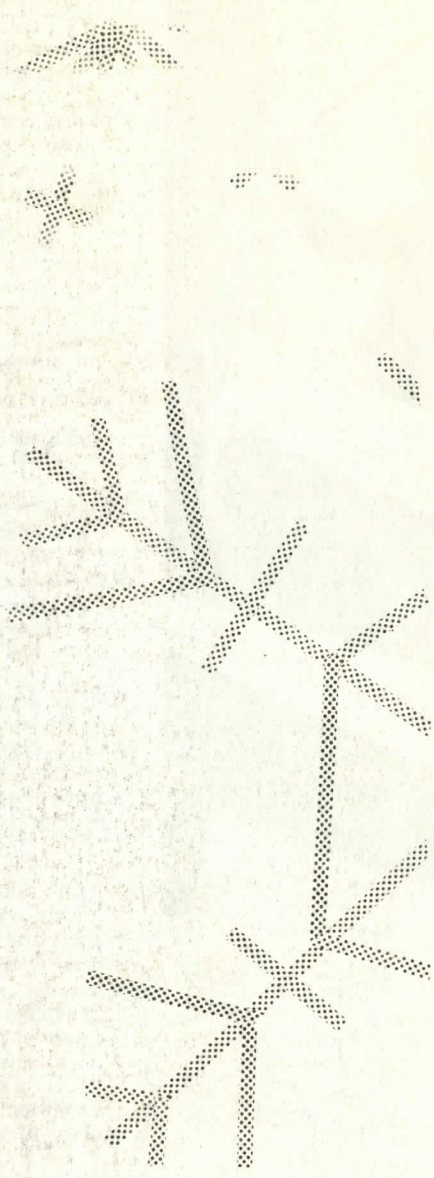
ing my eye
in adulation to
the great skies

to cover hearta
and patch wounds
in worn souls
that glow
again
for a second
thru the
infinite
geometric
shapes
that mold

that
embraces
my comrades
from afar
and I
sacrifice
my physical
being to
the
first snowfall
that recalls
that glad
day

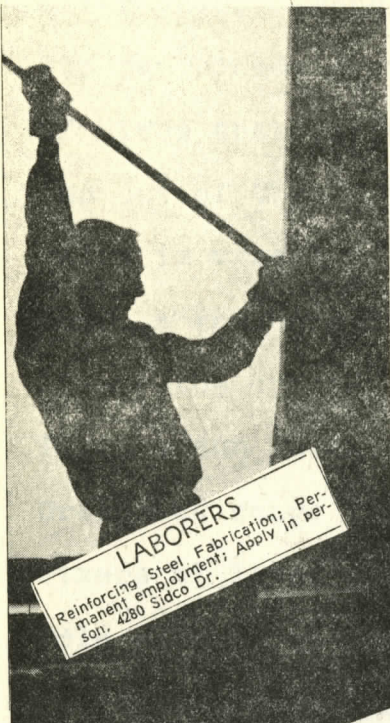
months
ago
when we gazed
together thru my
window at
another
snowfall
and
I left
my soul
sitting there
on your shoulder
tracing the
path of
the snowflake
which,
like you,
comes
softly, silently,
in mystic simplicity
and unplanned
grandeur,
arousing my
soul,
and when I touch
it, it disappears
as you have
and leaves
only a vision of
its brief stay with me.

SNOWFLAKE



ELAINE SPENCER

CLASSIFIED



LABORERS
Reinforcing Steel Fabrication; Permanent employment; Apply in person. 4280 Sidco Dr.

SATISFACTION

BREAKFAST COOK
Full time. No experience necessary. Complete training provided. Uniform furnished. Opportunity for advancement into person-
-aining. Murfreesboro Road
Sunbeam Bakery)
-DANNER FOODS

DISHWASHERS
Need 2. See Mr. C. St.
NOEL HOTEL

Blood Donors
All Types Needed
DONOR FEE PAID
Hours Mon. thru Fri. 8 A.M.-4 P.M.
Wed. Thru 8 P.M., Sat. till 12.
BLOOD BANK



Rape the wind,
my love-crazed
introvert,
Make its gruffness,
its strength, and
its sureness
your camouflage
against the
gentle soul
that hides within
and blushes in
shame when
the world looks
at its philosophic
restraint and
mistakes the mildness
of peace for
effeminance and
the candor of love
for perversion.
Train your biceps
and hide your
mind,

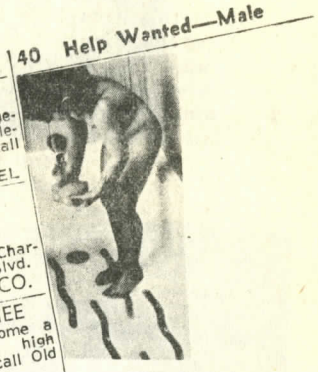
Drown you childlike
exuberance for beauty with
Old Spice,
Stupefy your warmth
and affection in
a sea of Pabst.

You are what you
seem to be--
Why look deeper?
Man hood is not guaged
by your maturity,
nor your wisdom,
nor your
idealism
that makes
you love people
and cling to
ethical Teddy Bears--
Masculinity is a
string of cherries,
a pair of hot lips,
skinned knuckles,
a deep voice,
a swollen genital,
a well-publicized hangover.

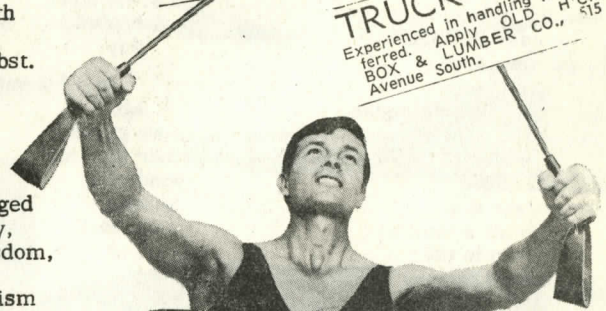
Drop the sign, Socrates,
and join our society.
One question--
"Was Jesus a queer?"
OSKAR

40 Help Wanted —Male
MANAGERS
For New Dry Cleaning
Plants Opening Soon
Splendid Opportunity for men with
a background in dry cleaning. Also
also have a training program for
men with no experience in
cleaning. Apply experie-
"SE"

40 Help Wanted: Male
Personnel Counselor
We want top sales-oriented manage-
ment geared individual to supple-
ment our professional staff. Call
Jim Ingham, 291-0413.
INGHAM & INGHAM PERSONNEL
SERVICE STATION
ATTENDANTS
Both day & night, apply 45 & Char-
lotte or 63rd & Centennial Blvd.
RED ACE PETROLEUM CO.
MANAGEMENT TRAINEE
Learn the program and become a
manager fast! Over 25, high
school, ability to advance, call Old
Jim 269-3472.
BAKER & BAKER
Employment Service



40 Help Wanted—Male
TRUCK DRIVER
Experienced in handling heavy pre-
ferred. Apply OLD HICKORY R.
BOX & LUMBER CO., 515
Avenue South.

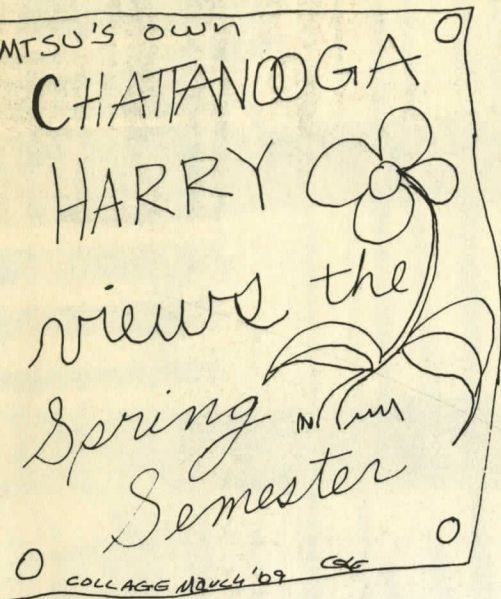


40 Help Wanted —Male
DISHWASHER
No experience necessary. Will train.
Apply in person
708 Murfreesboro Road
(Next Sunbeam Bakery)
HONEY'S-DANNER FOODS

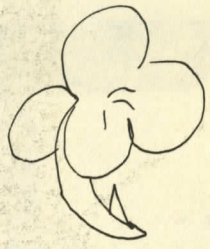
TRAIN NOW
YOUNG MEN
Fast Opening
Positions
with Annual Earn-
ing \$5,000 are Com-
plete Guidance and
Marketing and
Credit. Sales
Incentives. Im-
-ments.
Starks
2 daily
WEEKLY

for grown-up
has a great new
but with less
Try it:

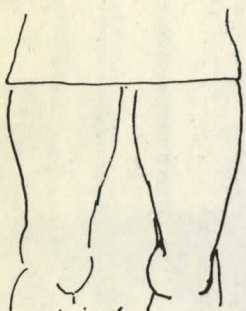
DAIRYMAN
Married man, must have experience.
255-5097.



Things sure have changed this semester!



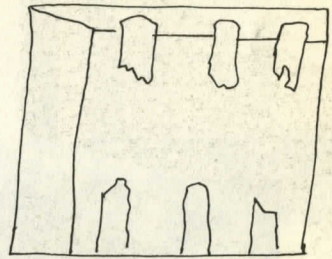
Little yellow flowers bloomed here and there.



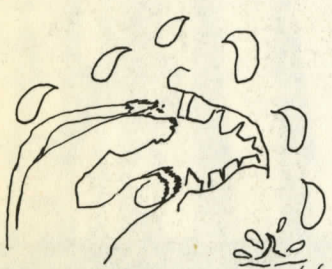
Every skirt on the campus went up about four inches.



Most freshmen men were finally weaned from their high school security jackets.



The first real move is being made to free the Dorm inmates.



Seniors are getting their vaunted graduation jitters.



I'm afraid one thing hasn't changed. In fact when...



Doom's day comes shaking they'll still be playing Guy Lombardo and Little Anthony. (Patch)

