



COLLAGE COLLAGE

AUTUMN 1973

Notes

The staff of COLLAGE magazine wishes to express its thanks to those who have made this issue possible, and to welcome all students to another year with COLLAGE. COLLAGE, the **creative campus magazine**, is a compilation of student, faculty and alumni work.

The Autumn issue, first for the school year 1973-74, starts COLLAGE off rather late in the year, but this was due to a last minute changeover in editorship. **Lucy Sikes** is the new 1973-74 editor-in-chief.

Plans for the year include **three magazine issues** with general feature format. Contents may include any or all of the following categories: feature, **FOCUS** (column devoted to the arts), **FORUM** (column designed for personal opinion essays and the presentation of pros and cons of various issues), photos, photo essays, poetry and fiction.

Whereas the Autumn issue has no central theme, the Winter issue will be loosely centered around entertainment. COLLAGE must again rely on the **patronage drive** initiated by last year's editor-in-chief **Bill Bennett**, to supplement the budgetary allotment for the third issue of COLLAGE, hopefully a **two-volume**, thematic edition which will appear in **May**.

Deadlines for all contributions for the Winter issue which will appear in February is **November 26**. **March 31** is the deadline for all May issue contributions. The staff of 1973-74 hopes for continued support from both old and new readers as COLLAGE seeks to become an even better medium of their creativity.



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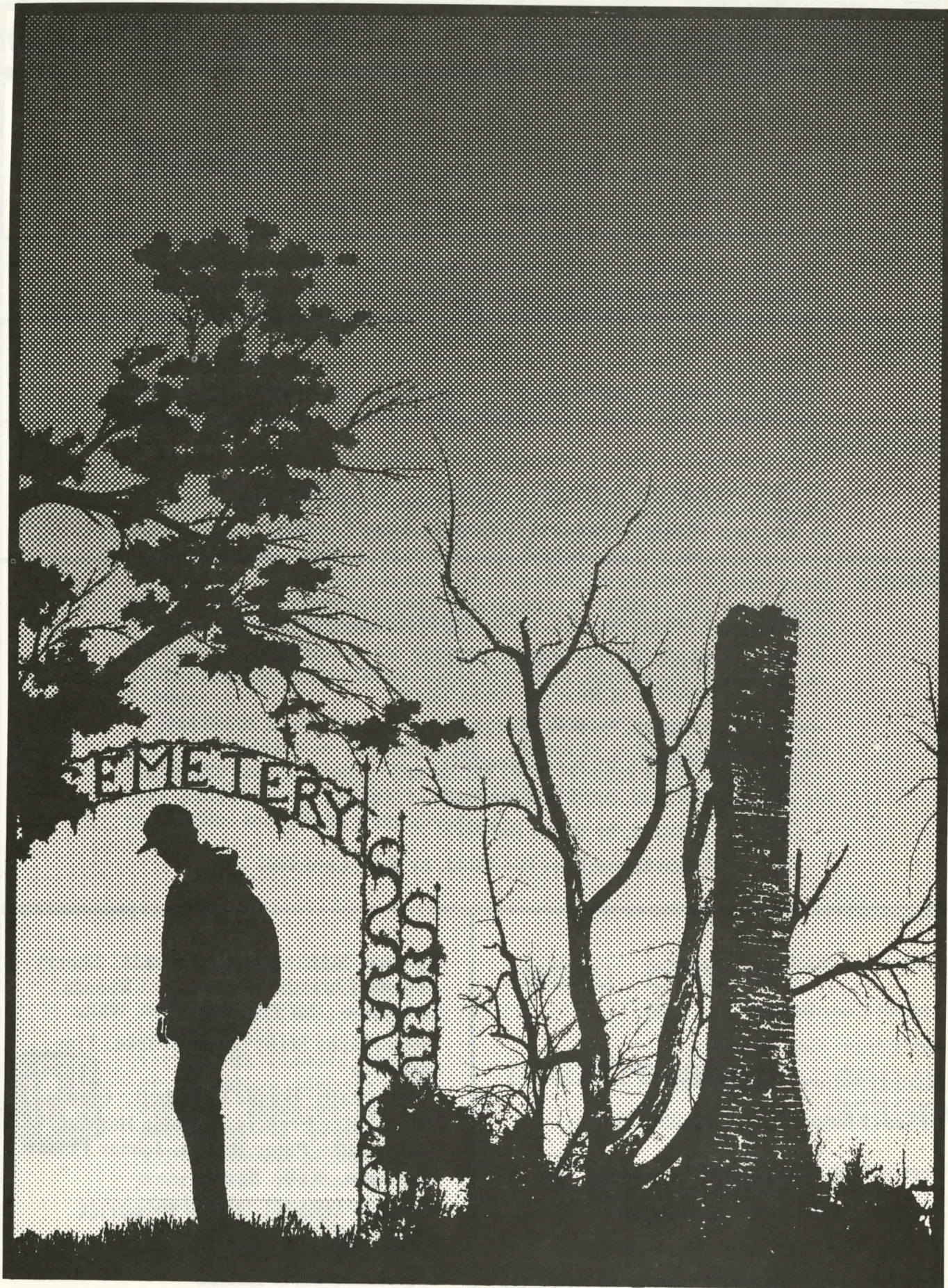


ILLUSTRATION BY Gerald Moody

Abscission

by George Tucker

During his lifetime, Crippled Joe
Was helped by all the strong.
By saving his money, he bought some land
Which measured eight feet long.

Each morning Joe awakened
And turned all else aside
That he might seek his property
Approaching three feet wide.

At sunset, he returned to town,
Procured a place to sleep,
And dreamed of laying with his land—
A scanty six feet deep.

My behavior inspired one of the perspicacious young gentlemen of the town to write this poem. Every line is quite true, but the poem does not actually delve into the reasons begatting my actions. It is my hope that this treatise will interpret the motivation behind my behavior.

I shall begin by telling you that I am unable to speak. In the past, I managed to make a few grotesque utterances, but they sounded so bestial that upon reaching my sixth birthday, I refrained from ever talking again. In all my forty-three years, I never articulated one word -- not even a word as easily articulated as "mama." It is ironic that I should choose

that word as an illustration because I never knew my mother. I was raised in an orphanage in Kentucky, so naturally, I never knew either of my parents. It was evident that no one cared to adopt a dumb child due to the "serious problems" that could arise; thus, I spent my first seventeen years at the orphanage.

Before I lead you astray, let me say that my years spent at the orphanage were not unhappy or traumatic. In fact, they were probably the happiest years of my life. My physical strength, keen eyesight, and average intelligence counteracted my ability to speak, therefore enabling me to attain a high school diploma. This among other achievements made me feel as though I were an integral cog in the workings of the orphanage. Above all, my peers understood my desires to be needed, which, in turn, made me feel at ease with both myself and my surroundings.

During the week I received my diploma, I was offered a special scholarship by a small college in Georgia. The scholarship was a lucrative offer. However, I was, for some minute reason, ambivalent about accepting it. True, accepting the scholarship would mean leaving the orphanage, but after much deliberation, I decided that my future would profit more should I accept the offer. I remember that day when I stoically bid farewell to everyone (and everything) at the orphanage and set out for Georgia never realizing that my future had already been blackballed.

My first view of the campus frightened me terribly. It was a small college, but the towering buildings and multitudes of people made me feel infinitesimal. I finally regained enough composure to ascertain the whereabouts of the proper authorities. In a matter of minutes, I received my room assignment, a tour of the campus, and other invaluable data from an amiable counselor. There were no obvious reasons for skepticism, but I couldn't avoid the feeling that I had come to the wrong place.

My feelings of inadequacy grew each day. I did well in my classes, but my

classmates treated me in a very offensive manner. I became the target of witticisms which managed to abolish what little self-confidence I had. The only obtainable method I had of coping with my social inadequacies was spending extra time on my studies. My studying habits propelled me into the upper five per cent of my class, but I must confess, the only satisfaction I ever derived from all my labors was knowing I had outperformed the others academically. Indeed, it was so gratifying that I fear I may have despised them too much.

Upon graduating from college, I sought employment from several firms. I thought my superior grades would enhance my chances of getting a job, my inability to speak notwithstanding. Time relentlessly showed my optimism to be unfounded. Each employer responded with a friendly letter asking me to come by for an interview. Each declared that his company was "flattered" to be considered by a man with such an "outstanding academic record." In fact, I was complimented highly about everything until my inability to speak was discovered. I grew tired of their excuses for not hiring me, and it may amuse you to know that not one of them revoked my application withstanding the grounds that I couldn't talk. No, they were too polite to do that. They refused to hire me for more trivial reasons such as: "You seem to be lacking something in your mathematics, Binkston," or "You're just a bit too tall for our firm, Joe." It was all too evident as to why they did not hire me.

I surmised that my efforts to excel in the business world as anything but a janitor would be in vain. I had to make a living, so I took whatever I could find. Jobs were so scarce that I found myself traveling much of the time securing only a number of insignificant jobs in the northern regions of Tennessee. My overwhelming depression growing from the lack of success was getting the best of me. I began reminiscing the past—of the times when I had truly

felt the joys of living -- when an idea entered into my head. Why not return to the orphanage, not only to visit my friends, but to work in order that I may once again call it my home? The thought, thus becoming a decision, gave me the inspiration I needed to continue performing such tasks as working in sewers, shoveling manure, and digging graves.

When I had finally saved enough money to purchase some decent clothes and bus fare, I headed for Kentucky. Indeed, at the age of thirty, seeing the orphanage was practically my final inhibition. When I reached the town, I noticed a definite change in its visible surroundings. I stopped an elderly man and handed him a note concerning the whereabouts of the orphanage. He informed me that it had been burned to the ground some thirteen years beforehand, killing nearly half the people inside. He added that the town never "bothered" to rebuild it.

After hearing the old man's reply, my desire to live succumbed into nothingness. I destroyed everything I owned except the clothes I wore and began wandering aimlessly about the town. I walked for what seemed an eternity until my journey's end fell upon the spot where my home, the orphanage, had once stood. An ominous change prevailed before me in both atmosphere and image. A giant sepulcher rose out of the ground casting a long, foreboding shadow across the haven of my youth. Other tombstones jutted rigidly from the lifeless playground like ghostly warriors guarding the memories of the past. Sprouting from the seeds of my existence, the graveyard now tormented my mind with its insidious yet noiseless laughter.

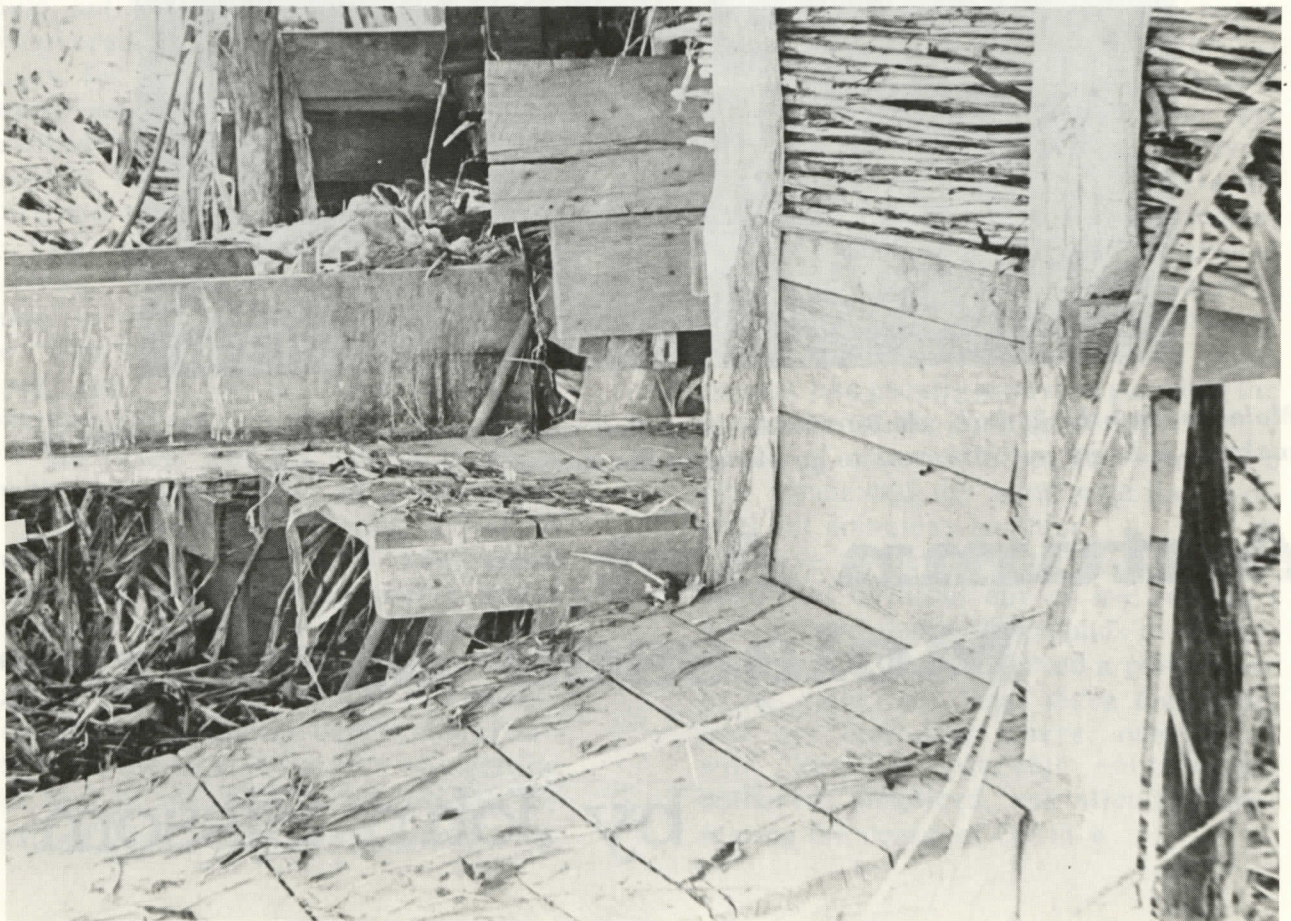
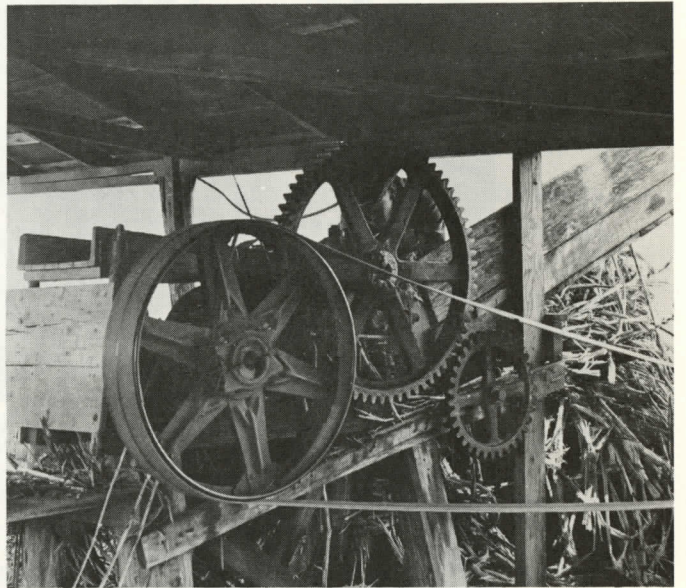
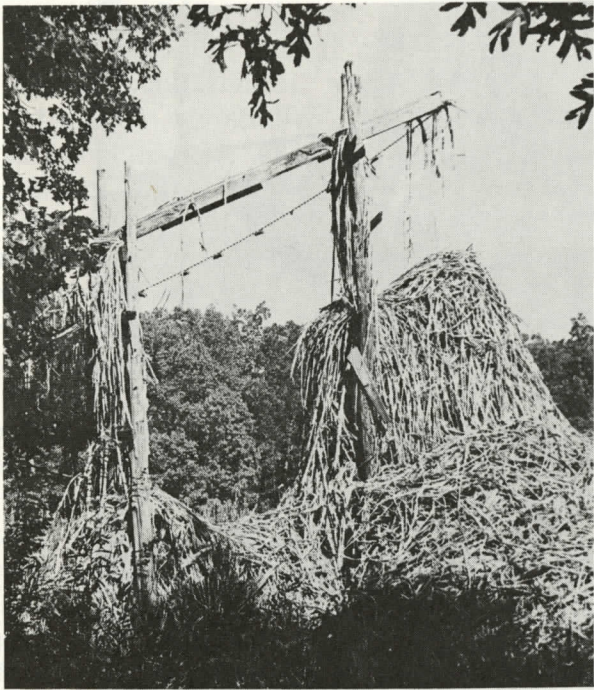
I have now existed thirteen years beyond that dreadful day of my return. I watch over those old grounds everyday, and, yes, I have reserved a plot measuring eight feet long, three feet wide, and six feet deep where, one day, I will rest in peaceful solitude, unbothered, unnoticed, and silently manifesting the realm of Death. ●

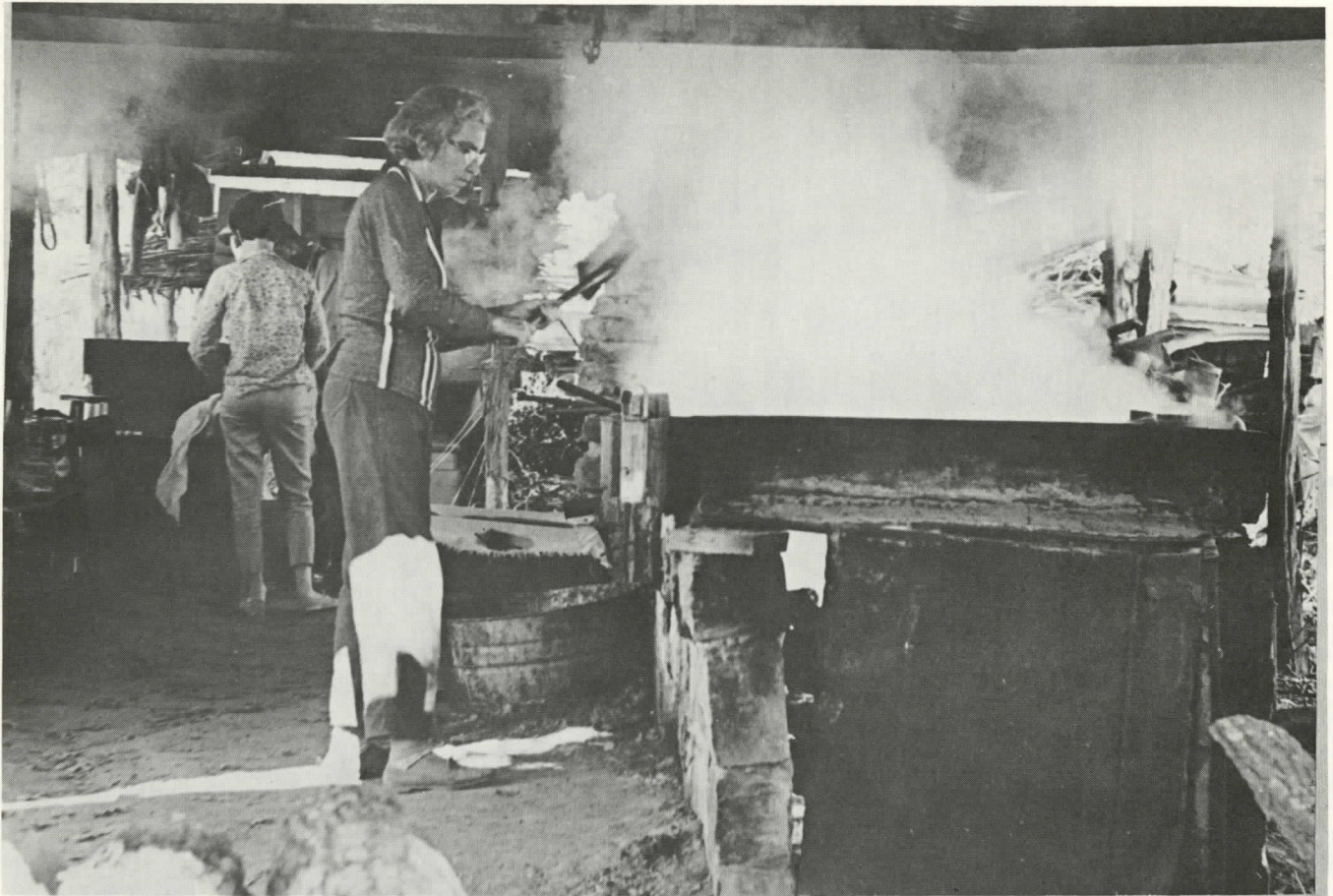


Molasses—that thick, dark, almost viscous syrup that many families are now in the process of making— is being put into cans to go out onto the market for others to enjoy.

Autumn Art — Molasses Making

by John Sissom





Molasses has a tradition of which many people are unaware. In days gone by, the cane stalks, which sometimes grow six to 10 feet high, were cut, stripped and piled by hand. Now, the stalks are run through mills. Here the juice is squeezed out from the cane by means of rollers and is caught in buckets below. The juice is piped to another pan to be cooked. There are five different sections in the cooking area: the first three are for the juice and the last two for water. A belt then carries the pumice to be strained through cheesecloth where it is then cooled. The more the syrup is stirred, the thicker it gets. Ten to 12 gallons of juice are needed to make one gallon of molasses.





Molasses essay shot at the farm of Mid and Jimmie Lee DeBerry





Gerald Moody

drawing by Gerald Moody

Jean Giraudoux

The Lying Woman.

The Lying Woman. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Winter House, Ltd., 1972. Reviewed by June Hall Martin.

All too frequently, a novel published after an author's death, a novel that he himself chose to suppress, is better left to obscurity. A case in point is the recently published **A Happy Death (La Mort Heureuse)** by Albert Camus. By contrast, Giraudoux's **The Lying Woman (La Mentreuse)** is a welcome surprise.

The work was written at the peak of Giraudoux's literary career, in 1936, only one year after what many critics consider to be his finest play, **La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu** (translated by Christopher Fry as **Tiger at the Gates**). Giraudoux's reasons for not publishing the novel during his lifetime are, at best, uncertain. According to Richard Howard, Giraudoux's son contends that "the work was too intimate, too manifestly inspired by real persons, to appear in the follow-spots of literary and diplomatic attention by which Giraudoux was then regarded" (p. 231). A portion of the novel was discovered after his death in 1944, but the entire manuscript was not found and published until 1968.

It should be pointed out that Giraudoux's literary reputation depends, primarily, not on his novels, but on his plays. He began his career in 1909, with the publication of a collection of stories called **Provinciales**. It was not until a fateful meeting with the well-known actor-director Louis Jouvet in 1928 that Giraudoux turned to the theatre. It is clear that he had come home. The

rhythms of his language begged to be spoken and it was in the theatre that his strength as a writer, at times stylized, at times lyrical, ironic yet idealistic, came to have its deepest roots. It is unlikely that the discovery and subsequent publication of **The Lying Woman** will greatly change critical opinion of Giraudoux, the novelist, in relationship to Giraudoux, the playwright. It is not that strong a novel; and yet, it is a work to bring pleasure to its readers and one certainly worthy of having been brought to light.

A key in understanding all of Giraudoux's novels is the interplay between the ideal and the real. **The Lying Woman** is no exception. Giraudoux, nourished on the classics, expressed incessantly in his works the disappointment that we do not all rise to the dimensions of Hector or Electra, that the experience of living does not measure up to the experience of legend. He has placed Nelly, the main character, the Lying Woman of the title, in the dilemma of having to choose between the mediocrity of reality and the grandeur of the ideal, the former objectified by her lover Gaston, the latter by her lover Reginald.

Gaston goes to International Rice and Cereal Conferences, tells the best version of the elevator strike in New York that Nelly has heard, is "a great specialist in accounting," whose "deductions had won him a high place in the alimentary councils of the world." He thinks "only by paragraphing and subdividing his ideas" (pp. 73-74). On occasion, Nelly has even thought of him as "that frivolous, pot-bellied mama's boy" (p. 53).

focus: june martin

Reginald, on the other hand, is, by anyone's standards, the perfect man, a professional diplomat, wealthy, successful, handsome, generous, noble. "Time and again he had had those adventures which are unique in other lives: he had rescued a drowning child; he had been the first man to enter a conquered city; he had informed a queen that she must abdicate at once; he had announced from a balcony that a nation was free; he had stopped the runaway horse of a boarding-school carriage filled with sixteen-year-old girls; he had been gunned down and left for dead . . . Wherever he went, there was a tendency to take him for a king in exile, for a prime minister in office . . ." (pp. 3-4).

In a sense, the contrast between the two men is not quite so clear as it appears at first glance. Gaston loves Nelly as she is. He is ready to accept and forgive her whatever she asks of him. In an attempt to explain away her rushing off to a mysterious rendezvous each afternoon, he convinces himself that she has an illegitimate child and is charmed by her devotion to the boy, whose name, he has discovered, is Reginald. Despite his mediocrity, Gaston is, at least at times, a gentle, loving man who wants to marry her. Reginald, on the other hand, loves not the real Nelly but the fantasy figure he has forced her to create to be worthy of him, a noble, virtuous aristocrat who is only the reflection of his own perfection. Even if the contrast were as marked as Nelly perceives it, her choice between them is only an illusion. She needs them both -- the reality and the ideal.

The basic dilemma of the novel centers on Nelly's self-creation, brought into focus by the love affairs which have made her realize that she is, in fact, two Nellys -- Gaston's Nelly and Reginald's Nelly. Before she met Reginald, when there was only Gaston to contend with and when her major concern was how she could get him to marry her, her world was simple. Had she not fallen in love with Reginald, her deeper prob-

lem might have never surfaced. But there, in the shadow of his perfection, she catches a glimpse of the ideal, Nelly as she might have been, an ideal she will never again be able to renounce completely.

To call Nelly a noble woman would be absurd; and yet, pathetically, she has aspirations toward nobility. She fails almost heroically against the mediocrity of her existence. She seeks to live and become, as much for herself as to be worthy of Reginald, a legend. For a time they meet, lovers without a past or future, only the present, the perfect and eternal present. There is no need for Nelly to reveal former lovers, her bourgeois background, her petty preoccupations. Then one day, quite without preamble, Reginald tells her the story of his life. "It was the Song of Roland (p. 25)." But Nelly has no song to offer him in return. ". . . It was perfectly obvious . . . that . . . Nelly was making her way through a life without songs" (p. 27). It would not do. She must create a song worthy of Reginald's. At the moment she makes that decision, she becomes the Lying Woman.

For a time they meet, lovers without a past or future, only the present, the perfect and eternal present.

Clearly the situation cannot continue forever, for Nelly is becoming quite miserable, dichotomized as she is. Part of the problem is that Reginald's Nelly, like Reginald himself, is without substance, existing in a different dimension from that of Gaston's Nelly. Upon leaving the realm of Reginald, she is almost frantic in her attempts to become once again a woman of physical substance, to reassure herself that she does, in fact, exist. "No sooner was Nelly in the taxi than she took out her perfume and effaced the lack of scent, chatted with the driver to dissipate that silence, and no sooner was she back in her apartment than she began telephoning, trying on dresses, performing life's real

occupations, so that nothing should subsist of that other life which she did not know whether to call truth or falsehood" (pp. 55-56). Nelly is fighting to maintain her reality, yet longing to give herself up to the ideal. The problem is solved for her by the discovery on the part of Gaston that Reginald is not, in fact, Nelly's son, but her lover, and by the realization on the part of Reginald that his perfect Nelly has been created "out of a trivial nonentity" (p. 154).

The reader, however, is not compelled to suffer for Gaston, for the pain of his discovery is eased by an almost immediate encounter with another woman and his subsequent marriage to still another. This makes the superficiality of his feeling for Nelly all too clear. Nor are we asked to grieve for Reginald. He is, after all, abundantly aware of being perfect and complete within himself. Perceiving that the beauty and nobility of his Nelly exist only in his presence, that they are, in terms of the real world, a lie, that he is, in the final analysis, the only perfect being in creation, Reginald turns away.

But the movements of a bride's head are clearer than her words.

It is on Nelly that the focus of the novel must remain, for while she is no longer obliged to deal with her two lovers, their effects on her life persist. Her remaining hope is Fontranges, an older man, wealthy, aristocratic, and, above all, compassionate. His relationship with Nelly before she seeks him out for help is annoyingly vague; and the transition, so important since it leads to their marriage, is one of the weakest points of the novel. For Giraudoux, however, it is clearly the marriage that is important, for it serves as a symbolic integration of the two Nellys. The woman created in Reginald's bedroom, the elegant, noble Nelly, becomes, by her marriage to Fontranges, a reality. Not only does she become a marquise and a baroness, but her refusal to abandon Fontranges, who loves her but will sacrifice himself, if need be, for her hap-

piness, she attains the fidelity and nobility of a soul that had been her Lie.

Only Fontranges can save Nelly, for only he understands her. Reginald saw only one Nelly. Gaston saw only the other. But Fontranges perceives them both, has compassion for Nelly the woman, and sees her both as she is and as she would like to be. It is a combination few women could resist. In a sense, her sacrifice of Reginald in favor of marriage to Fontranges is no sacrifice at all. Only with him can she be fully herself. And yet, Fontranges is willing to give her up. Before the marriage he goes to Reginald to assure him of Nelly's love and to ask him to come for her. He defends her lies: "I don't think I've ever told a lie in my life. But I would not swear that my life as a whole is as true as Nelly's. Let us admit she lies the way she breathes. In any case, there has formed in her existence a kind of jewel: out of all that lying, she has secreted a pearl, an absolute truth which was her love for you" (pp. 212-213). But it is not enough for Reginald.

The counterpoint of the marriage scene, so deftly handled by Giraudoux, builds a tension characteristic of his drama. Fontranges is, to the very last minute, seeking to leave an escape open to Nelly, while each word uttered by the priest binds them more inextricably together.

"You are my joy, my jewel, my youth. Now go leave me!"

"No," Nelly's head said. But the movements of a bride's head are clearer than her words. And her smile. For a smile had come to her lips. "No," she said.

"You don't want to take Reginald for your husband?"

"No," she said. It was a ceremony exactly opposite the one the priest was performing (p. 226).

She must give up Reginald. She must marry Fontranges. In the end, what is important to her is not Reginald himself, but being worthy of him. Rather than choosing Reginald, which she knows she can do, she chooses to give substance to her legend -- in short, to sing the Song of Nelly.

Clearly the novel must be approached on its own terms. The reader is compelled to flow with it, to let himself be intoxicated by elegant exaggerations, to suspend his disbelief and accept the poetic dimensions that Giraudoux has drawn for even so mediocre a character as Norma Coldeau, the woman Gaston picks up on a Paris autobus after learning of Nelly's infidelity:

Then she got off the bus with a familiar gesture for this man who had taken her virginity, who had slept three thousand times against her body, who had satiated and tormented her, who had made her sew on buttons at three in the morning, buy sliced ham at seven, ring the bells of all-night pharmacies to buy milk of bismuth, who had pinned her under the wreckage of a car -- five months in the hospital, a perforated eardrum -- who had smeared her with tar and stuck stork feathers into it for Mardi Gras at Saint Tropez, who had kept her for four days in Marrakech like a pasha in his harem from which she had escaped by sleeping with a eunuch, who had made her parachute out of a plane and fire a round of machine gun bullets two hundred yards up in the air . . .

Yet despite the extravagance of imaginative description, Norma somehow remains little more than a Paris cocotte with a dreary life in a dreary room at

the top of a dreary flight of stairs.

The modern reader has become so conditioned to realism that a novel such as Giraudoux's takes on the qualities of unreality. Where there is fantasy in the modern novel, it usually involves environmental displacement, of the sort we see in a work like **Slaughterhouse Five**, or the creation of an entirely new universe, such as the one in which the reader finds himself in the **Lord of the Ring**. The quality of fantasy within the real world tends to strike an anachronistic note, an almost eighteenth-century note; and one is led to remember the expression so often used to describe the quality of Giraudoux's works: preciousity. As modern readers we tend to resist the flow of the work. Yet to do so is to miss its graceful beauty.

The modern reader has become so conditioned to realism that a novel such as Giraudoux's takes on the qualities of unreality.

Giraudoux's characters lack substance, it is true. They are not, in many ways, real people. Yet while they lack verisimilitude, they are props for psychological realities. They possess the kind of truth that Nelly tells. In a sense, Nelly's musing about her own lies suggests a comment that sums up Giraudoux's own creation: "Sometimes when her improvisations were most extravagant, she felt a kind of well-being, an ecstasy which she unwittingly achieved because she had attained a kind of truth, the truth of poetry (p. 89)."●



photo by Tim Hamilton

When
David
Lost
His
Mind

by B.R.Campbell

Through dark doors one way closed,
when David lost his mind;

Lost, leaving light and warmth
when David lost his mind,

Nothing came easy for you then,
you laughing, leaning to your chin,
"only in madness," from your pain
speaking to no one
of no one's name-

David, when he lost his mind
made any talking helpless holds
on getting back
through,
and even more helpless
too:

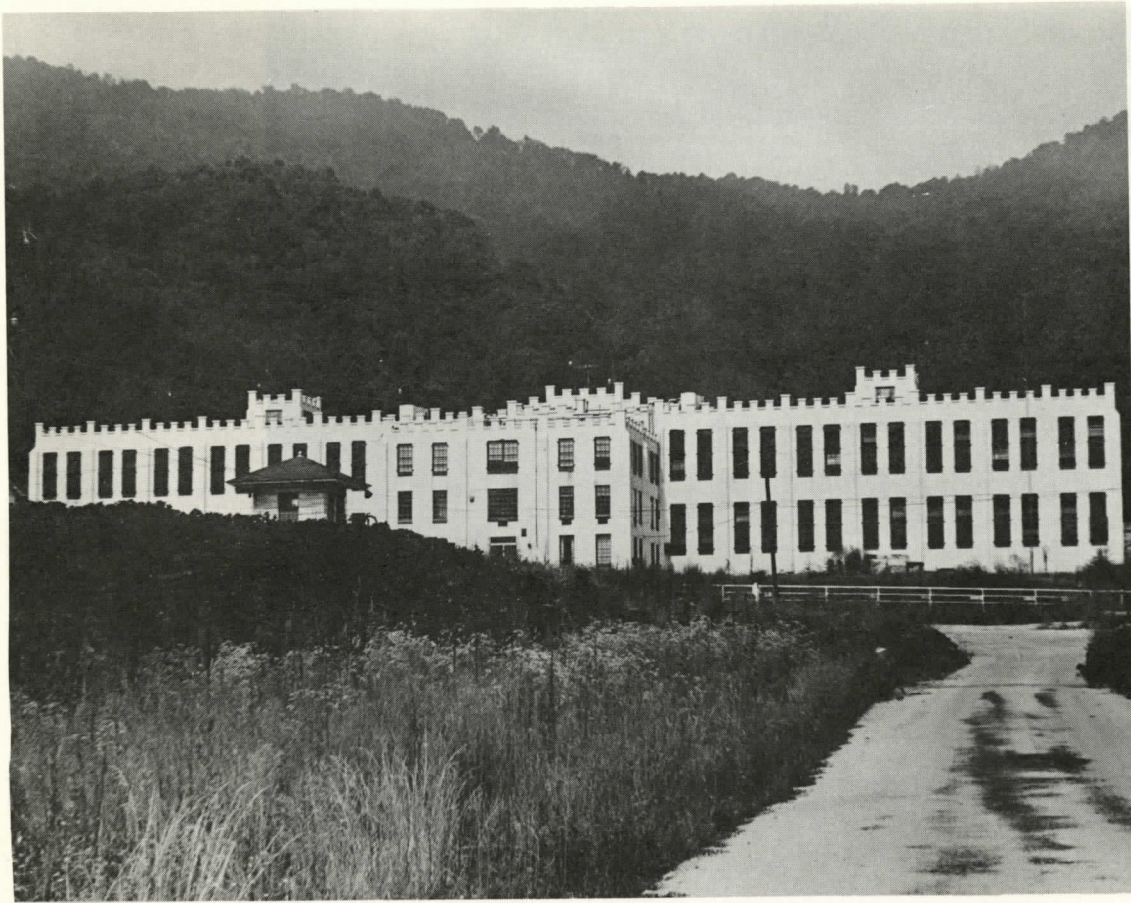
Me not being able
to find
David, when he lost his mind.

Brushy Mountain Prison

by Stephen L. Crass

In July 1972, Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary was closed by the state administration because of a strike by the guards. In the year since the closing of the maximum security institution, the former guards have maintained a picket line near the prison. They have tried every possible means to have the prison reopened and to regain their former jobs.





With the closing of the penitentiary, most activities of the former guards take place at their union headquarters (left). The main prison now stands barren against the backdrop of the East Tennessee hills (upper right). Deterioration (right) of the buildings is intense due to lack of maintenance by the state.

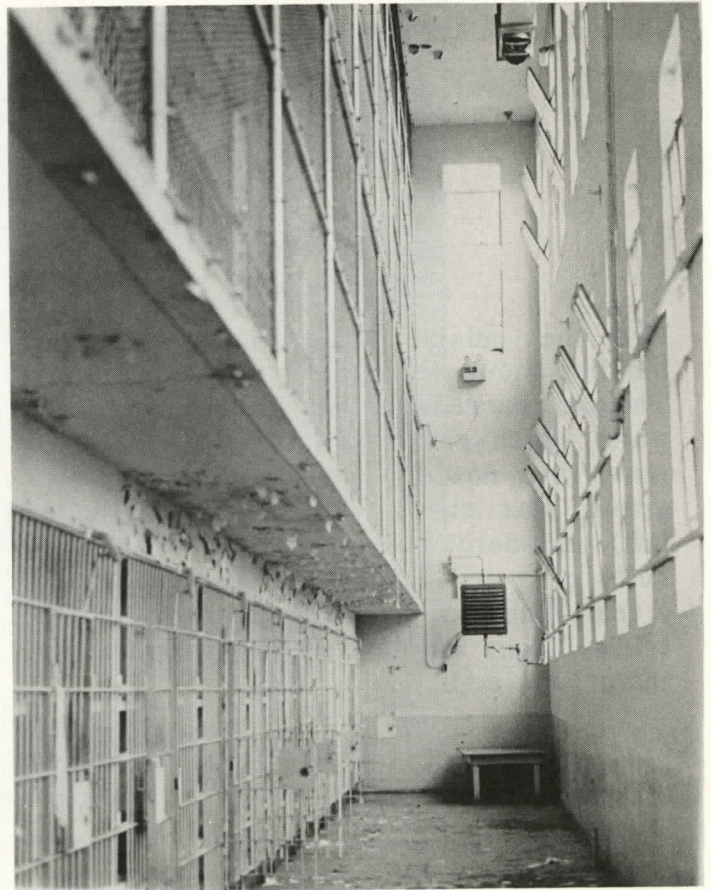
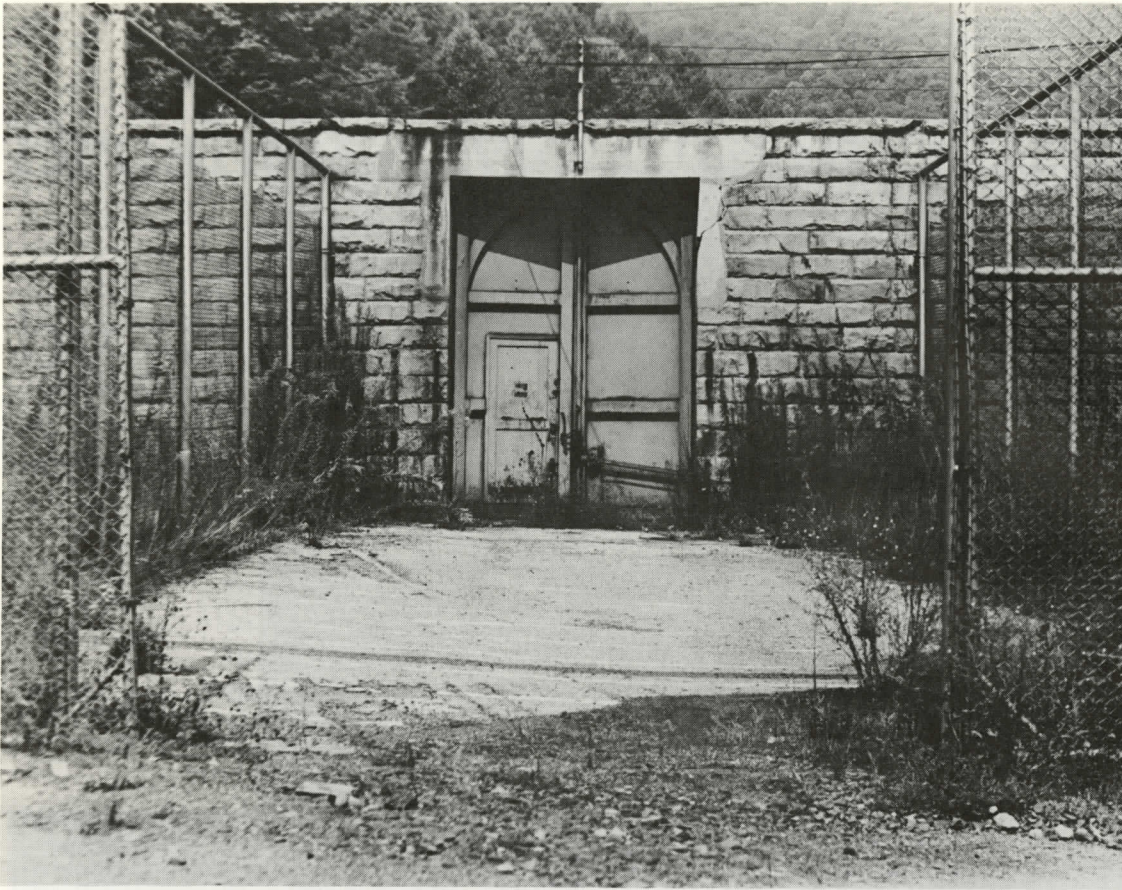
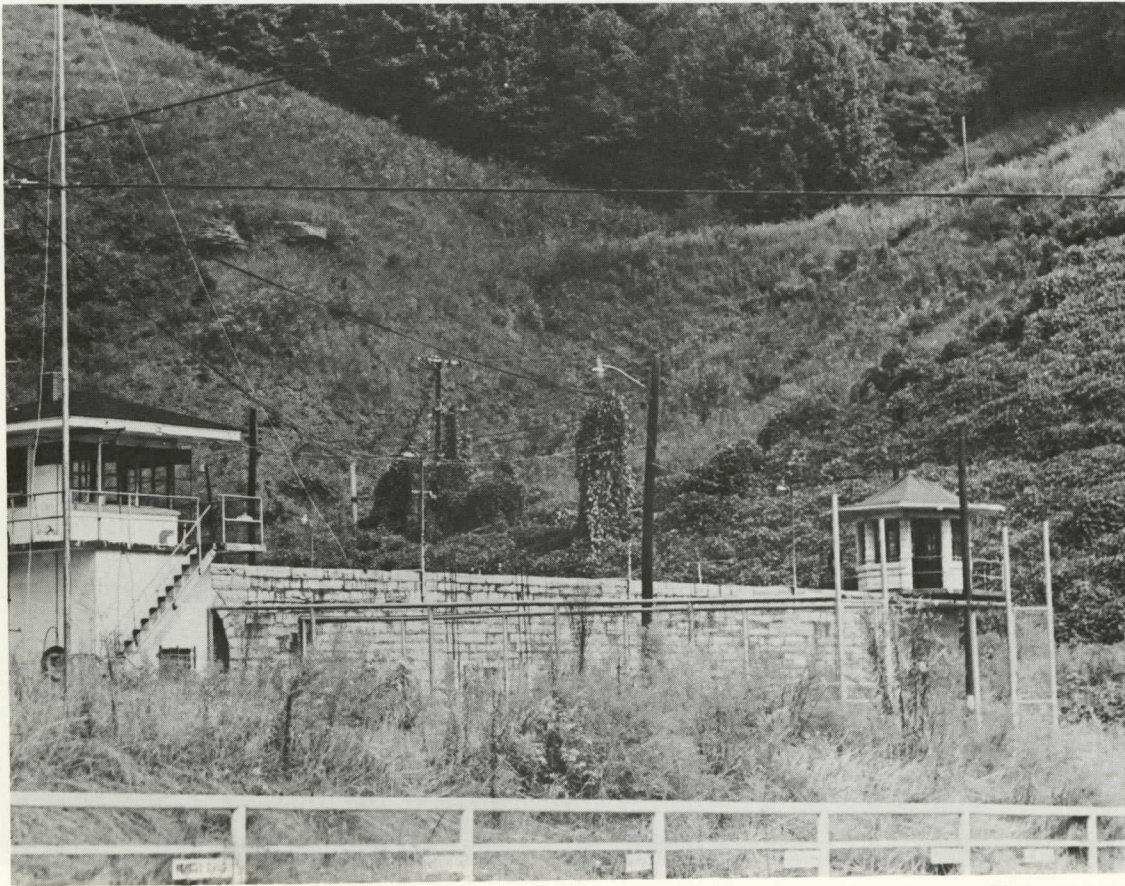
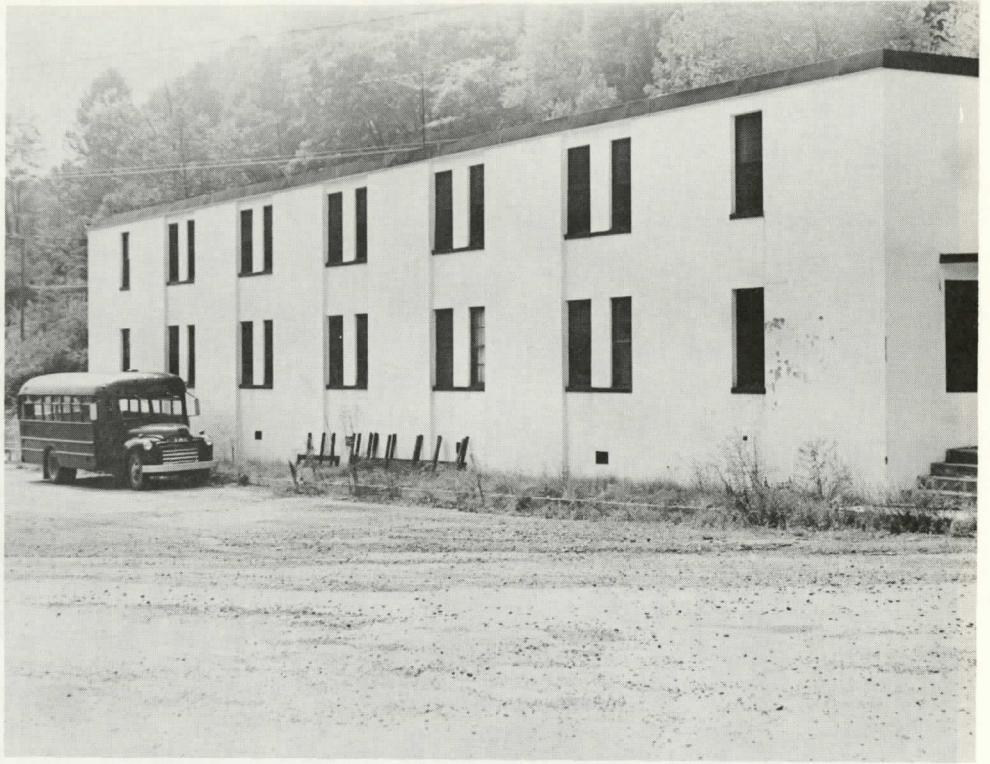


photo by Ray Buck, Jr.
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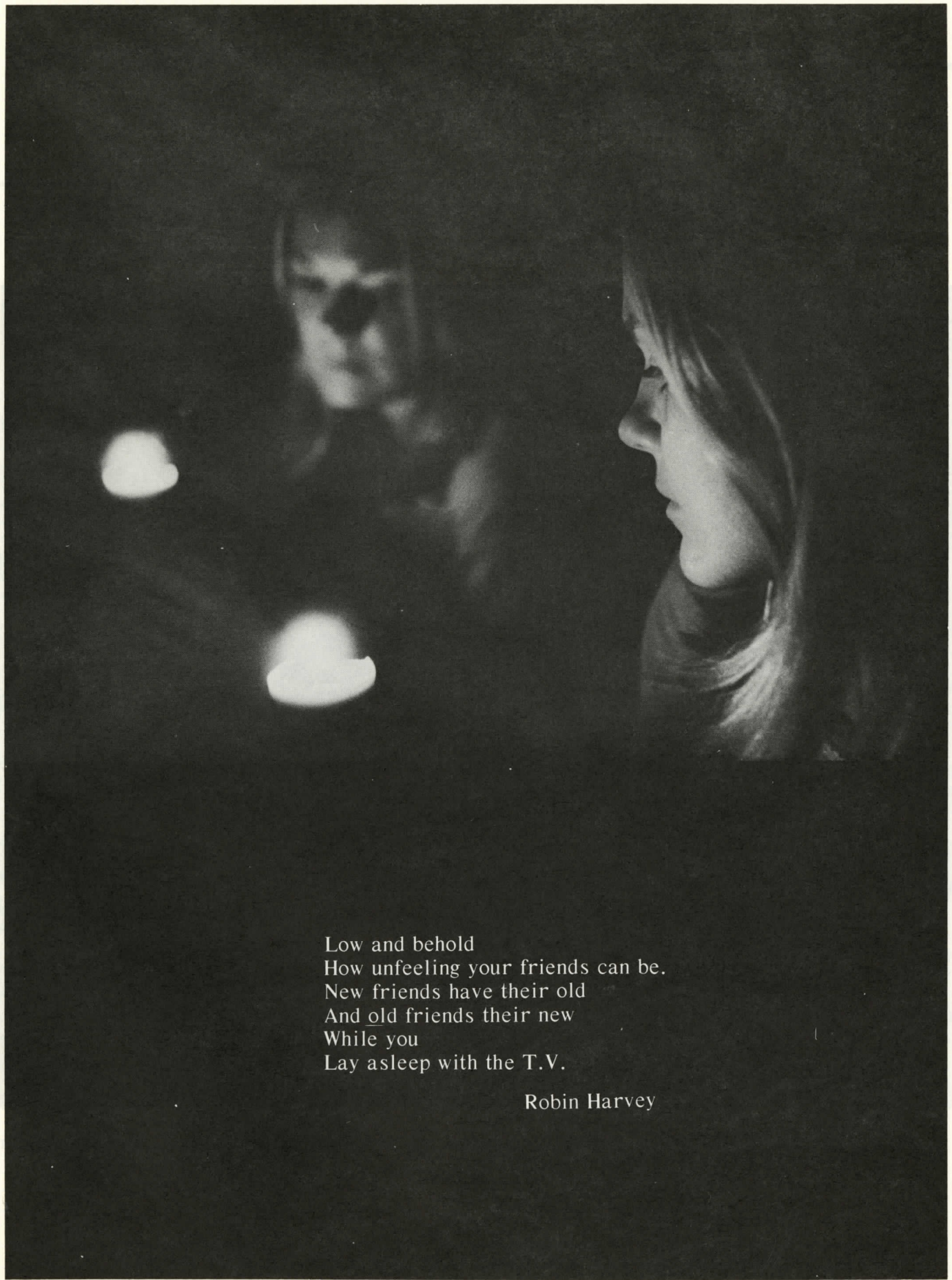
Even the outside of the minimum security building shows need for repairs (upper right). The once barren areas surrounding the prison walls which gave the guards unobstructed views are now covered with heavy undergrowth (far right). The main wall (upper left) and delivery entrances show the results of a prison without maintenance for a year. The once imposing main guard tower (right) looks as desolate as the future of the prison itself.







While the future of the prison is far from certain the present situation is best summarized by the hastily constructed , hand painted sign at the main entrance to the prison—"Prison Closed No Trespassing."



Low and behold
How unfeeling your friends can be.
New friends have their old
And old friends their new
While you
Lay asleep with the T.V.

Robin Harvey

photo by Joe C. Roberson
PAGE TWENTY-ONE

The Pearl of Granger County



photo released by the Tennessee Fine Arts Commission

"Pearl's dolls is perfect," the tiny lady with twinkling eyes will tell you matter-of-factly. She is Pearl Bowling, member of the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild and creator of some of the best corn shuck dolls in the world. Her little people have found their way from her home in the rugged mountain country around Blaine, Tennessee, to such illustrious abodes as the Smithsonian Institution and the Pasadena Art Museum in California.

Pearl, you see, has magic in her hands, and enough mountain wisdom in her head to fill a book, which is exactly what she plans to do.

"I want to set down what I know about my dolls, and things like how to make cane mills and ash hoppers. Them's dyin' arts," Pearl sighed, while puffing on a cigarette.

"I chew tobacco when I'm alone, but when I'm with peoples I smoke. It's not as nasty!" she grinned.

The 75-year-old dynamo looks 60 and acts 30.

"Why in 1966, I built my own chimney all by myself. Carried the stones and everything," she boasted proudly, her jet-black curls bobbing over eyes as clear and blue as the mountain stream which runs by her house.

Despite Pearl's outgoing personality, she is somewhat of a loner.

"I married in 1916, and I vowed then and there that if I ever got out of it, I'd stay foot-loose and fancy-free. My husband died in '53. Since then, other fellas have asked me to marry 'em. Some of 'em begged, but I turned 'em all down."

"I don't like somebody tellin' me where to go an' what to do," she grimaced, deepening the creviced signature of time upon her face.

Pearl is an individualist. When she learned how to make corn shuck dolls in 1960, she immediately set out to create her own technique.

"It took me about a year 'til I was satisfied with my work," she reflected.

Her dolls are in perfect proportion. Using only simple ingredients, she cooks up the Lilliputian forms of Indians, elegant ladies, even a bride and groom, which demand up to \$50 on the market.

Realizing the uniqueness of Pearl's dolls, the Tennessee Arts Commission enlisted her talents and boundless energies in a program to teach other individuals the art of molding shucks. Because of the growing interest in mountain crafts, this knowledge can be easily translated into a profitable industry for anyone with facile fingers and a little imagination.

So Pearl travels through Tennessee and neighboring states, sharing her secret with those willing to learn.

You have to be willing, though. Pearl is a strict teacher who won't put up with shenanigans.

At one point during a session in Columbia, Tennessee, the students got a bit rambunctious. Pearl jumped from her seat, her curls a-quiver.

"I'm not a'sittin' at this table with you folks a'hollerin' and a'laughin'! I've done all the shoutin' I'm a'goin' to," she thundered as she marched stiffly from the room. When she returned five minutes later, a shocked silence still lingered.

a feature by Susan Flanagan

"Pearl's dolls is perfect," the tiny lady with twinkling eyes will tell you matter-of-factly. She is Pearl Bowling, member of the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild and creator of some of the best corn shuck dolls in the world. Her little people have found their way from her home in the rugged mountain country around Blaine, Tennessee, to such illustrious abodes as the Smithsonian Institution and the Pasadena Art Museum in California.

Pearl, you see, has magic in her hands, and enough mountain wisdom in her head to fill a book, which is exactly what she plans to do.

"I want to set down what I know about my dolls, and things like how to make cane mills and ash hoppers. Them's dyin' arts," Pearl sighed, while puffing on a cigarette.

"I chew tobacco when I'm alone, but when I'm with peoples I smoke. It's not as nasty!" she grinned.

The 75-year-old dynamo looks 60 and acts 30.

"Why in 1966, I built my own chimney all by myself. Carried the stones and everything," she boasted proudly, her jet-black curls bobbing over eyes as clear and blue as the mountain stream which runs by her house.

Despite Pearl's outgoing personality, she is somewhat of a loner.

"I married in 1916, and I vowed then and there that if I ever got out of it, I'd stay foot-loose and fancy-free. My husband died in '53. Since then, other fellas have asked me to marry 'em. Some of 'em begged, but I turned 'em all down."

"I don't like somebody tellin' me where to go an' what to do," she grimaced, deepening the creviced signature of time upon her face.

Pearl is an individualist. When she learned how to make corn shuck dolls in 1960, she immediately set out to create her own technique.

"It took me about a year 'til I was satisfied with my work," she reflected.

Her dolls are in perfect proportion. Using only simple ingredients, she cooks up the Lilliputian forms of Indians, elegant ladies, even a bride and groom, which demand up to \$50 on the market.

Realizing the uniqueness of Pearl's dolls, the Tennessee Arts Commission enlisted her talents and boundless energies in a program to teach other individuals the art of molding shucks. Because of the growing interest in mountain crafts, this knowledge can be easily translated into a profitable industry for anyone with facile fingers and a little imagination.

So Pearl travels through Tennessee and neighboring states, sharing her secret with those willing to learn.

You have to be willing, though. Pearl is a strict teacher who won't put up with shenanigans.

At one point during a session in Columbia, Tennessee, the students got a bit rambunctious. Pearl jumped from her seat, her curls a-quiver.

"I'm not a'sittin' at this table with you folks a'hollerin' and a'laughin'! I've done all the shoutin' I'm a'goin' to," she thundered as she marched stiffly from the room. When she returned five minutes later, a shocked silence still lingered.

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The free lessons usually cover a three-day period, in which you learn everything you need to know to create your own tiny people.

"First you soak the shucks so that you can mold 'em," Pearl explained, as she fashioned the core of the body from rolled shucks, tying them with thread. "Then you just build on this core 'til you have the shape you want.

"The shucks for the face and the clothes have to be dyed. I've even tie-dyed some of my shucks. One of my dolls in the Smithsonian has on a blue dress with white polka dots," Pearl chuckled.

As she removed her thimble, she called attention to the fact that the end of the second finger on her right hand was missing.

"I lost it while I was movin' some concrete blocks. It doesn't bother me none. In fact, it's easier for me to make my dolls without it. That bit of finger would get in my way. Besides, my thimble fits on it just right!" she cackled.

"The face of each doll is drawn on with a fine pen and ink," Pearl explained. "The hardest part, though, is the hair." The students always agree as they struggle to fashion coiffures from the dyed corn silks.

Pearl always tells her pupils with a chuckle, "I'm not a'feared of y'all a'runnin' me out of business."

Indeed, there isn't much that Pearl is "a'feared" of. She is one of those hearty individuals who never says, "I can't." Besides her talent for making corn shuck dolls, she also fashions such things as chair seats, rugs, log cabins, and brooms out of shucks. She makes owls out of magnolia seed cones, and weaves baskets from honeysuckle vines.

Pearl markets her wares in the Guild's shops in Tennessee, and at the craft fairs in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, and Asheville, North Carolina, where she has a booth every year. There she sits, taking orders for dolls, and giving freely of her profound mountain wisdom.

For Pearl, the world is her oyster. And the world agrees that her dolls "is perfect," indeed!●

MAKE IT

pro against con
Radical rapping the tapping
impatient fish in the
Swimming cosmo sea.

Life a reality
coping efficiently
Never thinking right from left
while dwelling superficially.

Yet evenly receding earthling
dwelling efficiently while
Living Physically.

Patsy Francis

This room is just like a sad cafe in Dalton,
Georgia when it's ten o'clock and the waitress
puts out behind the counter.

B. R. Campbell

She always gives a kiss
as if she were giving her love
and she always gives her love
as if she were giving her life,
and she always gives her life
as if she were giving
nothing at all.

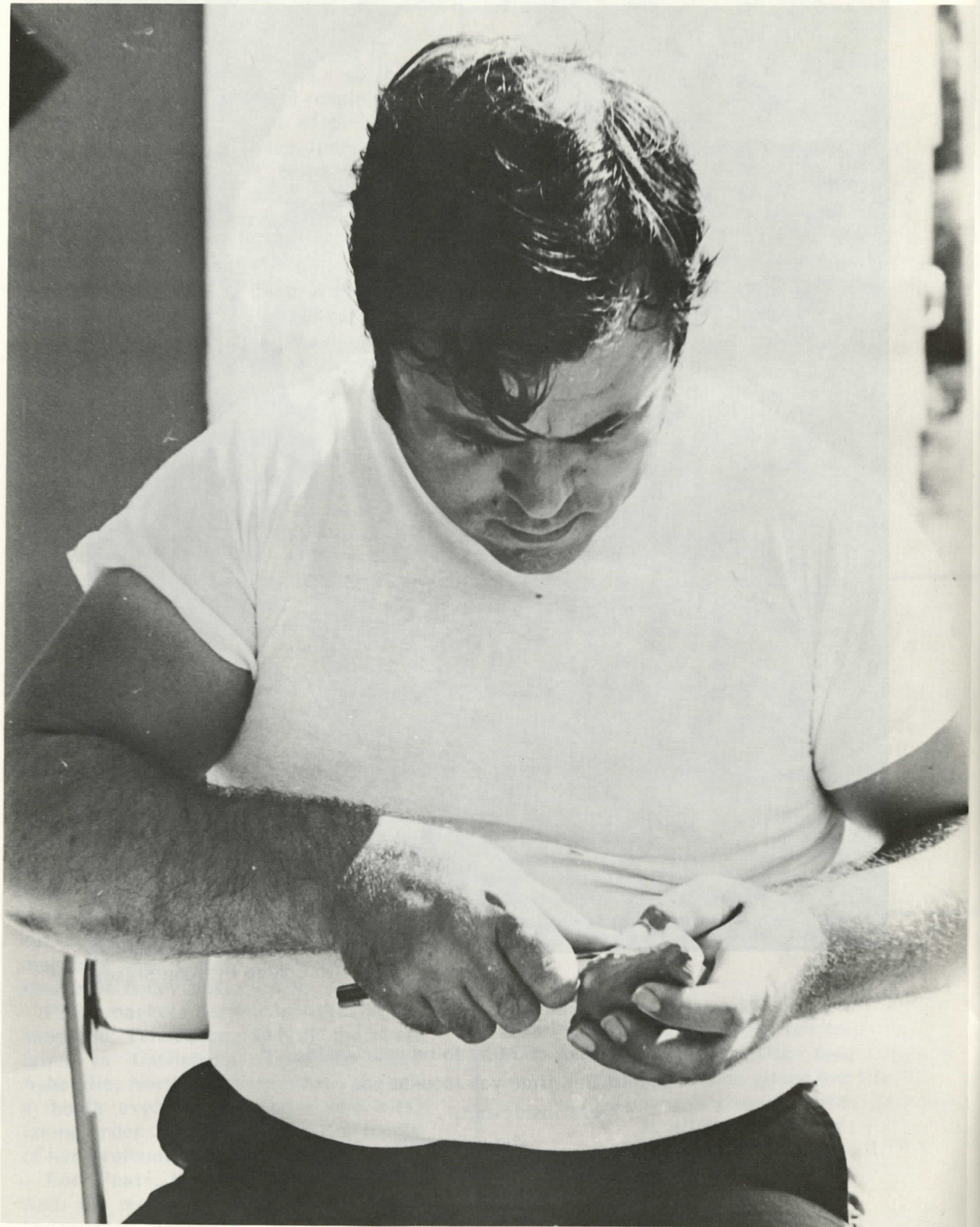
B. R. Campbell



photo by John Sissom

You wear on your outside
what you'd like to be your inside,
and all this time you thought you
were inside-out,
you were only
sunny-side up.

B.R. Campbell



Carving a Career

It's a long way from the Tennessee hills to international fame. It's even farther when all you have is faith to travel with you.

Even with the newly revived interest in crafts, it is rare to find someone who has been supporting himself for several years with a hobby and a whittling knife. James Powers is the type who can turn a hobby into his life's work.

A well paying hobby does not develop overnight. For James it started 32 years ago at the age of nine. To a boy growing up in Oakdale, a small rural community in the hills of East Tennessee, everything holds a certain fascination. But James became fond of nature, and the skill of transposing what he saw into woodcarvings came easily.

This hobby was soon to be frowned upon by the people who knew James, not because the boy didn't have talent, but because they felt there were more important things he could be doing. People felt art should take second place to things like helping with the family chores. James had little time to carve at first. "I was usually helping Daddy cut timber and was working away from home a lot," he recalls.

James' family proved to be one more obstacle to the young carver. His father was a minister and a firm believer in obedience. He felt that carving was making "graven images," and this he would not allow James to do. James respected

his father but could not totally go along with his decision, so he carved where others wouldn't see him. "I carved back in the barn and out in the woods. Most of the time I left my carvings laying out in the woods where I carved 'em," he admits now.

The first time James was able to carve in the open was after he married. His wife Jeanette saw his talent and even encouraged his woodworking. Still woodcarving was just a hobby for the Powerses; both worked in a hosiery mill and with a new addition to the family, the carving knife was used less and less.

James finally had a bit of good fortune and managed to sell some of his hand-carved birds to a shopkeeper in the resort town of Gatlinburg; this was only a small beginning. He joined the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild and found that it provided more than just a market for his carved birds. It gave him some encouragement because of the quality of his work.

In 1963, James decided he had to carve full time. "I saw I had something better than the hosiery mill had to offer me." So he and Jeanette quit their jobs at the mill and started what amounted to a new life. "Things were really rough for about three years, but we just kept on going." Determination and faith in his ability has finally paid off for James and the four other members of his family.

feature by Steve Crass



James now attends up to 15 craft fairs each year throughout the South and cannot begin to meet the demand for his work even though he averages 100 carved figures each month. The retail prices of James' carved birds reflect the quality of his work. Depending on the amount of detail involved, the carvings sell for \$30 to \$300 each.

Even with the demand for his work, causing James to spend 50 or 60 hours a week carving, he manages to find time for other activities. James remains active in the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, as well as being a director in the National Association of Woodcarvers.

Somehow James even finds time to give beginners a little advice. "You have to have patience, determination and be able to get involved in some big craft guild."

Patience is the hardest part for any craftsman. Besides worrying about the constantly changing market, James has other problems. His shop is located only a few hundred feet from the Emory River. Earlier this year, the river flooded and destroyed much of his

machinery. Although he lost approximately three months' work and valuable machinery, James is back on the job after a lot of hard work by the whole family.

Jeanette helps with odd jobs around the shop, even when there isn't a major crisis like the flood. She seems to enjoy her husband's work as much as he does. "I enjoy travelling around the country meeting new people and never knowing what will happen tomorrow," she explains.

It has been a rough uphill fight for the Powers family, but they feel it has been worth it. The carvings of James Powers have now been seen over most of the United States and in several other parts of the world, including Thailand, Germany, England, Switzerland and Japan.

The carvings in Japan were recently purchased as a part of the foreign trade agreement. This international publicity has not changed James- he still carves because he is always striving toward his goal of "perfection," and simply because he loves it.●



photo by Brenda Hayes

Contusions 74 & 75

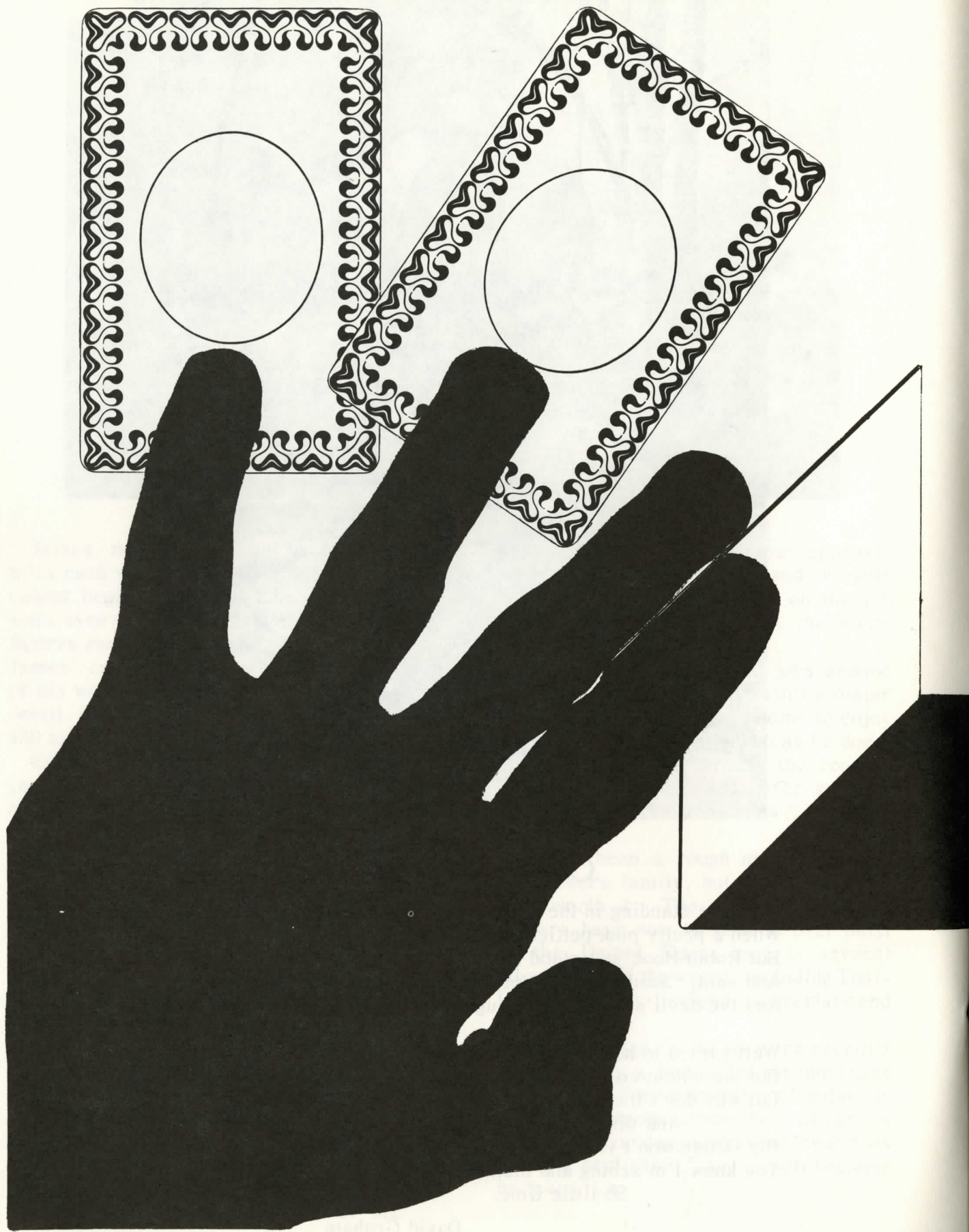
We were standing in the corner watching the tide go by,
When a pretty pink petticoat shook us out a sign.
But Robin Hood just stood up and looked it in the eye,
And said, "Shadows ain't nothing but silverfish in the wind
And the devil's going to be laughing till Big Daddy calls us all in."

Well I tried to hold you in the dark of the night,
But the witchywoman said sex makes you lose your sight.
But why don't the ropes tie,

And why ain't Paul Newman blind?

Big Daddy won't you give me some kind of sign
You know I'm aching and there's so little time
So little time.

David Graham



Rubies of Rust

The rubies of rust
Have portrayed a dragon
And I must stalk
The wicked saint.

Though love is an
Ethereal Ancient
And mine is
Modern as the morning
Its conceits and profundity
Astound and refresh
The holy textual pattern.

Please don't call my
Bluffing hand
Oh trusting agent of the world.

Considering death's desires
Is hardly a fitting
Retreat for the prince of beauty
Or a messenger of gold.

Bland and dry my body's
Weight has succumbed to
Worlds and fantasies
That reconsider each young
Delicious baby sitter
In a strange yet familiar
Pose.

Please don't call my
Bluffing hand
Oh trusting agent of the world.

I took a chance and
Drew my hand
In a masquerade of
Selfs.

Act III?
It always makes me
Shake and squirm to twist my head
Like the fetal worm
To fear that fatal corner
Behind each minute's
Mystery.

Please don't call my
Bluffing hand
Oh trusting agent of the world.

Richard A. Glaze



drawing by Gerald Moody

● about the authors

- **Dr. June Martin** is the author of the review on the Jean Giraudoux novel, **The Lying Woman**. Dr. Martin is currently director of the Honors program at MTSU and also teaches French.

- **Susan Flanagan**, a former student of MTSU, is the author of "The Pearl of Granger County," a feature on the age-old art of making corn shuck dolls. She has written for COLLAGE as a member of Mr. Himebaugh's feature writing class.

- **Stephen L. Crass**, photography assistant on the COLLAGE staff, and currently a member of Mr. Himebaugh's feature writing class, authored the article on James Powers, Tennessee woodcarver. Steve is a transfer student from Roane State Community College.

- **George Tucker**, author of the prose contribution, "Abscission," is currently enrolled at Southern Illinois. As an MTSU psychology major in 1972, George first submitted his fiction to COLLAGE. "Abscission" represents his first short story to appear in COLLAGE.

- **John Sissom's** photo essay on molasses making, as edited by Linda Sissom and Nancy Nipper, staff editors, features an interesting autumn art. John is an alumnus of MTSU who now has his own photography studio in McMinnville, Tennessee.

- **Stephen L. Crass** has submitted a photo essay on the controversial Brushy Mountain Prison of East Tennessee. The essay was derived from an article by Steve that appeared in the **Nashville Banner**.



This month's cover is by Gerald Moody. Gerald, an art major, is presently interested in techniques of design and illustration. Over the past three years his art has been displayed in two, one-man exhibits and has obtained recognition at several accredited colleges in Tennessee. The cover illustration exemplifies Gerald's directionism in linear drawing.