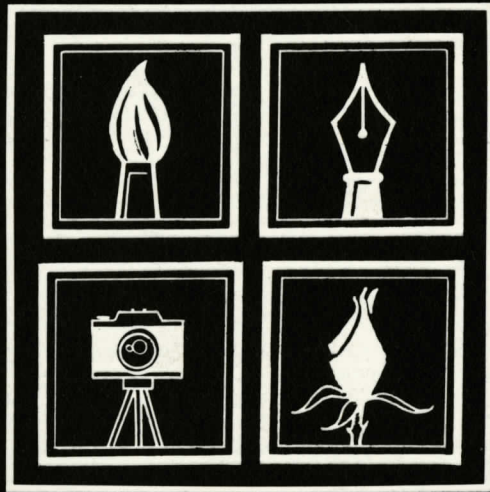


# Collage



FALL 1987

# Staff



Back row(left to right): Rebecca D. Ingram, Wade Hunt, Julie Lowery;  
Front row: Pamela Stanfield, C. Hugh Shelton, Elizabeth Workman.

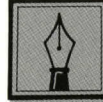


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Rebecca D. Ingram - Editorial Assistant  
Pamela Stanfield - Editorial Assistant, Photographer  
Wade Hunt - Layout Design, Production, Illustration  
Julie Lowery - Layout Design, Production, Illustration  
Elizabeth Workman - Layout Design, Production

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*~ Hugh Shelton*





**Art**

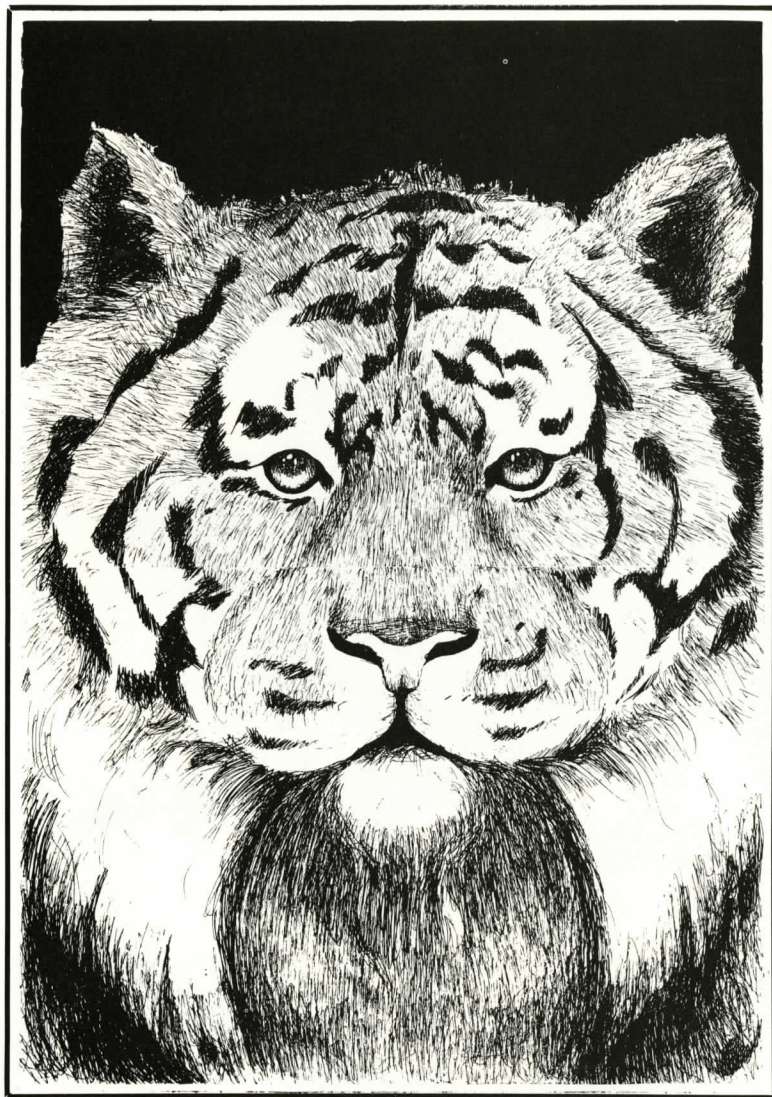




*Gary Bozeman*







*Michael Russell*

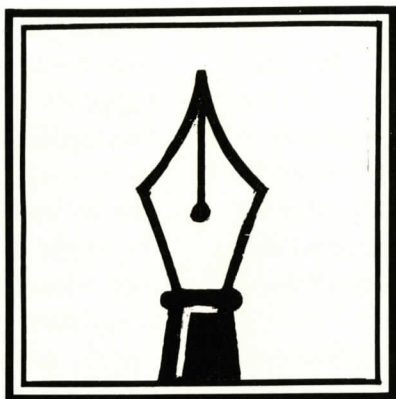




*C. Hugh Shelton*







**Fiction**





## An Oceanic View

by Pamela Stanfield

Within the realms of her majestic glory she continues to haunt us with her many hidden secrets. Biologists delve into the deepest, innermost parts of her mind trying to uncover what no man ever will--her thoughts.

The massive body with which she was born covers more than two-thirds of our earth. Who is to say what is true of other planets? Possibly this much, even more.

Her intelligence is overwhelming--for in this body full of wealth, there is contained more knowledge than any man could ever hope to gain or understand.

If she wants something, it is hers. She can take and never return, yet she can give and never receive. She can swallow us into her deepest depths never to be discovered by anyone. Within these depths there lie riches, wealth, and integrity.

While resting at night, she toys with our mind as if we were her children. She awa-

kens with the sun just as we do. When awake she allows us to have fun, while on the other hand she casts a shadow on the alleged knowledge we have of her.

I think at times she is very unhappy--she wants us to know, learn, and explore. Why are we so afraid? She is quiet, peaceful, and appears so content. Only as her children can we upset her, and cause her rage to become a storm so that she may claim those we love as an undesirable punishment.

With all of her glory, she reigns above us all. She lies awake at times watching, waiting, anticipating our next move. She plays tricks on our minds knowing that we could never be given our just reward.

To uncover the secrets that no man can or ever will continue to keep our intuitive nature alive. For all through history we have been led to believe that God was a man. Is it feasible to say, THE OCEAN--GOD WITHIN?







## Savior Cat

by *Kate Lapczynski*

Somewhere on the darkened road ahead of them lumbered the massive van that contained everything they owned, except for the several necessities they had anxiously packed into every available space of the station wagon. The only sound was the measured breathing of the children, deep in their trusting sleep atop and amid the bags and boxes. The road existed only within the range of the headlights.

The man and woman had not spoken for many miles now. The lulling monotony of the drive, the encompassing dark and the press of doubts had stilled all conversations. Detroit receded relentlessly behind them. Tennessee loomed ahead, a promise and an unknown. Two short months ago, the man and woman had made this trip, scouting out the possibilities. Two months ago, they had made the decision that had put them on the road in the dark. Every time a decision is made, a loss is taken, and now the time had come for an assessment of that loss as Tennessee changed from promise to reality.

There had been a farewell party the night before. It had begun with gaiety and ended with long, tortured embraces and tears. Generations of their familial bones had en-

riched the soil of Michigan. They were the first to sojourn elsewhere. Only now, as the road passed inexorably under their wheels, did they have the time to appreciate viscerally the break they had just made.

For the man, it was easier. He was going to a good job among good people he had come to know while working for a small company in Michigan. His new job was going to be a challenge, which he welcomed, and his new salary was going to be quite handsome, which he deserved. He was pleased with the house he had purchased, satisfied with the school district to which he would be entrusting his children, content that he had made the right decision. His thoughts turned on the adjustments the next few days would bring. He was thinking about the job.

For the woman, it was not so easy. She had no pre-existing relationships to fall back on in Tennessee. She was going into a society of strangers, she who had always worked confidently within the framework of supportive friends and family. This did not worry her overmuch; she had always made friends easily and saw no reason why this facility should not hold her in good stead in her





new home. Still, she had never had to start over from scratch before and there would be no friends to help her unpack, to tell her where to shop, to sip a cup of coffee and offer advice.

She worried about the children. They were too young to fully understand the true scope of this move. They took it on faith that everything was going to be all right because Mama and Daddy said it would. They'd never had to start from scratch before, either, and were yet to learn that the settlement of the move would soon be displaced by homesickness. She worried that she had not prepared them well enough for the changes that were about to take place, worried about her ability to help them cope, worried.

They drove into the dawn. The first rays of the day danced on the dew-covered wildflowers that littered the hillsides. She sat back and gazed with profound appreciation. She remembered her first trip down this road. Her life in the level marshland of Detroit had not prepared her for the mountains. They made her feel as if the Earth itself was cupping her in its hands.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" her husband asked.

"Beyond words," she answered. "This must be the prettiest place on the planet."

"I almost wish the kids were awake to see it."

"Let them sleep. In a way, I don't want to share this." They smiled at each other. This was solid, this was real and immutable, just as the hills that took form around them were solid, real, immutable.

"Been worrying about the kids?" he asked, knowing her.

"A little," she confessed. "I've been worrying about what Casey said."

"What, about the snakes?" he laughed.

The snakes. Yes. There had been snakes in her garden in Michigan, well-respected predators that had kept the yard free of vermin. They had been good neighbors. She had watched their sinuous passages with no trace of fear because they were gentle with humans. They would even allow themselves to be picked up and stroked if one had the effrontery to do so. Tennessee snakes were another matter altogether, according to their friend Casey who had been born and raised in Tennessee. Rattlesnakes, copperheads, water moccasins, all malignant and venomous, creatures to be avoided and feared.

"Casey was just warning us not to be as nonchalant about snakes as we've been, that's all."

"Well, I just hope the kids didn't hear







him. He scared me. I'd just as soon broach the subject with them myself. I want them warned, not terrified."

The conversation turned to immediate matters; breakfast and showers and waiting for the van to arrive. They pulled into the driveway of their new home in the full light of morning.

"Hey, guys," he said softly to the children, "We're here."

The golden head of their daughter appeared over the back of their seats. She gave the house and yard a critical if bleary-eyed appraisal and sat up. "Get up," she said roughly to her younger brother, giving him a big-sisterly shove. His wide blue eyes and the tip of his nose showed over the seats. "I want to go home," he said firmly.

"Baby, we are home. This is where we are going to live from now on. This is our new house. Isn't it pretty?" Mama asked.

"No."

Daddy got out of the car, opened the back door and lifted his daughter out into the driveway. She stretched lazily and yawned. Daddy laughed. "Look how impressed she is."

Mama reached in for the boy. He pulled back from her and huddled against the laundry bags. "No!"

"Yes!" said the daughter with enthusiasm.

"No!" said the son.

"Okay, Big Fella, out you come," and Daddy reached in for him.

"NO!" the little boy screamed. "Snakes! Snakes!"

"Good Lord," Daddy sighed, shooting an accusatory look at his wife. It had taken them some time to convince the little fellow that their garden snakes in Michigan were not dangerous. He had fled from them in a panic on a regular basis and had never been completely convinced that they weren't secretly plotting to do him harm. Now his worst fears were confirmed. Tennessee snakes were everything he had suspected Michigan snakes to be. He would not leave the car.

Daddy opened all of the car doors and invited the boy to look out carefully. "If you see any snakes out here, I'll go right over and kill them. Do you see any snakes?"

He peered out intently, careful not to let some particularly sneaky snake escape his view. "They're under the car," he said at length.

"I tell you what. I'll carry you to the house. There aren't any snakes under the car, but just in case, I'll carry you way up high where they can't get you."

"There are snakes in the trees."

Now the daughter began to look a little uneasy. The yard was full of trees. Was it







also full of hidden snakes?

"Now how would a snake climb a tree?" Daddy asked sneeringly. "It doesn't have any arms and legs, so how could it climb a tree?"

"There are snakes in Tarzan's trees."

"Tarzan lives in a jungle with monkeys and elephants. Tree snakes only live where there are monkeys and elephants. Do you see any monkeys or elephants here?"

The little girl opened her mouth to correct her father, but a look from her mother made her think better of it. She instantly understood what was going on. It was psychology. Which meant that there probably was danger, but it wasn't immediate danger. Mama and Daddy didn't seem overly worried about snakes. They'd gotten out of the car with no trace of fear and had pulled her out after them. She trusted them not to put her in danger and so adopted an attitude of contempt for her younger brother's fear.

"I want to see my room," she said tersely.

"There are snakes in the house," the boy insisted.

"Right." Daddy was losing patience. "Mama, you stay here with Jakey. Kelly and I will go into the house and make sure there are no snakes in it. Is that all right with you Kelly?"

She nodded.

"Is that all right with you, Jakey? If I check the house real good, will you stop being such a scaredy-cat?"

"Maybe."

Mama stifled a giggle as Daddy, hand in hand with Kelly, headed toward the house. "Daddy," Kelly whispered, "there really aren't any snakes in the house, are there? He's just being a baby, isn't he?" Daddy nodded firmly. The key went into the lock, the door opened, and Daddy stepped confidently into the house with Kelly, not quite so confidently, at his heels. They were out of sight for several minutes while they went through the house room by room. Then Kelly stepped back onto the porch and said with blistering condescension, "Jakey, you are such a big dummy."

"Ready to go?" Mama asked gently.

They boy wavered for some time, then threw himself into her arms. "Carry me."

The days passed quickly. Furniture was delivered and put into its proper place, groceries were bought, neighbors were met. Kelly began the tentative process of making friends in the new neighborhood. Jakey would not leave the house. He moved from window to window, watching his sister and keeping a weather eye out for snakes. "I don't know what to do about this," Mama confided to Daddy one night. "It's like pul-





ling teeth to get him to leave the house and then I have to carry him to and from the car. It's like the house and the car are the only two safe places in the world."

"Give him time," Daddy comforted. Kelly is doing all right. Sooner or later, he'll take his cue from her."

One morning there was a dead mole on the front porch. Mama wondered where it came from as she cleared it away. The next morning, there was a dead mouse on the porch. "Somebody must have a cat," she decided. "The people next door do," Kelly informed her.

"Then we should be very flattered. Their cat has adopted us. She is guarding our yard just like it is her own yard. She is bringing us these presents to let us know that she is on the job." Jakey listened with solemn interest.

The cat's name was Snowy, and the next door neighbors belonged to her. She was a large well-muscled cat who bore the signs of many battles and many litters, and she patrolled the two adjoining lots with disinterested majesty. She scorned cossetting but would accept a tidbit or two if it was offered with the proper deference. She brought evidence of her hunting prowess every morning and appeared for her tithes every night. Jakey began to move from window to window, fol-

lowing her exploits with intense concentration. Before long, he was venturing out onto the porch to watch her and not long thereafter into the yard.

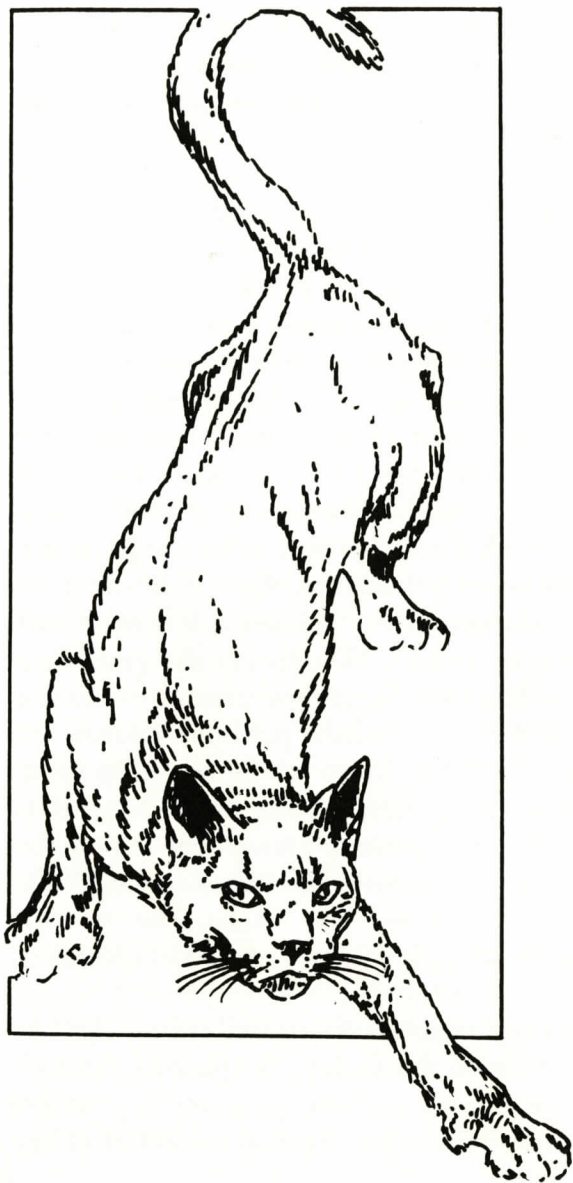
"I guess the worst is over," Mama told Daddy with relief. "I could kiss that cat. She's made the difference."

Life began to settle into a semblance of normality. Spring turned to summer. Mama was hanging clothes one morning when she heard Jakey scream, "Snake! Snake!" His screams chilled her blood. She ran from the back to the front of the house, her mind alive with horrifying possibilities. She rounded the house in time to see Jakey immobilized with fear, terrifyingly mesmerized by a large, slithering snake a few short feet in front of him. Why hadn't she grabbed a hoe when she heard him scream? Could she snatch him out of the path of the snake. . . the thoughts were stillborn. Something streaked past her, startling her with its unexpected appearance. Snowy leapt upon the snake with almost joyous confidence. While the cat battled the snake, the woman gathered up her baby and fled to the safety of the porch.

They watched fascinated while the cat toyed with the snake. She parried, feinted, leapt out of the way, renewed her attack from a new angle. She had no doubts of her







proWess. There was a lethal ecstasy to every move. Each animal was a threat to the other and recognized the threat. Each animal brought an innate predatory skill to the conflict and both were in deadly earnest. Only the cat seemed to experience exhilaration. War was more than instinct to her. It was her pleasure, the demonstration of her power her joy. She began a soft growl that grew to an almost sexual intensity as the battle deepened. "Come to me, foul snake," she seemed to hum as the snake hissed and coiled. "Embrace death. It is a good way to die." She danced, attacked, danced away again, all the while singing her death song. "One of us will leave the field of battle," she sang, "One of us will die. Who will it be, foul snake? Fight. Fight with me, friend enemy."

The snake sang no song. It merely hissed and coiled and recoiled each time the razor claws raked its body. "Jakey should not be watching this," Mama thought, but she could not tear her eyes away. In the bright morning sun, as shadows from the trees mottled their skins, the cat and the snake danced with death. Finally, as if the dance had depleted its power to delight, the cat severed the snake's head from its body with one neat snap of its jaws. The headless body writhed and bled while the disembodied head





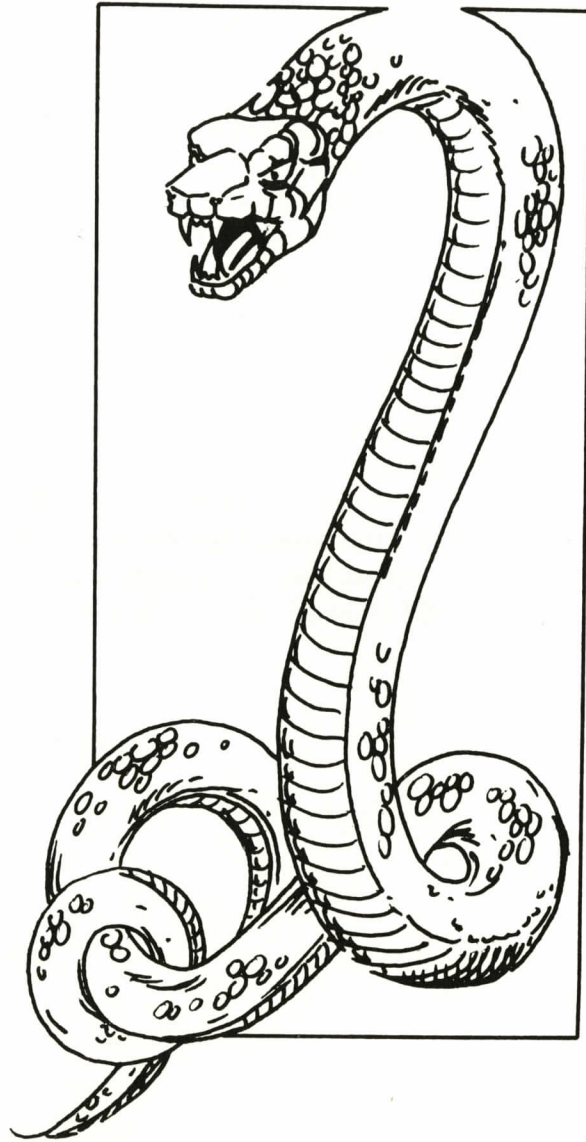


opened and shut its fell mouth. It was as if it was striking out, even in death, to share its defeat with its enemy. The cat jumped back to watch the death throes, every hair of her body electric with joy. She sounded a tremolo of victory, gave her body a quick shake, and sounded her tremolo again. She circled the vanquished, singing a song of victory now. When, at length, the two parts of the snake were still, she gazed at the humans with self-satisfied complacency.

“There,” her attitude seemed to say. “What have you to fear while I patrol? Am I not wonderful? Is not my prowess most worthy of praise?”

In answer, Mama rushed into the house to open a can of tuna. She put it in a china bowl. When she returned to the porch, the cat was allowing Jakey to pet her. There was blood on her coat but it was not her blood. Mama put the tuna down for her reverently. The cat acknowledged it, accepted it as a worthy tribute but was not yet ready to eat. She returned to her victim, returned to the boy, moved back and forth for several minutes as if unwilling to part with the thrill of battle, as if trying to prolong both the peril and the prize.

“We’ll leave the snake where it is for awhile,” Mama said, wrapping her arms around Jakey. “If we get rid of it too soon,





she'll be offended. Will it bother you to have it there for awhile?"

"No."

"Don't go near it, do you understand me? You stay close to me until she's ready to part with it and then I'll dispose of it. In fact, let's take a walk. Let's go find Kelly and tell her what has happened. I don't want her near it, either." Mama put a laundry basket over the two parts of the snake, even though the cat protested.

"Please forgive me, Mighty Hunter," Mama laughed, "but my children are not cats and there is still danger here for them." The cat circled the basket until she was satisfied that her great feat, if confined, was not obscured and allowed Mama to pet her.

Mama and Jakey went to look for Kelly.

"That is the way it is with animals," Mama explained as they walked. "Did it upset you to see that?"

"No. She sure killed that snake, didn't she?"

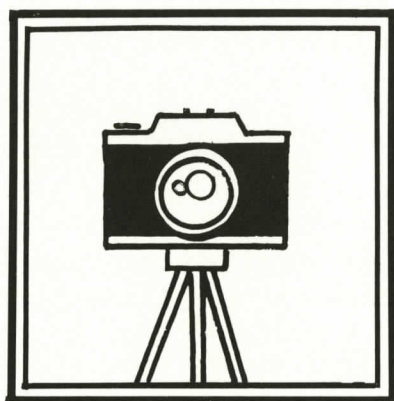
"She sure did."

"She keeps bad things out of the yard, doesn't she? Or kills them if they get in?"

"Yes, she does. She's a good neighbor."

Bless all good neighbors, Mama thought as they walked. Bless the snake and the cat and the sun of a beautiful Tennessee day. Bless all instincts and powers and the joy that can be derived from them. And bless the end of fear at the claws of a savior cat.





# Photography







*Steber*





*Micheal Russell*



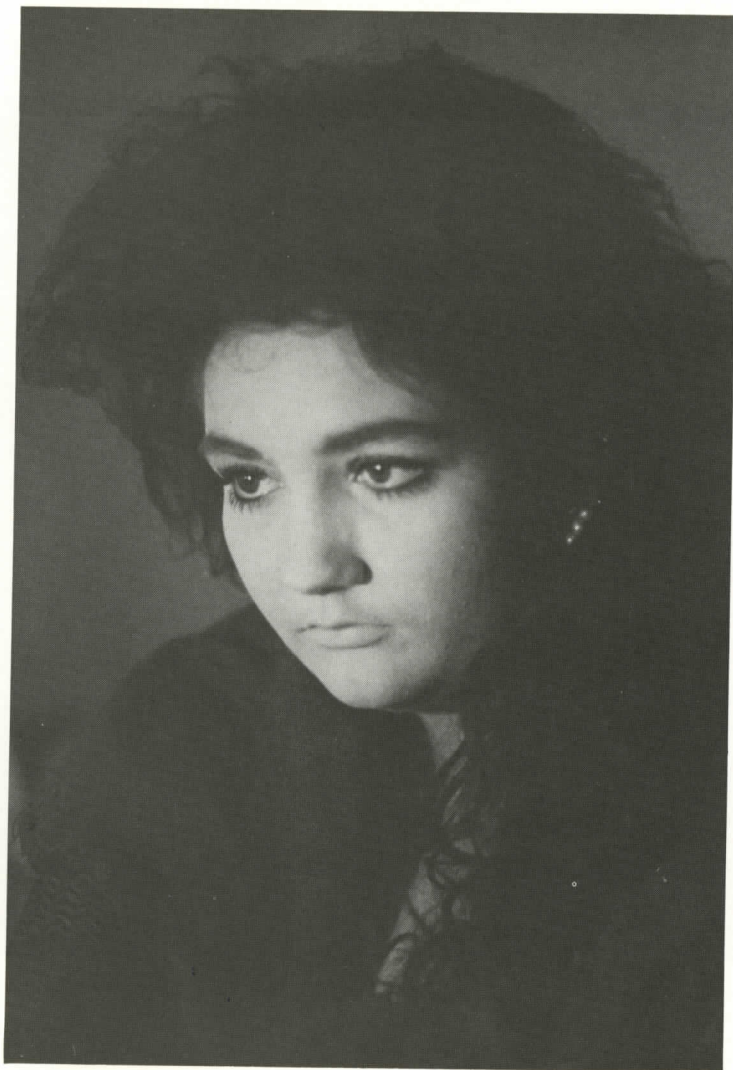




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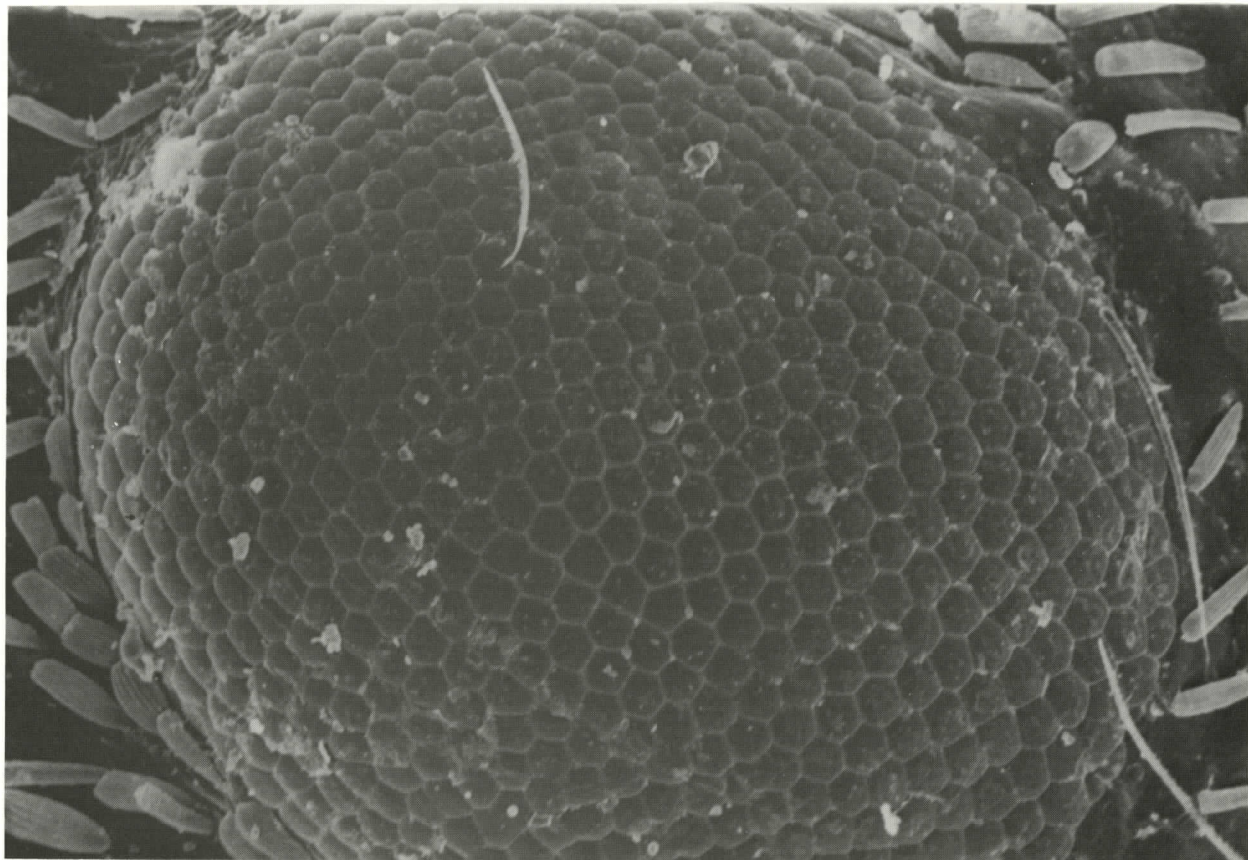






*Elizabeth Workman*

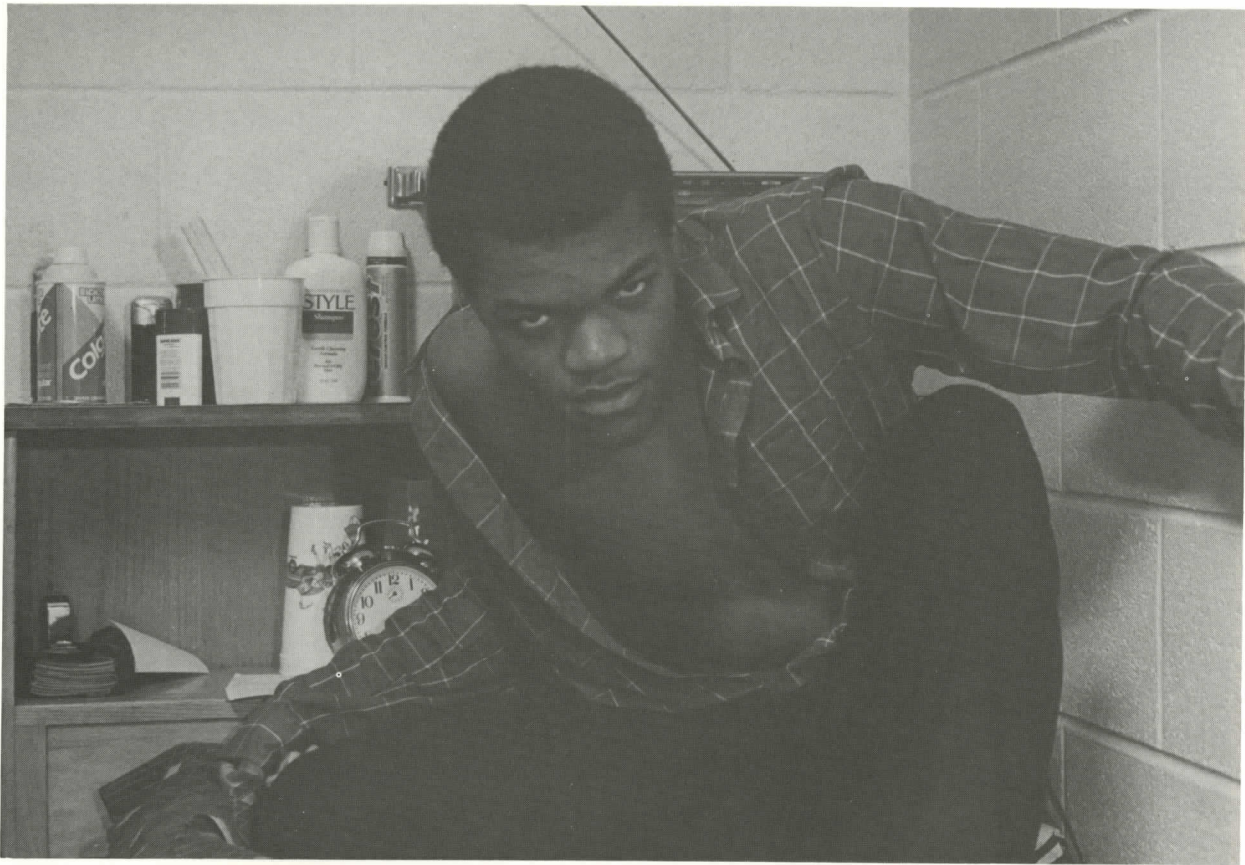




*Pamela Stanfield*

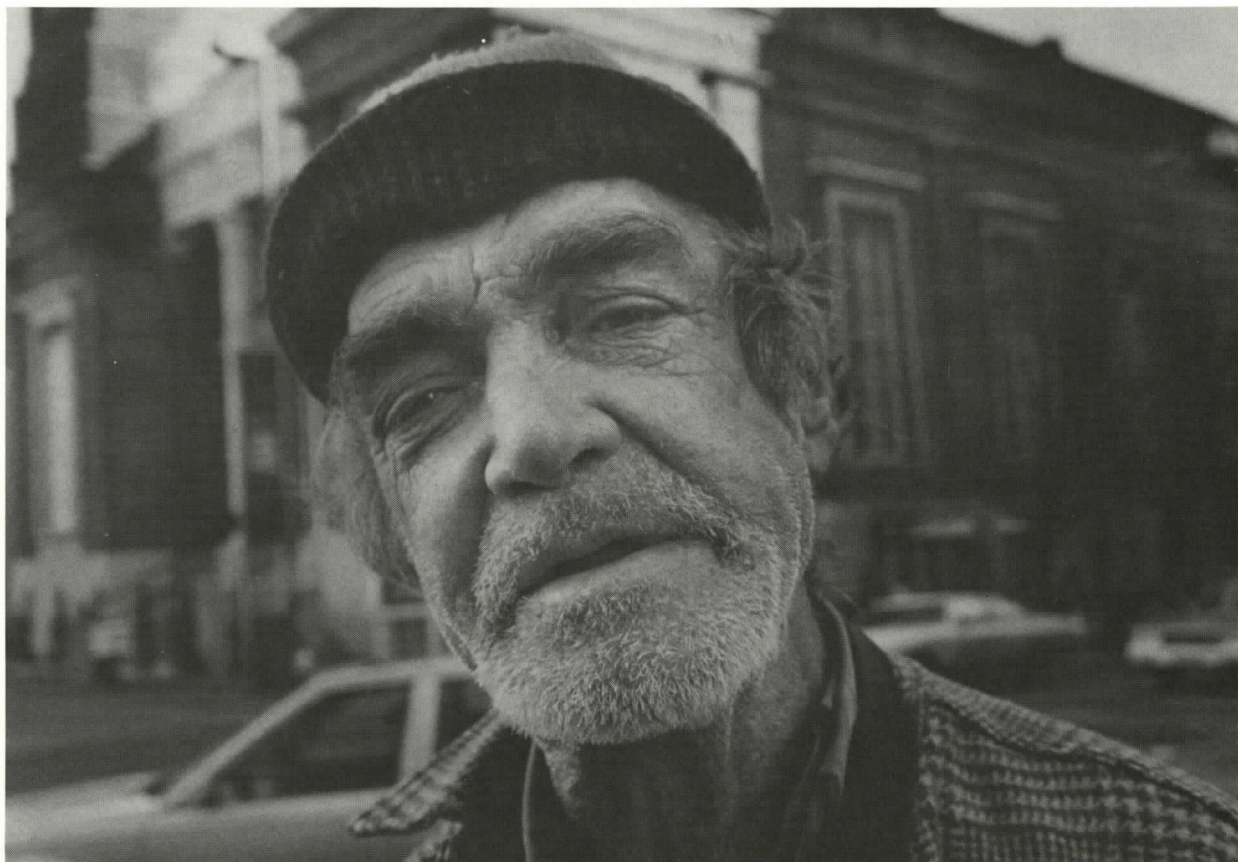






*Micheal Russell*

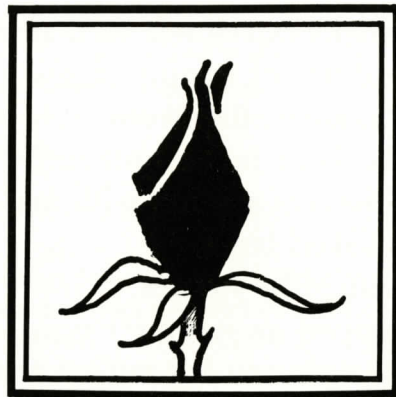




*Steber*







Poetry





## The Price

*by Mary Marlene Nutt*

They say there comes a time  
when dreams, like icicles,  
begin to melt  
and dreamers are left with rising heat  
and puddles of compromises  
when principles, like trees,  
must be bent or be broken  
and believers are left with live roots  
and crooked trees  
when ideals, like statues,  
are chipped away under weather  
and idealists are left with a few pigeons  
and clay feet  
and when love, like a goldfish,  
is no longer a treasure but a pet  
and lovers are left with another mouth  
to feed (or to flush).  
Better a living dog than a dead lion, they say.  
But how can we know  
when dead lions can no longer roar  
and dogs, though alive,  
only whimper.







## And

*by William Webster*

When I was five  
songs flashed through my mind  
like silvery streams from a garden hose  
cool on a young boy's sunburnt back  
in high summer.

And  
I found myself posited in this world  
brave against the evil force  
that lurked in the black fear of my  
mother's dreams.

And father used to teach nursery rhymes  
and songs,  
squashing June bugs on the front porch  
on summer nights of crickets and blues,  
as I listened to the zip and snap of bugs  
in a bug light going  
out.

And the night whistled and the  
velvet-blue sky twitched till dawn.

Yesterday  
We saw father casually  
swinging on a porch swing  
and mother is fat and  
lives in Indiana,  
feeding on 31 flavors of dreams.  
Now, I sit outside,  
watching the sulphur flash of lightning bugs  
and a world full of night blooms  
as the velvety sky gently rocks  
her children to sleep.





## Bad Magic

*by Jim Ridley  
for Rachel*

The cigarette trick is the hardest  
so it's fitting I saved it for last.  
Say the wrong spell, and all I'll hear  
is the dry snap of my wand  
in the dead air--  
choose the wrong word and I lose you forever  
in a haze of dime-store incantations

but if I had the eloquence  
of the cork from the bottle of wine  
the bottle we had with your spaghetti  
then I could summon you at will  
and lose myself in  
laughter like a candle  
eyes as dark as the moon in the ocean  
a tongue that thrills me with strange tastes  
    as holy as a flower  
    as pretty as a church  
and kisses tinged with  
cigarettes  
as soft and soulful as the clouds above a storm

There is a chamber just for you  
a room in this empty hotel  
for my one winter resident  
past where the icicles cling  
in the off season  
There will be quilts on the bed  
at a moment's notice  
hot tea and scones  
sweet dreams on the radio  
warm flannel and a feather-down pillow  
and, unburdened at last  
by spells that don't work,  
the love of a graceless magican  
free to leap through hoops  
in your presence

leave the lights on if you come in.







## Once Upon A Time

*by Mary Marlene Nutt*

A tall, handsome stranger, romance and danger,  
happy endings in fruitful supply--  
As a child I accepted, but the facts, so neglected,  
became clearer as time went on by.

Like Little Miss Muffet I took to the buffet  
and ate all my food as I sat  
But unlike Miss Muffet, with no concern for her tuffet,  
the calories piled up to form fat.

So to find a good fellow, like Cinderella I waited  
for my prince to appear  
But I've no godmother, and as for the other, I've  
found rats, but no princes, I fear.

So I settled for toads and I took to the roads  
and I figured I'd change them or else  
But the toads, being horney, refused my reforming  
and remained their reptillian selves.

Still trying, but waning, my few hopes remaining,  
I thought we would meet while I slept  
But no kisses awakened and I, feeling taken,  
wondered what secrets were kept.

Why would my mother, like all the others, knowing  
no princes around  
Still tell me stories of romance and glory with  
no happy end to be found?

My mom when I asked her, said, "Though we are  
masters, we humans are but animals at heart.  
'Tis the hoping and dreaming that elevates our thinking  
and sets this great species apart."

Guess it just goes to show you that, though no prince  
knows you and all toads are available males,  
Mothers, though liars, are needed suppliers of the  
power of creating our own fairy tales.





## Faded Memories

*by David Cutrona*

Gone--  
as faded memories  
quite often do.  
Melting--  
into nothingness;  
perpetual darkness  
where silence is the code  
by which all things live.  
Until--  
someone, somewhere  
remembers.  
And for one brief shining moment,  
things are as they were  
then.





## A Wing and A Prayer

*by Rebecca D. Ingram*

“Do you want to fly with me?” He asks.  
He came to free the soul and  
somehow let the spirit dance.

You make my heart play, Lord.  
You cause the groanings deep within  
to cascade as waterfalls of sighs.

But who can tell? But Who would know.

Where the gypsies are, the mind is not  
allowed to go--  
Where the Spirit is, there is  
Faith, Hope, and Love:  
Brilliance.

Where wonders never cease I find You, Lord.  
You amaze me.







## AT THE BINDERY

*by William Webster*

Poems placed carefully  
in the balance;  
words  
hanging by a thread



