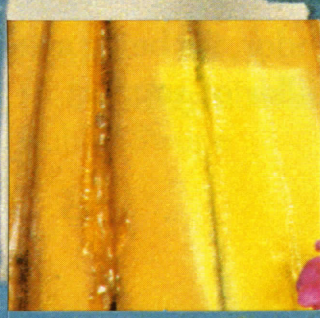
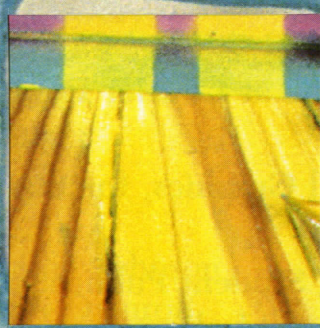


Collage



Spring '88



# Collage *Spring 1988*

Middle Tennessee State University

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## Table of Contents

Art	3
Fiction	9
Music	19
Poetry	21
Photography	27



# Credits

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

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I would like to thank the following people:

the staff, for their excellent performance - in our second semester together, we work like an extremely efficient machine;

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and Helen T. Pundor, for being an eternal source of inspiration and invulnerable pillar of support

*~ Hugh Shelton*

# Art

**Coordinators:** Wade Hunt  
Julie Lowery

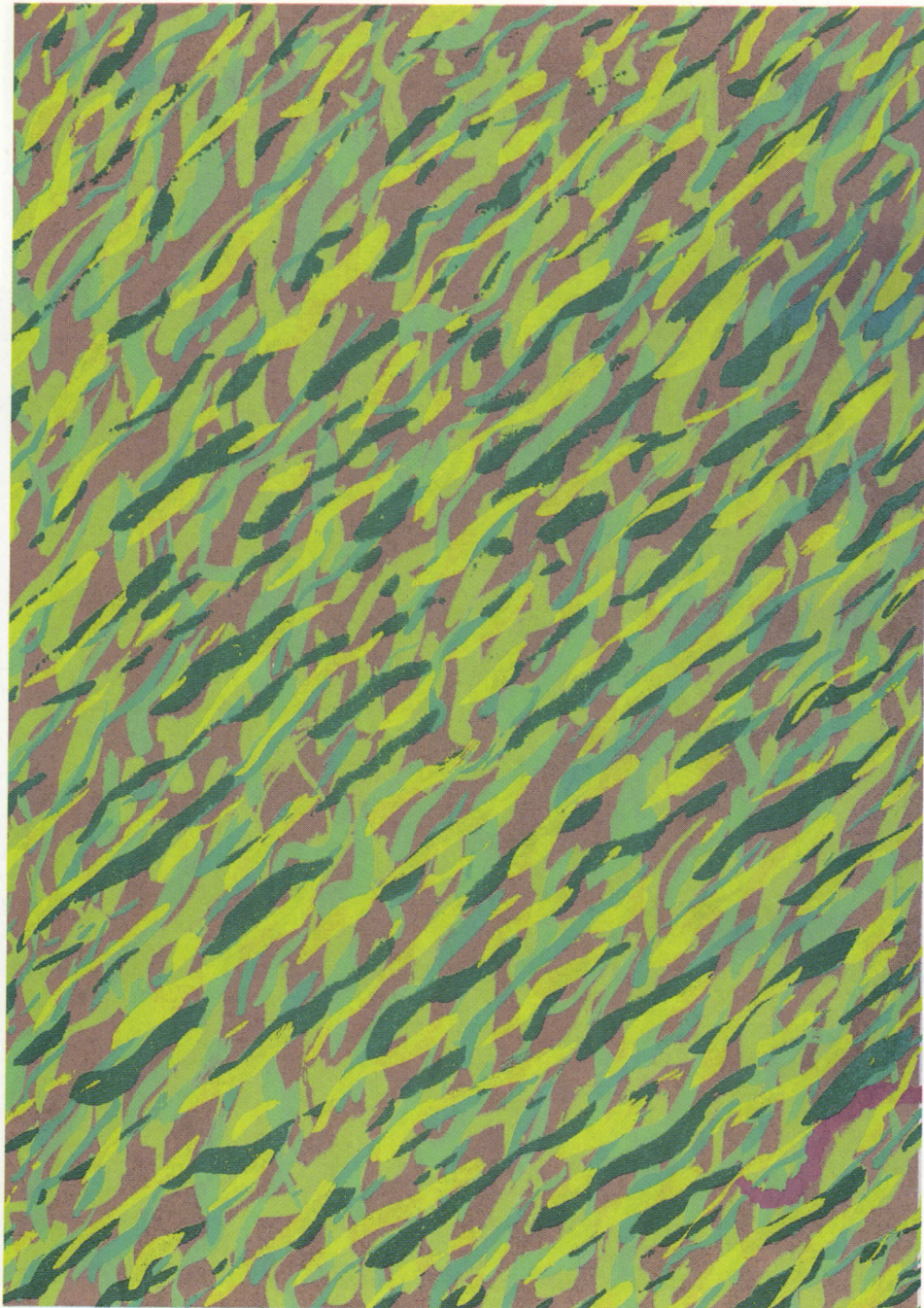
**Judges:** Ollie Fancher  
Janet Higgins  
Christie Nuell

**Winners:** *1st* - Jennifer Johnson  
*2nd* - Clark Damron  
*3rd* - Ellen Bateman Borum

**Honorable Merits:** Crowe  
Henry Higginbotham  
Bobby Swope



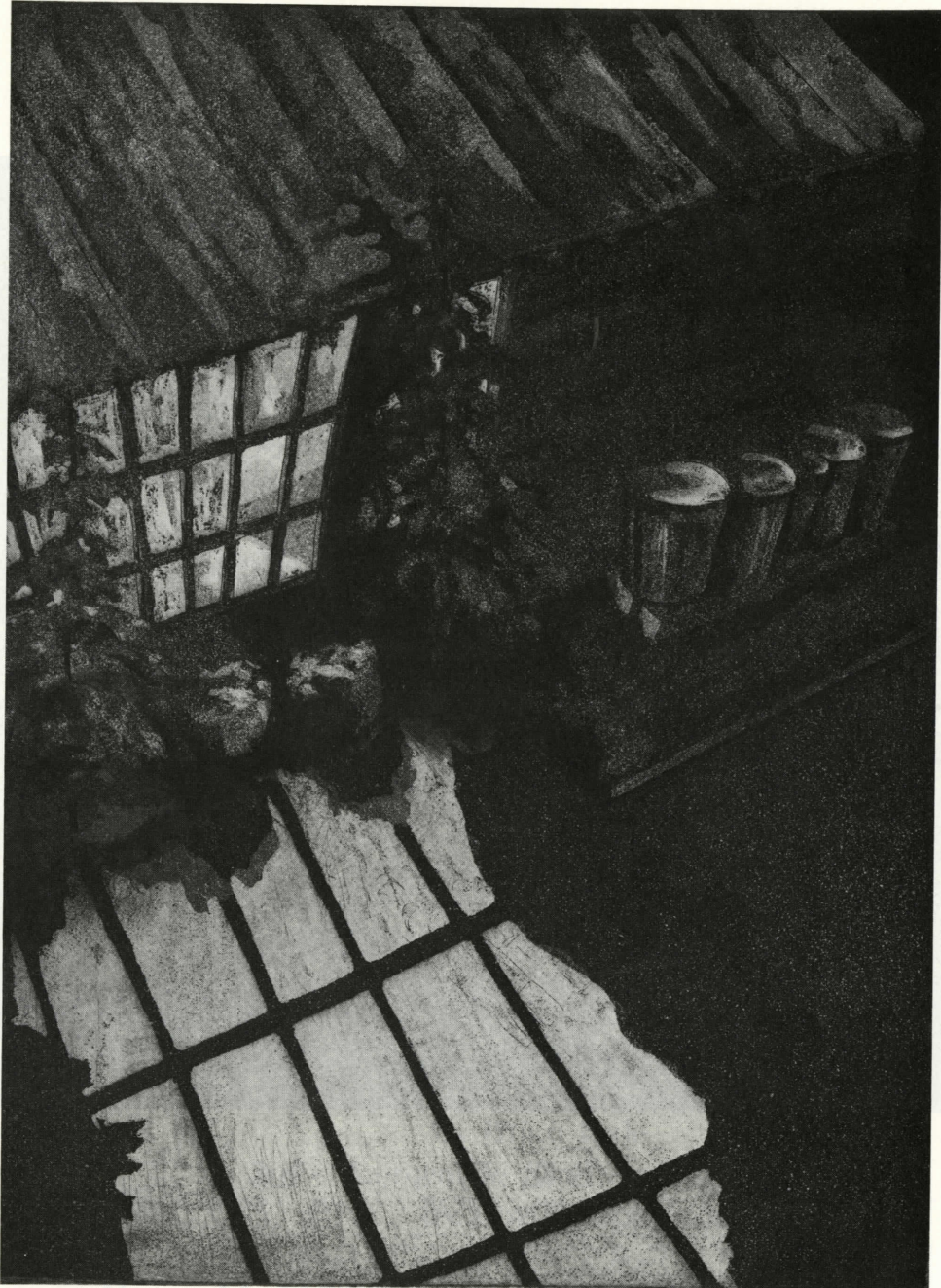
Clark Damron □



*Bobby Swope*



*Jennifer Johnson* ◇



*Ellen Bateman Borum*©





*Henry Higginbotham*

# Fiction

**Coordinator:** Rebecca D. Ingram

**Judges:** Loisteen Kirkman  
Dr. Robert C. Peterson  
C. Hugh Shelton

**Winners:** *1st - The Light Moves*  
by Randy O'Brien  
*2nd - How Good a Girl She Was*  
by Brian Hale  
*3rd - Payment in Kind*  
by Roy F. Epperson

**Honorable Merit:** *An Examination of Fictional  
Heroines Mirroring Reality In  
the Nineteenth and Twentieth  
Centuries*

by Amber Pearce

## The Light Moves ◇

by Randy O'Brien

"And this is the work of God," Mrs. Glover smiled.

Jerry Jason looked into the old woman's yellowed eyes and frowned. "Don't you realize this is a real little money maker. Why you could charge two dollars a head to see this thing."

The sun was setting as she clutched her Bible to her breast. She wore a tiny cross on a necklace around her neck. She was bent from working in the fields along side the men. Her dress was starched stiff and featured a pattern of little boys and girls at play. She had reached the age where it was impossible to tell if she was in her sixties, seventies, or eighties. She looked at the reflection of what could look like Christ.

He spat, "And look, it may not even be Jesus."

"I know it's my Lord," she said. She turned her eyes toward heaven and smiled. "It's a sign that the end is near and Jesus is coming."

The elderly entrepreneur hitched up the lip of his trousers over his big, round belly. He had read the article about the sighting. He'd helped turn a profit on things like this in the past. He'd cleaned up on the two-headed calf in Kansas, the UFO in Idaho, and the world's biggest turnip in Fargo, North Dakota. In all his experience he knew when there was 'no sale.'

"Here's my card, Mrs. Glover. You give me a call if you change your mind."

She took the paper and slipped it into the pocket of her apron.

"It's a miracle," she whispered and clasped her hands in prayer.

"It's a menace," Mrs. Pickens said, "I can't believe you're letting this go on. Wish I'd never mentioned anything to anybody else about it."

Mr. Pickens said, "The mayor likes it."

The couple were sitting on the front porch that had been fixed to the front of their trailer. He rocked in the swing as she paced back and forth in front of him. He wore overalls and a 'CAT' hat. She wore a print, cotton dress and low-heeled black shoes. His face was twisted into something resembling a prune as she watched the procession file into her home and out the back door.

The people came to see the shadowy mixture

of light and dark that appeared to some, a miracle. It was the profile of a man with a high forehead, long hair and beard, and long nose. Just like Jesus. Estill Springs, Tennessee, had never seen anything like it before.

It was the Pickens back porch light that made the picture of the Savior visible.

Old man Pickens glanced over the edge of his newspaper.

"We need to save this," he smiled.

I was a slow news day.

The article about the apparition filled one half of the front page. A black and white picture showed Mrs. Glover standing to the left of the freezer. She was smiling at all the people below her. Some had traveled over one hundred miles to see the miracle. Almost every one of them had traipsed through the back door of the Pickens' trailer and out the kitchen. Some had stayed past midnight. This was the most advantageous place to see the miracle.

The face was about two feet long and a foot wide. It showed the profile of a man with long hair, a beard and, to some, praying hands just below the chin.

"Of course the mayor likes it," Mrs. Pickens said. "He owns the store. It ain't right to make money from the works of God.

Beside, the mayor don't have to pick up after everyone of them missionaries."

Mr. Pickens pulled the paper closer. He was a big 'Andy Capp' fan. "And that's the same thing you're gonna tell that man from the fair circuit."

Mrs. Pickens wiped her hands on the edge of her apron. "Well, as I see it, this is joint proposition between the widow Glover and us."

"I believe in God and everything," Mr. Pickens snorted, "but I never thought I'd see the day a major appliance would be used to let people know when the Lord is supposed to be coming back."

The television camera needed more light to pick up the reflection. But when Jeanie, the photographer, used the lights they had brought in the van, the face disappeared.

The two were standing in the front yard of

the old woman. The grass was making a last stand against the summer heat. The path between the two trailers was worn to a dusty beige.

Finally she snapped off a strip of aluminum foil and took aim with the lamps. The face reappeared in the refraction.

She shot a good hundred feet of tape and turned to the reporter, "What's in it?"

Harrison Greene didn't know, but he would ask. He was the best reporter Channel Six had. And he didn't like the idea of being assigned to such a ridiculous story.

"Mrs. Glover!"

The old woman turned from talking to one of the local unbelievers. After he saw, he knew it was for real, and accepted the Lord right there in the front yard.

"Yes."

The photographer swung the camera into position and adjusted the focus. She framed Mrs. Glover right in the box.

"What's in the freezer?"

"Well, I believe they have some pork, some rabbit, venison, fish, and vegetables."

Greene pulled at the edge of his collar as if to let out some steam. The night was sticky and the young man was not dressed for the humidity. The photographer was smarter, but she had to carry a forty pound camera. She wore a t-shirt, jeans, and absolutely no underwear. She didn't believe in it.

"It's not what's on the inside that's important," Mrs. Glover continued. "It's what's going on outside."

"Where did you buy the freezer?"

Mrs. Glover thought for a moment and said, "Had to be from D.T.'s. That's right. It was eighty years ago. We had them bring it out and hook it up. They even carried off the box."

"Why do you think you were picked to be the recipient of this miracle?" Greene asked. He looked over his shoulder and caught Jeanie's gaze. She smiled. She knew Allan would eat this up with a spoon.

"We are members of the Cowan Church of Christ. We feel this is something bigger than the church, though. We witness to everyone who comes to see it. We'd baptize the ones who are saved, but we don't have a tub big enough to dip them."

"What do you say to the people who say it looks to them like someone took a ball-peen hammer to the side of the freezer?"

A puzzled look came over Mrs. Glover's face. "They see it. People know when something is real and when it isn't. You can see it in their faces."

"And this is real?"

"Two days after I learned I had Jesus on my freezer I had a dream where all this was explained to me.

Jesus said he connected the porch light to my freezer and turned my freezer into a TV. He made it a TV. That's how I knew he wanted this vision on television for the whole, wide world to see. When the whole world sees it, it'll go away.

Young man, this is for real."

"Thank you, Ma'am." Harrison turned and drew his fingers across his neck. Jeanie quickly flicked off the lamps to save the batteries.

"Next door, Jeanie, then we get crowd reax."

The photographer trailed behind the man in the business suit. The old couple were stationed on the front porch under the light that caused the stir in the first place. Jeanie adjusted the camera and lights as Harrison made his way setting up the interview.

"I've got just a few questions for you folks."

"Ask away, young man," Old man Pickens said. He hitched up his overalls and smoothed down his cowlick. Mrs. Pickens frowned at him then turned in time for the first question.

Harrison started, "Do you believe it's a miracle?"

"It's just a reflection off a white background," Pickens said. He pointed to the back of the freezer. "You can make out Willie Nelson, if you want to. Who knows what Christ looked like? What really disturbs me is that some people are trying to make an idol out of this thing. We shouldn't be doing that."

Mrs. Pickens picked up the thread of the conversation, "And we shouldn't be conducting services in my front yard."

"And trampling the bushes and flowers."

Harrison continued, "Do you believe it's a sign and are you two on a mission from God?"

The old couple looked at one another. "No," they said in unison.

"Cut," Harrison said, "set up for reax."

The lights went down and Harrison thanked the Pickens for their time and trouble.

"Nothin' to it, young man. Glad to be of service."

Harrison pushed someone from the line in front of the camera as Mr. Pickens returned to his perch.

"I see it!"

"It made me cry. Does that tell you something?"

"I feel happy that I saw it. I believe it. I think it is a sign that he is real and that we need to be ready to meet him face-to-face."

"I don't know."

"If it was really Jesus, couldn't we see him even if the light was off?"

Harrison turned to Jeanie and said, "Is that enough?"

"Should be plenty," she nodded and began packing up the equipment.

The crowd seemed to grow bigger as the moon rose over the hills. To the west, the dust settled over the road as the dew fell.

"This has got to stop," Mrs. Pickens said. She wrung her hands in her apron and twisted her lips in a cruel frown.

Mr. Pickens nodded and went into the house. He sat in his easy chair until the ten o'clock news had ended.

The next morning, before anyone else even thought about getting up, he strode out to the porch and undid the light bulb from the socket. He checked to make sure the switch was off

then took a screwdriver into the hole and broke off the contact. He replaced the bulb and went back into the house.

The next morning and the first part of the night was just like every other for the past three weeks. The people came from miles around to see the spirit of the Lord on a G.E. freezer.

When the light didn't come, everyone gathered around Pickens' porch.

"Turn on the light," they said.

"Why can't we see it," they asked.

"It's broken or burned out."

A tall young man with shoulder length black hair strode through the crowd. He took the bulb from the socket and without a word handed it to Mrs. Pickens. She returned with a new bulb. He twisted the new bulb into place and said, "Now try it."

Mrs. Pickens hit the switch and nothing happened

A young man in the crowd said, "It's a sign. The hour of the Lord has come."

The crowd quickly dispersed.

The next day there was a picture of Mrs. Glover. She held a Bible over her chest and smiled. The cut line under the picture read, 'Still faithful.'

The story said Mrs. Glover had decided to cover the freezer with a quilt and would soon be moving it to a different location. The place was undetermined at this time, but Mrs. Glover said it would be at the same angle as the light from the Pickens' front porch.

"The work of the Lord can't be stopped," Mrs. Glover said.

## How Good a Girl She Was□

by Brian Hale

Nancy slapped her little eight-year-old daughter just as hard as she could. Just as hard as she could. "Bad girl! Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!"

Then she arrested herself. Her daughter was curled up on the pavement at her feet crying miserably. Nancy wanted to scream; she had acted carelessly, and she could not retract her action. She could not unslap her daughter. The time to make that decision had passed, and she had made the wrong one. She could not send time back again to start over. She had to continue with what she had done already. But she wanted to send time back. Oh, how she wanted to send time back!

She could still hear her Mother's voice as it had been twenty years ago. "That's okay. We'll find them." Her mother had given her the keys to open the garage door, and she had been so happy that she had twirled them on her finger by the key ring and lost them when they swung off her finger into the darkness. How careless she had been! She and her mother had spent the next ten minutes looking for the keys to get into the house. Carelessness had been okay then. Nancy had found the keys, and her mother had forgiven her, hugging her and telling her what a good girl she was to have found the keys.

But carelessness had not been okay on a night twelve years later. Twelve years later, as she groped for the keys in the darkness beside her car, a big man dressed all in black grabbed her from behind and swung her into the front seat of her car. She screamed, but no one heard her. No one. He shut the door and began slapping her just as hard as he could. Just as hard as he could. Yelling for her to stop screaming, he tried to cover her mouth. She wasn't even aware that she was screaming. She could hardly breathe; she just kept shaking her head and gasping. She felt dizzy and nauseated as if she were going to drown. And he just kept trying to cover her mouth with that big, cold, black-gloved hand. It pressed repeatedly at her face until finally she felt it crushing her head as she looked into the dimness between its fingers.

She could feel him push her dress up and yank at her panties. They tore into the outside

of her thigh as he pulled them down. And all the while he leaned on the gloved hand, shoving her down, down into the seat. Oh, how weak she felt. As hard as she could, she flailed at him and pushed at him with her arms. As hard as she could, she pushed at the car with her legs and wriggled under him.

Nonetheless, she could not stop him. He rammed his penis just as hard as he could into her body. It felt as if an iron rod was being thrust repeatedly into her heart. She wanted to scream, but she could not. When the ramming stopped, he scraped his big, cold, black-gloved hand up her face, seizing a fistful of hair and yanking. Then he pounded her face with his fist just as hard as he could. Just as hard as he could. All the breath was knocked out of her repeatedly, and her body just would not function. Her nerves tingled with orders for movements which could not be obeyed. She blacked out.

At the hospital, Nancy sat in her bed for hours repeating to herself, "If only I hadn't dropped the keys. If only I hadn't dropped the keys. . . ." When her mother came to visit her, she demanded that Nancy stop it. "It's not your fault!" she insisted. "It's not your fault. It's that evil man's fault! I hope they lock him up and throw away the key forever! How could anyone do something so bad to you? You're such a good girl." And when Nancy's mother left, she kissed Nancy and gave her a hug. But, though she appreciated her mother's reassurances, Nancy still felt bad.

Perhaps, she felt, she always would. Even though people still told her what a good person she was, and even though "that evil man" had long ago been arrested and imprisoned behind cold, black, iron bars, undefined but powerful waves of guilt washed over her again and again at unpredictable times. So, that night when her daughter dropped the keys and Nancy slapped her to the pavement, Nancy remembered her guilt and took her daughter into her arms, and hugged her just as hard as she could. Just as hard as she could. Then they groped together in the darkness for the keys. But somehow Nancy just couldn't tell her how good a girl she was.

## Payment in Kind<sup>o</sup>

by Roy F. Epperson

"Where does time go, Joshua? Where does it go?"

Joshua Cadell took his wife's hand in his, but remained silent. He could offer no answer, not even an "I don't know." Margorie's hair was just beginning to turn gray, but the cancer that spread quickly within her body produced an elderly appearance. With his thumb Joshua found the thin band of the gold watch that delicately surrounded her left wrist. She was still wearing it. She didn't know the truth behind it. He squeezed her hand slightly, a small signal that he would be out of the room for a moment.

"Don't go," Margorie whispered from the pillow, the signature of pain scrawled upon her face. "Please"

Joshua squeezed her hand once more. "Let me take you to a hospital."

"No!" The word was expelled from her mouth with a small convulsion. Margorie had refused to be treated in a hospital, choosing instead to die at home with her husband of thirty years sitting quietly by her side. "I owe you--"

"You don't owe me a thing, Margie, please." Joshua's soul twisted and tore at his innards; the ancient guilt still refused to let go. She looked softly up at him with her large green eyes, still sparkling in spite of Death's slow sculpting hands. He found it difficult to gaze back. Did she see the betrayal in his eyes? Was he giving himself away? This he had wondered every day since his untold infidelity, every time she searched his eyes as she did just now. "You don't owe me . . ."

"Yes, I do," she went on, her words fading softly into the dim light. "I do." she paused, looked away, and inhaled deeply, as though she were gathering the strength, the courage, to speak. "I need to confess something to you, Joshua." Joshua's heart skipped a beat; he swallowed hard. Her chin tried to quiver but she made an effort not to let it. "I've kept this with me through all these years, and it's not fair for me to keep secrets in a marriage where there are no secrets. You're the most wonderful man in the world, Joshua. I'm sorry, but . . . for so many years I didn't trust you. I don't know why.

For thirty years you have devoted yourself entirely to me, but here I confess that for most of those years I would wonder and worry. I would measure how long it took you to get home from work in the evening." She stopped, and tears began to roll down the side of her face, into her hair and finally onto the pillow. Then she looked, through the lens of tears, into Joshua's eyes. He had stopped breathing. "I was childish. I'm sorry, sorry that I couldn't trust the man I love. Before I go, Joshua, I just want your forgiveness."

His body shook, his eyes began to sting wetly. "Margie. . ." What could he tell her? How could he explain that she was not the one in need of forgiveness? How could he tell his dying wife that it was *he* that owed *her* for a decades-old indiscretion? He tried again. "Margie, I . . ." He couldn't. He couldn't explain about Quinn, and his evil contract, and the lost hours he thought her saw in her eyes.

Both of them jumped at the sound of the doorbell as it echoed the Westminster chimes. "Good heavens," Margie struggled. "What time is it?"

Joshua moved closer to read the watch on his wife's arm. How could he even tell her the truth behind the watch, that her bought in for her only after spending hours--*real* hours--pacing circles in his office, his conscience wringing itself about his thoughtlessness, hoping that its monetary value would prove his love for her? She adored that watch and wore it always. He couldn't tell her that either. "Almost midnight," he said. His voice was suddenly scratchy.

"I should rewind it," she said and set about doing so. Joshua squeezed her hand and gently let it go. "Tell whoever it is to go away." She closed her eyes. "I want you here with me."

Joshua closed the bedroom door softly behind him and felt his way into the dark living room. A voice stopped him cold.

"I let myself in. Knew you wouldn't mind."

Quinn. "What do you want from me?" Joshua spoke into the darkness. "It has to wait, whatever it is, I --"

"Now is the perfect time, Mr. Cadell." A tall

droopy-faced man stepped into the slice of moonlight that cut its way through the curtains, swiftly moving its edge towards the grandfather clock standing against the wall. "We have a deal to settle." The man bent at the waist to level his hooked nose into Joshua's face then smiled a gnash of a smile. "Remember?"

"Yes, yes, I do, but can't it wait?"

Quinn straightened himself, erasing the smile. "No." He reached into his jacket and produced a sheet of paper. "Your contract, sir, signed by you. It seems that in June of 1964 you took out a loan of . . . three hours." The devilish crescent-moon smile returned. "Now, according to our calculations and our generous rate of interest, at midnight tonight you will owe us exactly twenty-four hours as repayment."

Joshua started to cry. Why now? he thought. Quinn had planned this all along, hadn't he? He quickly became unafraid to beg. "Please, please! Not now, not yet --"

"What did you want me to do, Joshua, garneshee your naptime? I can't do that."

Wh--why not?" Joshua thought of Margorie, counting on his quick return.

Quinn waved the contract in the moonlight. "What did you do with your extra three hours, Joshua?"

Joshua didn't have to answer that question aloud; Quinn knew quite well what the answer was. Joshua lowered his head, letting his tears fall from his face. It was time, he knew, that he stopped trying to convince himself that what had happened had been spontaneous, and that it had happened only once. The memory of his big mistake came back to him very clearly: how the passion had been worn away from his marriage, and how he longed for some illicit adventure. But there had been no time, no way to

indulge himself with his fantasies without his wife getting suspicious. Then Quinn appeared in the office one day, offering the temporary stoppage of time -- a loan, to be paid back later. One extra hour per day for three days, starting at noon, that was the deal. Joshua would never have believed it, except for the gleam in Quinn's bulging eyes (a gleam that later tormented him through the eyes of his wife), and that convincing crescent-moon grin. It was time, Joshua knew, to pay for what he had done.

Moonlight struck the glass-covered face of the grandfather clock, gleaming like one of Quinn's staring eyeballs. The clock slowly began to moan the arrival of midnight. Quinn's voice mimicked that of the clock. "We all must pay our dues, Joshua." The clock began to count the hours. Once. Twice. "Even the ones for which we think we may be held unaccountable." The clock kept moaning, in sync with Quinn's bass voice. "We are never unaccountable. And now the time has come to settle *your* account." And then he was gone.

The clock kept grunting; the moonlight vanished behind the curtains. Joshua found himself standing in the doorway of the bedroom staring at the motionless figure of his wife as she lay peacefully upon the bed. Joshua moved closer. The grimace of pain was still carved into her once-delicate face. But this wasn't the mark of physical pain. This time the artist was Realization. He moved to take Margorie's hand in his, to squeeze it one last time, but stopped. The watch no longer encircled her wrist. She had broken the band, removed the watch. The watch had died as well, its hands pointing accusingly at twelve o'clock.

The house fell quiet, the clock stopped grunting. Joshua's face was still, peaceful; his outstanding debts had been paid.



# An Examination of Fictional Heroines Mirroring Reality In the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries

by Amber Pearce

Helmer: Remember, before all else you are a wife and mother.

Nora: I don't believe that anymore. I believe that before all else I am a human being, just as you are.

--Henrik Ibsen

In the nineteenth century women were impelled to marry, for it was their destiny, directed by their temperament, role and status. Women as subordinates were considered passive, ignorant, docile, virtuous, and ineffectual. Their sex role involved a highly elaborate code of conduct, gesture, and attitude. They lacked social freedom and were dominated by a patriarchy that would not loosen its grip. It was only after marriage that a nineteenth-century woman gained social standing and avoided the labels single women endured.

The conventional chivalrous attitude asserted authoritatively that women were superbly cared for by their natural protector, man. Yet the legal system furnished information far less optimistic. The paradox was that she lacked control over her earnings, was not permitted to choose her domicile, and could not manage property legally her own, sign papers, or bear witness. All that the wife acquired by her labor or service during "coveture" became the legal property of the male. It wasn't until the twentieth century that women began to unmask chivalry and expose its courtesies as subtle manipulations.

Jane Austen, in her novel *Pride and Prejudice*, published in 1813, subverts the social code of the day. She provides an undercurrent of mockery and rebellion towards the power of patriarchy. Austen exposes the powerless state of the female that underlies the monetary pressure to marry, the injustice of inheritance laws, the ignorance of women denied formal education, the

psychological vulnerability of the heiress or widow, the exploited dependency of the spinster and, finally, the extreme boredom of a lady who has not been encouraged to develop her mind.

Austen uses the character of her heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, to expose the disposition of the female. Inevitable tunnel vision allows us to watch Elizabeth finally marry. She escapes into a system that she once rejected. She realizes that in order to be recognized as a gentlewoman she must relinquish her independence, and the classic social convention of female submission for female survival is underlined.

Austen, while letting her heroine fall prey to nineteenth-century expectations, undercuts the action with mockery, and quietly we see Austen become a volcano shooting emotional debris through the rational crust.

*Jane Eyre*, published in 1847 by Charlotte Bronte, was another nineteenth-century novel that revealed the status of women, although in a different and perhaps advanced way. There are many fairy tale roles subverted in *Jane Eyre*. Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Rapunzel--all are characterized by passivity, beauty, innocence, and victimization. They are archetypal good women-victims. They never think, act, initiate, confront, resist, challenge, feel, care, or question. Sometimes they are forced to do housework. They perform one standard rite. They are moved, is if inert, from the house of the mother to the house of the prince.

These typical roles are inadequate for Jane. While the surface plot involving Jane affirms the social convention, the submerged plot reflects a rebellious attitude. Jane Eyre is the female protagonist looking for value in a world where she is defined by love and marriage. She develops her consciousness almost by accident as she becomes educated and takes on the female job of the day as school teacher and governess.

She is constantly enclosed and restrained in oppressive settings, such as the red room, Lowood, and Thornfield. She is also restrained in the arena of her mind and is awakened to her limitations as a female in a nineteenth-century world. True to the expectations of the nineteenth century, the heroine inevitably gets married.

In the twentieth-century novel the heroine began to explore her autonomy outside the institution of marriage. This self-exploration and new identity in the novel came about for several external reasons. The Industrial Revolution, Civil War, Reconstruction, and World Wars I and II opened the doors for women to freely enter the labor force. They also gained a political voice in 1920 by achieving the right to vote. Women began uniting for equal treatment under the law, protection from discrimination on the basis of sex, physical self-determination, and political and economic power for women as a class. Women began to realize that one does not free oneself by polishing one's chains. Finally, women began to desire and seek participation in the world and did so without apology.

This new consciousness in reality sparked a new consciousness in fiction. It became acceptable for women characters to remain single and childless as they pursued a career in journalism, art, science or law. Thus, the twentieth-century woman was under less pressure to bow down to social convention.

In the novel *To the Lighthouse*, by Virginia Woolf, the heroine, Lily Briscoe, as an artist cannot involve herself permanently in the intimacy of marriage, for she must be able to maintain her objectivity in order to weigh all of life equally and so capture in her art the balanced reconciliation of fact and vision. The first thing her friend William Bankes notices in Lily is that "her shoes were excellent...they allowed the toes their natural expansion"(31). Virginia Woolf more than once uses a person's boots to express her or his character, and the one thing Lily cannot relinquish is room for natural expansion. Whenever she senses that Mrs. Ramsey is pushing her to marry, "gathering a desperate courage she would urge her own exemption from the universal law; plead for it; she liked to be alone; she liked to be herself"(49).

Lily is remote from the distractions of husband, children, or financial affairs so that she can create with her art. If Mrs. Ramsey, in her marriage and inspiration to those about her, creates a vision of life, makes time stand still and imposes order on confusion, Lily, by her objective reserve and keen perception, attempts to create a parallel vision in her art. She must combine Mrs. Ramsey's pervasiveness and Mr. Ramsey's precision in her painting. To create unity is an overwhelmingly difficult task, and Lily knows that she cannot achieve it by accepting the compromising vision of marriage to Mr. Bankes that Mrs. Ramsey offers her.

*Loitering With Intent* by Muriel Spark explores the role of woman as writer in the twentieth century. The heroine is single and single-minded. Fleur Talbot is a strong woman not intimidated by financial strains or social pretensions. This heroine is in complete self-control and her emotional core is based upon herself--a woman and an artist in the twentieth century.

Fleur shifts the focus of love, sex, and family to that of woman-as-artist, which reinforces the attitude that women can succeed socially, politically, and economically outside the realm of marriage and children.

For Fleur, art is her marriage partner. She pines, "My Warrender Chase, shoved quickly out of sight when my visitors arrived, or, lest the daily woman should clean it up when I left home in the morning for my job, took up the sweetest part of my mind and the rarest part of my imagination; it was like being in love and better. All day long, when I was busy with the affairs of the Autobiographical Association, I had my unfinished novel personified almost as a secret companion and accomplice following me like a shadow wherever I went, and whatever I did"(59).

In the end Fleur becomes a successful artist with the people of the Autobiographical Association becoming the catalyst of her artistry. She is strong-willed, assertive, and progressive in thought and action. By remaining single and childless she breaks the stereotype and fractures the role. Thus life in reality becomes life in fiction as women indeed "loiter with intent" in the world.

*The Golden Notebook*, by Doris Lessing, presents the heroine, Anna Wulf, as a woman undergoing a tremendous transformation. She is highly sensitive, intelligent and self-analytical.

It is through her writing that she gains self-knowledge. She returns from the world of insanity and chaos and finally does become capable of stating, through the medium of fiction, her true feelings and experiences. Anna must, in Lessing's words, recreate "warmth and humanity and love of people" in her writing. No longer can Anna remain neutral and uninvolved in the lives of others. She must become an instrument of change for good or bad, and in Lessing's words, an "architect of the soul." In communicating, Anna is exercising the freedom of the individual--the freedom to fight, to "push the boulders," to write for others, to work responsibly to improve the world, to try to eliminate personal and social chaos, to see ourselves as we really are. The commitment to freedom then, is both relative and continually in need of reexamination and modification as life goes on. Even if such freedom is never attained, it is the goal which keeps us sane and able to handle the many pressures of living as responsible human beings.

Anna has a black notebook which deals with her life in Africa and a red notebook about her life as a Communist. The yellow notebook, by contrast, is Anna's novelistic attempt to see herself in perspective, by means of a thinly disguised fictional alter ego, Ella. The blue notebook is primarily a factual diary-account of Anna's experiences in analysis and of her near-madness and is designed to be a contrast to the "fictional" account found in the other notebooks. Anna Wulf is forced in this notebook to face her nearly overwhelming fear of war and "of the real movement of the world towards dark, hardening power;" as a result, it provides the novel's most searing criticism of society.

In her "free women" writings Anna self-consciously celebrates herself as a free woman. Anna's emancipation is expressed through sexual attitudes and behavior through self-understand-

ing gained through psychoanalysis. She also makes the choice to discontinue her relationship with Saul and venture into her career as a humanitarian writer.

This twentieth-century novel explores the mind of a woman seeking order in social, political, and economic chaos. Her consciousness is raised and she freely writes beyond the pseudo-organized notebooks.

In the five novels examined, two are written in the nineteenth-century and as a result of the roles and social pressures of the era, the heroines get married by the end of the novel. In the three twentieth-century novels examined, the heroines become, before all else, a human being. She is able to explore needs that are not in as great conflict with societal demands as those of the nineteenth-century heroine. If it is her choice to remain single, then she may do so without apology or obligation to social convention, even if there is a price to pay.

It is the progression and development of women's consciousness that leads the fictional heroines in the footsteps of the twentieth-century woman. They may be single, pursue careers or whatever is their desire in the end of the novel, rather than being required to live happily ever after with the gallant prince.

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- Spark, Muriel. *Loitering With Intent*. New York: Putnam Publishing Group, 1982.
- Woolf, Virginia. *To the Lighthouse*. San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1927.

**Coordinator:** C. Hugh Shelton

**Advisor:** Chris Haseleu

**Judges:** The **Collage** Staff

**Winner:** *You've Gone Away*  
by Tim Selby and David Bassett

# Music

## You've Gone Away

*by Tim Selby and David Bassett*

So your three-day weekend's over  
And now you're on your way  
With a suitcase full of keepsakes  
To remind you of your stay  
There are places out there waiting  
The world looks new again  
There's nothing to remind you  
You put it all behind you

Something you did  
What, I couldn't say  
I fell, you held on anyway

You've gone away  
And I'm left here to answer  
For everything you did  
For everything you did  
You've gone away  
And I can't seem to answer  
The questions in my mind  
From the time when you were mine

And so you snapped your fingers  
Your song began to play  
The dancing part was easy  
But you forgot to sway  
I guess I should have told you  
Or tried to make you see  
Devotion don't come easy  
There's gotta be a reason

Something you did  
What I needed most  
I guess I miss, I need you now

**Coordinator:** Rebecca D. Ingram

**Judges:** Dr. Charisse Gendron  
Dr. William Holland  
Dr. Robert C. Peterson

**Winners:** *1st* - William S. Webster  
*2nd* - David Randolph  
*3rd* - Suzanne Woodard

**Honorable Merits:** Kelli L. Davidson  
Bill GlenDening  
Brian Hale  
Richard Karel  
David Katz  
Lucy Mogensen-Vermillion

# Poetry

## The Yellow House ◇

by William S. Webster

For four days the rains came  
washing against the roof and walls  
of the old yellow house  
where I grew up and  
found Jesus,  
poking his fingers in Momma's  
newly planted tulip bulbs,  
after I'd expressedly warned him  
Momma wouldn't like it  
and gave him a good cussing  
for which Momma nearly  
broke my back  
with the freshly polished heel  
of one of her best Sunday pumps.  
That was the house of changes  
where we shook out salt and anger  
onto the food that each of us  
took a turn and a chance at  
cooking and eating respectively.  
I learned about sex there too  
and religion,  
about how one got itself all the time  
confused with the other  
in some people's minds,  
so that a person was never sure  
whether he were jacking-off or praying;  
but God blessed our morning Bible studies,  
and I thought about fornication at  
Wednesday night prayer meeting.  
There was Sunday school too where  
that poor old Elmer Jones who  
worked 40 hours a week at the Alison plant  
read and promptly bored ten young boys my age  
with lessons from the *Southern Baptist  
Youth Quarterly*, and I sat on the  
back row in church, saluting  
the preacher during altar call for  
which the good elders of the church  
offered to crucify me on the  
tailgate of one of their  
pick-up trucks right there in  
front of you know who and  
everybody.  
So I left that yellow house  
where I grew up after having  
laid a big wreath of brightly  
colored funeral flowers on the white stone  
that sits out front,  
a monument to the passing of my  
childhood,  
and yelled as the rain  
rushed down my already soaked face  
goodbye!

When I stooped down to clean up  
     a pile of glass from off the floor,  
 My flesh was torn, and I watched  
     the scarlet blood begin to pour.  
 It flowed up and down each groove  
     within my fingerprint.  
 Blazing a trail, colored red,  
     down to my wrist it went.  
 From there it dripped onto the floor  
     and stained remaining crystal chips.  
 I caught a drop of liquid life  
     and raised it to my lips.  
 The taste of blood was bitter-sweet;  
     the fluid, slippery on my tongue.  
 And I remembered a mother's kiss  
     on an injured child so young.  
 A tear slid past my lids because  
     I knew a kiss could not start  
 To heal the wound my finger found  
     collecting pieces of my shattered heart.  
     *by Suzanne Woodard*

**life after life** □  
*by David Randolph*

life after life, death after death,  
 have we lived, have we loved, have we died  
 i love you, i can't stay away  
 always have i loved you, and always will i love you  
 until i have experienced our love in all its myriad  
     forms and variables thereof  
 i have loved you as mother, and child  
     as brother, and sister. i have loved you  
     as father, and son; as friend, as foe  
 i have loved you as man, and woman; man to man,  
     woman to woman. i have loved you as  
     teacher, and student, yes, as dog and cat  
 life after life, death after death,  
 have we danced, have we kissed, have we cried  
 i can't resist the sweet fire of your embrace  
     the virgin fury storm of your kiss  
 come back again shall i, until this our earth dies,  
 and then we'll party again in paradise . . . making  
     love, our love, my love, your love shall  
 tear up the skies, explode the planets, the very  
     stars shall collide and you'll scream and you'll cry  
 and your screams and your cries shall echo and re-echo  
     and echo and re-echo throughout the galaxies, my  
 goddess, as i, your god, bring you to ethereal  
 orgasm after orgasm, life after life, death after death



## HENRY, JOYCE and ME

*by Lucy Mogenssen-Vermillion*

I shot a poem into a tree,  
What it said I could not see  
Who was told I could not tell,  
Nor could I tell you where it fell.

I only know it went so high,  
I could have sworn that it would fly,  
Yet to my horror down it came  
Into a tree, and not to fame!

Where is it now? I've no idea.  
I think that I shall never see a . . .  
What was that - oh can it be?  
There is an arrow in that tree!

Thus I've come to this conclusion:  
Whatever possible illusion  
Of personal fame that ought to throw 'em,  
Only God can make a poem

And as my head and heart grew weary  
There are some things I see so clearly  
Through the fire of a hundred miles  
I see your face  
And in your eyes I find my place  
Cradled in the warmth of the stars  
I remember  
We've both seen the other's scars  
And ran our fingers through their cleft  
And with hearts on fire and souls bereft  
We burned as one, gentle tongues  
Passion fueled flame and fire  
Of your heat I'll never tire  
And our flames will rise, ever higher  
Melting the heavens

Then the rain shall fall in dancing sheets  
And as we cool, we melt complete  
Cleansed first by love's pure white heat  
And then the gentle rinsing flow  
We drift through lush green valleys below  
Until we run, as one, to the sea  
Where I see you, and you see me  
Without these shells our bodies be  
We see the truth, and laugh and cry  
And with this sight, we are blind  
To all the world  
But I see You  
And You see me

*by Bill GlenDenning*

## Silhouettes

by Brian Hale

I saw a delighting  
Couple, two silhouette romancers in  
The sunshine in the car in front of me,  
A woman driving her man. Wild with love  
And laughter they were.  
Her silhouette lips puckered as if  
She were blowing  
A kiss to him indistinguishable from the sunshine  
And thus invisible, but received  
As if it were given from lip to lip. He laughed.  
His silhouette lips parted as if  
In a smile, showing his silhouette teeth. He reached  
Across the sunshine and  
Touched her, black on black. But all  
I could think of them  
Was that inside of me  
I've never seen so much  
Darkness where so much light prevailed.

Tonight I lay  
beneath the stars  
and think of you.  
I remember  
how you would lay beside me  
and be my warmth.  
You would point out the figures  
to me,  
Lord knows, I never understood  
how you saw a lion  
out of a jumble of stars.  
And we would tell each other  
our stories and dreams.

Sometimes we kissed,  
or just held each other  
in our arms.  
An intimate warmth  
in a field of clover.  
No cold world could ever  
penetrate.

So hold me in  
your arms again  
and try just one more time,  
to make me see the lion.

by Kelli L. Davidson

## Light

by Richard Karel

I twist my wrist  
The sun rise on the door  
Becomes the North Star.  
Amused I find myself  
Playing Creator of Time  
The sweep of my hand  
Revolving planets and shooting stars.  
With some purpose my beam lands on  
the Wandering Jew, or  
Spotlights the innocent, framed child.  
And for all my playing it  
will soon become night.  
I find myself confronted -  
What is Light?

## CONfUsIoN UndErStOoD

by David Katz

Left and right  
and up and down  
Forward, back  
and all around  
In the start  
or in the end  
An enemy  
or closest friend  
What you think  
and what you feel  
What you see  
and what is real  
In the future,  
In the past,  
What will fade  
and what will last  
Keep on straight  
or make a turn  
Remember what you know  
and think about  
what you've yet to learn

**Coordinator:** Pamela C. Stanfield

**Judge:** Harold Baldwin

**Winners:** *1st* - William N. Steber

*2nd* - William N. Steber

*3rd* - Laura Walker

**Honorable Merits:** Laura Walker

Michael Willett

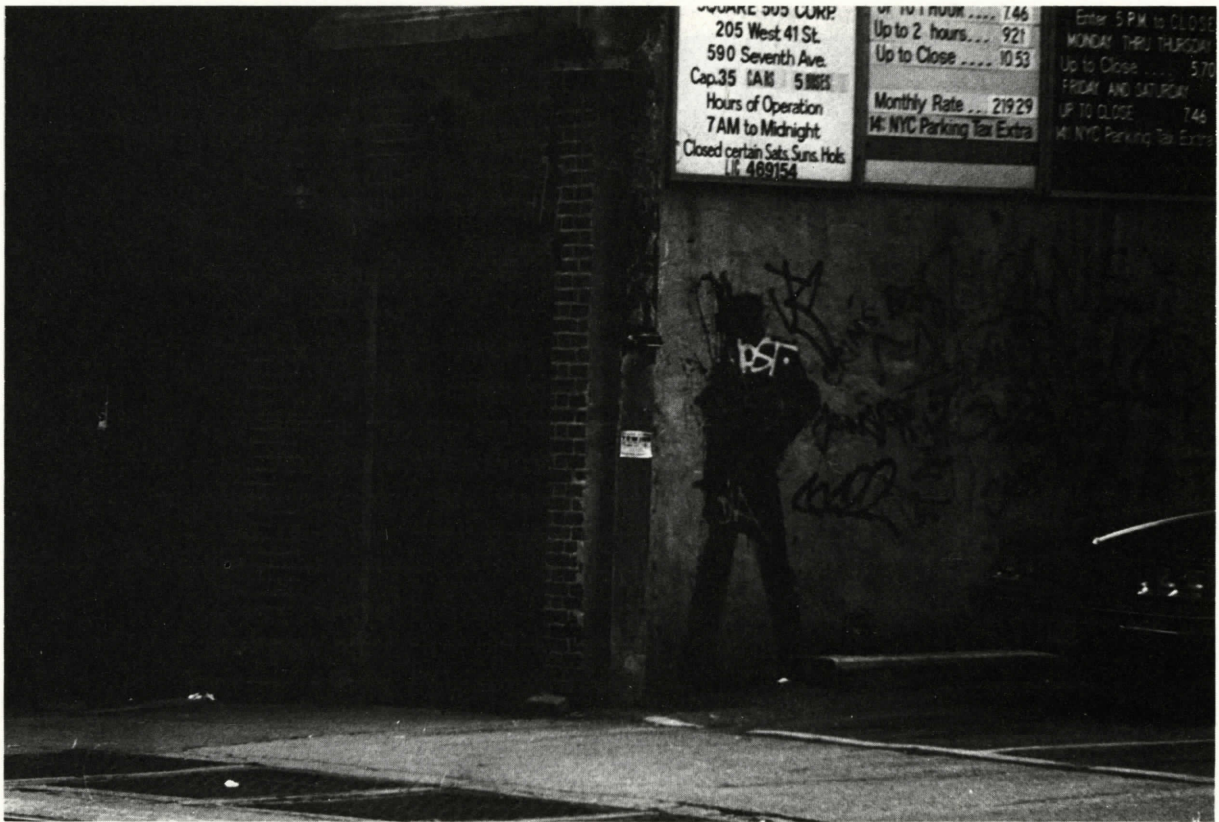
# Photography



Steber ◊



Steber □



*Michael Willett*



*Crowe*



