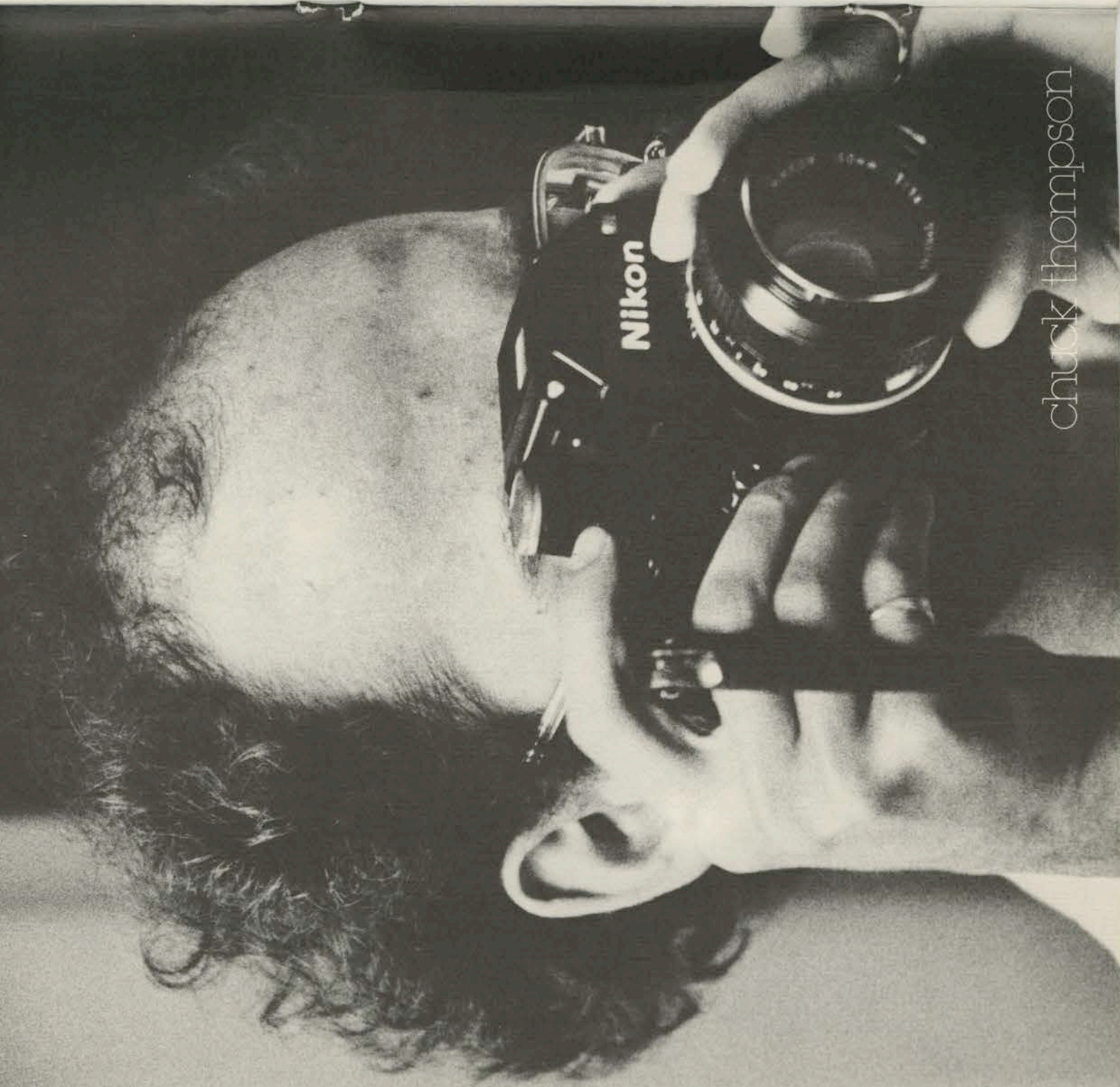




designed by s amjad habib  
needlework by beth modaniel







chuck thompson

The 1976 Collage is the Middle Tennessee State University's creative magazine. This year we are going to develop new areas within the arts spectrum with special concern in maintaining the highest quality in fiction, non-fiction, poetry, photography, and fine arts. collage staff





Developing images can sometimes be a slow process. For me it has taken years of experiences that I have synthesized into a mystical, highly personal vision. I am not certain who is peering out from behind the veil of nature objects; whoever it is, they fascinate me and draw me constantly back to the page to meet again. The veils are a sort of kaleidoscope of objects through which I see other people. It is the human relationship through nature that I relate strongest to. Like a child I see the world through a variety of personal experiences that constantly amaze and hold me spellbound. The ability to visualize and make more tangible this personal vision is the source of great pleasure and now and again it just blows my mind away.

ollie fancher

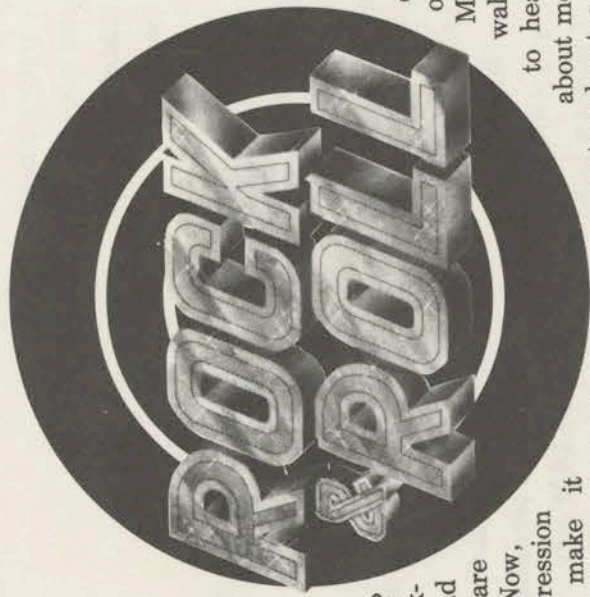




## tom wood

It's true what they say about me. I really was born 15 years too late. What's that you say? Well—it's very easy to explain. Quite simply, I and a small group of friends are hard-core 'nostalgia nuts.' Now, before you get the wrong impression about us, please let me make it perfectly clear (a truly nostalgic phrase) that we enjoy where we're coming from today. Look around the campus and what do you see. This is a fairly liberal campus, although you can't have booze, broads, porno or grass on campus. But other than that—what else is there other than that, come to think of it?

But I've gotten off the subject. If it is that bad today, think what it must have been like here 20 years ago. Today, the campus atmosphere is so much more open minded that there is no way I would want to live back in the fifties.  
But it's a nice place to visit...



Spike is 'da name. Me'n Mary Lou just got back from a heavy session at the A & W drive-in. Hey man, like it was one helluva night. I left to pick Mary Lou up at eight, and I walked up to her door just in time to hear her old man hasslin' her about me. "Why doesn't that bum go out and get a job after school," he asked. "What kind of future can he give you if he has no spunk, no get-up-and-go?" Mary Lou sounded like she was gonna start crying when she started yellin' about love and crap, so I knocked on the door.

"Howdy, Mrs. Johnson," I said. "Is Mary Lou ready yet?"

"Here I am," she purred.

"Harrumph," growled Mr. Johnson, the old fart.

"Now see here, Mary Lou. You be in by 11."

"Now don't you worry, Mr. J..." I said, "I ain't gonna let nothin' happen to my Mary Lou." That one made him really squirm.

[continued on page 42] 5



Around us sits the reverent mass,  
Believing all things must come to pass  
And all the while they are deceiving  
Their fervent hopes into believing  
That their faith is not of glass.

#### ISRAFEL

for Lenny Bruce  
(in memoriam)

There is a fly on the giant sandstone building  
sterilizing eggs  
and tittering at the O-shaped lips and  
cardboard breasties  
of the L&M lady.

Soon it will rain  
and giant flies will pick lazily  
at the tiny sandstone buildings  
that have not grown;

the L&M lady will drink her formula at sunrise,  
and the police will arrest her smooth  
smooth cigarettes.

Steven Thompson

#### RESTRICTIONS

*I want to be a cloud.  
My friend says I am a well;  
I hold ideas deep within me.  
I am a well, but I want--  
I want to be a cloud like  
Thoreau and Darrow and Twain.  
I want to be a cloud  
High above the earth-sailing  
soaring-lighter than air  
expanding my dimensions  
until I am so diffused  
I am no longer a cloud but  
a million particles of thought  
being absorbed by the universe--  
and I pass time itself  
moving from forever to forever  
I want to be a cloud,  
But my friend says I am a well.*

#### DEBBIE RUNIONS

Sway sweet Carrandine  
rapt in song,  
the rose full of ding  
your heart full of dong,  
and sway when the bells  
call out to your men  
who fought for the quag,  
and crawled back for the sin;

Roll over sweet Carrandine  
roll out of bed,  
your pillow's a bitch  
with mother's own head,  
gaited you were born and gaited you'll be:  
the drip from your tear-box  
the drop of a flea.

Bleed sweet Carrandine  
bleed from your meat  
the hair in your grass  
and the cows at your feet,  
A snickersnee lay in a smirky repose  
wept with the heartbeat and  
burned down the rose.

Bury sweet Carrandine  
bury your soul  
your skin with the piggies  
your teeth with the foal,  
After the snarls and the grabs and the teats  
the fighting is over;  
sweet Carrandine sleeps.

#### ETCHINGS ON A STONE TABLET

*Dead dog lying in the bright blue sun  
Just keeping watch on time.  
Red man sinking from the cowboy's gun  
And green leaves are crime.*

*Black paper thrown in a white waste can  
Things are turning bright  
Everybody's talking 'bout the weight of the Man  
But no one's ever right.*

*Old world going down the drain in the sink  
Stars are falling down  
Sun coming up in visions of pink  
And crashing to the ground.*

#### ISRAFEL





**The Storm**

Rose petals strewn across the ground,  
The green grass is bowing down;  
The wind is uttering an eerie sound  
While the sun wears a sultry frown;

The sunless waves crash to the shore  
While birds shed elderdown;  
This raging storm goes evermore  
Upon earth's thorny crown.

**Cindy Skelton**





sam.boyd



rod.cartier





w. hahn

# ROSIE FELL INTO THE WATER

steve thompson

Noone is quite sure how it happened because it was an isolated incident just outside of town by a simple brackish pond. But I must report it being that **FEELINGS RUN HIGH**, right along side high temperatures (in the mid-nineties). Besides that, she was so goodly and moral. Small towns are appreciative of ones like her because it's so hard to do—that is, be goodly—when everyone is looking at you so close with those frozen eyes. It's too bad the pond wasn't frozen or she never would have fallen in.

Like a dumpling, she fell in with her arms close to her body—that is to say, no flailing. She accepted the pond, and the pond accepted her. This in itself is tragic since she died a few minutes later thereby cancelling out the possibility of a relationship.

It all started many years ago when Rosie's husband, while strolling in the garden near the pond, stopped to talk to the fishes in a way that was described as candid. He subsequently fell in and drowned. The affair was seen, according to various sources, as "unwise", "ruthless", "wet", "sad", and "open'n shut case". I know all this because I was there the day it happened with my camera, taking pictures to preserve the occasion.

It occurred to me that she was depressed and despondent, but I apparently was wrong. The camera's eye is keen. The photographs tell the story; she was merely bored. She was quoted as saying, "If

you can't die trying, then don't die." We all bowed our heads in reverence when she said it because, well, you can never be too reverant at a time like that.

There was a funeral, of course, a few days later, and all the familiar people in town were there. It was a great turn out. Unfortunately, Rosie seemed preoccupied the whole time, which was unseemly or, at best, graceless, for a host of her caliber. As we were leaving, she did manage to say something to the effect that for the celebration of death there is no time for amenities. After she said that, she smiled a knowing smile, I took a photograph, and we all left with happy assurance that something besides her husband had been preserved here. In fact, we all went home with knowing smiles.

But smile or no smile, the months after her husband's death went by slowly for Rosie. She baked neither a cake nor pie, thus breaking a tradition she had kept up for years. She was hardly ever seen in public, and she spent an increasing amount of time in the garden, looking into the pond where her husband's slithering death had occurred. Like her husband, she talked to the fishes who answered using the same blase' language, which consisted of a series of bubbles beating together at the top of the water. Unlike her husband, though, her communications made her seem more insane than candid. Many times she wouldn't even wait for an

[Continued on page 45]



### A Shedded Tear

I think I'll shed a tear for all the people  
Who have never seen the way  
The shadows play on the wall as you sleep;

For they shall never know the feeling  
Of what happened in the daylight  
As we left the world behind us

### Cindy Skelton

### RAGNORAK

*From the teeming, wretched shore  
From the rays of beacon light,  
Come the voices heard no more,  
Shout the voices of the night.  
Through the cast of morning's eye,  
Past the silent, dawn-like sleep,  
Stately forms are drawing nigh  
As of giants from the deep.  
All the forces now prevailing  
Will be the windmills doomed to failing  
And for justice they will reap  
The death of darkness, eternal sleep.*

### ISRAFEL

*Of love and life I've had my share  
And with sweet odors yearning,  
I've caressed a joy and did not care  
Whether tomorrow's lamp was burning.*

*With a carefree mind and a colorful thought  
I traversed the world today.  
But as memories do it has gone for naught  
For tomorrow I'll be on my way*

### LEGION

### Mensch

Mein Bruder, der nicht denkt,  
ist ein schönes Kind.  
Am Fenster sitzt er auf immer  
Augen blau, durstig, sieht er auf  
Nichtigkeit.

Mein Bruder, der nicht lächelt,  
ist ein stiller Knabe;  
sehnt sich zu lachen über einen  
Witz.

Mein Bruder, der nicht lebt,  
ist ein glücklich Wahnsinniger.  
Er sieht sie nicht, die  
Welt.

### Vicki Tidwell

### Mr. Snow Bones

Old Mr. Snow Bones sits on a wall—  
Notice of his death, not given,  
not accepted—  
like a lost mitten—  
filed by with the same accidental smiles—  
and whistles with children who swing  
skirr-bound, tumbling—  
lay splayed, a blotched Poloroid baby with huge feet  
and wee sweet toes—  
offering them—  
just before he let go with hands grabbing furiously  
like rakes and fell off the wall  
onto sharp sticks of—  
gum.

### Steve Thompson



# DINOSAUR

CIROUSE POWELL

I am the last man on earth.

And the last man is at this very moment slowly dying by his own hands. In thirty minutes—give or take a moment or two—I/he will join the grand and glorious family of the dinosaur and the blue whale. After a long and tortured history, man will receive his final reward.

The reward is extinction.

So in the next few minutes, I will try to give you some idea what it was like to be a man. I realize, of course, the futility and hopelessness of this effort—I can't even give you more than a glimpse of what it was like to live here. Anyway, it's all over and done and there aren't any men left.

Except me.

I'm sure that your scientists will try and find out what killed the human race—don't bother. We just died out. There was no holocaust and there was no plague and there was no cure. The doctors and the researchers died along with the cab drivers and bellboys. And their ashes went to ashes and their dust went to dust until there was no one left to bury the dead.

The entire race of man gone inside of three years. I still find it hard to believe. One day we were sending our first manned mission to Mars and the next day two million people died in their sleep. You can't imagine the frustration and helpless anger we felt, dying of old age in our young age—just about to

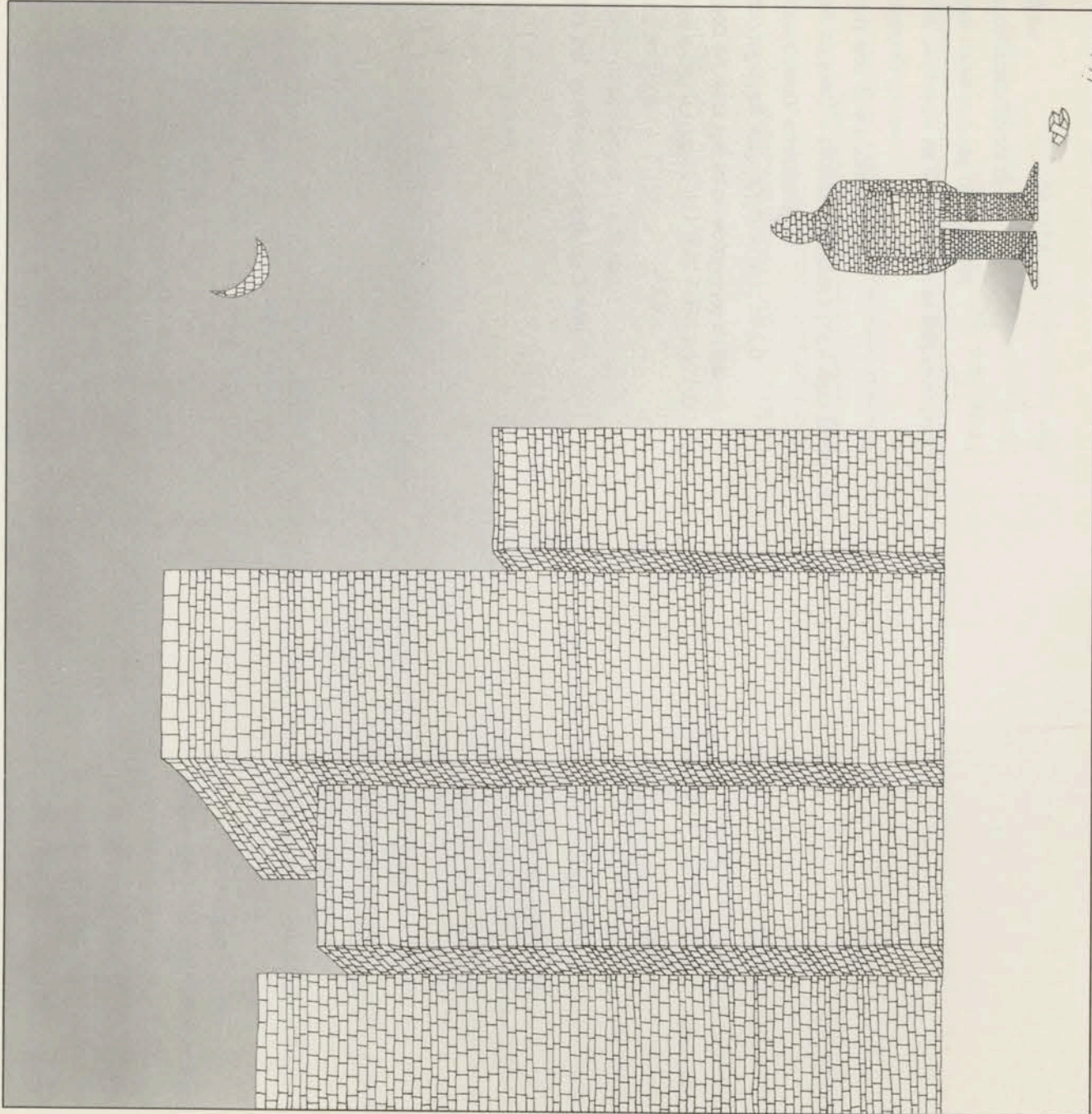
reach for the stars we had been wishing on for so long.

And here I am at The End of It All. I always used to wonder what it would be like and how I would go to the best restaurants by myself and drive Jaguars down Fifth Avenue at a hundred and thirty miles an hour and live in the Ritz and have all the best things that all the best people had.

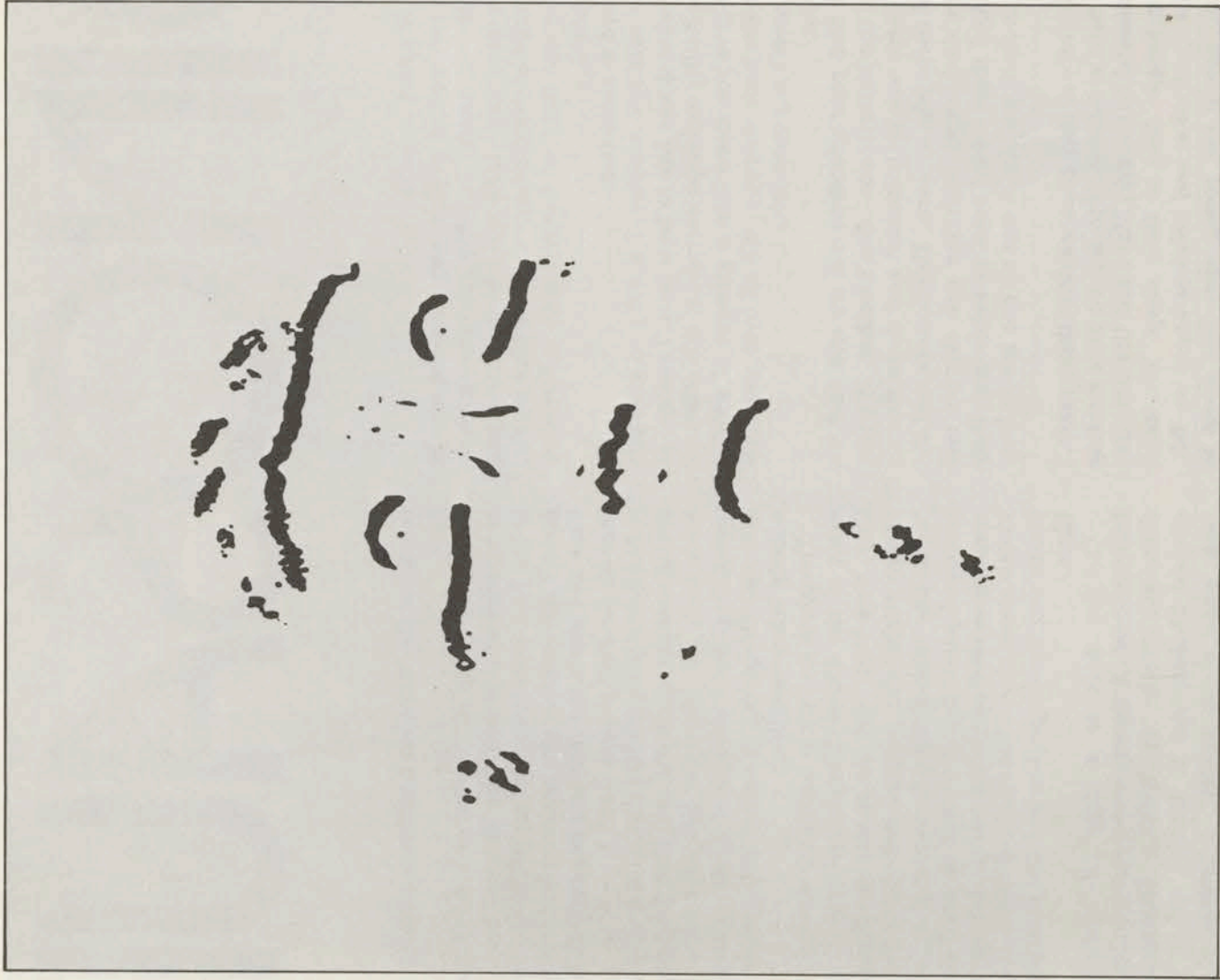
But it really wasn't like that. Oh, I tried to pretend that it was the good life and that the people would come back and make me Emperor of New York or something, but I knew that it was over and all the material things didn't matter much when there was nobody left to see them.

The place you are in right now was once the main vault of the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City, New York. The Chase was the financial center of the world, the support system of the capitalist West. The vault held millions of dollars, which were pieces of paper that we used to work and die and sometimes steal and kill to have.... I threw all of it out in the street two weeks ago to make room for the books and the magazines and the paintings and the films.

On the desk is a copy of Webster's Fifth International Dictionary and my own collection of the Complete Works of William Shakespeare. I've opened Shakespeare to Hamlet. Of all the things man wrote about himself, I believe that Hamlet









TROMBONE  
MOVEMENTS I & III

The image shows five staves of musical notation for Trombone Movements I and III. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals (sharps and naturals), and articulation marks such as slurs and accents. The music is written in a style typical of a concert band or orchestra score.

# segments

charles watts

**Segments** is a composition for brass quintet or other type of brass ensemble; it is improvised by the instrumentalists using the musical materials in the

performance parts. There are ten segments upon which the performers may draw: five for the first and third movements and five for the second movements. In each group of five, there are two primarily melodic segments, two segments which are accompanimental in character, and one segment designed mainly to provide sustaining material. At any given moment during a performance, the ensemble should be attempting to play several different segments. During a

TROMBONE  
MOVEMENT II

The image shows four staves of musical notation for Trombone Movement II. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and articulation marks. The music is written in a style typical of a concert band or orchestra score.

movement, texture, dynamics, and articulations should be varied. It is desirable to use mutes. For each movement, the parameter of pitch is defined by a specified scale. All performance parts contain the same musical material.

**MVT. I** Begun and ended by a high instrument. Duration: approximately three minutes. Tempo: generally rapid. Within the pitch framework of a whole-tone scale on concert "C".

**MVT. II** Begun by a medium-pitched instrument; the close is signaled by a sustained note in the same instrument. Approximately three minutes. Tranquil in character. Within the framework of a traditional western pentatonic scale, on concert "C".

**MVT. III** Begun and ended by a low instrument. Improvisations should be farther from the original material and noticeably very different from mvt. I. Same tempo and duration as mvt. I.



### Perspectives

Most times, a human being, hurt enough  
Will hide and build a box inside  
And in that box put all that's fine,  
And soft and gentle, and easy on the human mind.  
'Cause hurting is a sorry thing,  
And most of us, hurt enough, become  
Hard to hid away our pain,  
And hurt no more for a time, and everything's the same.  
I thought.  
But you said one night while breezes blew  
That happy was the way one could be,  
And while the stars looked on  
You said that hurting had to be a part of happy, too.  
And you said that you could never find  
Peace of mind without reaching and that  
Reaching had to hurt sometimes, and that  
You don't always have to get what you want,  
but you always have to try.

Do you remember?

Ivan Shewmake

### of dreams and spilled beer

you've got your face in the beer again  
talking to yourself and feeling alone  
and thinking about Chicago  
and wishing everything was a dozen weeks ago  
you left me in Atlanta  
i really didn't care  
for you came back the next Monday  
with red eyes and a few more bruises  
we really didn't help each other  
for you had everything you needed  
and i was just another burden  
though you never admitted it  
i was a dreamer with tales to tell  
mystical stories to warm a cold winter night  
and i provided some marginal amusement  
for you and your beer-soaked friends  
now i'm not saying you let me down  
cause you never owed me a damn thing  
other than a little respect  
which you graciously provided a thousandfold  
but somewhere outside of Richmond  
the dreams all fell away  
and i knew the things i needed  
were the things you could give to me  
but i was far too withdrawn  
to let you know how i really felt  
so it was ten more days on the road  
and ten more bars to lean on through the night  
god knows i tried my best  
to let you know the way i felt  
but i couldn't afford a classified ad  
and billboards aren't my style  
so with a look here and a word there  
i told you all my feelings  
and occasionally you'd look up from the glass  
smile and heft it back up again

well go to hell you two bit whores  
that walk the streets on friday  
i love myself more than all your comeons  
and my budget just can't take your hassle  
time finally ran out  
somewhere north of Houston  
and in the humid Texas night  
i turned my back on you forever  
and now i'm back in school again  
nose planted firmly in the books (occasionally)  
and on cold winter nights when i've got stories  
you're there—but only for a moment  
there are others in my life now  
far better looking and a lot more pleasant  
but none of them exactly like you  
none of them who move me exactly like you could  
the papers said it was unexplained suicide  
but knowing you i know better  
you always had a reason for every breath you took  
did you run out of highway or did you run out of bars?  
it really doesn't matter  
you'd long since forgotten my name  
somewhere in alcoholic memories  
the faces all look the same  
but i loved you for a moment  
and i know you didn't mean to laugh  
but when you did everything was in perspective  
and it helped me put on my shoes  
so now i'll buy a beer or two  
brown bottles sweating in the warm morning sun  
i'll never drink of them but only look  
as if your spirit was somewhere inside  
and after a while the communion is past  
and i raise the bottle high  
spilling cold brew onto the ground wasted  
wasted just like you and i

john pitts







# KRYSTAL

Once upon a time, not long ago, in the Land of Hungry, there were a strange and wonderful people called the Munchies. Alike in almost every respect to the others of their tribe, they had only one unusual and spectacular feature.

They had holes in their stomachs.

Not very big holes, mind you, Not even large and gaping holes. Not great and gaping craters. Not even deep dark pits or unlighted caverns. Just holes. One hole per Munchie, the approximate size of a glazed Crispy Cream. Not outstanding but inverted. Not altogether inconspicuous.

But there just the same.

The old man who told and remembered the old stories claimed that at one point in time, everybody in the Land of Hungry had been a Munchie.

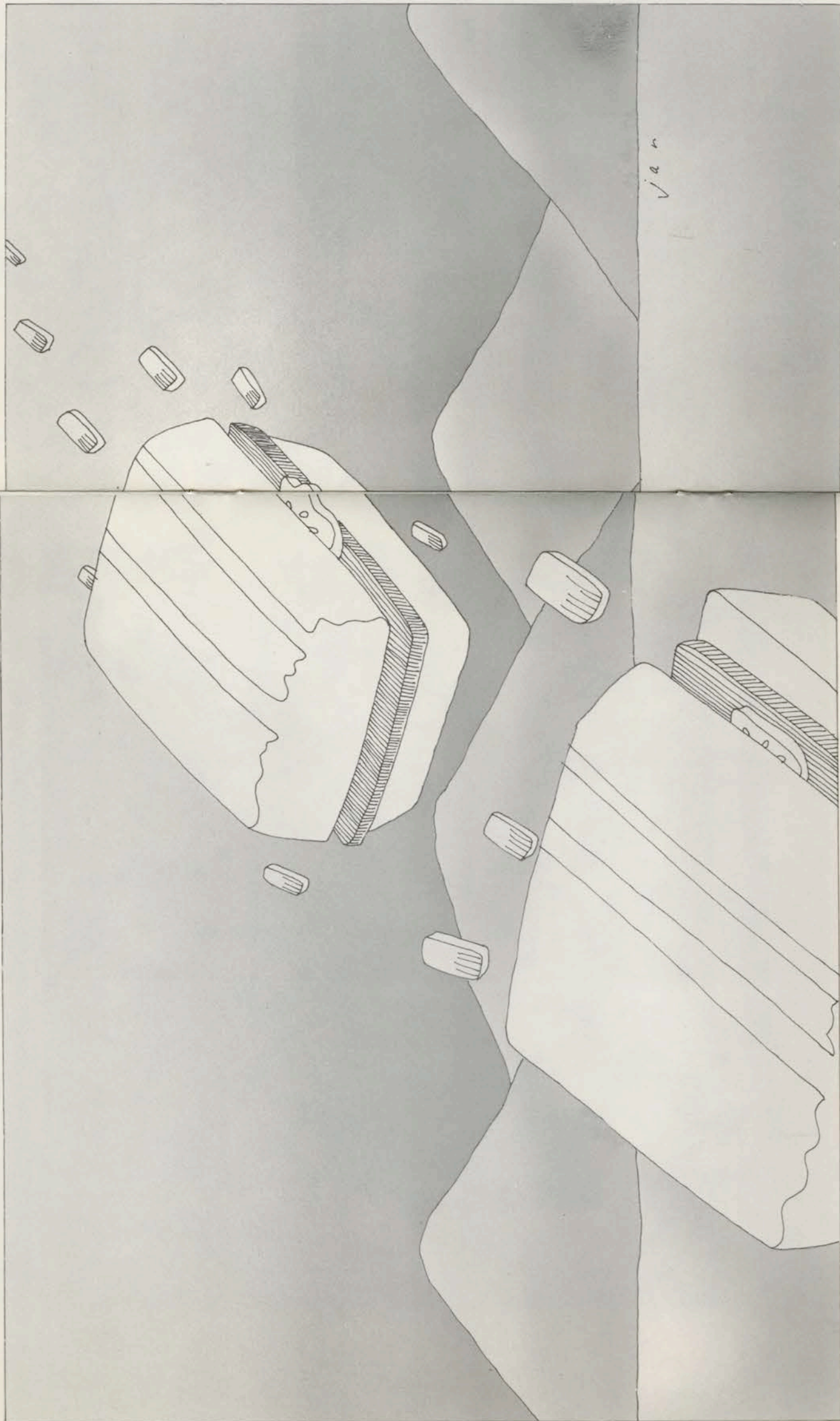
As for the Munchies themselves, they led their lives in a peaceful and silent way, smoking the magic asparagus and sadly searching for something to fill up their holes. For they all believed that there was something in the world that they could eat that would close up their holes and give them little puckered holes like the rest of the people in the Land of Hungry.

Then one day, on the edge of the village, a bright and shining Krystal appeared. And in the Krystal there were wonderful people who sold wonderful sandwiches they called Krystal burgers. And the Munchies came and gazed in awe at the castle and went inside and ate 18,000 Krystal burgers and do you know what happened?

That's right. The Munchies lost their holes, except for one who had already eaten.

And the moral is...

In there somewhere.





# Collage interview with DAVID LEDOUX

The following interview with David Ledoux, associate professor of art at MTSU, was conducted in an effort to determine one man's conception of creativity. The interview was conducted by James King of the Collage staff.

C: "What is your definition for creativity?"

L: "Well, I think it's a...some sort of an extra dimension of awareness. In the case of the artist, I suppose it's at least partially on a level of consciousness that most people are not normally that concerned with and they don't take the time to develop it.

"One aspect of the thing might be visual awareness. A way of experiencing the world; it's slightly out of joint from the way most people see it."

C: "In what way would it be out of joint? As far as imagination versus reality?"

L: "Well, nobody knows what reality is. You see, you're making an assumption that there is a kind of norm that we consider reality and you live in that and the person who is creative lives in something else. That's not true. I suppose you could with maybe some kind of veracity, that there is a kind of mainstream of normalcy. But, I think even that is questionable.

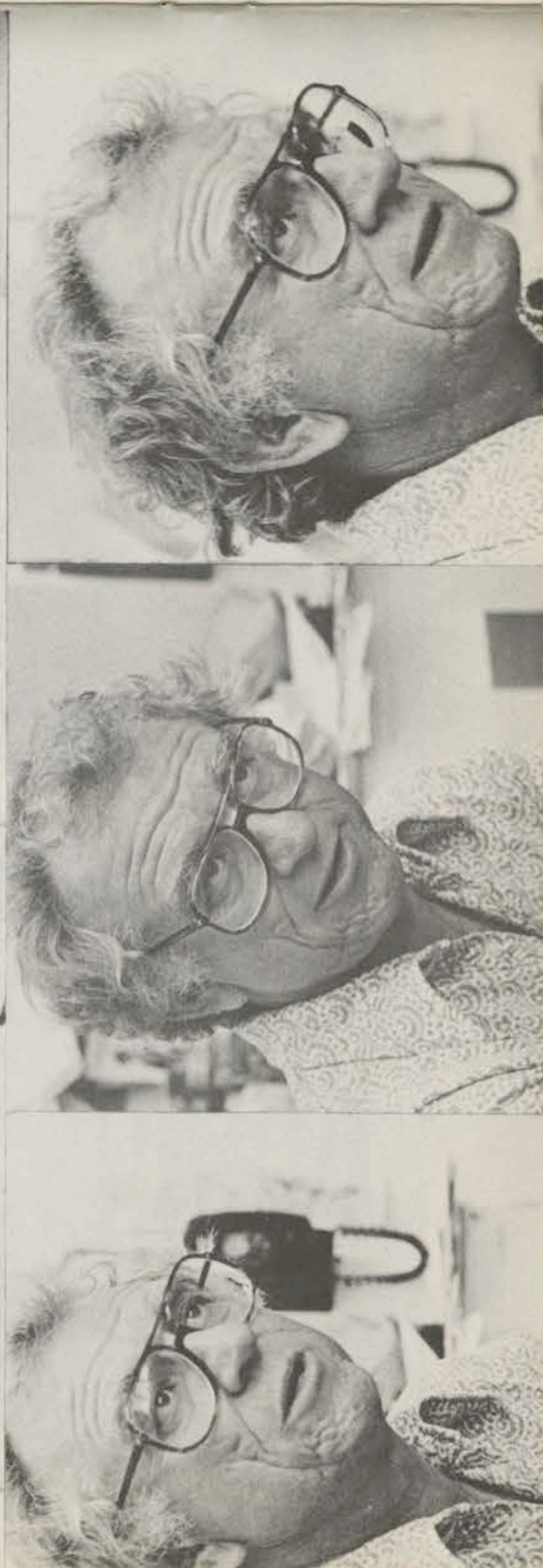
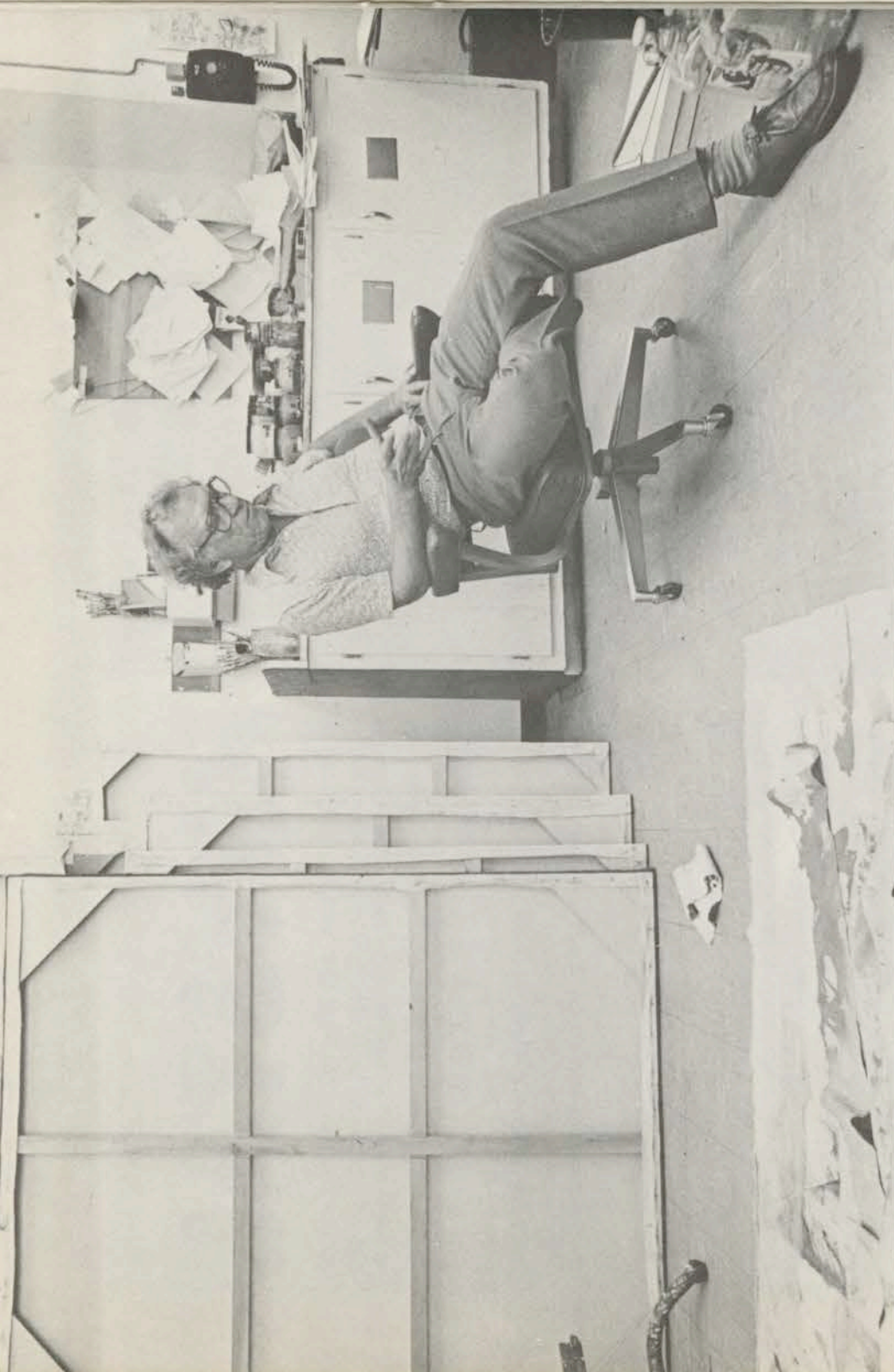
"One thing the creative person does would be to avoid the mainstream of normalcy. I thought about

this for many, many years and one of the ways I used to talk about it...It's come alot more into people's minds and consciousness now. And I think people are looking for alternative life styles. They're looking for what they call, creative ways of living. And they're talking about new kinds of consciousness and concerns on that level. The term I used to use to define all of this was "developing the ability to think outside the culture." There are certain cultural norms. There's a certain kind of intellectual conditioning that we all go through. And I think any person who's looking for any kind of freedom is a person who's going to work his way through and outside those norms. I'm not really criticizing the culture when I say that. There've been tribal norms ever since man came out of trees. Some people presume we've gotten past those; it's not true. Their tribal norms and mainstream thinking are concerned with those tribal norms. And I think creative thinking is the ability to get outside those norms, at least a little bit. I think we have difficulty. I don't know how free we can be. But, you can do something."

C: "Would you say it's limited?"

L: "Yes. Yes. It's limited in the same way that how fast a plane can go is limited. We'll probably have planes that'll go 10 times as fast as planes can go now in another 200 years or 50 years or whatever. But you know, intellectual stuff, or feeling level stuff, or whatever it is, has the same kind of

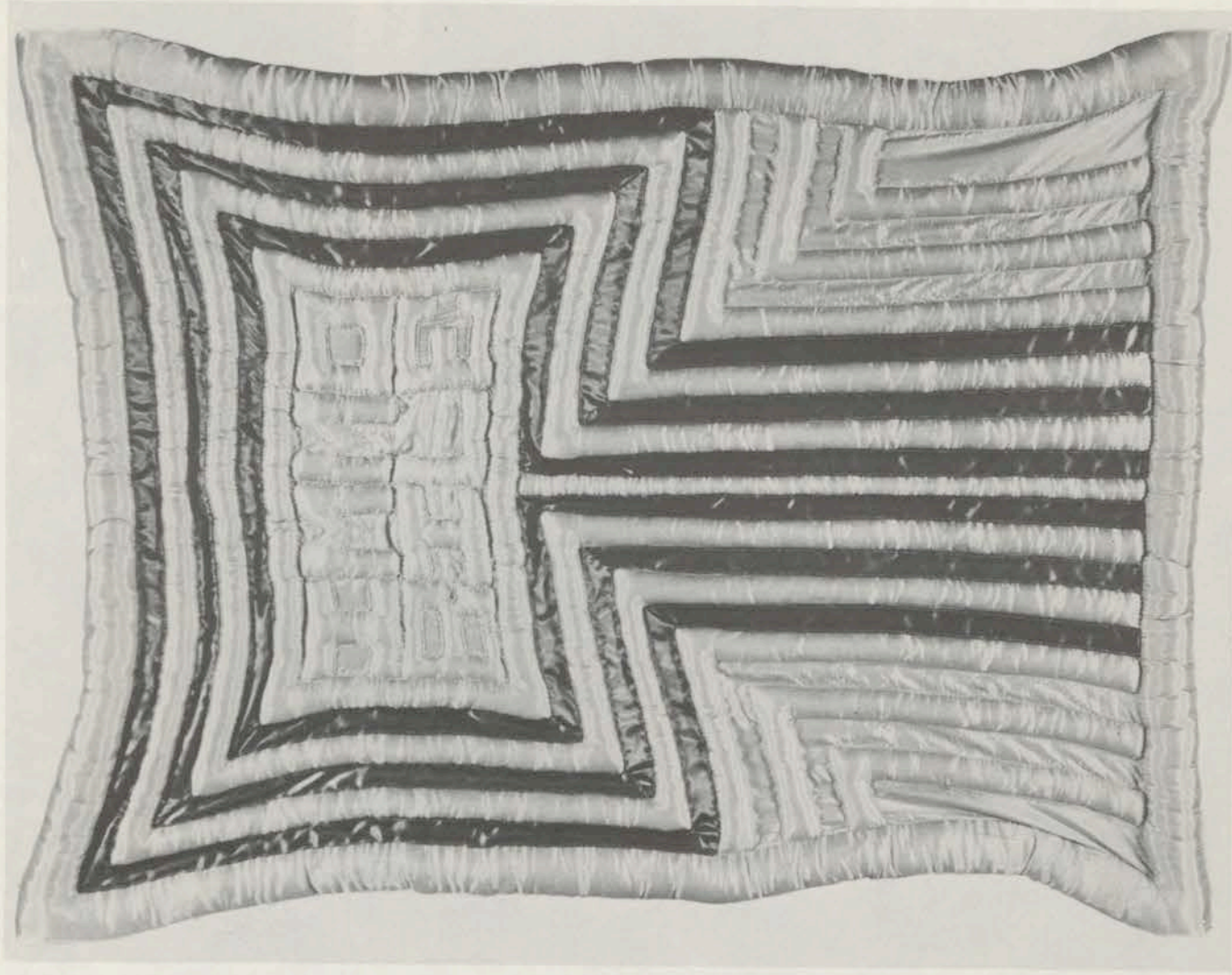
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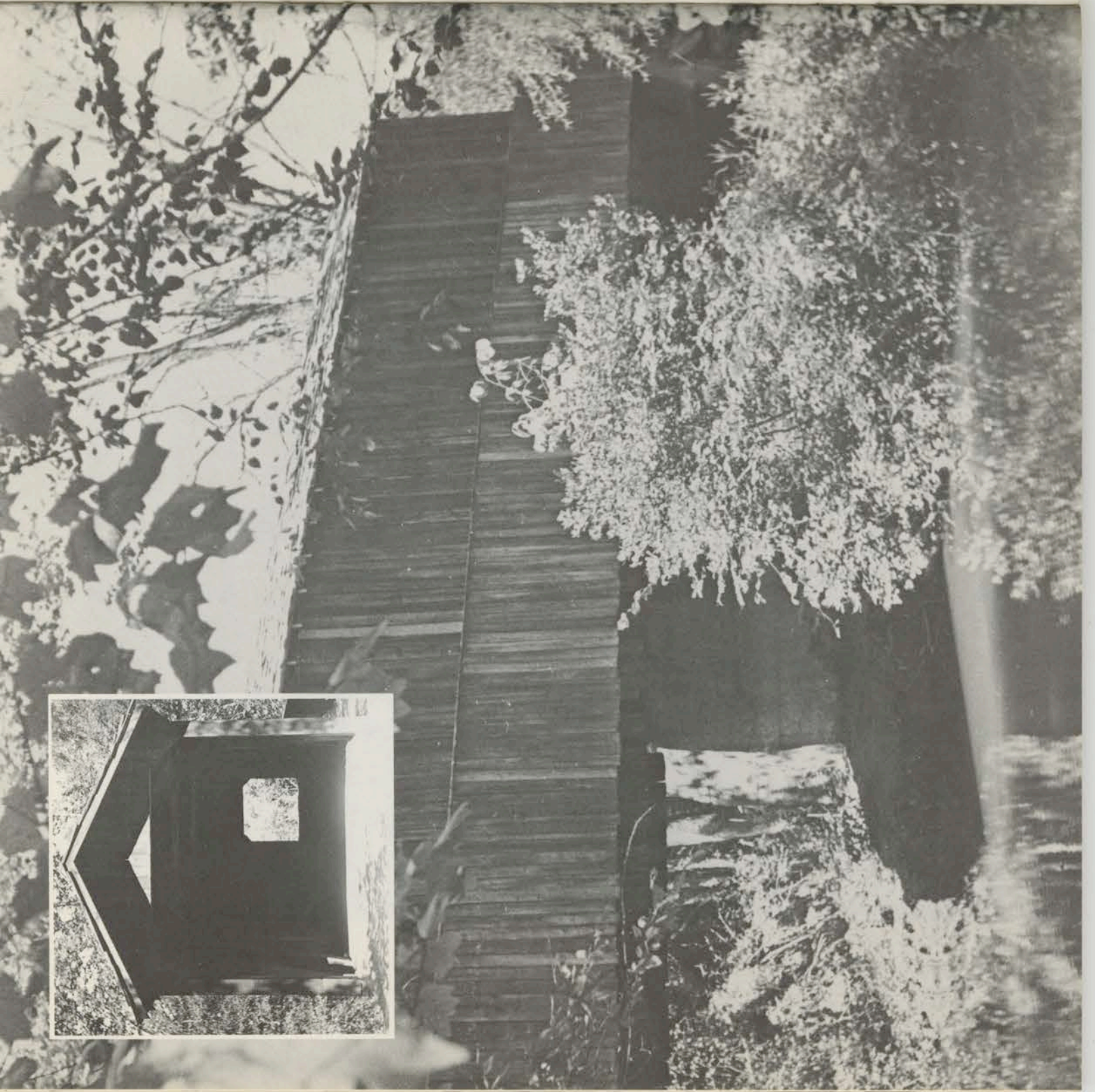
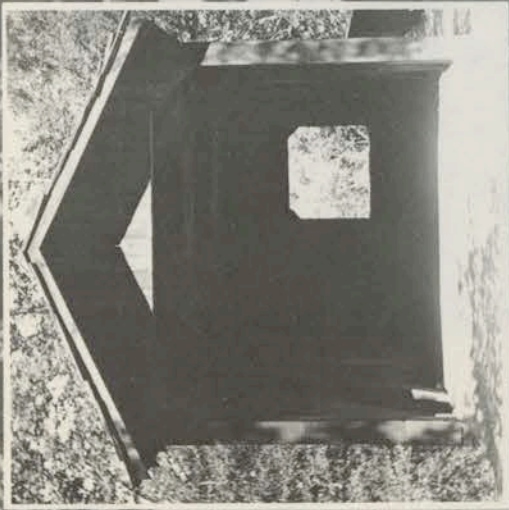


m. alan loveless



janelt higgins





# COVERED

bonnie vannatta

One old Southern custom involves the weaving of a daisy chain across the entrance of a seldom-traveled covered bridge. "The first person to break it will be your new beau!" the custom says.

Covered bridges were common sights in the rural culture of Tennessee and other states in the 1800's. A cigarette company in 1954 put the picture of an imaginary covered bridge on its cigarette carton and followed it up with publicity and a song called "The Kissing Bridge," which created a new interest in covered bridges for the people of America. Today, the National Society for the Preservation of Covered Bridges, historical societies and concerned individuals are trying to preserve these charming wooden structures that are being torn down and are disappearing across Dixie.

Why were bridges covered? One reason was to protect against timber rot. Another was to keep the bridge from drying out in very hot weather (the bridge would tend to creak and sag). One farmer stated, "Bridges are covered for the same reason that women wear petticoats: to protect their underpinning!"

To children, covered bridges were "wishing bridges." They held their breath while going through the bridge and then they made a wish.

Covered bridges were "kissing bridges" for young courting couples (kissing was supposed to be allowed while going through the darkness there).

To travelers, covered bridges were havens from sudden storms, a place where horsemen, open buggies, or a wagon of hay might take refuge.

Covered bridges were used for socials and barn dances.

# BRIDGES

They were lighted by candles and kerosene lamps for secret meetings of townspeople and soldiers during the Civil War. The scratchings of matches by the spot where the lamp was hung can still be seen in some covered bridges.

"Nostalgic memories of present-day residents include the sudden gloom and darkness as one entered the tunnelled bridge, the filtered sunlight from the open spaces above head height, and the thud of horses' hooves as the struck the never firmly fastened floor boards. Whether riding on a steel-rimmed vehicle or a rubber tired buggy, one always heard a broken, rhythmic 'clank, clank,'" said Ursula Smith Beach, county historian of Montgomery County, Tennessee.

Although at the peak of the popularity there were 10,000 covered bridges in the United States, there are now fewer than 1,000 in number. Tennessee is among the 33 states with covered bridges today. However, these romantic vestiges of the past are rapidly disappearing in the South at a rate far exceeding the national average. In 1945, a dozen or so were in existence in Tennessee. To date, only four are now standing in the Volunteer State.

One of Tennessee's vanished bridges was located near Clarksville, Tennessee and stood on three tall stone piers high above the Red River at Port Royal. Port Royal was head of navigation on the Red River for steamboats carrying cargo to Clarksville and up and down the Cumberland.

"I regret that the Port Royal Bridge no longer stands, having collapsed in a wind storm several years ago (April 13, 1972), wrote Beach in a recent letter. However, plans have been made by the Tennessee Historical Commission and the State Department of Conservation to build a state park there

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### Gravitation

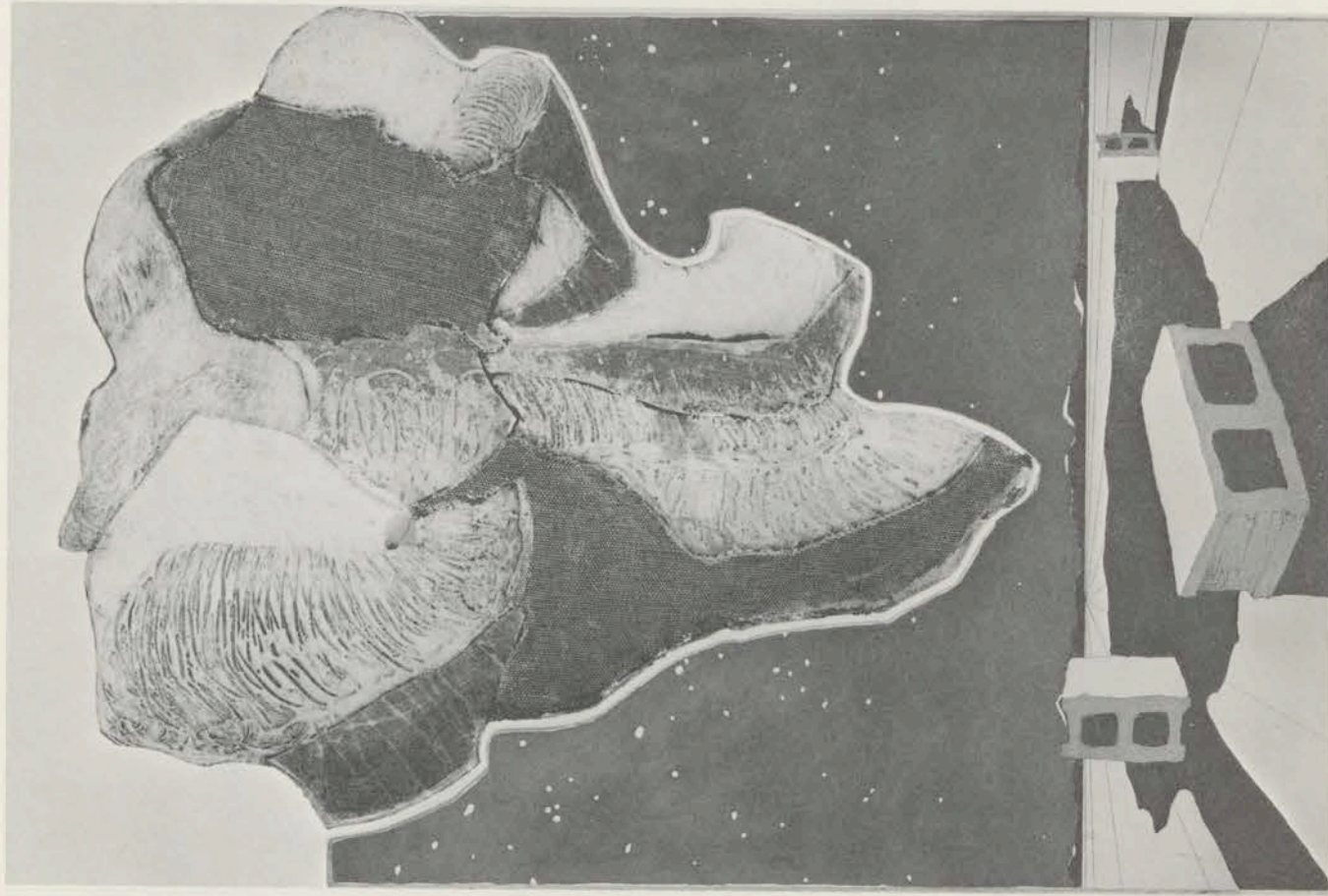
Have you ever fallen off into a footprint  
and wondered whose it was?  
listening for cruel vibrations  
from the big bald goop  
who makes all the little cloddies clash  
in the land of Step-by-Step;

Who, clabbers the sunny sun,  
who murders the mud?  
the reasonable mud,  
so it will lose its ooze and squeeze  
and the irresponsible dust can come and  
choke it into a blithering scud.

Are you free or simply unearthed,  
like a bad mummy whose molecules won't cooperate,  
wearing sunglasses,  
embalmed yet balmy,  
tall yet empty,  
ruined by a worm factory that eats desire,  
while your heart gets the message and  
masturbates.

Soon you look up over the edge  
and watch with your sunset eyes  
the master returning with his SHOES ON;  
all the little cloddies clap and you  
slip back down to  
tidy up a bit.

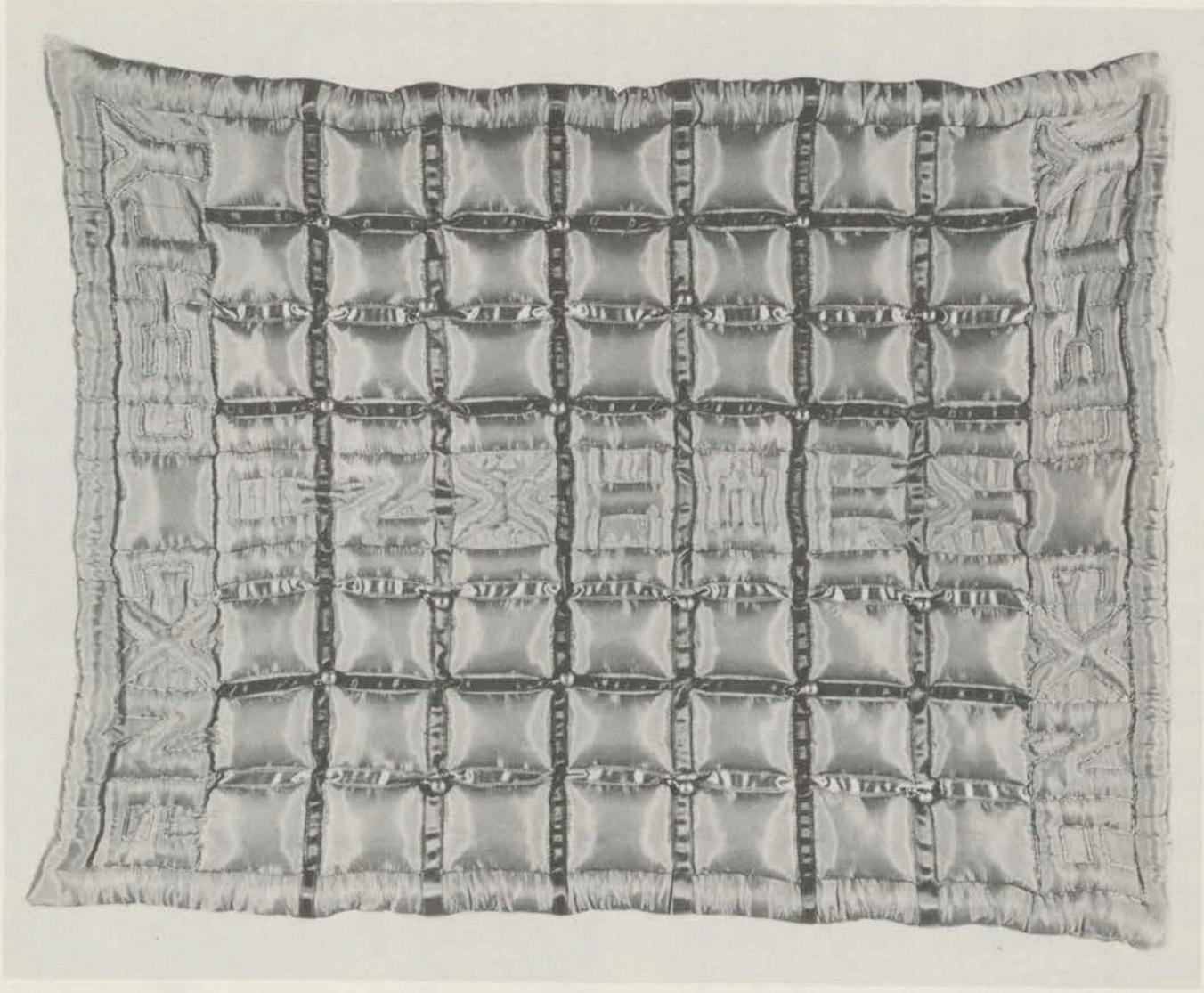
Steven Thompson





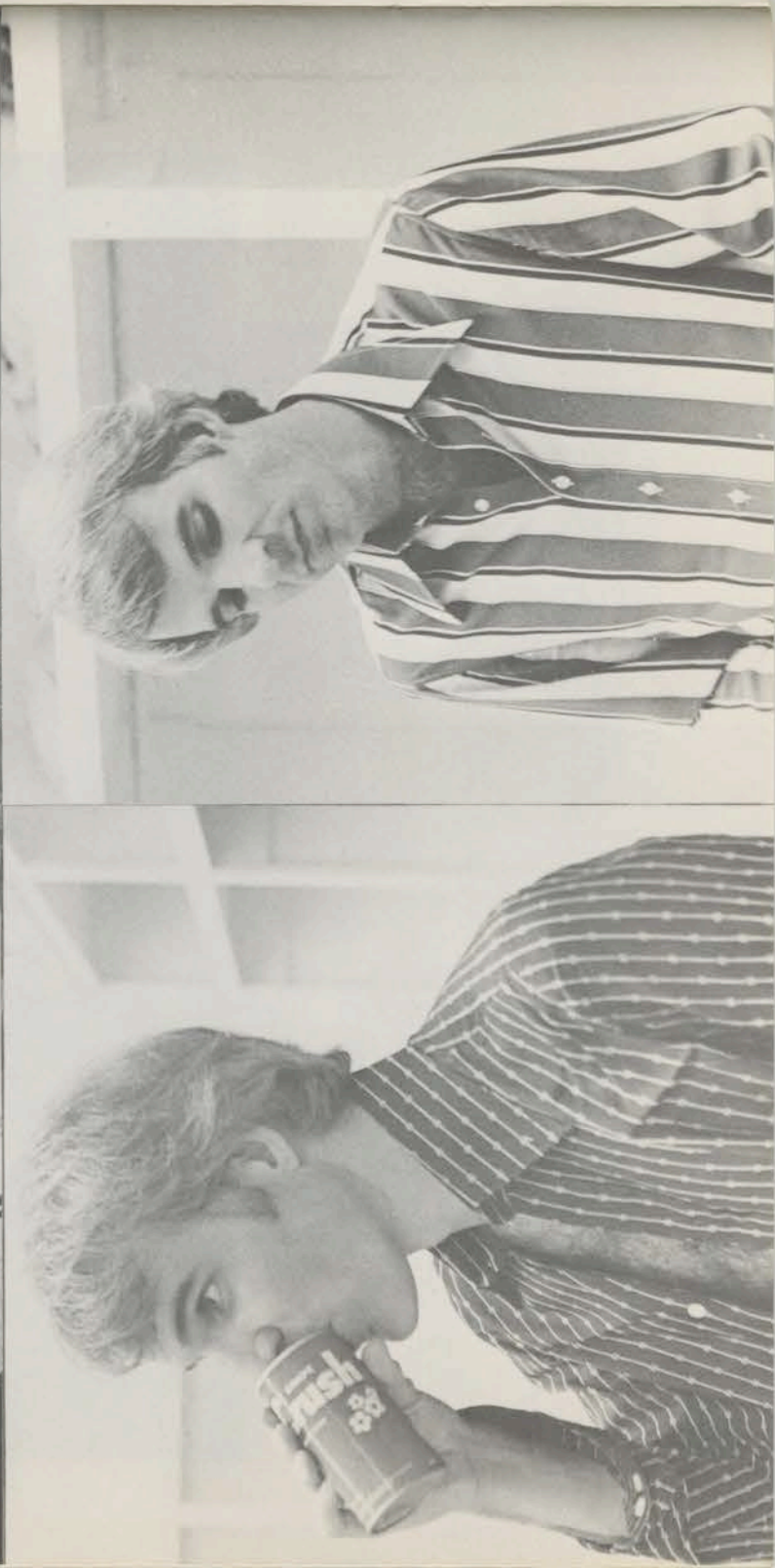
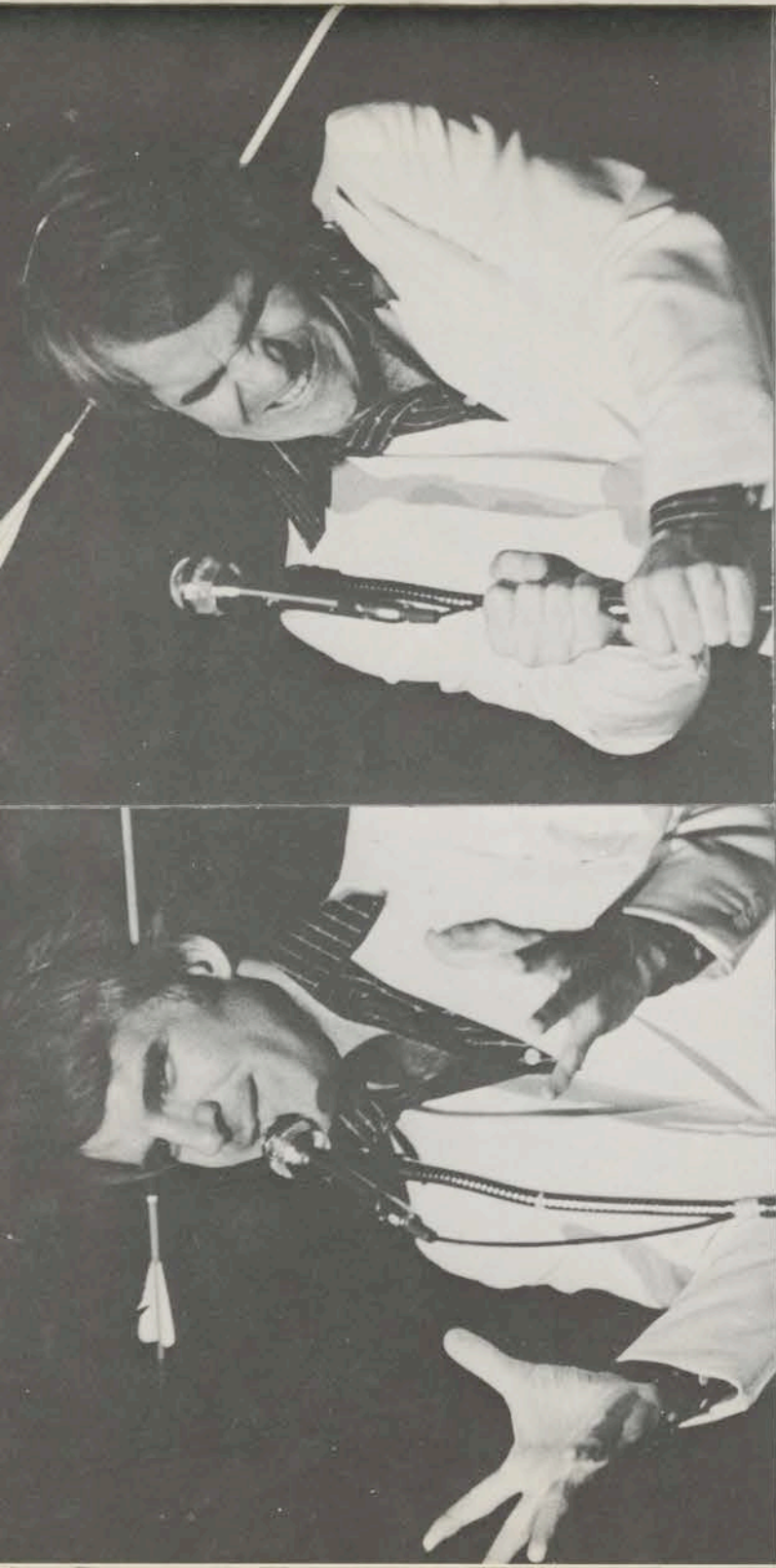


jim norton



janel higgins 37





# "HOW CAN ONE PERSON BE SO DAMN FUNNY?"

john pitts

On stage, Steve Martin seems like a man possessed—by comical madness. Off stage, he's beginning to wonder if the night after night repetition of his solo routine is worth it.

"I'm thinking about recording it and never doing it again," admitted Martin backstage after his August 27 debut on campus, which had left a capacity audience in the Dramatic Arts Auditorium amused and or shocked by his frank and candid brand of humor.

On stage, Martin wields balloons, banjo, and other props in a fast and successful assault on sanity. After the show, he seems content to munch on fruit, change clothes and escape the madcap surrounding he creates for himself.

"I guess I intended from birth to be a comedian," Martin commented. "I don't have anyone I model myself after—every comedian has his own style."

"Sometimes, interviewers get mad when they talk to me—they always seem to expect a hysterical interview, and that's just not the way I am," Martin admitted.

Almost at the same time, however, he states "There's not a big difference in the way I am out there and in here—it's all one person."

So who, or what, is Steve Martin?

Martin began his career in the 60's, in (where else?) California, working "the small clubs." His life took an upswing when he affiliated with some other crazies, the Smothers Brothers, for whom he became a comedy writer.

He left the brothers when "I got lucky" and got a chance to forge a career as a solo comedian.

Today, Martin is looking to a new profession—acting.

"I'm going into the movies," he said, explaining that his contract with Paramount Pictures will allow him to be involved in both writing and acting.

In the meantime, there is still Martin's stage act, which he describes as "a conglomeration." "The act follows the natural directions of my mind...a lot of time, accidental things just take shape," he said.

"I have to keep notes," Martin admits. "If I don't I'll forget things. I thought of three things tonight I could have used in the act and I guess I've forgotten them all now."

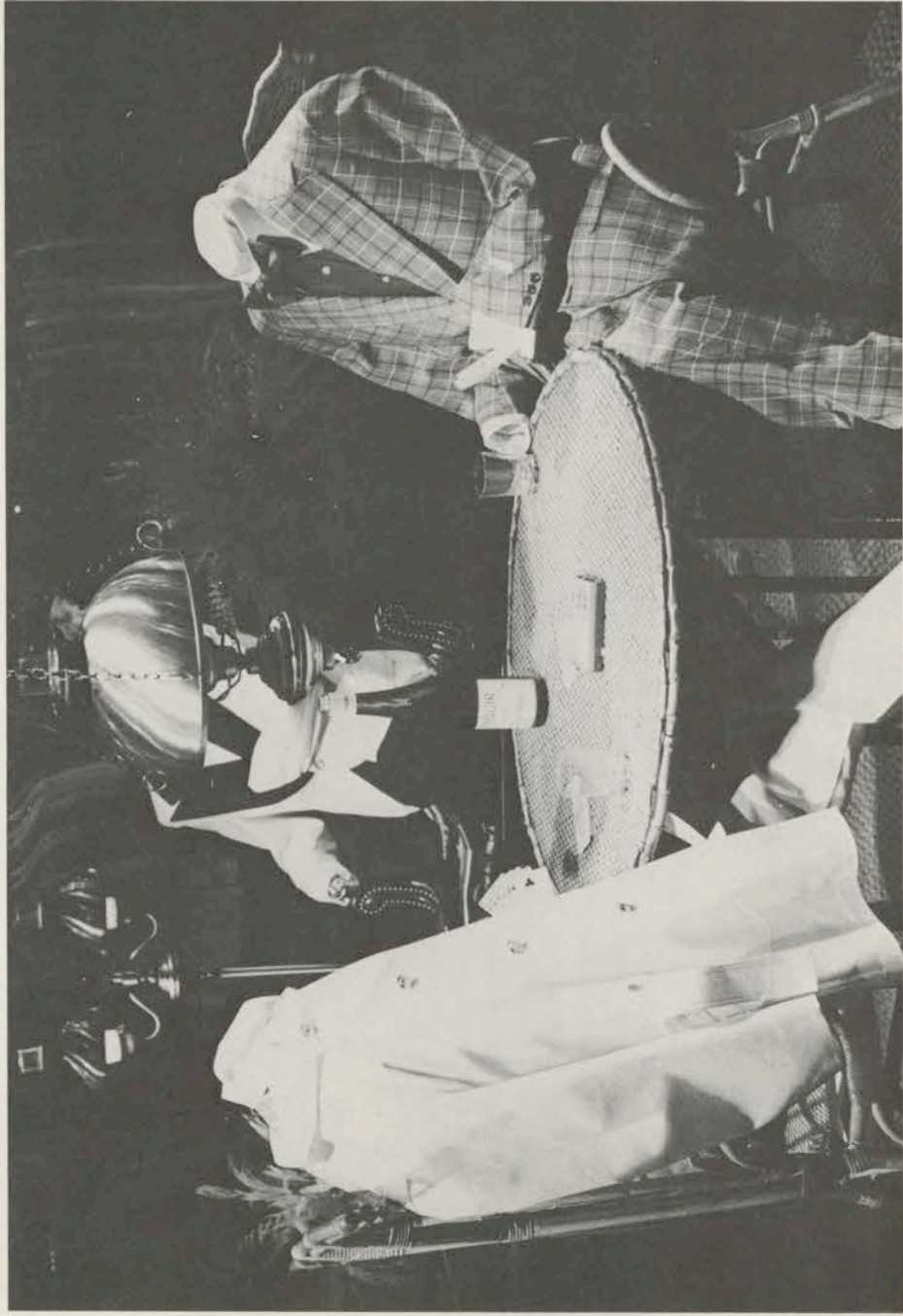
All during the interview, Martin has been changing clothes. Now, in deference to a lady in the room, he asks her if she minds if he changes pants. She covers her eyes, but after Martin leaves, she comments that "he wears funny shorts."

The show at MTSU was typical of Martin's efforts. He likes crowds of several hundred, particularly if they are college students. "I like getting into better situations—not drinking crowds. I won't work rock shows or places where people are eating—they are usually eating instead of watching."

Martin estimates he does as many as 400 shows a year, many times performing twice a night.

At the DA performance, Martin was faced with doing only one show. In his traditional white suit, he could have been anything—even the announcer introducing his own act. With the pure madness set to follow, the crowd was soon aware of who, and what Steve Martin really is; at least on stage.





charlie steed

### FOR DANNY

You remind me of a mountain, I think—  
bare and stark—showing your craggy face  
to those who look upon your countenance.  
And few try to tame you.

The immense awesomeness of your stature—  
your cold forbidding glares cover all  
except the most courageous.

For the few who would attempt your heights  
the way is steep and trecherous.

Danger of hurt for the adventurer saturates  
every upward step he takes.

And the way is hard.

The adventurer's hands tear and bleed,  
his breath comes in gasps, his lungs pound,  
his heart breaks.

And it seems he will die trying to reach you,  
to conquer you—to win you.

And for his effort, you reveal a part of yourself—  
a part not many see—not even all of the most courageous—  
a cave—covered by the barest amount of foliage—  
a place to rest—a time to gain new strength.  
The way to the top still will be hard.

Loftiest heights may never be attained,  
but you have shared a secret—you have given something, too.  
And the adventurer smiles and is grateful.

Debbie Runions







## COVERED BRIDGES

with the restored covered bridge. It is also interesting because of the river's early pre-Indian and Indian trails.

The oldest covered bridge in Tennessee was Brice's Bridge over Big Flat Creek in Knox County near Blaine. The bridge spanned 101 feet, had a Howe truss and was built in 1816. Painted magenta red, it was a landmark since the 1800's. The bridge was named for N.B. Brice, who bought the surrounding land in 1856 and built a mill nearby. The bridge was burned down by vandals on Halloween in 1968.

"The operator of Blaine Truck Stop, U.S. Highway 11W, has offered a \$50 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the persons who burned the historic bridge," stated an article in the Nov. 1, 1968 issue of the Knox County News Sentinel.

The oldest covered bridge now standing in Tennessee is the span over the Doe River at Elizabethton. The covered bridge belongs to a day when transportation moved at a trot; no more reckless than a speed of 10 mph. Though the horse is no longer used for transportation, the speed limit is still in effect on this 91-year-old covered bridge. Here the state's best-preserved covered bridge still carries traffic across the Doe River.

Built in 1885, it is unique in appearance for an American covered bridge. It resembles those of Switzerland, Bavaria and New Brunswick, Canada. At each end, great diagonal shelter panels protrude to overhang the portals. The bridge survived the "Big Tide" of May 1901, when a flood destroyed every highway and every steel and iron bridge along

the river. The bridge is identified by a Tennessee Historical Commission marker.

There are two now-existing covered bridges located in the Great Smoky Mountain area of Tennessee. A covered bridge exists at Harrisburg in Sevier County which was built in 1890 above a mill dam, spanning the Little Pigeon Creek. Elbert Early built the 66-foot long bridge, and the mortised joints and locust pegs may still be seen.

Another covered bridge spans the Little Chucky River in Greene County. It is named after Christian Bible, who, with his family, settled here in 1783 after coming from Virginia in a two-wheeled oxcart. The bridge was built in 1924 by A.A. McLean.

The last of Tennessee's covered bridges spans Paint Rock Creek near Huntsville in Scott County. This bridge was recently renovated for the Bicentennial because the county was able to acquire matching funds from the government for this purpose. The bridge nearly expired a few years ago when Boy Scouts made a campfire in the bridge and burned a hole inside.

As far back as I can remember, this covered bridge has always been here. I remember a flood back in '29 that came up to the bridge and washed away the saw mills in New River (a neighboring town). The bridge is probably made of hemlock since there are many hemlock trees in the area. The creek used to have the best fishing in the state, but now the sewers have polluted it. I've never thought much about the bridge, but now many people come to see it," relates Elbert Laxton, a long-time resident of Scott County.

"The county used to have more covered bridges than any other county in the state," said James T. Baker

(resident of Huntsville and cousin of hometown resident Sen. Howard Baker). "County records show that it was covered in 1912, but we don't know how far it dates back to, although there is a possibility it dates back to the Civil War. The bridge still has the same stone piers. My wife and I have been working to get it on the National Register of Historic Places. The bridge is on the old road from Jacksboro to Jamestown. Little is known about the bridge. I wish I was able to tell you some wild stories about it, but I could tell you some stories about parking couples on the old road leading to the bridge!" Baker jokingly added.

Visiting a covered bridge is a unique experience. Coming upon the Paint Rock Creek bridge, which is found far away on a rough mountain road, visitors are immediately impressed. Trees shade the bridge and clusters of Mountain Rhododendron frame the bridge at its western end. Entering the darkness of the bridge, you can look down through the cracks between the planks and see the sun-lit creek drowsing lazily below. There is a peaceful, rapt silence for a little while between nature, bridge and observer. Then a rumble interrupts as a Volkswagon suddenly appears on the road to cross the bridge.

Many are convinced of the need now more than ever for the preservation of these bridges. Modern man is again interested in finding the spirit of early America and a part of his heritage by beholding an old covered bridge—something that time will doubtless never give again.

may have been Dostoevskii's line. I forget.

As it happened, her fall was premature so that we never got a chance to implement our plan. Three days later it happened. She was a mess; so much so that I almost forgot to take a photograph. Incidentally, I also take photographs of other things like landscapes and fossils and buildings, but I prefer people. Their motives aren't always clear, but their expressions are at least movable.

Rosie's face was fixed forever, though, and it was clearly uncharacteristic of her. She was neither smiling or frowning. We all decided that she had died in mid-babble.

Of course, there was a funeral several days later. It was cakeless since the cake-maker was dead (she will be missed), but whatever was missing was surely regained because of the wonderful eulogy given by the presiding minister, E.B. Ledbetter.

"We have gathered here today to discuss the departure of one of our dear sisters. A goodly sister who was consumed. Not by fire. Not by the gun. Not by the knife or poison or the bumper of an automobile. Not even by lots of rude people with sticks. Rather, she was consumed, nay, taken in by water—the water of a simple brackish pond. Why? Why? Why? I'll tell you why. It was done out of sheer boredom!" he said this with some conviction. Evidently, he

had seen my photograph of her and had come to the same conclusion I had reached some months before.

"We are saddened today by this tragic accident, but I would like you to look on the brighter side," he forced a smile, "her soul is at rest. She has gone to join hands with her Maker."

"Finally, in conclusion, let us all pray that her soul will have a smooth journey; that is to say, non-stop, no stale champagne, no stewardesses with artificial smiles, no careening luggage racks, and a Man to meet her at the other end who will take her bags and say, 'Right this way to your room, Rosie, and guess what? No cockroaches.'"

There was not a dry eye in the place when he was through. I was crying so much I couldn't even focus my camera. But after everyone else had gone, I did manage to get a picture of the final resting place.

The headlines in the paper tell the story:

### ROSIE FELL INTO THE WATER FEELINGS RUN HIGH

Right under that is the photograph I took.

My name is Sid.

## ROSIE FELL INTO THE WATER

answer to her questions. This was strange because she had always been polite enough to at least listen.

But she did not listen. She would babble and babble endlessly, stopping herself occasionally with an interruptive gesture.

From time to time, we as concerned citizens, would get together and discuss her demoted condition. These are some of the questions we asked ourselves:

1. How could a good person be so rude and a rude person be so good?

2. Who will bake cakes from now on?

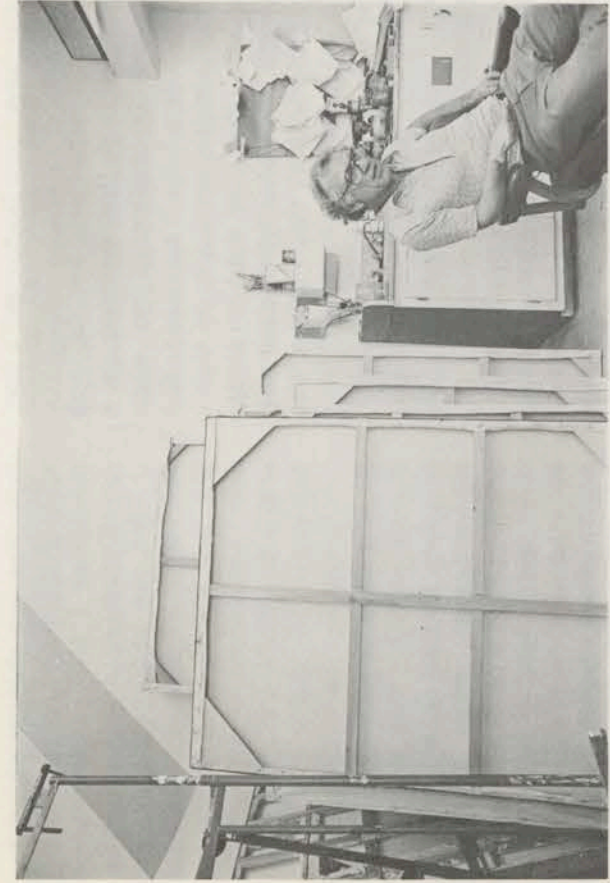
3. Could further pond slippage be avoided?

4. If she is crazy, how can she also be so articulate?

But no answers seemed enough to stop the inevitable: the fall of Rosie's pristine body into the brackish pond. Since this was our conclusion, we decided to find some way to console her in her last days. That was the plan.

I believe it was my uncle Harry who said, "If you must look for death, at least let your friends lead the way". Then again that





## Collage interview with DAVID LEDOUX

limitation. It depends on man's vision, you know, how far put into. I mean, creativity is kind of thinking into the future, at least speculatively. And I suppose if your creative thinking's on target, or important enough, or significant enough, it is a future; it becomes a future. It becomes what is accepted in time. That's a long definition.

C: "Does creativity represent a means toward achieving an end, or is it an end within self?"

L: "Well, here again, I think accessible. If he can get his ego in

shape to the point where he can get to where I'm talking about is going on, then my paintings are accessible to him. If he's not off on some other trip; you know, I mean, if he's off making money, he's going to have difficulty. I mean, the banker has a lot of trouble when he gets home and makes love to his wife, cause he's been counting figures all day. I mean, these are two completely different kinds of activities. So when he comes to the art museum he's got dollar signs in his head and he has difficulty dealing with these things, which are involved in the humanistic sense. So you know, it's a matter of time of what can be done. Yeah, we perceive things differently.

C: "You made an interesting statement. You said, 'It's just the conditioning to look at things like creativity.' Do you feel creativity is merely conditioning or something that can be taught?"

L: "Well, creativity can't be taught. The quality of creativeness is in man, innately, in the same way that 10 fingers are innately in man."

C: "Would you say though that creativity can be allowed in such a way that it would be—"

L: "It can be developed instead of stifled. The cultural norms stifle creativity, because it's not a value; it's not primary, it's not important to the culture. What's important is making dough. I mean, you talk to anybody about it. They'll say the best thing to do,

the best deal, the best this, that or the other. And they talk about money everytime. The smart thing to do is buy a house, they tell you, and then you can get your money out of it. And that's the end of all arguments. Well, somebody else might say, 'Well, look, I don't want to be tied down owning a house; I'd rather float free, be nomadic. I'd rather live that way.' Well, that kind of thinking is totally foreign to the culture, you see. So this is what I'm talking about. Yeah, people perceive things differently. I mean, artists in this culture have a hell of a time fighting free because they have been so conditioned away from the kind of thing that I'm talking about. I realize this is un-American, but...we're past the Joe McCarthy era; we may be going back into another one but I guess I'll have to chance it."

C: "It's hard to classify creativity isn't it, at least in those terms?"

L: "We've been trying...I think another way, another word that I sometimes used to talk about is the idea of being able to see options."

C: "Alternatives?"

L: "Okay, if you like that word better. Again, most people react on a fairly narrow basis. And you could say, 'Well, it's a lack of imagination.' I'd say it's a lack of, at any point, cultivating the ability to recognize the fact that there are options and really to bear that

kind of truth. Because, for people to realize that there are alternatives to the way that they are is sometimes very frightening, very insecurity creating. I was talking to a group the other day and I was talking about how, when people are brought up with only one language, what an attitude they have toward that language as opposed to someone else who's brought up bilingual or who makes contact with several languages and the attitude toward that. There are people who feel that English is the truth, you know, and the only possible truth, that there is no other language that can express human experience the way English can. Oh, they wouldn't say it that way. And I think it expresses this kind of narrowness, the inability to see options. But, if you speak five or six or seven or eight different languages, then you realize that language is a system. And it's very helpful, because I think that when you realize that language is a system you're willing to grapple with the mistakes you make in that language and consequently your abilities in that language and your really, just simply, your technical know-how in that language, can be up-graded when you face the fact that it is a system. You don't feel that it attacks you in an ego type of way in the way that you might feel if it was your security. And I think this relates to this other thing that we're talking about. People in

many instances avoid options because it blows their minds. They can't deal with it."

C: "They're afraid to deal with it?"

L: "They're afraid to deal with alternatives to the kind of perceptual scheme of it they see. Because whatever stability they have, they're afraid they're going to lose, you know, free float in some kind of valueless nebulous kind of thing that they can't even categorize. You hear politicians talk about this all the time, that we needed to stay with these bedrock values. All people who classify themselves conservative I think represent that kind of thinking: 'We need to stay with these bedrock values, this, this and this.' Of course, in most instances, it's kind of a convenience, but then, that's another story."

C: "Would you say that the people who are conservative, or who at least seem to be, try to represent a more secure basic idea or ideal for the people?"

L: "Well, that's the image they're projecting."

C: "What would you say a liberal is?"

L: "Well, I'm not a liberal. I'm a radical. So you know I couldn't say about the liberal."

C: "Thank you for speaking with us today, Mr. Ledoux."

L: "Thank you. Is that it? Are those all of the questions? How long have we been talking?"



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