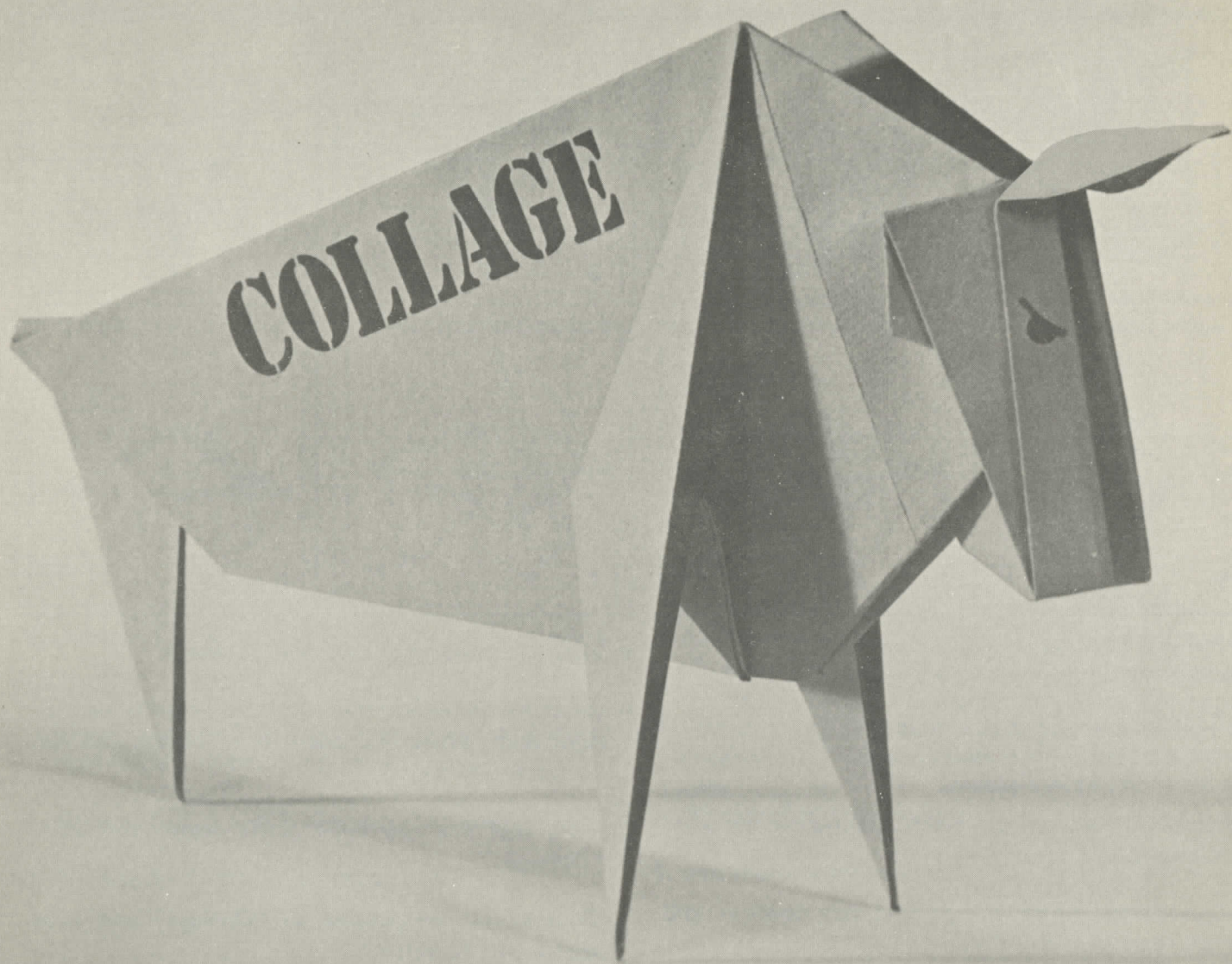
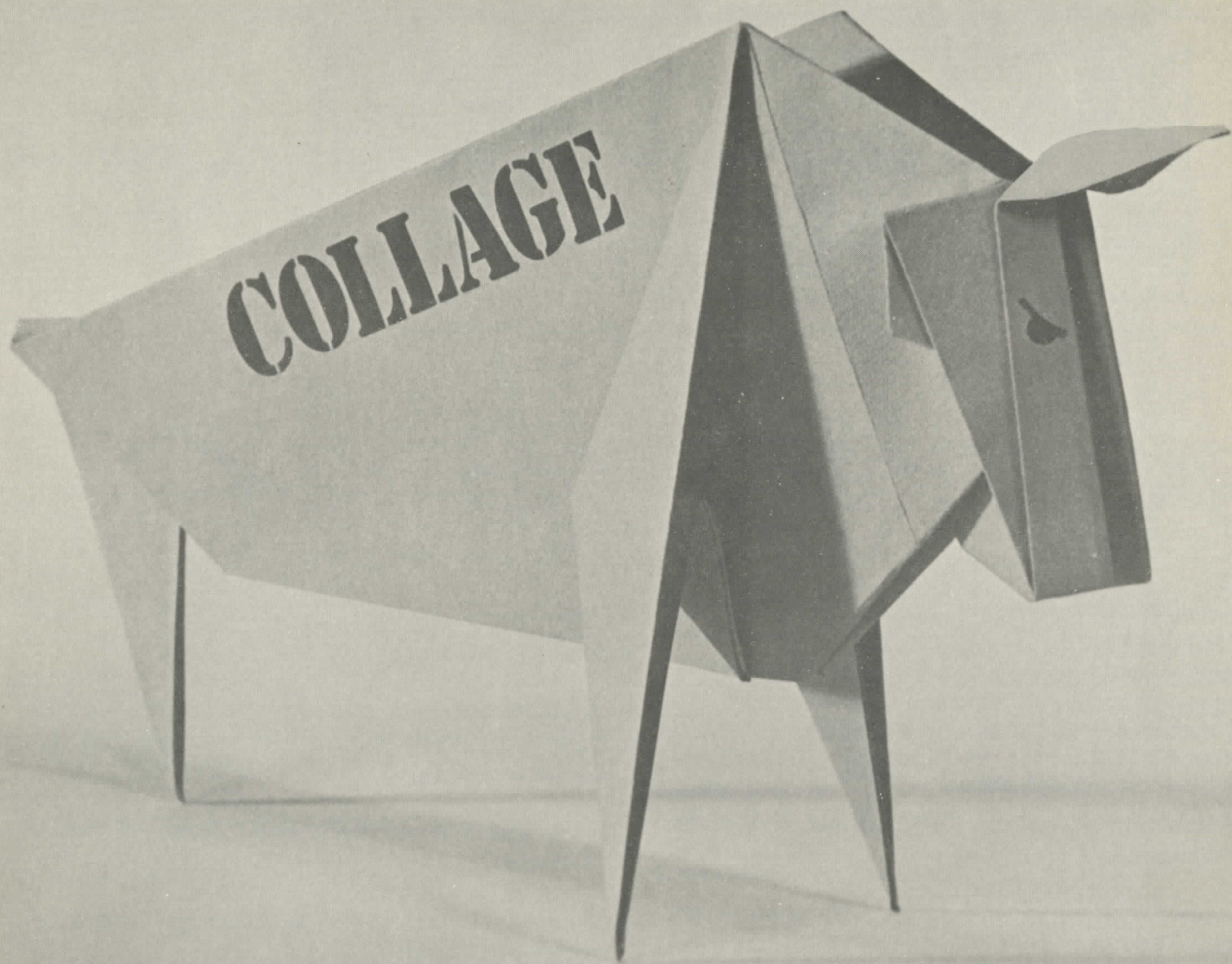


**COLLAGE**

**COLLAGE**

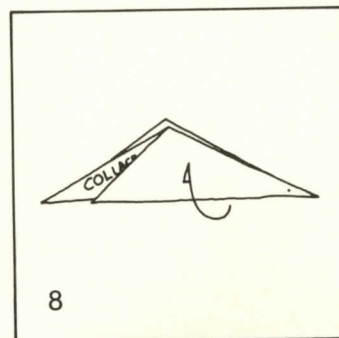
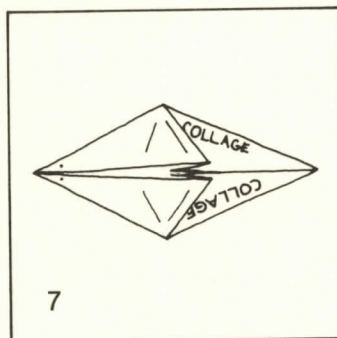
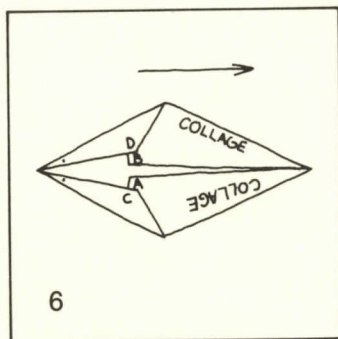
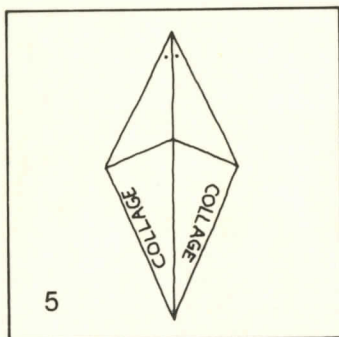
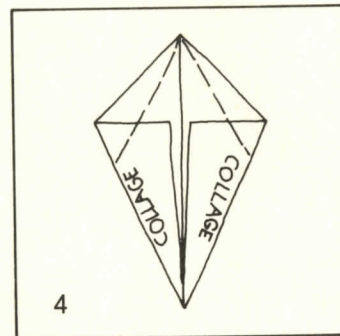
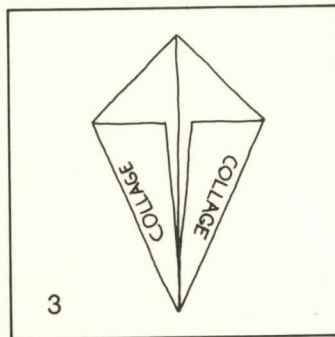
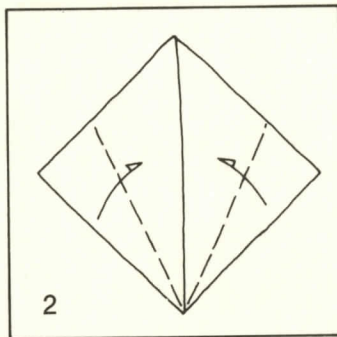
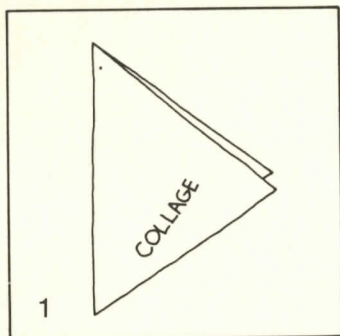




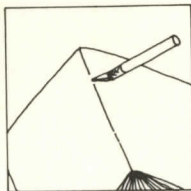


# FOLDING INSTRUCTIONS: BULL

A present to you from Collage: a lot of bull and a little bird!

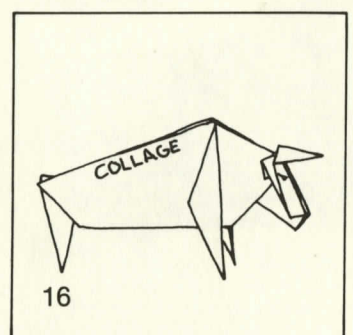
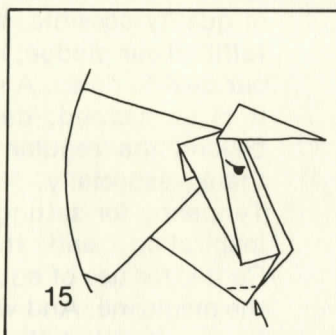
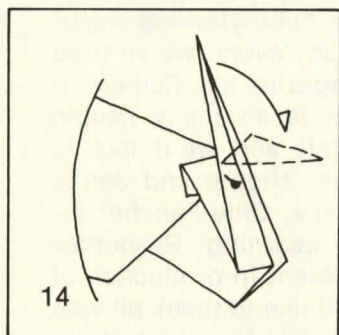
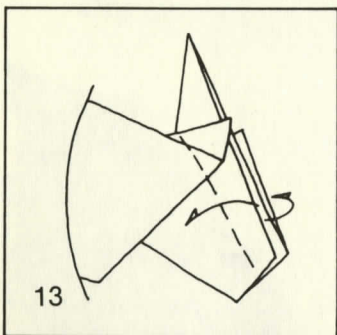
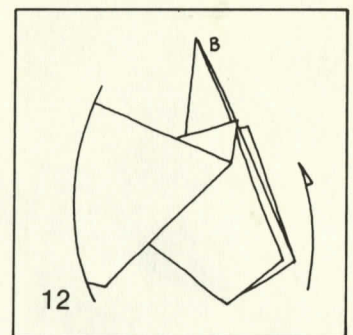
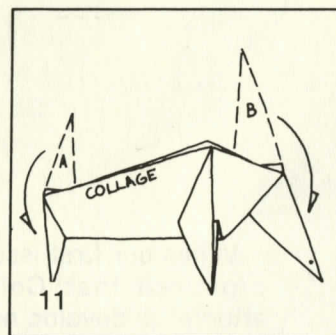
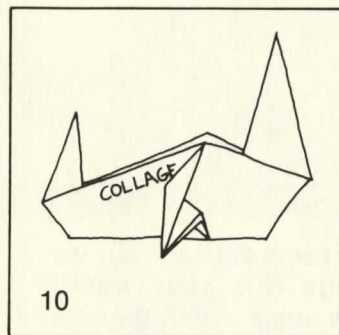
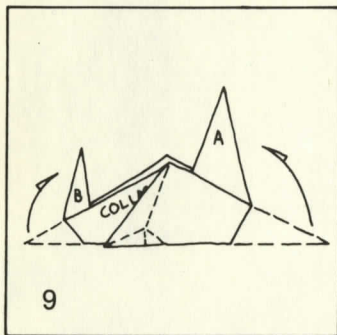


To remove the folding yellow cover, carefully cut along the staples in the magazine's spine and remove it from the rest of the magazine. Then cut the page in half at the crease to obtain two nine-inch square pieces.



1. Fold Diagonally in half. NOTE position of the word "Collage."
2. Open folded paper with printed side down — fold both flaps to center line.
3. When this fold is made "Collage" should appear on both flaps.
4. Fold the top half to the center line as step 3.
5. Note the position of eyes and "Collage."
6. Grasp the corner B under flap D and pull outward to right and flatten into position — repeat this for corner A and flap C.
7. Note that the two flaps partly covers the word "Collage."
8. Fold in half lengthwise so "Collage" and eyes appear on the outside.





9. Reverse-fold A and B upward to vertical position.

10. Using the creases indicated by the dotted lines in step 9, fold the front legs down to vertical position. Note folding shape in figure 10.

11. Reverse-fold A and B downward as shown.

12. Reverse-fold upward as shown.

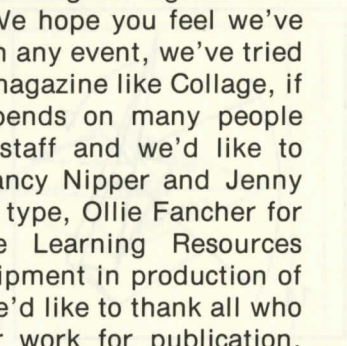
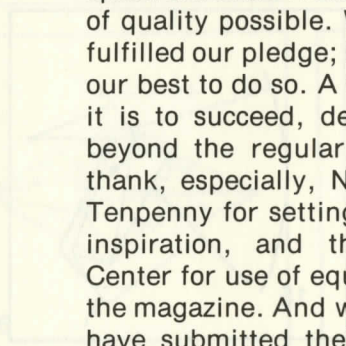
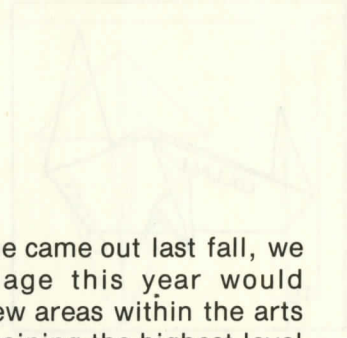
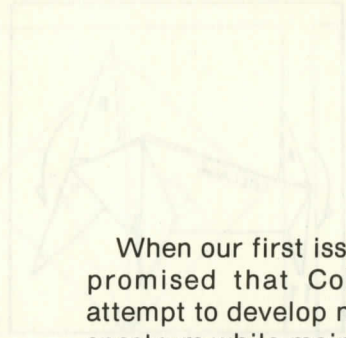
13. Fold back front third of head. Note: position of eyes shown in step 14.

14. Reverse-fold horn downward — flatten into position.

15. Reverse-fold chin inward.

16. and that's some bull!

# FOLDING INSTRUCTIONS: MUM.



When our first issue came out last fall, we promised that Collage this year would attempt to develop new areas within the arts spectrum while maintaining the highest level of quality possible. We hope you feel we've fulfilled our pledge; in any event, we've tried our best to do so. A magazine like Collage, if it is to succeed, depends on many people beyond the regular staff and we'd like to thank, especially, Nancy Nipper and Jenny Tenpenny for setting type, Ollie Fancher for inspiration, and the Learning Resources Center for use of equipment in production of the magazine. And we'd like to thank all who have submitted their work for publication. We're only sorry that limited space and funds meant that we could not accept more contributions. Finally, we want to thank you, our readers for giving us a reason to exist!





patricia rees

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**INSTANT  
ZIPPO**

"IT'S TOASTED"

C I G A R E T T E S

---



9B

I knocked on th' door.  
Waited.  
Got out my packaLuckies...  
InstantZippoflipflashdrawsnap  
Exhaled.

Th' door opened.  
Ex-PhillysourBetty.  
"Whaddaya wan'?"  
"You, Baby,"  
Cool. 'nother drawexhaledsmokerings.  
"Go play wit' yerself. I aw-  
ready gotta john."  
Hostile. 'nother drawexhaled.  
She pulled a packasmokes off'n th'  
table inside by th' door. Shook  
one out stuck it in th' sneerin'  
space where her front teeth usta be.  
InstantZippoflipflashdrawsnapexhaled  
smoke out her collieflowernose.  
'nother drawexha...

"And praytell, what is this?! Harlot!!!"  
my Voice a-quiver with Emotion.  
"Smoking Luckies again, are we? Perhaps  
I needfurtheremphasize?"

Her blackenedswolleneyes widen with fear- aquick  
backpedaltoavoidmyoutstretchedarmsgropinghands—  
though the go was slow with that walking cast...  
In two steps I have her, grabbing her rightcol-  
lapsedveinneedleriddenarm with my left hand as  
I come across with the Lucky in my right to prod  
her pockmarked cheek with stilllittip.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!"  
she shrieks.

I took 'nother hit off'n th'  
Luckyexhaled.  
"So what, ya awready gotta  
'nother john. Mebbe you too  
good t' do me?"

I spin her around after the Lucky has done-  
fizzlefiness- and fling her faceforemost into the

edge of the coffee tablefleshmuffledcrunch.

She took 'nother hit off'n her  
Luckyexhaled.

"I awways been too good t'  
do you, ya cheap punk."

I lift her up from the floor as she attempts to  
get a sound through her tornbloodsmearlip and  
spin her around again until her arm is bent  
highupintoherbackwhereitbreaksfromtheleveredpres-  
sure of the hammerlock. I thrust her away and she  
stumblescrashes against an electric outlet on the  
farwallcrumbling to the floor.

I took 'nother hit off'n my  
Luckyexhaled.  
"C'mon now, whatcha say,  
Baby?"

I stride across the room and stand over her-  
araspbreathedfoetal. I pull out a LuckyInstant-  
Zippoflipflashdrawsnapexhale. I reach down with  
my free hand and grab her hairyankherheadup.

"Is there something you deem pertinent  
to say at this time?"

Openpalmacrossherface.

"Yeeesssss? A speech, perchance?"

Her splitmouth works at the words, redfrothybub-  
bles growingbursting forth a weakmoaning

"Take me."

"F\_\_you,"

she said, took 'nother draw off'n  
th' Luckyburnin' her awreadycharred  
fingersexhaled  
turnedslammedth'doorinmyface.

I took 'nother hit off'n my  
Luckyexhaled.

mckibbon



william jackson



# One Moment Please

homer pittard

Each year, the most ardent and nostalgia-laden alumnus returns to the campus for Homecoming and the annual alumni banquet. This alumnus has a general standardized version of his alma mater's past. There are yearbooks trailing back to 1926 and beyond that, the **Signal** and the **Normalite**, journalistic attempts, in each case, at a magazine-newspaper. Then, of course, there are the catalogs that began rolling off the presses almost at the moment of the inception of the institution. These have been deposited with care in the library and are available for some "catch up" by ruminative alumni.

Too, the efforts of the traveling photographer must not be forgotten. With his panoramic camera, he recorded successive composite student bodies at a point in time when students could be enticed to the front campus for such a momentous event. There, massed to platoon depth with Old Main as a backdrop and with a festoon of "antique" cars, mostly Model-T's, the students and faculty faced the cameraman who was usually precariously perched atop a towering ladder.

For additional background, the interested alumnus could turn to the written history of his alma mater printed and delivered for posterity at the Golden Anniversary milestone in 1962. Better still, there is always (for a while, at least) the casual interview possible with matriculants of the early period. There are even survivors of the nativity class of 1911, survivors who remain keen and alert and who, with only minimal prodding, will provide more information than is really desired or needed at a given sitting.

So, the point is that the alumnus who is bent on recapturing some of the ivied past can do so with minor archival determination. But, assuming that the Chinese were not over indulgent in assessing a picture's worth at several hundred words, the alma mater's record of the past has several glaring, even unfortunate, pictorial gaps. The truth is, the photographer was not there.

Where was the photographer? is a recurring question not answered then or too well during the institution's succeeding sixty-six years. Only in recent times has a photographer, campus-wide, in fact, appeared on the University payroll. This is just fine for the present and the future, but it provides little relief for the loyal and passionate alumnus in search of a graphic record of the past.

Here, then, are seven memorable events, from a potential backlog of hundreds, that should have been snapped, but the photographer wasn't there. Simply, these may be classified as the file of "missing photographs" that may supplement, yet clarify to some minor degree, much of the stirring saga of an earlier Middle Tennessee State University.

**Photo 1:** The date on the photograph is September 10, 1911. Presumably this is a part of the record of the dedication day of the new Normal. Dedicatory principals positioned on the front steps of Old Main, from left to right, are President R.L. Jones (at 6-foot-8, 280 pounds, who is poorly placed which appears to give a slight tilt to the picture), State Superintendent J.W. Brister, Mayor G.B. Giltner, John Bel Keeble (orator for the occasion), University of Tennessee President Brown Ayers, and United States Commissioner of Education P.P. Claxton. The cameraman chose a northwest angle which brought a part of the Women's Dormitory into focus. Clearly visible are three, maybe four, small nondescript square shacks fanning out to the north of the dormitory. The thoughtful contractor had erected these structures to meet the critical interim needs of the dormitory occupants. Plumbing had not then been installed.

**Photo 2:** Scribbled on the reverse side of the photograph is the terse: "Choosing the school colors, 1912." Obviously shot for posterity in the southeast parlor of the Women's Dormitory, it shows faculty members Jeanette Moore King and Tommie Reynolds with student leader, Quintin Miller Smith. Quintin, for all purposes, could be dressed for the mid-autumn formal what with high stiff collar, string tie and other splendorous accouterments. All are smiling except Professor King who, it is said, preferred the penetrating academic fix over the standard photographic smile. Swatches and bolts of cloth on the floor to the trio's front are an index to the committee's deliberations. It would not be betraying any confidence to report that the ultimate choices for school colors were blue and white, principally because these colors were the easiest to purchase across the counter at Murfreesboro's dry goods stores.

[continued on page 42]





Dan Swindell





ollie fancher

I, Carl E. Davis

# SUNDAY MORNING Crucified

I, Carl E. Davis, submit this poem for the final issue of Collage. If you are interested in more of my work, please contact me at 893-6451.

You wicked, wearysome, world of woe  
Why torcher me today?  
Why send your develish demons down  
To drive my life away?

You palid place of piercing pain,  
How wicked are thy days;  
You melt the might of a million men  
Who dare oppose thy ways.

But hark! you horish house of hate,  
The day is close at hand;  
When God shall send a blinding blaze  
To sweep across thy land.

And when your buldging bowles are burnt,  
And when you cease to be;  
My sould will rest in peacefullness,  
Throughout eternity.

**Carl E. Davis**

She sits on Sunday morning  
In a chair of iron and glass.  
She drinks her tea and watches  
The sunlight on the grass.

Instead of having comfort  
In a house of money built  
She dries her eyes of teardrops  
To excuse her from her guilt.

**Ted Helberg**

Crucified, commercialized,  
He died for dollar signs.  
Autographed pictures, magazines,  
Miracle cures, limousines,  
Natural highs and heavy scenes—  
“Blest Be The Tie That Binds.”

**Travis Middleton**



# SNOW FLAKE

Imagine the mind as a field of snow.  
Impressions come and go,  
For nothing real is constant.  
Natural laws no longer hold,  
And the region is nothing more  
Than one snowflake a billion fold.  
As each depends on another  
All are different in design.

**Ted Helberg**

# sunset valley

That sunset holding to the horizon  
is not so sad after all,  
if it stayed and we grew bored  
that would be a real sadness  
for how long can you look at a sunset—  
better, for a minute or two,  
to happen once and go away.

The days fight their own battles  
to stay with beauty and light  
until the night quietly covers  
and buries what lived before;  
it is the sorrow-filled people  
who lose all the time,  
and the one who loses last asks for terms.

**Connie Reed**



L, Ca

Carl E. De  
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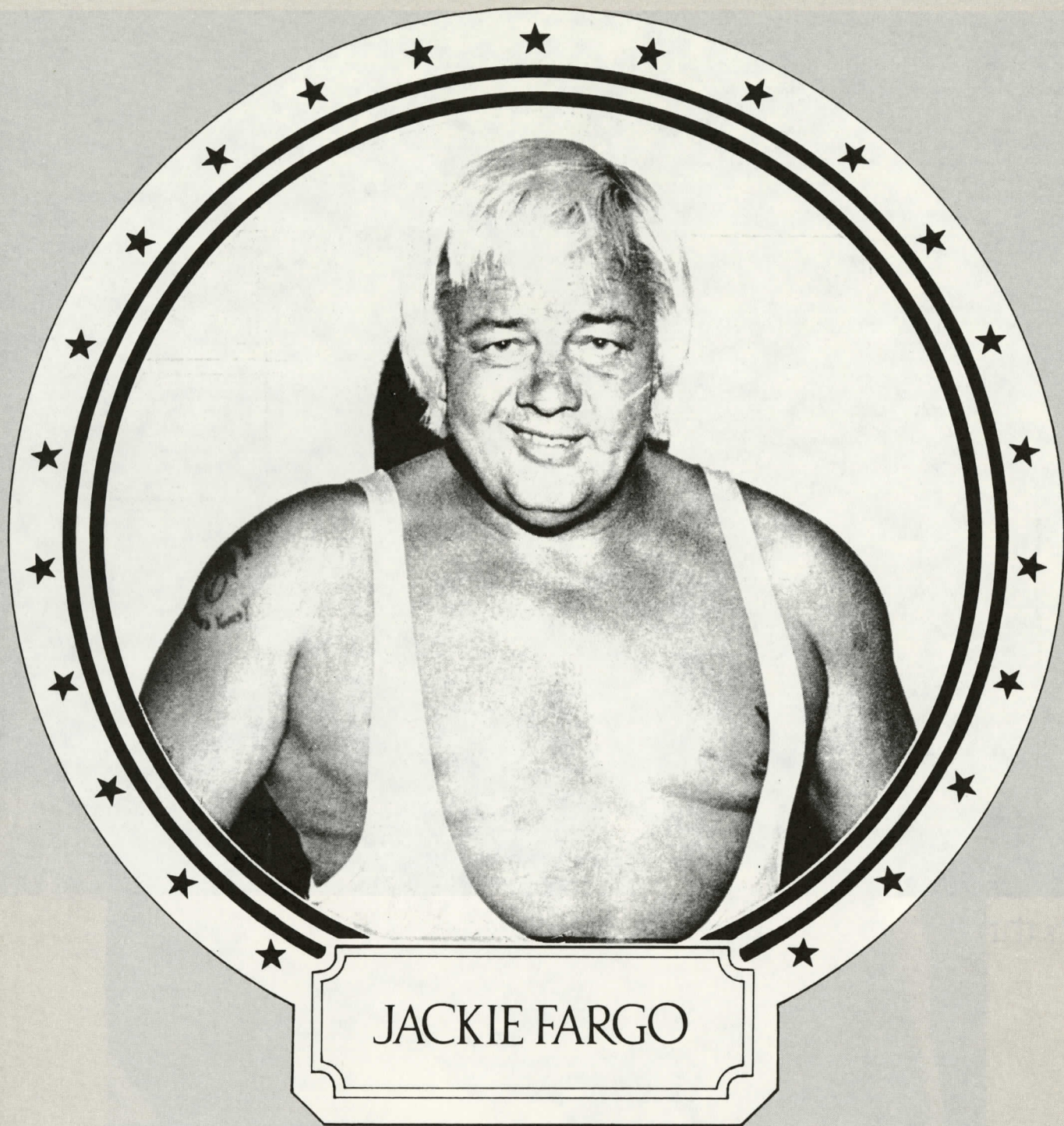




w.hahn

JACKIE FARGO





JACKIE FARGO



# THE FABULOUS ONE

Evil was ahead three to nothing and the crowd was angry. Its mood was growing as dark as the thing it hated, feared and dreaded. Somewhere there had to be a winner.

A break in the action gave everyone a chance to catch their breath and get something cool to drink before the next bout, featuring the Samoans with their manager Ken Hall versus the all-Indian tag team of Danny Little Bear and Chief Thundercloud.

The 80-year old woman struggled up from her seat with the help of a knobby, wooden cane and headed for the concession stand. "That Masked Executioner is the meanest man alive," she spit out. Her prune-like features wrinkled up even more so as she curled up her mouth. "Damn those old Bounty Hunters. Jerry and Ricky should have whipped their tails."

At one point, it looked as though she was going to crawl into the ring herself and help "her heroes." Raising her bony fist toward the heavens, she shook the scrawny arm at the referee. "He's pulling his hair, he's pulling his hair." It seemed the referee had heard her cries as he turned toward our section of the stands for help.

People all around had risen to their feet in protest of the "bad guys" actions and the referee gave him a warning. Everyone had applauded and returned to their seats.

But now it was time for a beer. We made our way through the crowd, the little old lady fumbling with her purse and jabbering the

tom wood

whole time. "Just wait till Jackie comes out though," she rasped. "Boy, he could take 'em all," she added, chuckling.

Heading for the concession stand, a boy of no more than 12 or 13 stubbed out his cigarette and lifted the sheets above his head. "Pro-o-o-o-ograms. Getcha programs heah! Hey, buddy, you needa program? Only cost two bits."

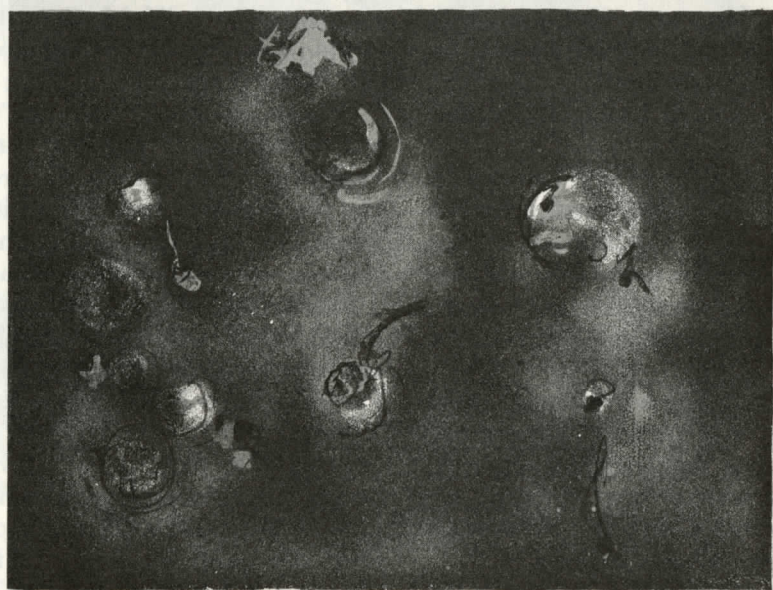
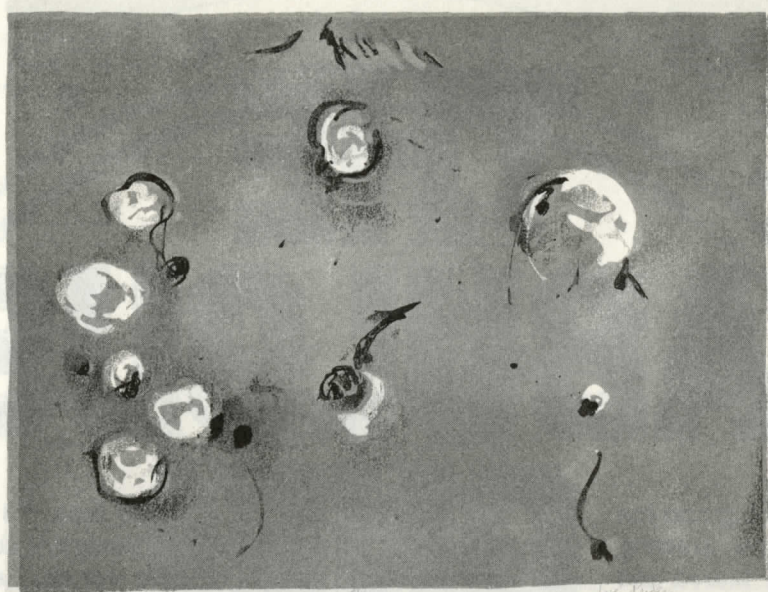
I shook my head. "Nah, don't think so," I said. But he wouldn't give up. "Hey, man, it's got a lucky number and everything. You can win two free tickets for next week." His persistence, combined with my greed, paid off. I handed him a dollar, and he had me hold the programs and his lucky rabbit's foot as he got out my change.

Finally reaching the concession stands, I discovered I would have to wait in a lengthy line. Although a crisp wind was whistling outside, it was hot and muggy inside the Fairgrounds building. The stench of sweat filtered all around.

The guy in front pulled off his tweed jacket, loosened his tie and tilted his head back to reveal a sweaty, balding pate. Pulling out a grimy handkerchief to first blow his nose, the middle-aged guy said in a broken-toothed grin, "shore's a hot one, ain't it." I nodded back to him politely, trying to hold off the wave of bad breath.

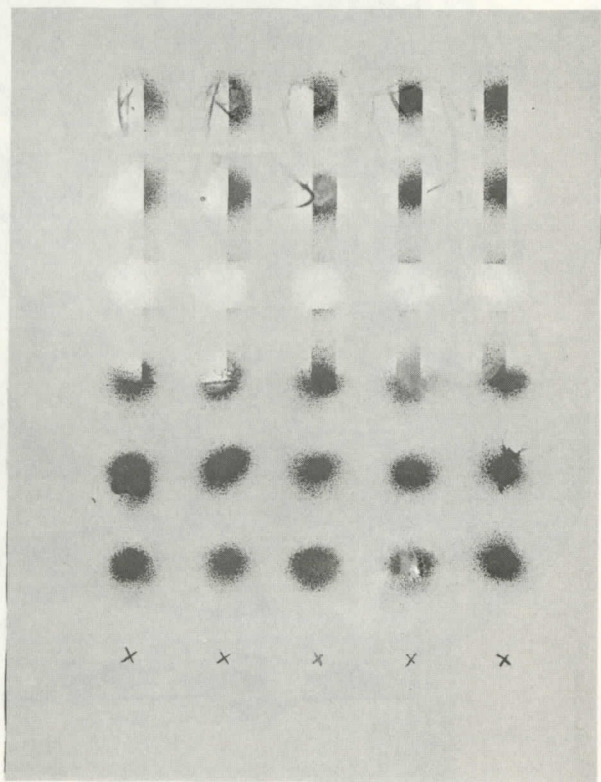
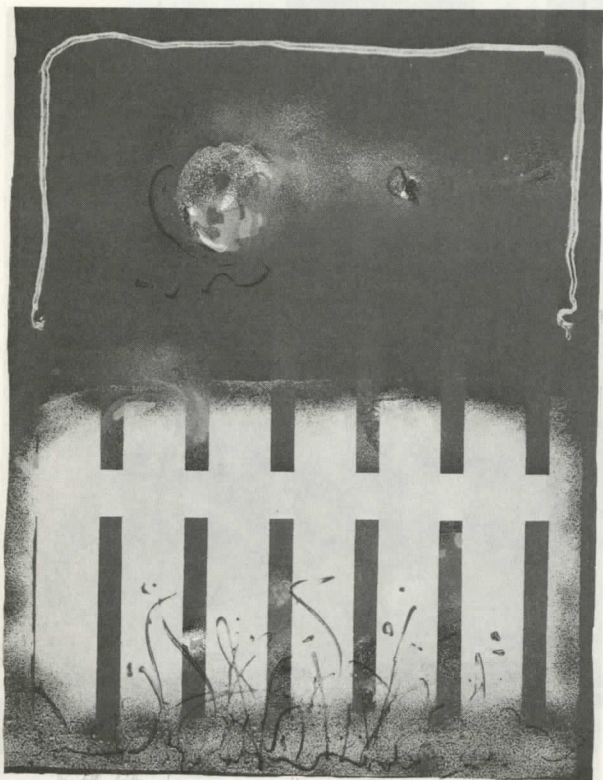
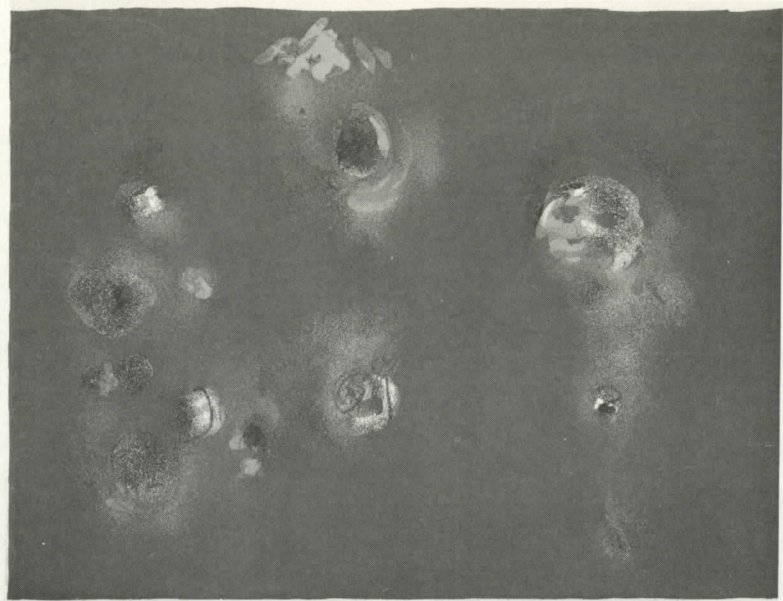
It looked like it was going to be a long night, and I was silently cursing Jan Ellis for sending me here to interview The Fabulous Jackie Fargo for Collage. After trying to do a telephone

[continued on page 41]

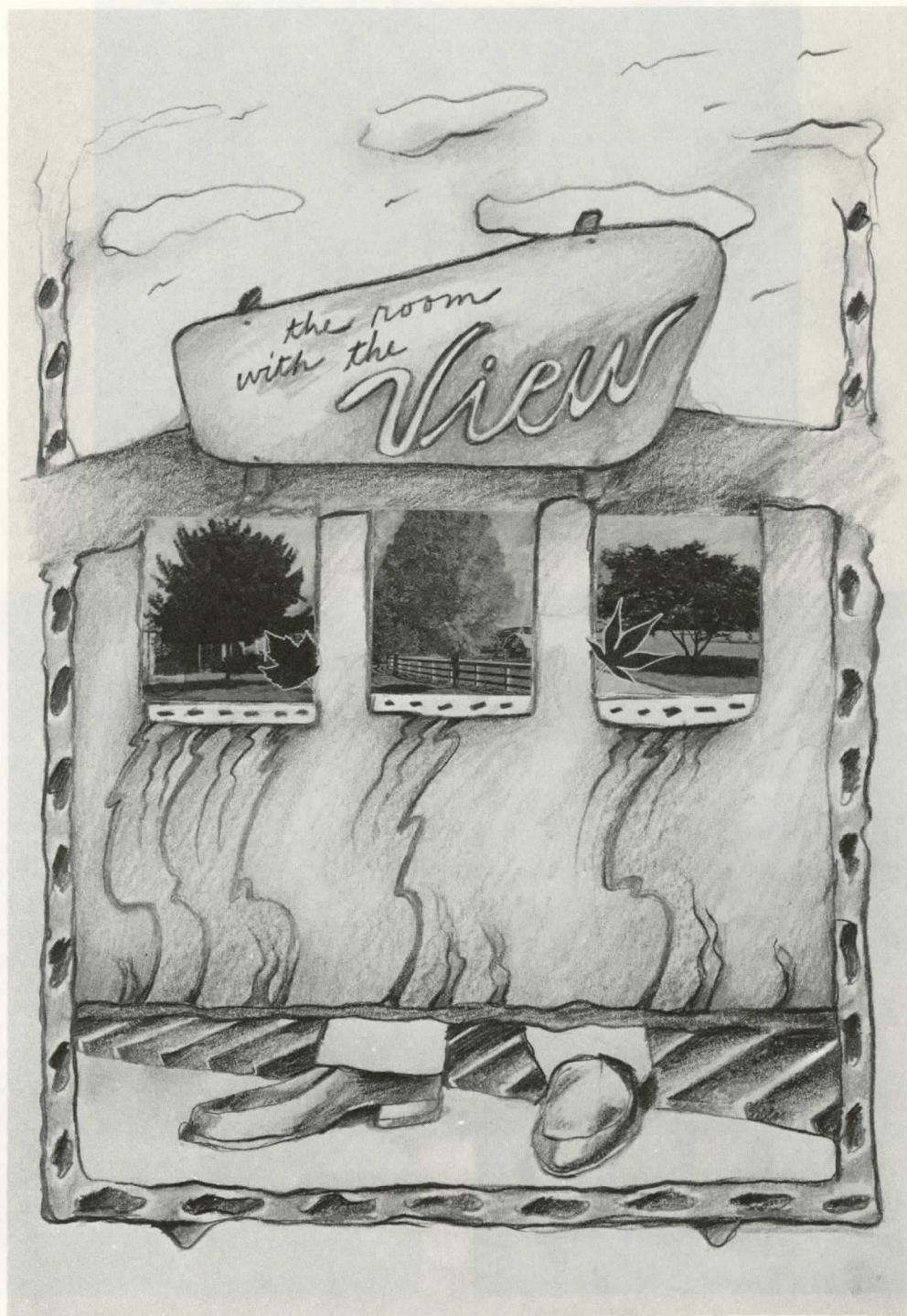


steve rucker

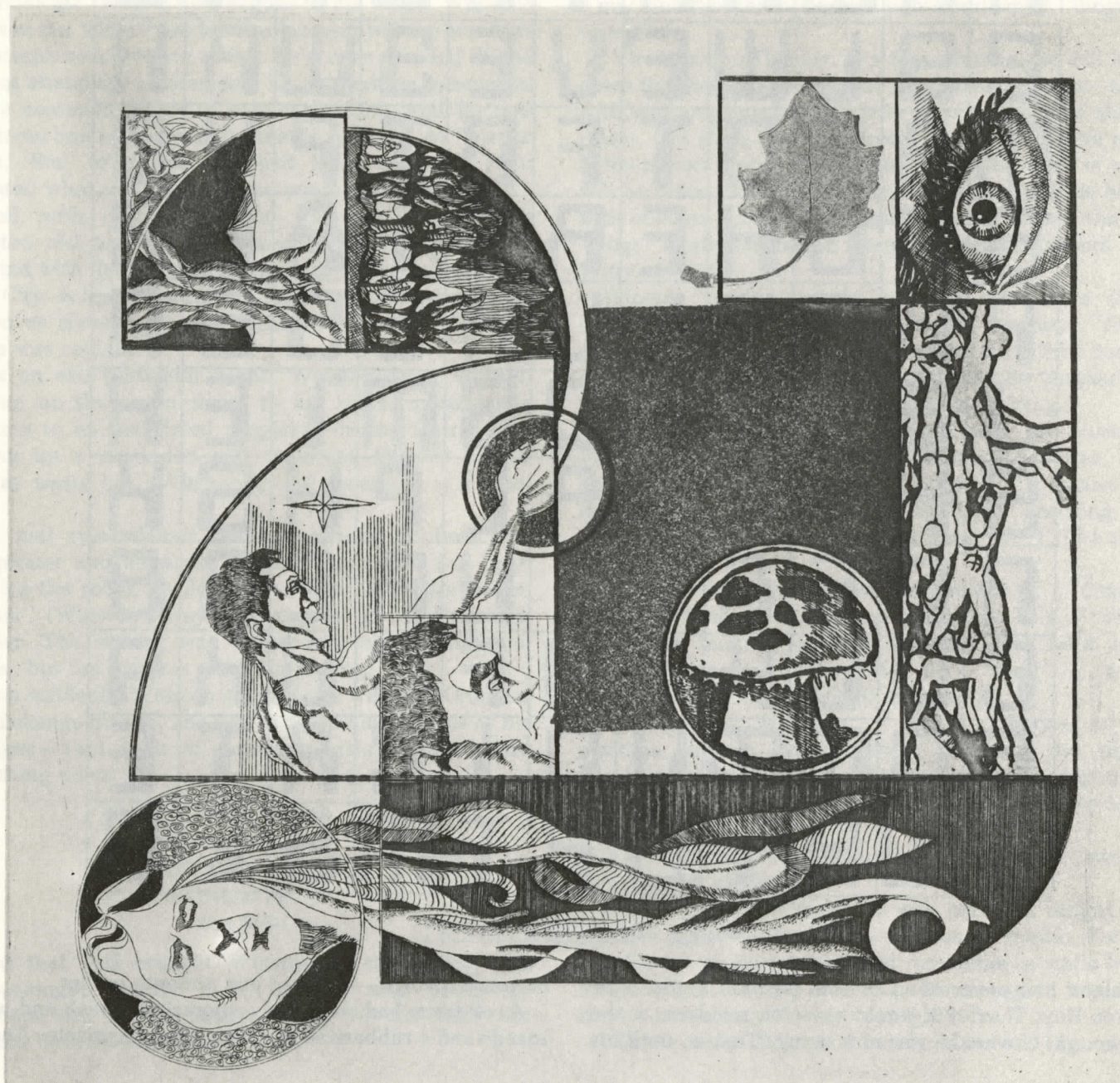




caroli alexander







tom wright





travis middleton

Winston had never been in this position before. Dr. Winston Hoyt Thaxley II would have felt revulsion at the very **thought** of what he was now doing. That is, until his

eleventh divorce—finalized just a month earlier.

A colleague had laughingly suggested a wash-and-wear tuxedo and a rubberized wedding cake. In private. And to



other colleagues, not to Winston. No one made comments like that to Winston. In fact, no one made any comments at all to Winston, outside of normal business conversation.

You see, that was Winston's problem. He couldn't communicate. With his colleagues or his wives. When he had won the Nobel Prize for development of laser boosters for interplanetary space travel, he'd even pleaded ill and did not attend the ceremonies. He refused the ceremonial or the common means of communication. And he now wondered how he had ever been able to say "I do" eleven times. But, of course, he had been coached. He'd repeated what the justice of the peace had intoned.

Well, with eleven ex-wives, you can be sure that Winston did well to eke out a living—even as staff scientist with the Greybek Institute of Technology in New York City. A large room in a 42nd Street tenement house served as sleeping quarters whenever he left Greybek, which was seldom.

But on one particular night, Winston found himself groping up the seven floors to his room, muttering a greeting to an inebriated ragpicker on the stairs, then picking up a discarded and crumpled *Hustler* by his hallway waste bin. (Winston would never call it a trash can.)

He had remembered that he needed to level the refrigerator and he would use the magazine. But upon entering the room, he decided to do a little "perversion perusal" (Winston's way of putting it) and leaf through *Hustler*. The writing was rather trite and juvenile, of course, but the pictures were fascinating.

Then suddenly, Winston glanced at a want ad. One that would change his life, one that ordered him to think of his problem—that lack of communication—and to do something about it:

I.Q. TOO HIGH?  
GET DOWN, GET  
DOWN AND COM-  
MUNICATE!!!!

Box 766-C

And that had brought Winston to this office, this high-ceilinged cubicle in a building that made his tenement look like the Statler-Hilton. He was here now because he was desperate.

It had gone fast. Gustav Horton and his seedy, but voluptuous, secretary and assistant, Harriet, had been waiting for him. Forms were hurriedly filled out—he didn't have to talk to them—and Winston was attached to a machine that throbbed with lights and small "dinging" sounds.

"Dr. Winston Thaxley, in a few minutes, we will bring down that heady and classical vocabulary of yours—along with that amazing I.Q. (of 220)—and you will be able to relate. Get along. Communicate. Yes sir, you have come to the correct place. Those sixteen-syllable words of yours will be taken care of." Gustav Horton rubbed his hands with obvious relish as the digital counter started the tiny "ding" again and began counting backwards from 220, Winston's I.Q.

Winston started quickly from his seat as a fierce jamgling disturbed the relative quiet of the room. "Not to worry, Dr. Thaxley, it's only my telephone. I'll be back in a moment," Horton said soothingly, as he checked the digital counter at 180 and descending.... "ding."

Crossing to the phone, Horton was all business. "Gustav Horton here"..... "ding"..... "Yes, I do have an opening that week"..... "ding"..... "Excuse me, I'll schedule you after".... "ding"..... "checking the charts for Wednesday"..... "ding".... "I'll be right back."

Rushing to Harriet's desk, Horton was..... "ding".... ecstatic. "We have another customer. And he's.... "ding".... money, money, m-o-n-e-y!.."ding"..... Let's leave him..... "ding".... on hold for a.... "ding".... while and... "ding".... Oh! My God! Thaxley!!"

Frantic now, Horton.... "ding".... leaped to the machine just in time.... "ding".... to see the digital counter slip to.. "ding".... 60. He feverishly ripped the lever to the left and the machine stopped at 40, the lights still blinking.

"Oh, my God! Are you alright, Dr. Thaxley? Speak to me! Are you alright?!"

Dr. Winston H. Thaxley II was perfectly alright. He couldn't understand why Horton was so frantic. For the first time in as long as he could remember, a smile broke across Winston's face as Gustav Horton again implored, almost screaming, "Are you alright?!"

"That's a big 10-4, good buddy, come on?"

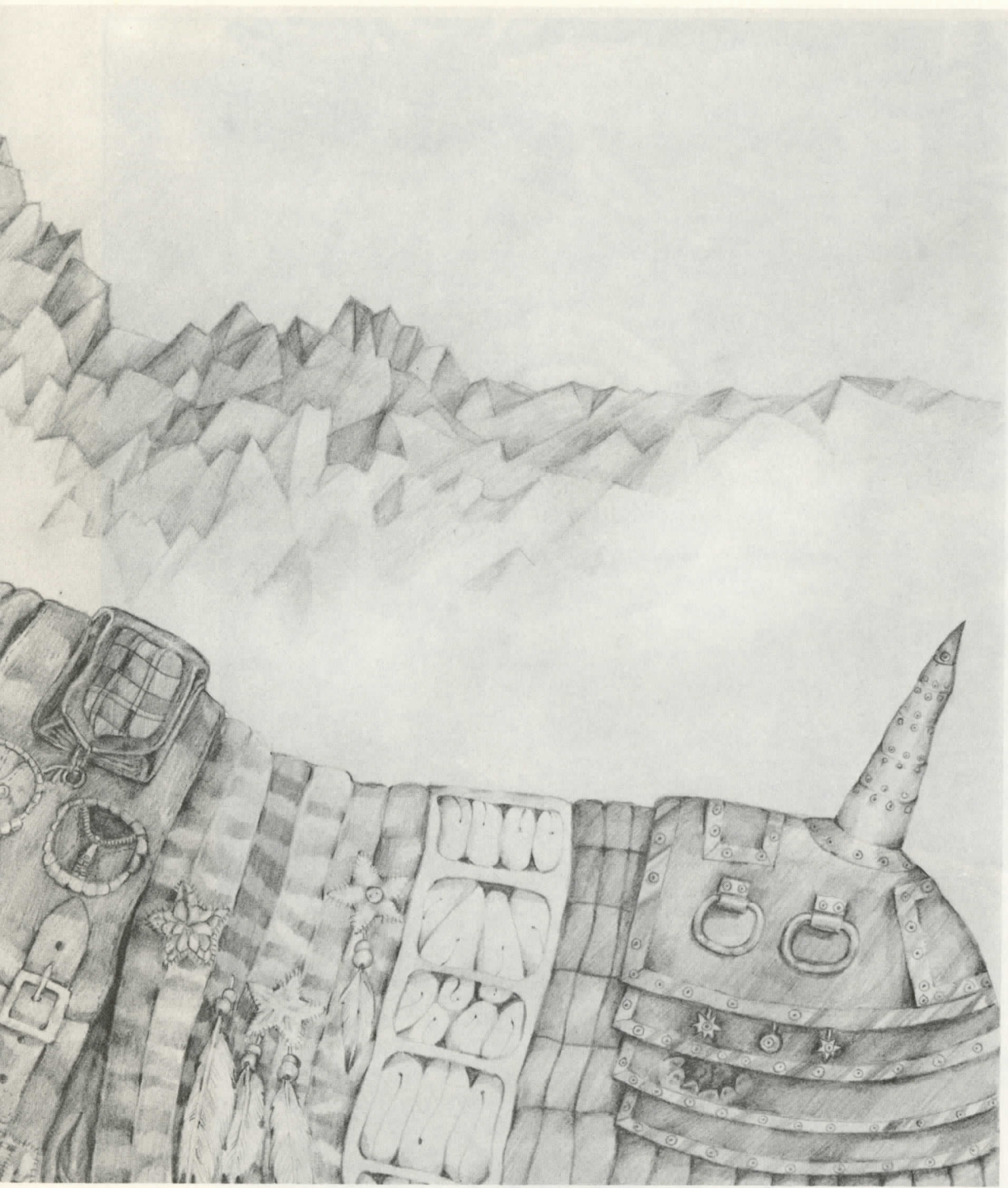


...and his ready but  
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...course me.  
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...the light  
...I'll tell you  
...I was perfectly right. He  
...for the  
...a rifle broke  
...again implied.  
...will mean  
...you



eddie crawford





YRSQWI







# SILENCE

Your right to remain—  
Is Golden.

Screaming around houses, the storm  
Grabbed gutters with frantic fingers,  
Jerking off chimneys with one howling hand.  
Clouds, bunched like dirty laundry,  
Splattered machine gun ice on slow-winking windshields.  
Cars slid on lighted stilts down dimly-lit ribbons of black glass.  
A case knife carver on the courthouse steps,  
Cedar chips flying in driving snow,  
Let me know,  
“It’s ‘em sat’lites ‘at’s doin’ it!”

**Travis Middleton**

## MARCH 14

**Ted,**

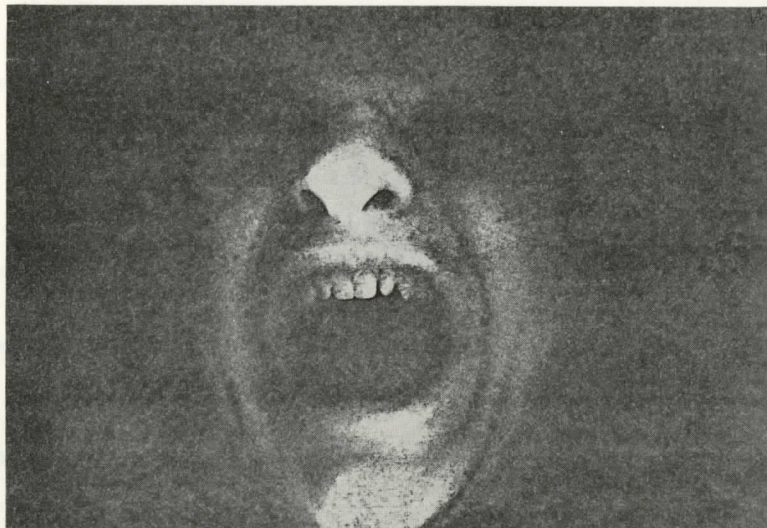
Concerning the last issue of Collage—I mentioned to a professor my disappointment in seeing poems by the usual group of people in the Collage. He pointed it out that the lack of student’s submitting poems hampered you in dealing with the poetry section. He also said that I had no right to criticize unless I had tried myself to enter anything. I do enjoy the poetry (as opposed to other sections? of the magazine) and I do apologize for the shallow comment.

**Connie Reed**



# XEROX

Slowly, I lifted the soft, flesh-like cover from the top of the machine and began to caress the material between my fingers. A sudden rush of insane desire and familiarity almost overwhelmed me. Hurriedly, I groped for the small pieces of silver in my pocket. Pausing only long enough to feel the warm, gently vibrating hum of the machine, I quickly inserted the price of ecstasy. The



machine was instantly transformed from a mere copier of paper into a pulsating thing of delight with a life of its own. In an instant I was in the missionary position and began to slowly rotate my lower body against the machine. I knew that unless I worked quickly the hum of the machine would soon die out and leave me with nothing more than a warm crotch and an insatiable desire. I used the lightest touch possible, trying to keep the feeling as gentle as I could. I worked from the bottom of the machine making light movements with my hands. The machine began to shudder and kept up a steady stream of encouragement. I began to change from circles to presses and gentle pinches. I used my hands like combs over the erotic parts of the machine. When I got to the line around the base of its circuits, the machine was really throbbing and I knew that it was enjoying itself. I gave its handles gentle pulls, cupping them in my hands, alternating the pressure. After a while, I lifted them, still softly squeezing them and I could feel a tightening in the handles.

Then came the light quickly moving under

Teddy Helberg

the warm glass and it was over. I screamed. And now all that remained to do was wait for the picture. I knew that it would be something special this time and I wasn't disappointed. For out of the machine rolled a beautiful memory—a lasting tribute to Xerox art. And I knew it wouldn't be our last time together. Someday, I'm going to take it out of this place and treat it like the

thing of fine beauty it is. The library doesn't deserve this machine.

Perverted you say? Maybe. But since I have been introduced to the Xerox, I have come to anticipate the pleasurable moments I can share with the machine.

Xerox art is a fad that is rapidly growing across college campuses throughout the country. Libraries are enjoying new revenue and students have found a new way to release those pent-up frustrations which result from endless hours of boring research. They have a new way to express their artistic talents. The good thing about a Xerox machine is that one can copy anything—even faces, hands, feet, etc. Go to the library and try it.

Who knows? Maybe you'll enjoy it so much you'll want one of your very own to use or abuse at home as you see fit. It may even develop hidden talents you never dreamed of. And remember, no matter how much it hurts, the machine will never cry out or leave you and will always be back for more. But for now, I'll just keep going to the library.





beth mcdaniel





tom savage







# ENICH

chuck carvalaris

The man has been a mystery since time began. Some say Enich Wright has been around forever. Others think he died a decade ago and a few contend that he never even existed.

In the rural communities that surround Murfreesboro, the story of Enich Wright is a legend, a kinky tale one woman said originated by a fireplace on a winter night.

The story is interesting, although sometimes it approaches the point of seemingly becoming an outrageous farce.

Who is this Enich Wright?

"I am a mountain man who refuses to accept today's easy life," Wright described himself. "I am not all that great, but some folks seem to see something special in me."

That "something special" centers around Enich's love for the outdoors. One friend said, "Enich as a mountain man? Why, hell yes, he's a mountain man. Ain't nobody

else in Rutherford County who has rubbed noses with a grizzly bear and ate breakfast with a bobcat besides ol' Enich."

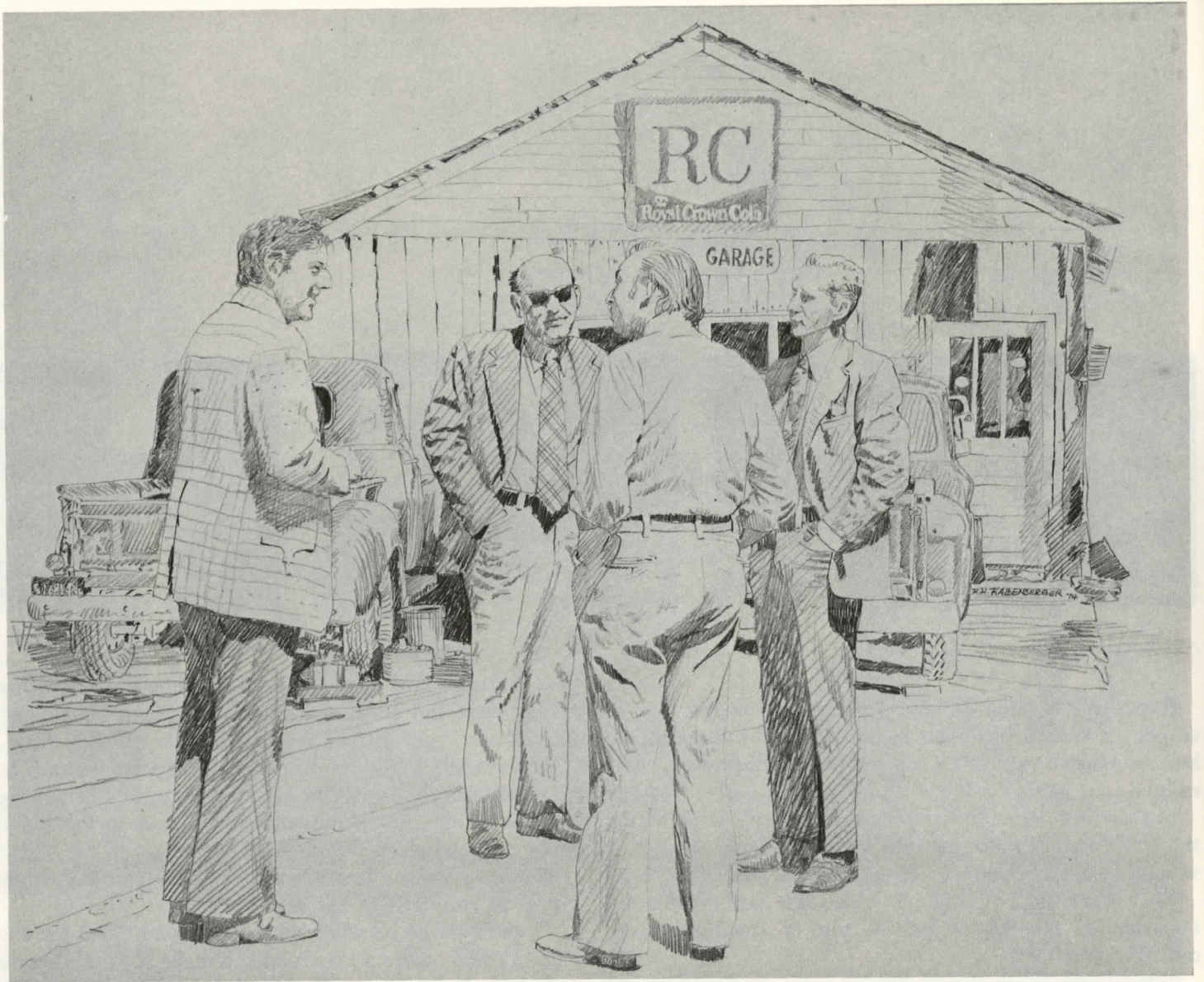
Don't laugh. Wright's living quarters, a mere shack 15 minutes from the square in Murfreesboro, is a refuge for animals of all sorts. Squirrels scurry about in the living room...rabbits sleep beside the bed.

"Animals are my best friends," Wright confided while gently petting a collie named "Buck."

"I've never had a wife. Never saw much need for one when I could cook my own food and make the bed. I know many people think I am crazy for the way I live. This is the only life I have ever known. I can't understand the fancy way of life some people have in the big cities," Wright continued.

Enich's "cabin" conveys his feelings just as much as his words. A gas lantern provides most of the light. He cooks over a fireplace. A pre-Civil War musket hangs over the bed. "It was my father's," Enich says.

[continued on page 40]

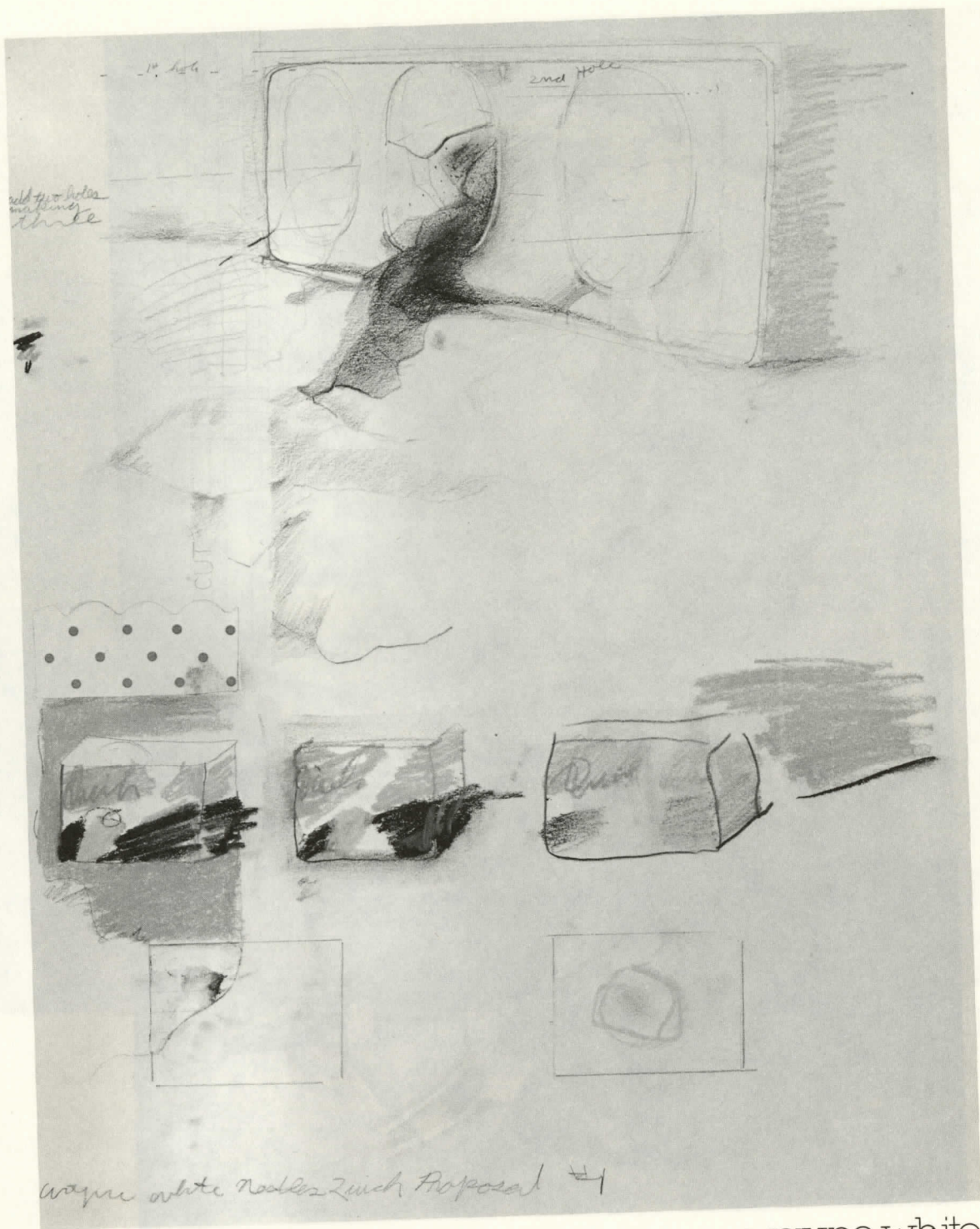


klaus kallenberger



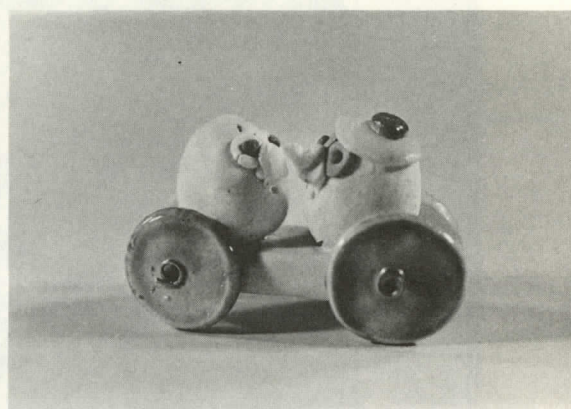
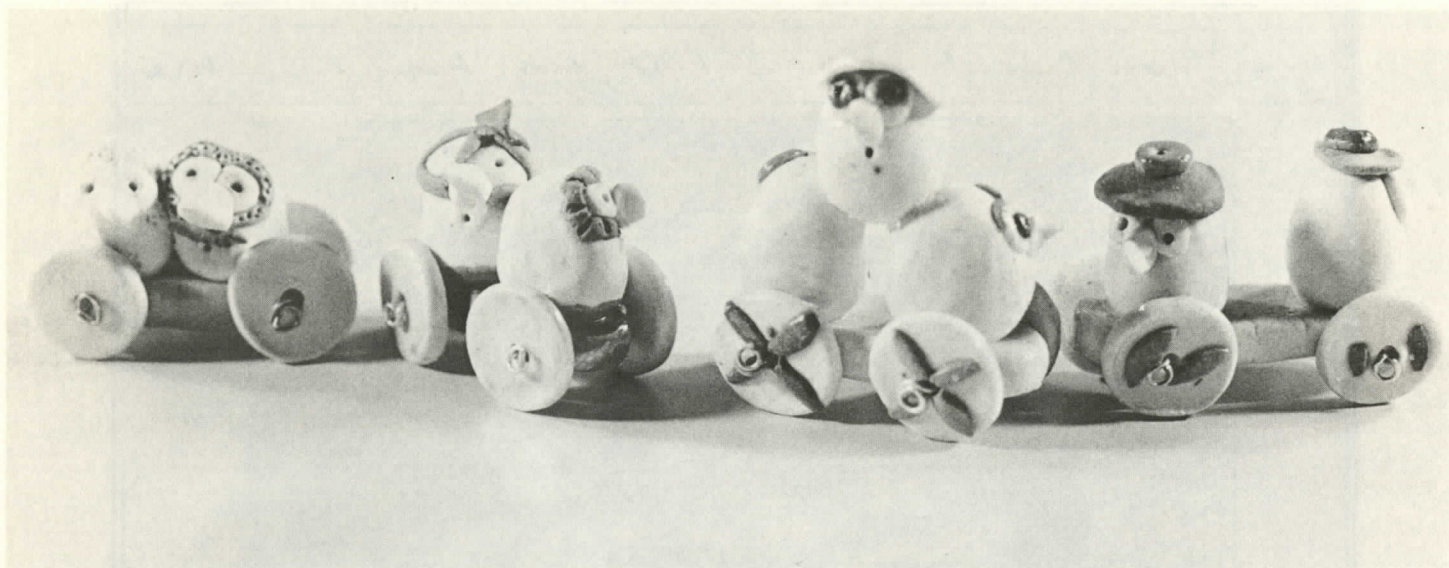


jim gibson

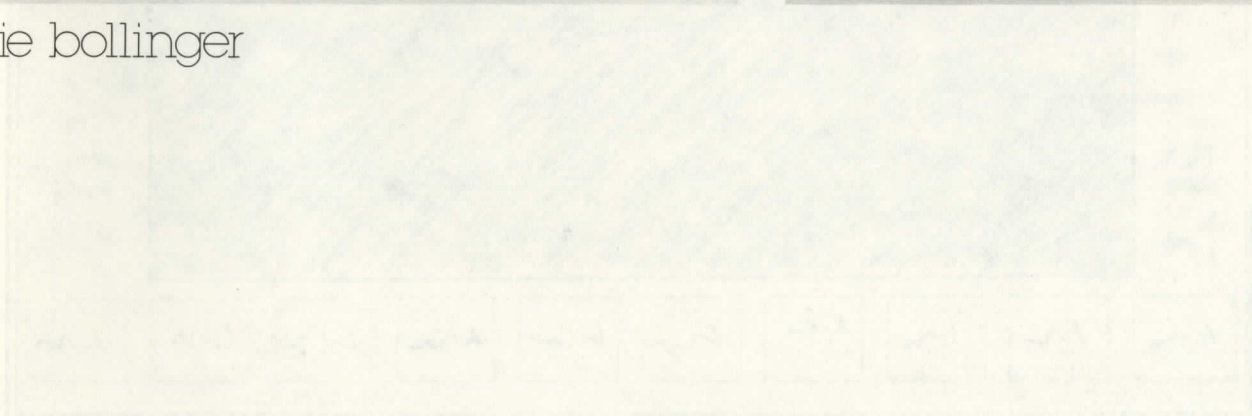


wayne white





jackie bollinger



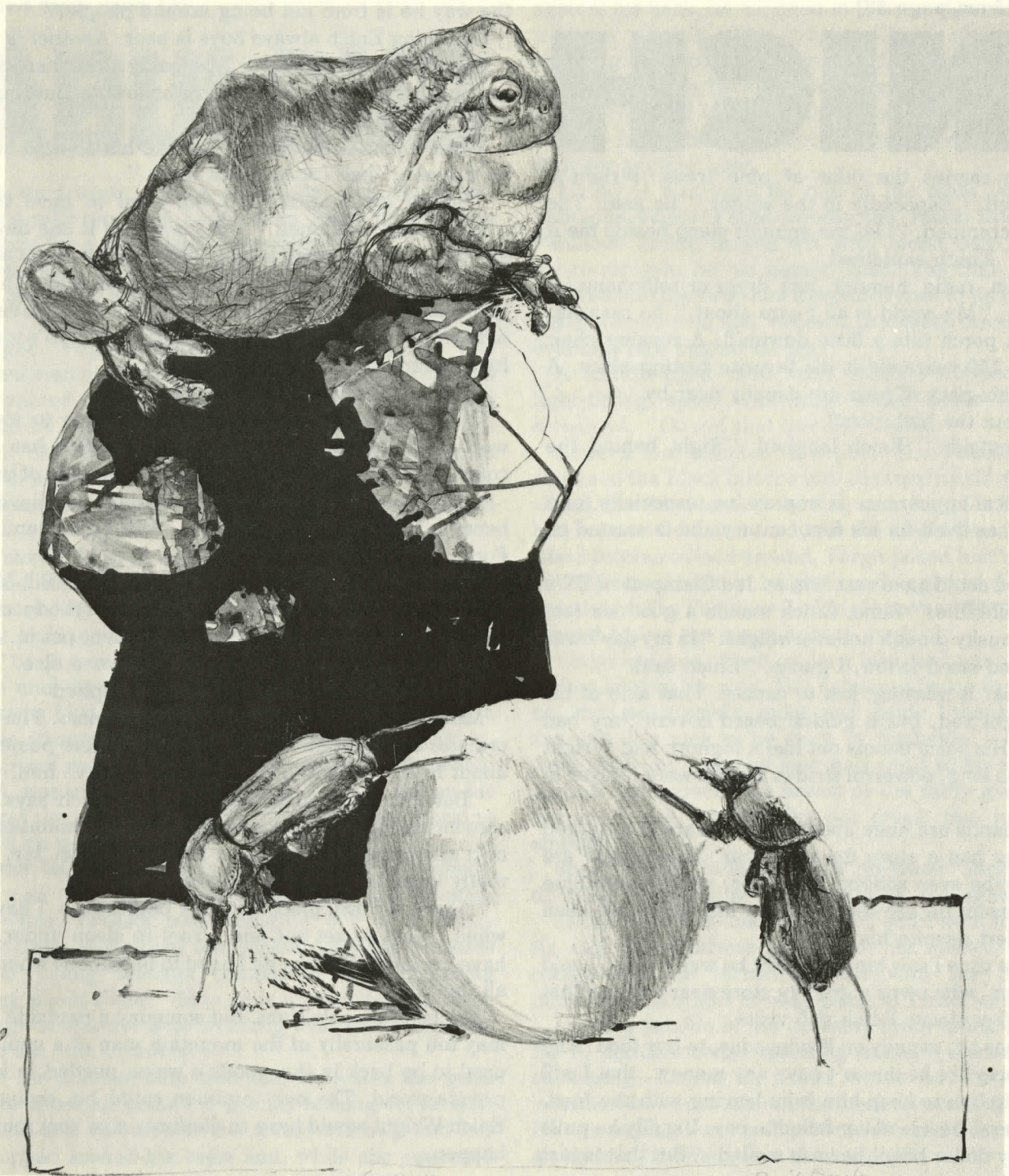
jackie bollinger





mark holloway





David Bigelow



[continued from page 33]

# ENICH

The cabin carries the odor of pine trees, Wright's favorite smell. "Especially in the winter," he said. The bedroom is cramped. "I let the animals sleep beside me if they want," Enich explained.

A television, radio, blender, hair dryer or telephone is to be found. "My world is all I care about," he reasons.

The front porch tilts a little downhill. A rocking chair that is over 150 years old is his favorite resting place. A pipe and a six-pack of beer are usually near by.

What about the bathroom?

"That's outside," Enich laughed. "Right behind the nearest tree."

His physical appearance is impressive, especially for a man "who has lived for his first century and is started on the second."

Hollywood could have cast him as Jed Clampett of TV's "Beverly Hillbillies" fame. Enich stands a good six feet tall, and is husky though not overweight. "In my day I was a pretty good sized fellow, I guess," Enich said.

His left ear is missing; lost to cancer. That side of his face is bright red, but a golden beard covers "my bad side, too." His voice booms out like a foghorn and Wright always takes long, powerful strides as if he were forever in a hurry.

Enich's hands are huge and carry the scars of a rugged life. And he has a story for each scar. The clothes are simple. Maybe even shabby. His eyes, which seem blue enough to swim in, are set deeply in his face—still keen and ever alert despite his age.

"The first time I saw him I thought he was a wino," said Mike Lawson, who owns a grocery store near campus that is one the few places Enich still visits.

"He comes by, usually on Wednesday, to buy food. And he always acts like he doesn't have any money...that I will have to whip him to keep him from leaving with the food. But, you know, he has never failed to pay. Usually he pulls out a twenty dollar bill," Lawson smiled. "But that is just

the way he is from not being around people."

One thing Enich always buys is beer. Another is candy.

"You bet I drink the beer...probably more than any man on the face of the earth," Wright bellowed. But the candy is for "my friends, the animals."

When Enich does venture outside his 45-acre hideout, he drives a "half car and half truck."

"Before my brother died, we used to have this old truck" Enich explained. "But I wrecked it one day. Only the back end was worth saving. One day I was out walking and saw this '63 Falcon stuck in a creek. Only the front end was good on it. It didn't take me long to have a car, but I would rather walk most of the time. There's too many fools behind the wheel of a car."

How does he survive?

"I am probably a genius when it comes to electrical work," Enich said. "That's something that has always come natural to me," he added after a moment of thought.

Many people who know Enich say he could have easily been up there with Ben Franklin, Tom Edison and Henry Ford.

"He has the most remarkable mind," said Bill Monroe, who is Enich's closest neighbor. "Everybody calls on Enich when they need electrical equipment put in. And he only charges about half as much as anyone else."

"All I need is beer money," Enich replied.

Milwaukee has beer. Texas has the Alamo. Florida has oranges and Georgia has the peanut. If more people knew about Enich Wright, Tennessee would have him.

"But I don't need to be famous," Enich says with a convincing look. "I've made, installed and maintained my own electricity for as long as I've been here. My, I don't really know how long that's been.

"I have my own place. Nobody bothers me. I have a car when I want to get out and a roof to sleep under. And I have my animals. Why do I need to be famous when I have all that?"

Enich is probably right. But someday a roadside marker may tell passersby of the mountain man of a genius who used to be back in the woods a ways, nestled in his own private world. The only problem could be, though, that Enich Wright would have to die first...and that may never happen.



[continued from page 15]

# FABULOUS

interview for a week, getting cut off by Nick Gulas and not having calls returned, I agreed to meet him at the Fairgrounds for a post-match interview.

Now standing in front of the counter, the only guy working the booth waited on the old man in line next to me.

“Alright, Pops, whatcha have,” asked the fat, mustached man behind the counter as he wiped his hands off the stained apron. The old man just wobbled and pointed at the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign while puffing on the Pall Mall dangling from his lips. Noting the drunken weaving of the old man, he squinted and laughed harshly. “Some lemonade...that what you want?” The old man nodded.

I was next. “Okay,” he said. “What’ll it be?”

“Gimme two beers and a bag o’ nuts,” I said. I gave him a “buck-fifty” and headed for my seat.

A foxy looking blonde (with brown roots) was selling pictures of the villains in the upcoming match, the Samoans and their manager. They beat the Indian tag team, Danny Little Bear and Chief Thundercloud, after a 21-minute struggle. Yes, evil had pervaded once again, and the crowd was furious. The manager of the Samoans, Ken Hall, was wearing a shirt with ‘I Know It All’ on his back. After the win, he paraded around the ring, mocking the crowd on purpose.

“Sit your bald-headed butt down,” screamed a seedy looking man four seats down. A fairly good-looking woman whose breasts were hanging out of a flimsy polka-dot dress was on her feet making obscene gestures while her young teenage companion was muttering something about those “dirty sons of bitches.” A black dude, huge in stature, kept shouting over and over, “the Somoans s..., the Somoans s....”

I went for another beer and this time had the good fortune to wind up behind a grungy-looking freak with fuzzy white hair and beard. His sleazy old lady had her arms wrapped around his waist and, while she squeezed

against his back, he engaged in fervent sign conversation with a drunk deaf-mute. They all went off laughing...except the deaf-mute. I bought three beers that time. On the way back, I passed a group of teenagers who had surrounded a deaf albino program vendor and were making fun of him. Needless to say, I considered going back for another beer.

Finally it was time for one of the main events, The Fabulous Jackie Fargo versus the Black Inferno. The Fabulous Jackie trotted out with blond hair flying, an ear-to-ear grin on his homely face. The hulk of a man climbed into the ring, and the crowd rose to its feet. A fat, black woman who had sweated profusely throughout the evening, now jiggled for joy.

A middle-aged man with closely cropped hair, a tight-fitting sport coat and white socks and shoes screamed, “Go get that bastard, Jackie.”

After a few minutes of action, The Fabulous Jackie slammed the Black Inferno into the turnbuckle. The dazed villain stumbled around the ring searching for Fargo, who had been on the Inferno’s heels the whole time. When the Black Inferno turned around, Fargo poked him in the eyes and the crowd burst in laughter and applause. One atomic drop later, The Fabulous Jackie pinned the Black Inferno a second before the seven-minute mark.

Fargo had won. Good, at long last, had conquered evil. Before leaving the ring, The Fabulous Jackie Fargo picked up the announcer’s mike and said, “thanks for the support. It’s nice to be back in Nashville.” Everybody went wild, and a stoned long-hair went so far as to reach around and squeeze the breast of the fairly good-looking woman in the flimsy polka dot dress. She turned and smiled.

Snotty-nosed little children followed Jackie to his dressing room asking for autographs. He signed none.

Jackie went in to take a shower, and I went to the john. An old, drunk farmer in front of me missed the urinal completely. He turned around with his pants still unzipped. I thought he was going to finish on my leg.

I waited outside of the dressing room of the good guys for 10 minutes before deciding to see if Jackie was still showering. I went in, asked where he was, and was informed he “just left out the back to avoid the crowd.” He was pulling away as I got outside, and I decided not to go back in. I’d had more than enough.



# One Moment Please

**Photo 3:** A somewhat forlorn picture, shot probably on east campus with no date, but probably circa 1913. Standing shin-deep in alfalfa, with silo and barn in background, is a young Normalite. He is registering considerable surprise, and for good reason. A nameless photographer has caught him in the act of smoking a cigarette, perhaps a Stroller. No identification is shown, which perhaps is just as well. Based on the rules of the day, his name may have disappeared from the class rolls shortly thereafter.

**Photo 4:** Probably 1914, or thereabouts. Shows the Normal Boulevard northwest of the President's home. A block or so is completely inundated with water after a spring downpour. (See the dogwood in the distance.) This was not necessarily unusual since this had been happening ever since the boulevard had been scraped out in 1911. The students and townspeople had become quite adjusted to it. What made this occasion so different was the ghastly sight in the center of the boulevard lake. There projecting above the surface were four legs pointing to the sky, obviously those of a mule. History records that these belonged to "Old Ben," a Normal farm mule that perished in one of the early deluges. A farm hand stands waist deep trying to untangle and remove the harness from poor "Old Ben." Four young Normalites and the hulking figure of President Jones on the east embankment complete the picture.

**Photo 5:** Date is 1915 or 1916. Locale is somewhere on East Lytle Street, probably near the present Campus School. A neat line of some fifteen couples appear to be moving along the street in the direction of downtown. At least two of the males sport M.T.N. sweaters along with the popular white duck pants. A Ford runabout poses in the foreground with its driver Robert White, A.B., M.A., Latin teacher. White is the official chaperon or convoy director. His job is to keep the line mobile with no stragglers. He performs his chore by cruising back and forth along the line of march. As an explanatory note, this happy task force originated, in all probability, at the Women's Dormitory. The destination was Jack's cafe on the

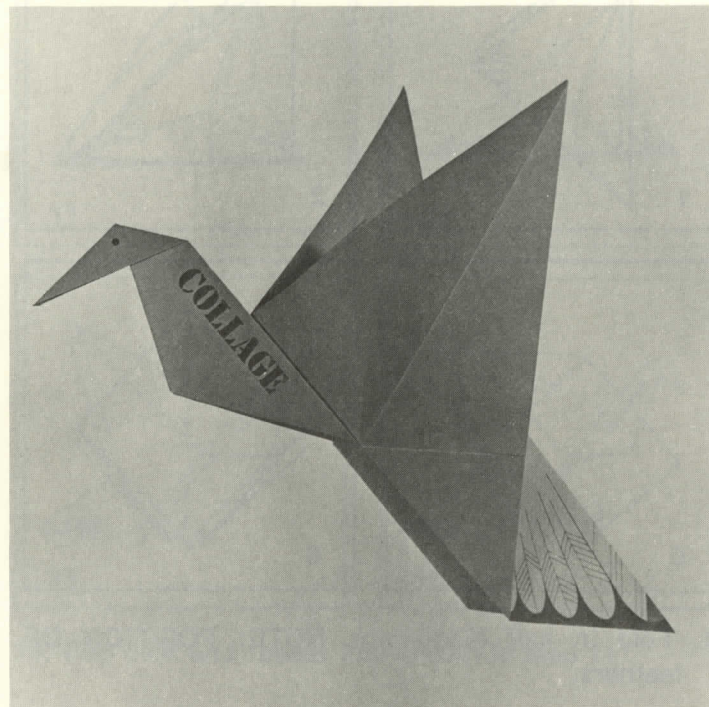
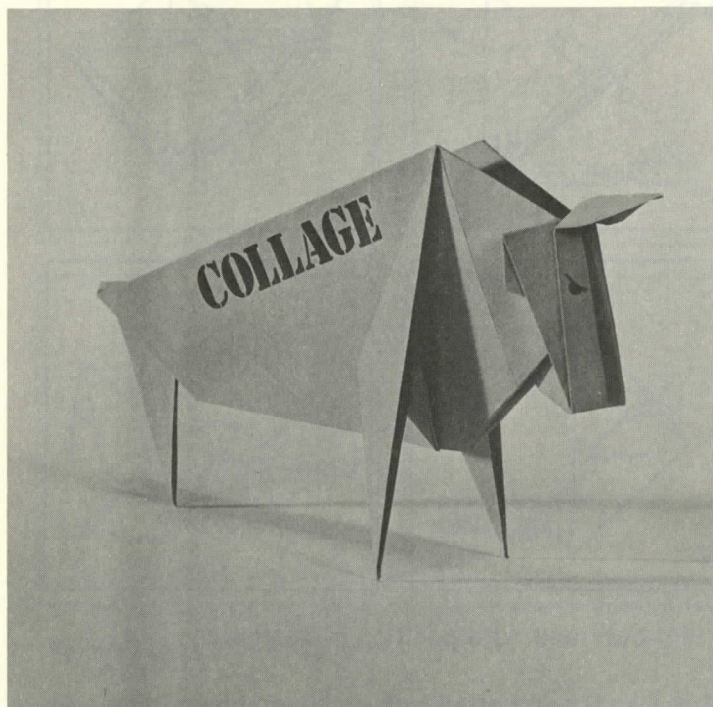
public square where an hour or so is whiled away around the ice cream tables. Then the group moves to the picture show then down the street at the Cecil Elrod's French Shoppe site where Mable Norman, William S. Hart, or Eddie Polo are playing. Inside, as the drama unfolds to the accompaniment of the Princess piano, chaperon White leans against a wall at halfway point in the auditorium for better observation and containment. The return to the campus was a repeat of the precise decorum that marked the journey to the public square.

**Photo 6:** No date, but the picture subject itself is a dead giveaway. It is 1918. Cameraman shot from an elevation, probably from the top steps of Old Main with the view falling away to the alfalfa field to the south. It depicts two companies of the student Army Training Corps with upturned heads facing the camera. Identified in the foreground is Lieutenant L.C. Greenley, the Corps commander. All of the troops are in doughboy attire with overseas cap and wrapped leggings which would have done justice to Paramount's wardrobe division. It is a commendable picture, even a patriotic picture heightened by the serious, determined mien that seems to sweep over the beardless upturned faces. But regular students (less than 200) and natives remembers that this was a picture, and only a picture. Outside the lens, the Corps was the terror of the campus. Training on the campus for the main event in France, the unit carried its raucous off-hours to the community. On one occasion, a near riot was fomented on the public square and the local citizens were never sure whether they were infested by khaki outlaws or under occupation.

**Photo 7:** Is clearly identified as 1917. Shows side view of two-story stucco house, one of the two boys' dormitories on East Main Street, one block west of the Normal Boulevard. Some thirty feet to the rear of the house stood a relatively small wooden structure. Ordinarily, this would have been a rather dull, routine picture, and eligible for **The Signal**, the campus student publication. However, a special ingredient gave it character. Clearly visible and moving rapidly across the interval between the two structures was a young male. He was completely unclad, his only trapping being a towel which he held aloft like a fluttering torch. Records will show that the small outbuilding was a bathhouse. Records will also show that neighbors viewed recurring phenomena of this nature for a few weeks after the opening of the Normal year and then registered complaints with President Jones. Dormitory director Robert White then moved to provide more discreet bathing facilities, thus ending what may have been the first recorded instance of streaking on a Normal, or otherwise, campus.

These seven salutes to the hooded camera and flash powder era are nothing more than meager samplings of what an alert and ever present photographer could have left for the 1977 alumnus. What the 1977 alumnus would have done with them, of course, is still another question.



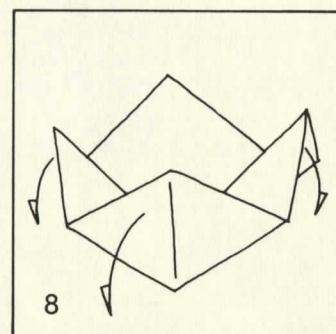
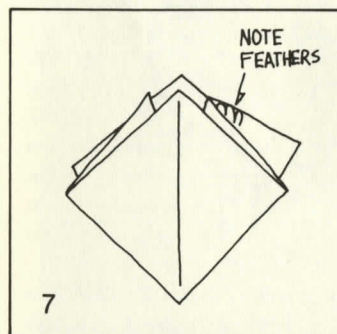
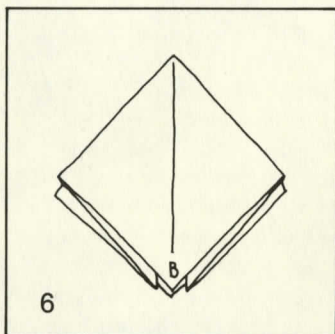
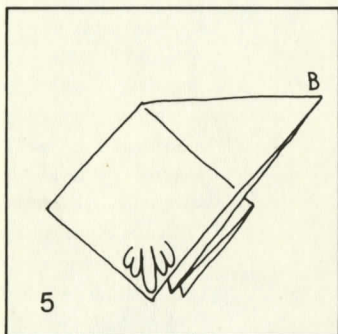
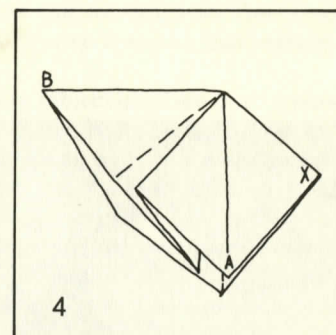
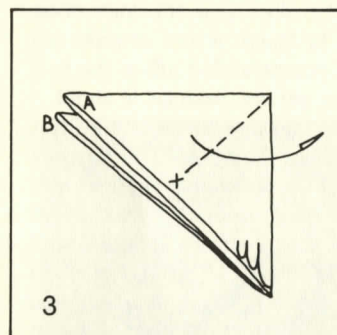
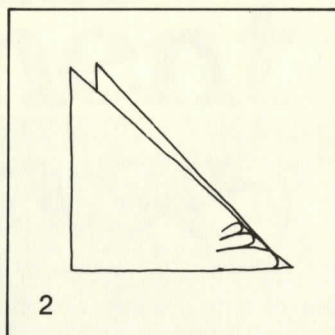
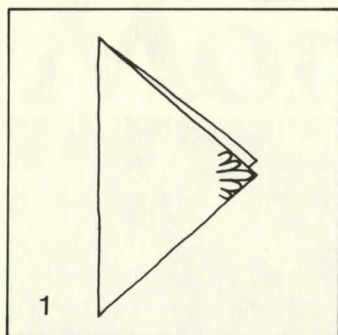


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# FOLDING INSTRUCTIONS: FLAPPING BIRD



1. Fold in half diagonally. NOTE: POSITION OF feathers.

2. Fold in half again positioned as shown.

3. Flip the paper over so the feathers point down and open end is at left.

4. Lift flap A and flatten into position shown. Note: no feathers are shown.

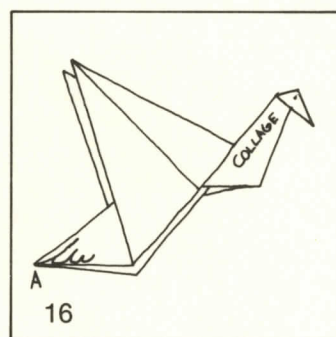
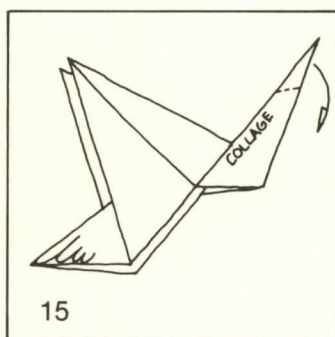
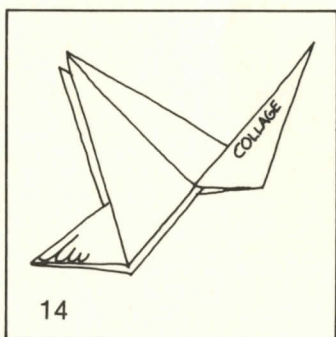
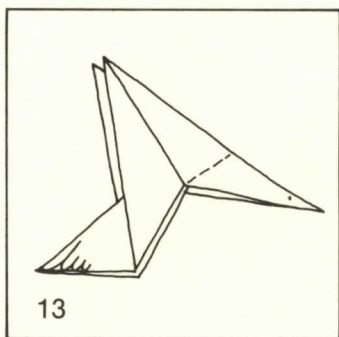
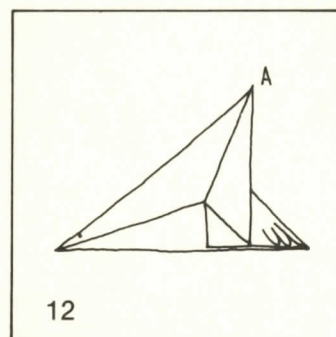
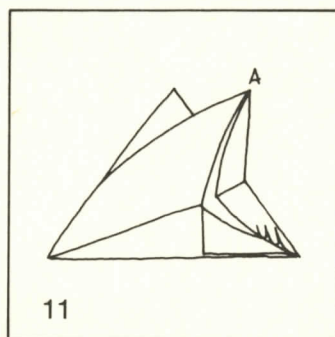
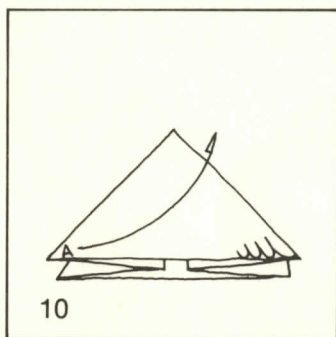
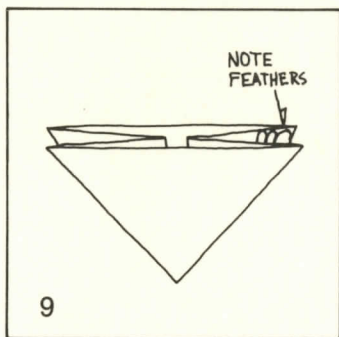
5. Flip over and note position of feathers.

6. Lift flap B and flatten into position shown. (same as Step 4).

7. Flip up so that folded corners are up and feathers are facing right.

8. Pull all corners down and reverse all folds as to achieve the shape in step 9. No new creases are made. (Note feathers)





9. Note position of feathers.

10. Flip over to position shown.

11. Fold corner up so that it achieves position shown in step 12.

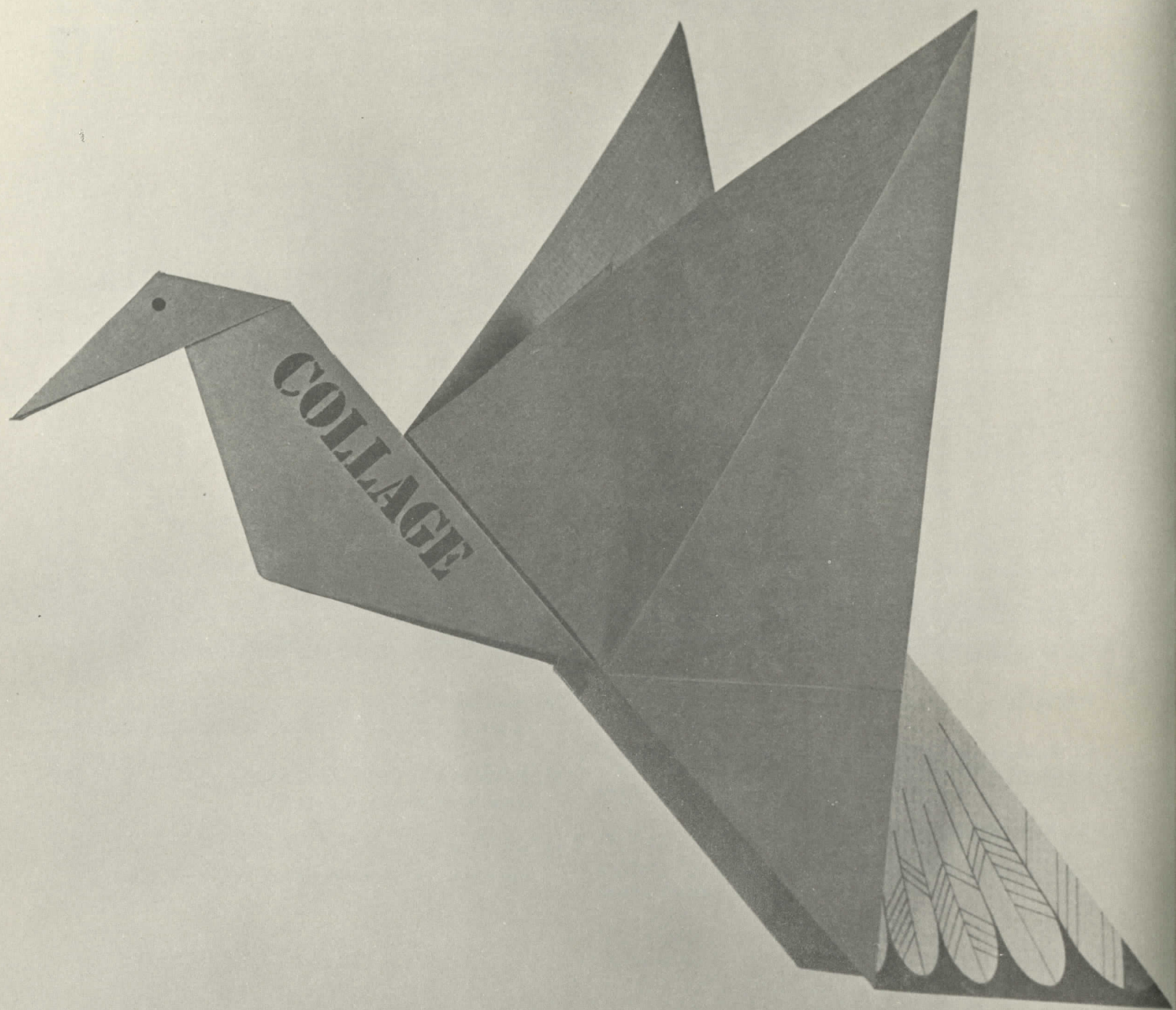
12. Note position of feathers.

13. Flip over and repeat fold shown in step 11.

14. Reverse-fold neck at crease designated by dotted line in step 13 so that the word "Collage" is shown.

15. Reverse-fold head down so that the eye is on the outside as shown in step 16.

16. Hold bird at neck in one hand and pull the tail with the other for flapping action. Flip your bird!





**COLLAGE**

**COLLAGE**

