

Collage '81

Middle Tennessee State University



Jim Carrell

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Only Anderson

Jon Vincent Hamilton

The air was brisk, so cold that one could see his breath hanging on to the air. Two boys, both plagued with the awkward tallness that comes with being in between the fourteenth and fifteenth year, bundled in in sweaters and down jackets, were descending the last flight of fire escape stairs. They both jumped down to the ground as they reached the last landing and slid down the vertical ladder.

“Why did we have to go down those stairs?”

“Where’s your adventurer’s spirit, Anderson? For old time’s sake, my boy, that’s why. Don’t you feel like James Bond? Getting away from the scene of the crime?”

“No, more like some dumb shit that doesn’t know that the real stairs are just as easy and twice as fast.” Anderson rubbed his gloved hands together and blew warm air into his palms to warm his face. Zipping his coat up, he chuckled to see old ski tags hanging from the zipper. He tore the tags from the zipper and threw them to the ground. The other boy gave him a strange look, then proceeded to point to the road before them.

“Onward, soldier, there’s good food and hay for your horses in an inn down the way.”

“Radner, I fear for your sanity, boy. You’re just not really all there. How does your father put it? One brick shy of a load.”

“No, fool, it’s one load shy of a brick!” Both laughed and continued in the darkness. “Gotta light?”

“Yeah, sure.” Anderson handed Radner a book of matches, then lit his cigarette off Radner’s.

Both looked behind them, as if someone was following them. They realized that the sound they mistook for another traveler was the echo of their shoes hitting the pavement out of unison. They began to march in unison, laughing as they marched. This was their last year at Trumont before they went to prep school to finish out their pre-college schooling. They were happy to getting out, but hesitant to go through the friend-making ritual again after nine years of being stable. Anderson began to whistle as they walked and then Radner began to tell Anderson of a girl he met at a mixer a month ago.

“So she says, ‘listen, sweetie, I just love it when a girl calls me that.’”

“Calls you what?”

“Sweetie.”

“Oh.” Anderson seemed concerned with something else, but humored Radner by listening to his story.

“Anyway, so she says, ‘listen, sweetie, I’ve got an idea. Let’s go to my father’s sailboat.’”

“Right now?”

“What?”

“You want to go to your dad’s sailboat right now?”

“No, no, Anderson! My God, haven’t you been listening to me all?”

“Yeah, she calls you sweetie and she has an idea. Listen, Radner, I think we ought to go back. Mitchell seemed to be acting a little strange

before we left.”

“No, no, Anderson. Everything’s all right. Mitchell is a little strange anyway. Really, he’s all right.”

“But he just seemed sort of lonely.”

“Are you your brother’s keeper?”

“No, my roommate’s.”

“Shit! All right, you win. You freakin’ win, Anderson. We’ll go back. See if I ask you to town anymore or buy you beer. See if I do, just see.”

Anderson’s face contorted with the thought of no more beer after exams. Radner had a real fashion for getting people to buy beer for them.

Anderson remembered times when they would stand outside Herbie’s liquor store and wait for some sot to come by so they could ask him to buy beer for them. Their excuse was that their father told them to get him some beer and if they came home without any beer, he would beat them severely. Usually some fool would fall for the story and buy them some. Radner had talent for telling lies. He had such droopy eyes that he looked like someone had beat him up already.

Mitchell had droopy eyes tonight, Anderson thought, as Anderson and Radner were about to leave. Anderson kept asking Mitchell to go and Mitchell kept insisting that he had other things to do. Mitchell’s parents were coming to get him and he had to pack up his part of the room, lock, stock, and barrel. There was a lot to be done and if Mitchell would allow Anderson to help, it wouldn’t take that long. Mitchell had finished his last exam on

Tuesday and had been sitting around all week long. Why hadn’t he packed while he was just sitting around? Anderson was getting more confused and more angry at Mitchell’s laziness. Mitchell kept talking about how they would be together at Worthington Heights and how Anderson should be a big buddy to Radner. After all, Radner would be going to another school next year. Anderson let his anger control his decision.

“Okay, Radner, forget Mitchell, let’s go.”

“You sure now, Anderson? I don’t want to force you.”

“Yes, I’m sure. I’m worthy of

Worthington aren’t I? I should be with my pal Radner before he goes off to another school.”

The two boys continued their journey down the dark road. Radner continued his story and Anderson continued to worry about Mitchell.

“So anyway, where was I? Did I get to the part about her sister?”

“No.”

“Okay, well, she had this sister, see, prettiest little thing you ever saw and she was on the boat too. Did I get to the boat yet?”

“Yes?”

“Oh, okay, so we were in the boat all cozied up and . . .” Radner’s voice

drifted into the cold night along with Anderson’s attention span. It was all Andersn could do just to get to Arty’s Burger Bar without going totally nuts. Radner rattled out his story, which was probably a lie, until they got to the door to the restaurant.

Inside the Burger Bar, the boys removed their coats and hung them on the hooks on the wall. There was already a line of coats, and the people they belonged to filled the booths on the opposing wall. Most of the customers in Arty’s were around the same age as Anderson and Radner. They were all similarly dressed in khakis, hiking boots, and layers of shirts and sweaters.

Radner spotted a couple getting up from a booth and walked quickly towards the booth to claim it. Anderson was so busy looking at the people, he didn’t even notice Radner walking away from him. Radner waved his arms and shouted at Anderson to catch his attention.

“Anderson, old pal, come over and sit with your long lost friend.” Radner spoke very loudly and several people turned and stared at him. Anderson rolled his eyes heavenward and blushed.

Passing by tables, Anderson nodded and smiled at the few people he knew. Sitting down with Radner, he wasted no time in telling Radner how embarrassing it was for him to be shouted at in a room full of people he didn’t know very well. Radner assured Anderson that no one noticed and no one cared anyway, then motioned for him to look at the menu. A waitress appeared and startled Anderson.

“Wanna burger?”

“Yea, you want one, Anderson?” Radner nudged Anderson and tried to hide a smile. Anderson was too busy looking at the waitress to answer. “Earth to Anderson. Do you want a burger? This lovely lady wants to take your order.”

“Sir?” The waitress shot a dirty look at Radner and popped her gum. She was scantily dressed in a pink uniform and spike-heeled pumps. Anderson looked at her slowly, starting at her heels and continuing

The Artist

Sunlight spills across the room,
Empty but for a cluttered space here and there
On a face.

Frustration, yes, even pain is there,
Crumpled papers lie on the floor
Shades of ember.

The brush lies dead in his hand,
A chaste canvas before him

And he waits.

Slowly ember melts into gold,
His face transformed anew
Brush and gold entwine.

Color and canvas are as one,

The brush dancing and playing

And life begins.

All dreams, all hopes, all sorrows,
Pouring over the canvas

Filling it up.

The brush once again lies still,

The pain receding from his face

As he sighs.

Wynelle A. Carson

I was told once or twice,
“Seek and ye shall find, knock and the door
shall be opened.”

I’m knocking at your door, but
no one has answered.
are you home?

or just not answering the door.

Michael D. Brock

The Salvation Army

Hidden Away,
Closed up in Grandma’s closet,
Kept safe by mothballs,
Lies a dream deferred.
Occasionally the children pull it out
And try it on; they laugh.
Grandma watches with tears in
Her eyes and then rushes in
To rescue what’s left.

Grandma dies.

Daughters and Sons
Remove the house
Piece by piece,
Holding nothing sacred
As it was to her.

Opening the closet door,
The grown children
Toss the preserved dream
Onto a bed

Along with other unusable items.

Off they go.

They travel to the “Good Will”
To be picked over by others,
Who have discarded their dreams
In different colors and sizes.

Kat Bailey

The Glassmaker

The Glassmaker crossed my path today
Came into my field of vision
Just one those things that happen along
Not part of a plan or decision
The Glassmaker smiled and met my eyes
In a brief unmistakable welcome
Which showed it was fine that I crossed his.
At length, we spoke, and in some
Subtle way, we both felt safe
To reveal insightful, personal feelings
About life and art and things close to the heart
And the intricacies of dealing
With people and power and talent and time
And the inherent pain of becoming
He stepped into my space at that time and place
He took interest in me, and his kind, handsome face
Responded with patient attention
To my insight on things and experiences
And the angles I felt moved to mention.
He was part of the woods and the lake and the sun
And all things that ease my despairing
I went on my way, inspired today
Calmed by the Glassmaker’s caring.

Jenna Klopovic

Walking Alone

To walk alone during the day
To dream alone during the night
These fill my time and thoughts.

If ever he should walk with
me during the day,
If ever any of my dreams
should come true

He would rule over my thoughts,
my actions,
I would gladly be his slave

For I am growing tired of
walking alone with no one
to lean on.

Kathy Casity

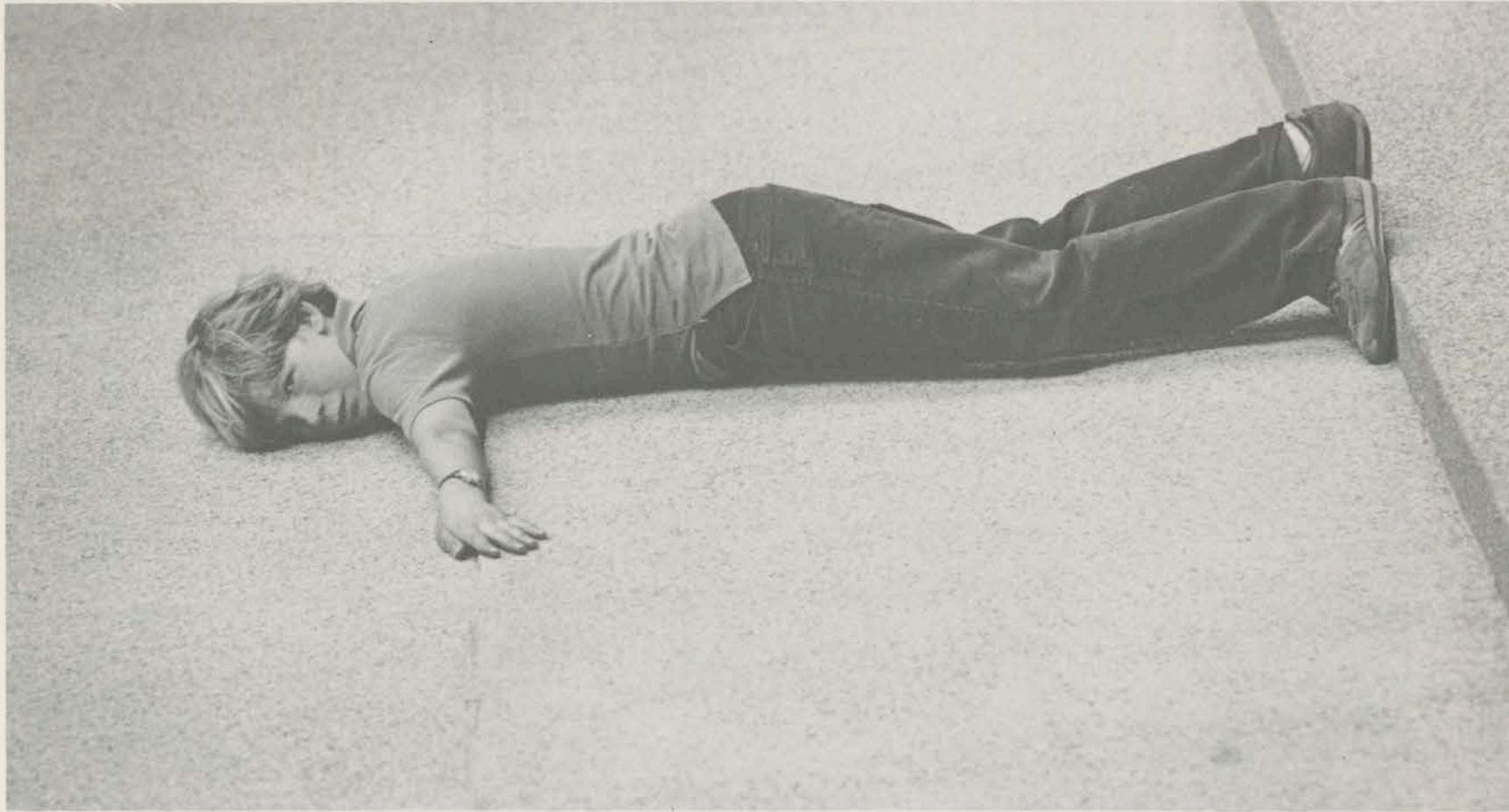
Dreams of a King

if I were to walk
among the sands of the beach,
and suddenly feel
an ocean devouring my feet,
each grain of sand
would give me heightenough
to build a castle,
taller than the strongest wave
could ever reach.

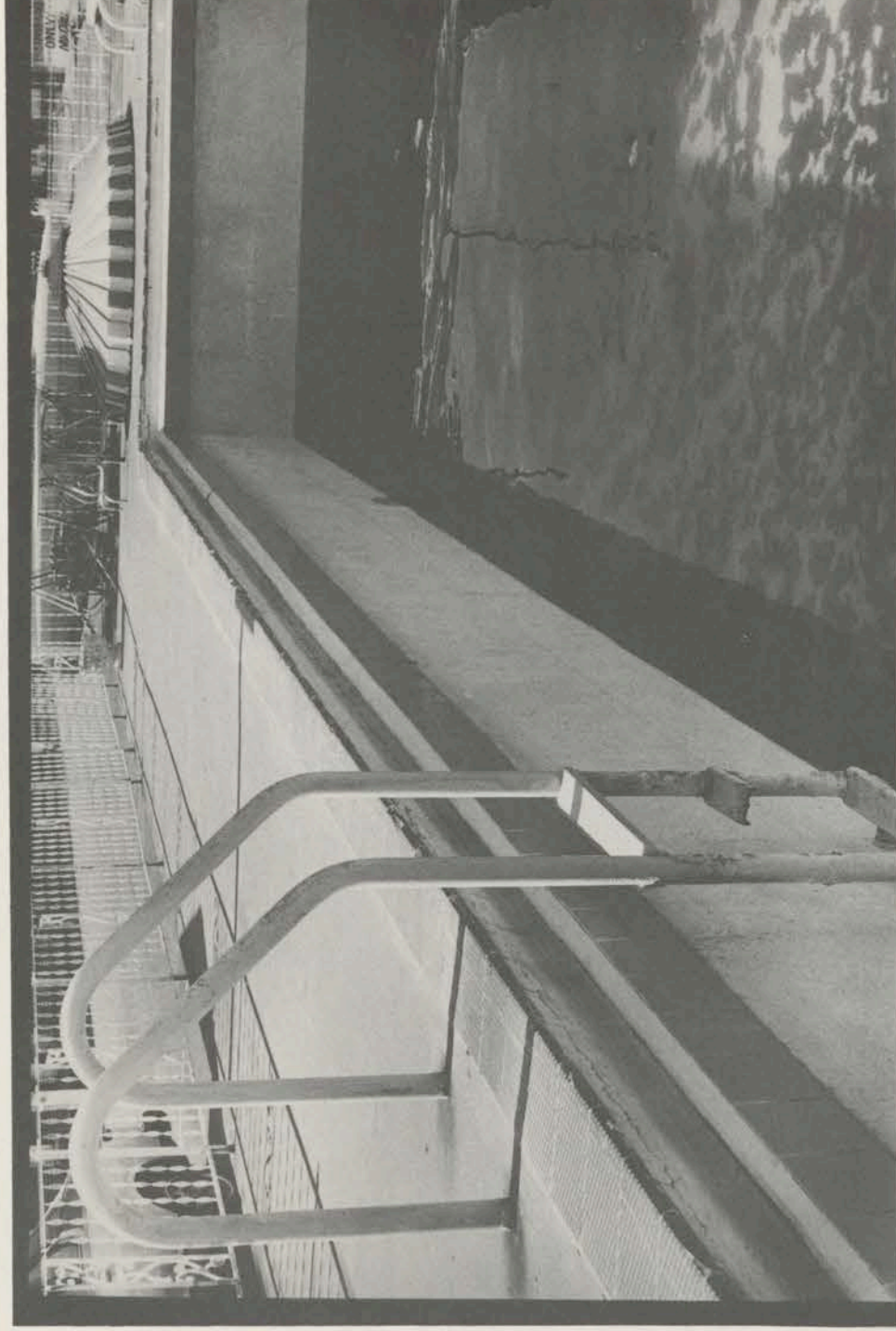
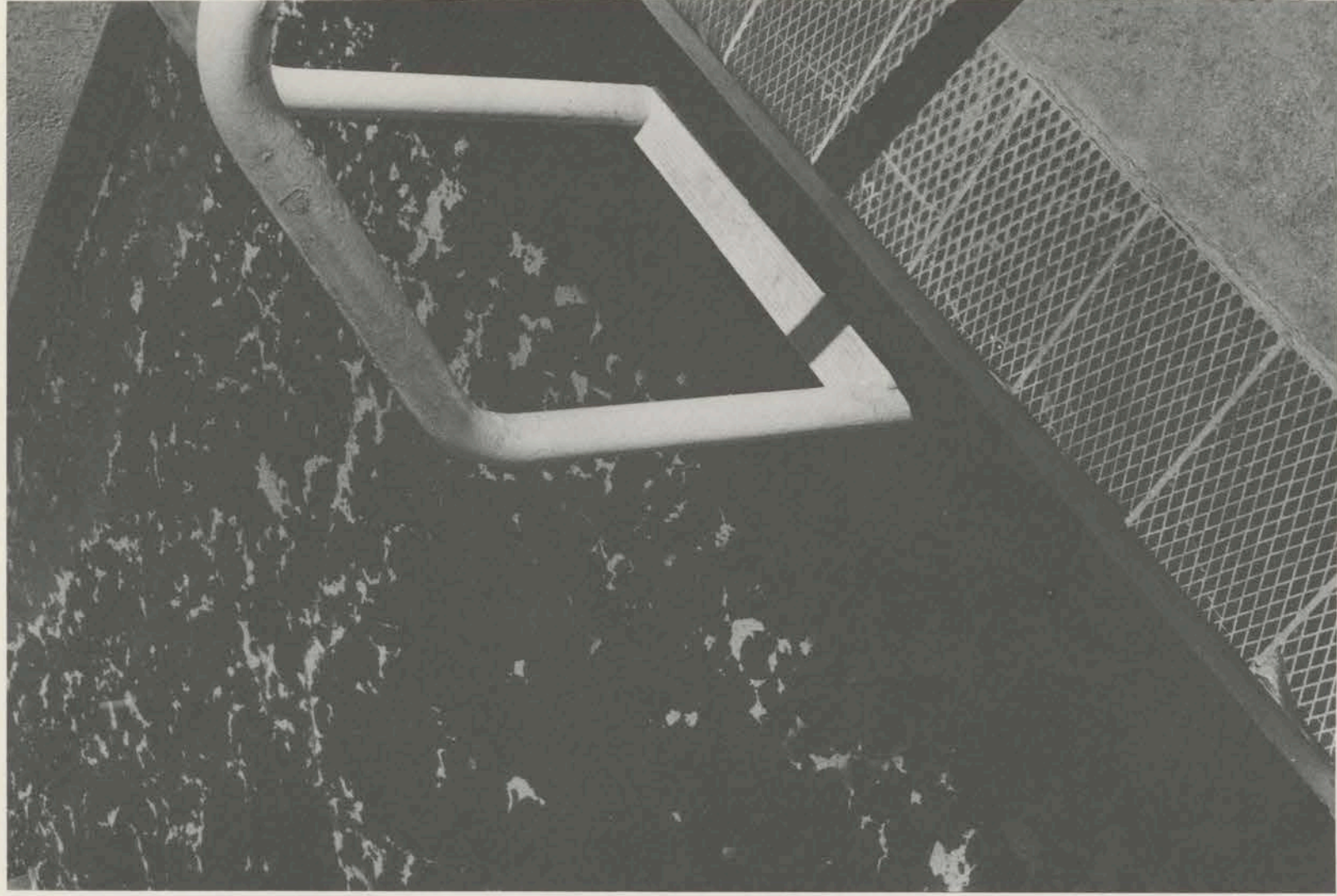
Jimmy Potter



Mike Smith



C. Hunt



Rusty Harrington



Gene Braham

WINDOM

On Campus

Terry Morrow

He sits with one of his stage hands, rehearsing lines for the upcoming show. His face is creased with wrinkles. A red-and-white-checked cap perched jauntily on his head. He has seen this situation several times before; he has a show to perform, and he is not afraid.

"I think my problem is that have the wrong name," stage actor William Windom grinned, only minutes prior to a performance at MTSU's Dramatic Arts Auditorium of his one-man show on James Thurber, artist and humorist.

Windom, a gray-haired, pipe-smoking old man who is often mistaken for Hal Holbrook, has the look of someone's neighbor in the suburbs who would rake his leaves and mow his lawn on Sundays.

"I really should have changed my name to something else when I began my career," Windom mused. "If you want to be remembered, get a name with a lot of K's in it. That always works. Something like 'Kurt Kincaid'!"

"Who the hell can remember a name like 'William Windom'. It sounds like two pillows lodged in somebody's mouth," he commented.

He is probably best known to television audiences as the star of the short-lived but critically acclaimed "My World and Welcome to It," which ran on NBC during the 1969-1970 season. Though the series was plagued with rating problems, his performance as the highly imaginative artist who contended with a wiseacre daughter and a long-suffering wife earned him an Emmy as best actor in

a comedy.

"I still keep in touch with some of those people," Windom said. "I talked to Joan (Hackett, who portrayed his wife on the series) on the phone the other day, and the little girl who played my daughter (Lisa Gerritsen) is in college now. I talk to her parents all the time."

"She certainly grew up fast," Windom said with a lump in his throat, referring to Gerritsen. "She's done well for herself. I think she was working on 'Phylis' (the spinoff from Mary Tyler Moore's show) the last time I saw her."

Windom has acted in over 1300 episodes of various television shows. Besides "My World and Welcome to It," he also starred in two other ill-fated series: "The Farmer's Daughter" on ABC in 1962, and a comedy spinoff of "Animal House" called "Brothers and Sisters" in 1977.

On a recent "Tonight" episode, Windom's "Brothers and Sisters" co-star Mary Crosby said about that series: "We don't talk about it around the house unless someone wants to tease me."

To that Windom adds: "We all knew it would fail but we did it for the money. That's why actors are in so many bad things on television. I certainly don't do 'Fantasy Island' because of the theatrical value. It's the money."

Windom admits to doing several unsold television pilots over the years. Most are better left unsold, according to Windom, but he did see promise in two of the series pilots. In one

slapstick comedy called "Heck's Angels," he portrayed a member of a fighting-aces-type motorcycle gang.

"For some reason, I thought it was a very funny pilot. How violent or unfunny can a show called 'Heck's Angels' be."

Another unsold pilot with Windom's approval was recently broadcast on CBS. In it, he played the ghost of a detective who reappears to aid his detective son in crime-fighting.

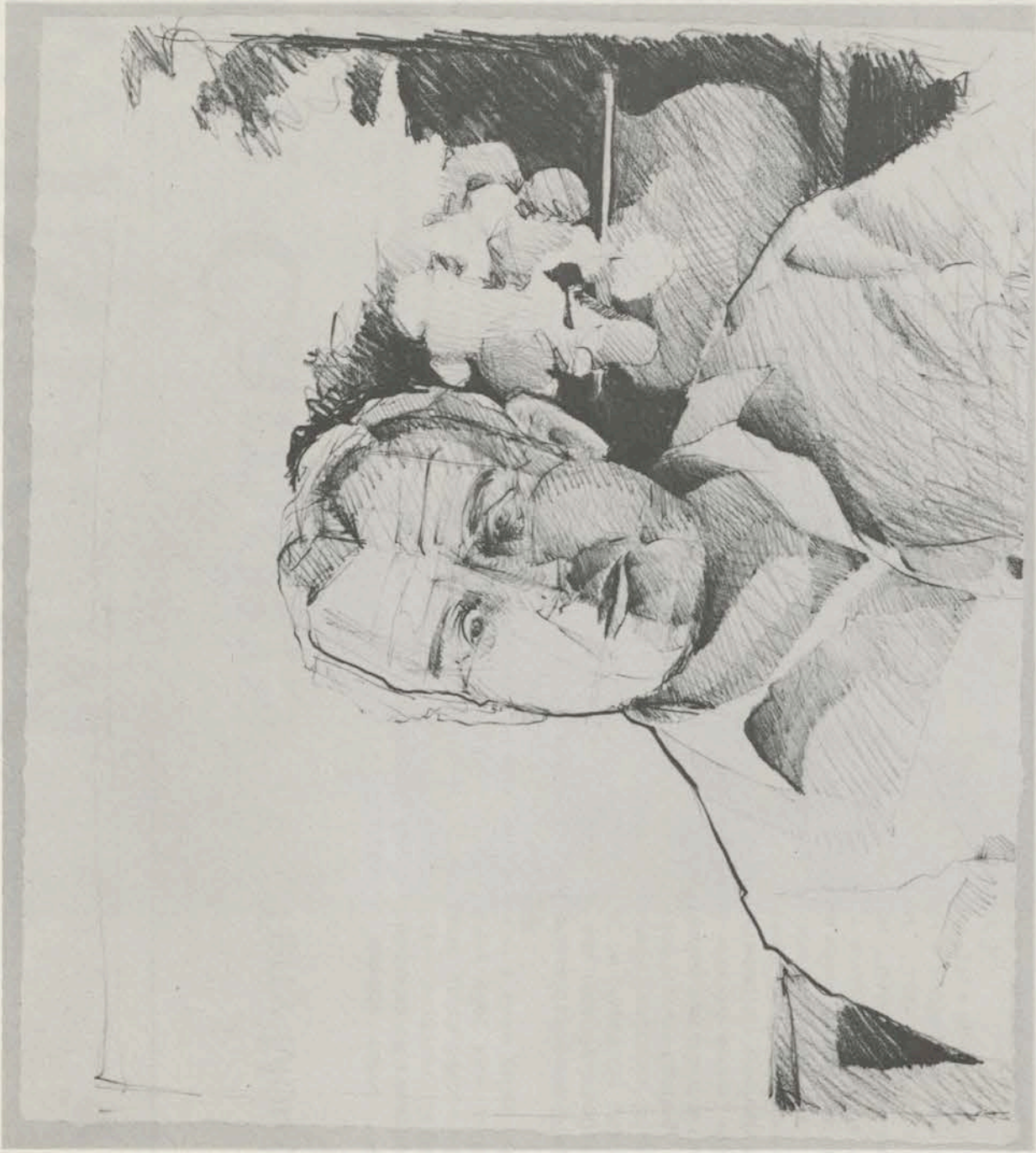
Now Windom can afford to do what he wants with his career, which is divided between his one-man shows on the college circuit and guest shots on prime-time television.

In these television appearances, he has been everything from a black-mailer (on "Dallas") to a lovelorn stepfather ("Love Boat"); a commander of a starship in deep space ("Star Trek") to a rip-off artist ("All in the Family").

But in his one-man show, William Windom is the humorous and the serious side of one of America's most famous artists, James Thurber.

"I never had the pleasure of meeting James Thurber," Windom said. "It's probably just as well, because he would have told me to go to hell if he knew I was doing his work."

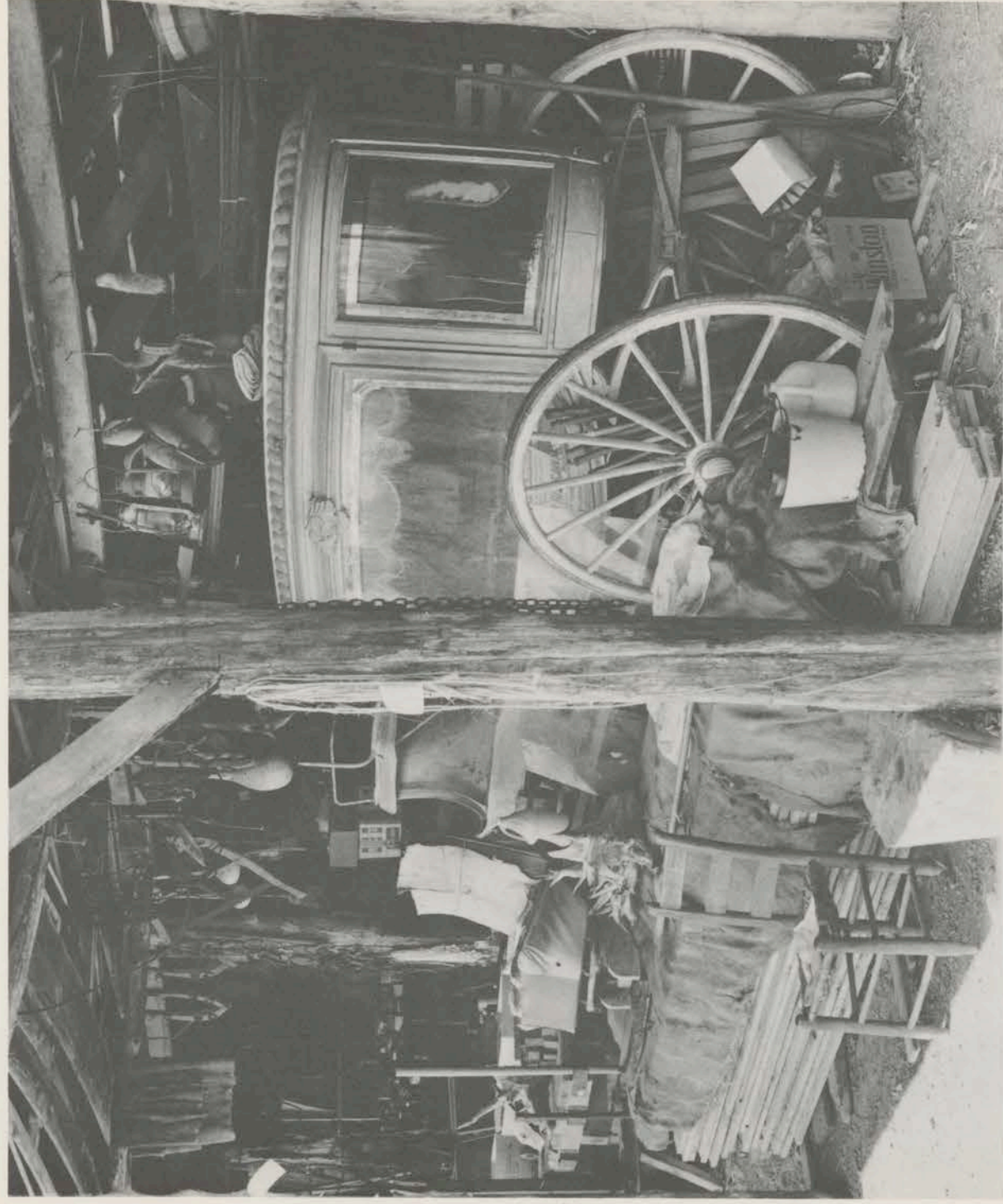
Despite Windom's pessimism, his one-man show is, in this reviewer's opinion, one of the best tributes to any American of this era. With over 417 Thurber shows under his belt, Windom continues his show all over America, blending the dry humor of Thurber the artist with the droll wit of Windom the actor. (continued)



Phil Vander Weg



Dan H. Brawner



Harold Baldwin



Cathy Young

The Banana Fudge Ripple Split Case

Rick Rattles

It was about 3:00 on the 25th of June . . . it was very hot. The dog days of summer had arrived early. I was sitting in my office, which is located in the Encyclopedia Britannica Building about fifty feet from the broom closet. My partner was out on assignment in Cleveland and I was all alone. All of the sudden a young, mysterious, good looking lady entered the office.

It was lunch time. I woke up late that morning, that's why I was having lunch late. I put my liverwurst down on the table-I always have liverwurst on Tuesday. Wednesday I have meatloaf, usually.

She then told me her name, Delores Delore. I thought to myself "M-m-m, that's pretty funny."

I told her my name and then asked her what she wanted; she said nothing. She walked out the door and shut it. I went out to the hall to see if she was still around. She wasn't.

That lady was on my mind for the rest of the day.

The phone rang at 7:00, which meant it was time to go home. I closed up shop and left, heading for my old beat up '68 Ford. I hoped it would start. Tomorrow is another day.

Today I wasn't very busy, the 27th was boring too.

Today I woke up a bit early. It was 3:00 a.m. on the 28th. I decided to watch television. The only thing on was a rerun of "Ozzie and Harriet." It was pretty funny.

Around 6:00 I went for a jog; it was fairly cool outside. I had forgotten to put my jogging shorts on. Nobody saw me except a blind man who was eating a popsicle. I think it was a cherry one.

I went to work around 7:00 . . . or was it 8:00? Sometimes I can't

I started to tell my sister about the case as we walked out of the building, but I was hit by a falling safe and stayed in the hospital three weeks.

It was now July 16th. I had missed the 4th of July.

I went back to the building. I asked the janitor again if I had any messages. I had one. It was from my sister. He, I mean she, had run off with a bigamist. I thought that was very low of her. Well it looks like I'll have to work on the case alone. That's when the janitor walked in. He emptied the trash and left, shutting the door behind him.

Dave Remember Dave

A new twist in the case came about on the 20th of July. Remember Dave from the first chapter? He came to the office at 12:15. He said Delores had tried to kill him with a triple banana fudge ripple split. He said it happened once last week and again this morning.

Dave begged my forgiveness and wanted to come back. I was reluctant. I told him I had to think it over "The Price is Right."

"The Price is Right" was over, and the lady had won both showcases. I told Dave that he could come back and start working in the morning. Before he left, I asked him what his last name was. He said it was Humberdinck. He walked out the door mad at me. I wondered if he was kin to Englebert.

The 21st of July, Dave and I got to work on the case. I asked him to tell me everything he knew about Delores Delore. He didn't know much about her except that she had blue eyes, red hair, and was average height. She was last seen wearing a gray coat, brown shirt, black pants, and purple socks.

We went to the DQ to see if she was still there. She wasn't.

She had quit and gone to Kansas.

Who goes to Kansas?

I gave the manager \$1.50 to tell the truth. He asked for 75¢ more. I gave it to him. He said that she went to Sheridan, Colorado. Dave remembered that she had said something about a sick sister that she needed to visit. We decided we would catch a plane to Denver the next day and drive

on to Sheridan from there.

The Case Goes to Sheridan

The flight to Denver was bumpy.

Boy, am I glad I brought along another shirt. We arrived in Denver at 4:00 and rented a car to drive to Sheridan.

We made it to Sheridan at 5:25 and went straight to the post office. We asked the postmaster if there were any Delores that lived in town. He said there was one, Verna Delore, who lived at 310 Burger Avenue.

While on the way to see Verna, we passed a sign advertising the Englebert Humberdinck concert in town. I stopped the car at the intersection and asked Dave if he was kin to Englebert.

He sat there for five minutes picking his nose. He finally said that he was the only one in his family that was not

an entertainer, but who was a failure. I told him I understood and I would not talk about it anymore.

We arrived at the house and told Verna the whole story about Delores. We asked her if Delores was there. Verna started to cry.

Finally, getting hold of herself, she told us that Delores was once under psychiatric care. As a child of 13, she walked into the bedroom of her parents, and her dad was smothering her mother with a banana fudge ripple split. Verna then told us that Delores sometimes slipped into a trance, and walked into rooms, and said her name, and walked out. She has tried to kill 6 men with banana fudge ripple splits.

Verna told us that Delores had been there 2 days before, but had already gone back to New York. I told Dave

that we had better catch up with her before she did more harm and then we'd have her committed to an asylum. Verna agreed and we were off to New York.

We were back at my office in New York, it was the 23rd of July, and we were sitting around all day trying to come up with a plan to trap Delores Delore. We couldn't come up one. I even called Mother, she got mad because she was watching the "Movie of the Week." We decided to call it a day.

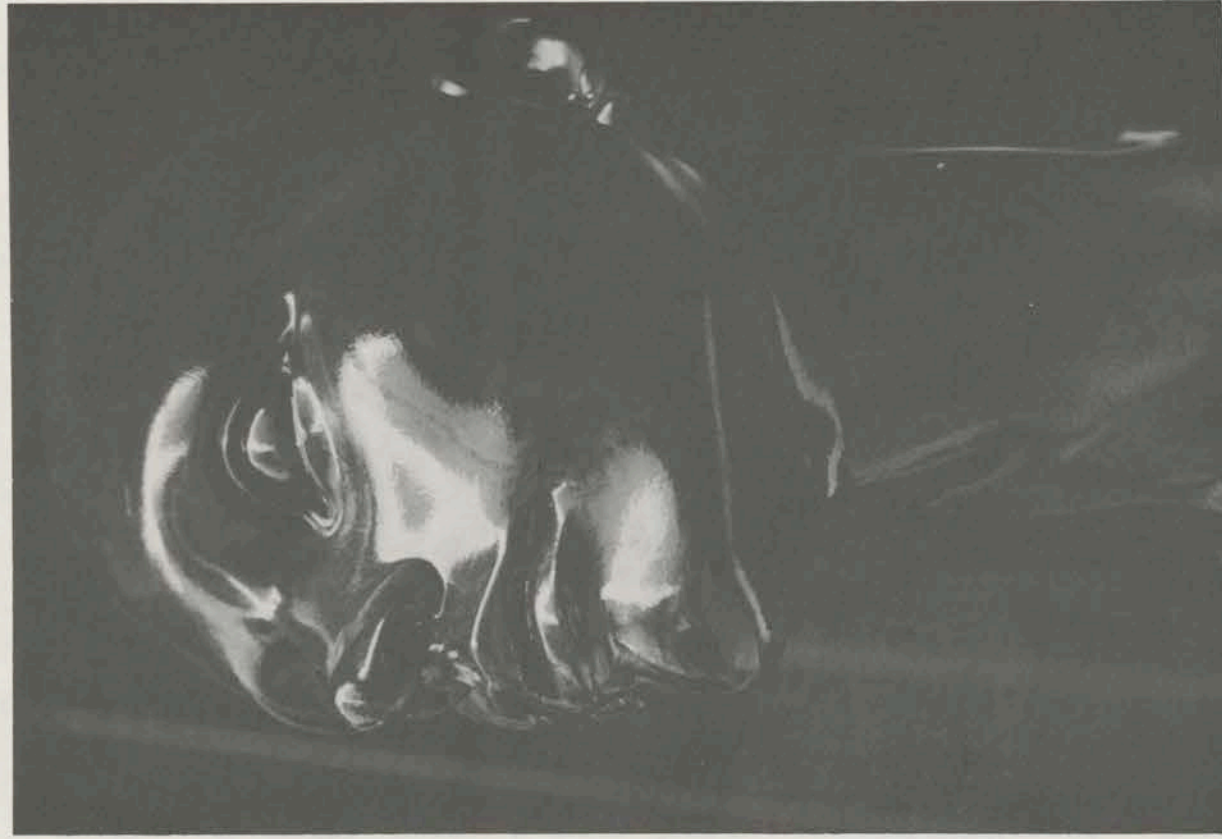
The Janitor Joins Us

The next day as we were discussing the case, the janitor suggested that we call all the Dairy Queens to see if

Delores was hanging around waiting for someone to buy a fudge ripple. We both agreed that it was a great idea.



C. Hunt



Catherine A. Ryder



Jim Carrell

The Temporal Element

As a child, who after too much time
In a playground, feels both exhaustion
And regeneration, I drifted on the edge
Of the limits of time, weary and unfulfilled
As evening defeated another day.

The symptoms of my disease, squandered days
And consumed talent, reveal themselves
As I see, taste, hear, feel, and smell
A celebrated scene: Hazy smoke fills a house
As into the glasses the spirits are poured.

O damned isolation! O fragmented life!
Can someone help me find a uniting purpose?
O unfulfilled dreams, become the inspiration
For the prayers of humanity! Let us
Use all of our human resources!

Woman, angel ignored! You were not allowed
To shoare in the dream. Mistreated by mankind
And shunned like the books on dust-covered shelves,
You are a wealth of knowledge. The glorious sun
Is rising brightly in our newborn day. We are free!

Regenerating power, if we must die, let a part of us
Live on somewhere! Inspirational spirit,
Let your light shine on me! Let my song be heard
Before I am much older. The eternal will brighten
The temporal element, and time will be defeated!

Boyd Creasman

A Stone

a stone thrown into the
cool blue
reflective pane
causes concentric circular
ripples radiating
in all directions.
so have you made me see
the depth of all
I see.

the stone then sinks deep
into the translucent
greenness--
into the never seen
recesses.

so have you touched
the innermost point; the
never seen soul.

after the rings fade
into the surface,
the stone lies quiet
on the bottom.

George White

Texas Sun

Sweltering,
Heavy, stiffling, suffocating...
It came.
Exploding with its pent up energy,
Held back through December days.
July.

The sun holds back no more.
Death.

The heat,

A murderous madman,

Wreaking its way through helpless lives,

Wrapping a burning hand around an old woman's neck,

Choking the life from her brittle body.

Smothering those who could not fight back.

The Texas towns,

Dry and cracked,

Like a farmer's calloused hands.

In fields lay scores of feather winged flock,

Cooked in the broiling noon.

Shriveled corn hangs limply fom the stalk,

Rows of burnt down weed.

Life, Smoltering away like melting wax,

Slowly, a drip at a time...

As I sit,

Cool and air-conditioned,

Watching the 6:00 news.

Wynelle A. Carson

Many Times

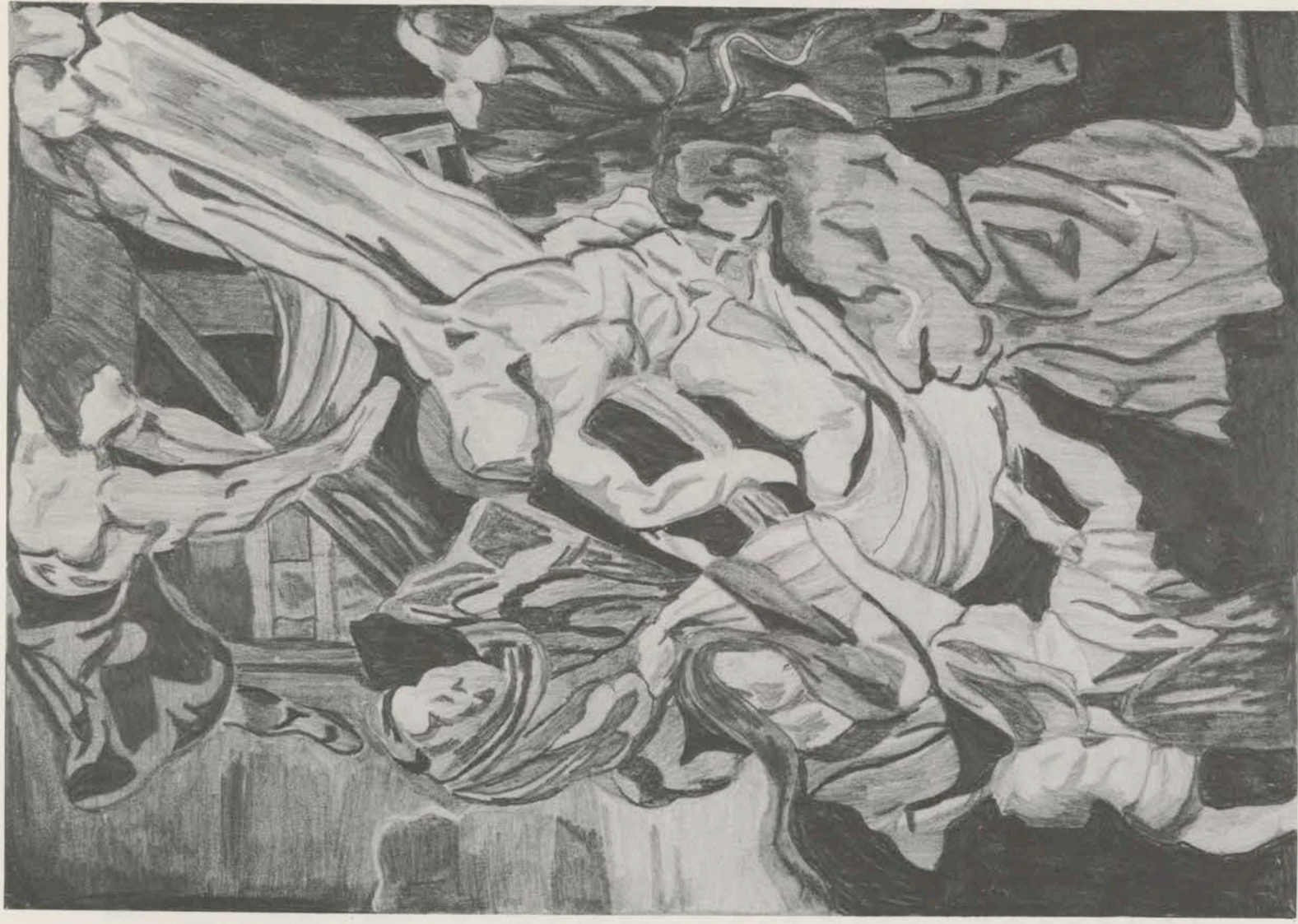
many times
i wonder
if i will
find
love.
being in
constant search
of love

wears out
the heart.
but maybe
if i stop
searching
and begin to enjoy
the love i have
the love i seek
will find
me.

Emily Williams

I hear the shuffle of footsteps
Behind me
And turn to see your sandals
Brushing the concrete
Either I turn too slowly
Or my illusion moves too quickly
For you are gone before I realize
You were never there.

C. Smith



Zan Grammar



Bubba Travis

Only Anderson

up to her pearly teeth that had lipstick on them.

"Uh, yes, a burger will be fine. Uh, no, no burger, just a beer."

"Beer!" exclaimed the waitress, "We don't serve beer here!" Radner laughed loudly and the people in booths around them roared with laughter also. Anderson turned a wonderful shade of red and buried his head into his folded arms.

"A coke, just a coke, please."

Anderson said through his folded arms. He looked up at Radner and laughed. "God, Radner, can we leave?"

"But you're the life of the party, Anderson!" The people in the booths were still laughing. Anderson let the ham in him show by getting up and taking a bow.

"I'd like to thank the academy for this coveted award for my performance as a space case." The crowd applauded and Anderson bowed again. Radner was watching the crowd and his eyes suddenly widened as he recognized a face.

"There she is! Look!" Radner grabbed Anderson's arm and pulled him into the booth.

"Who? Who?" Anderson was annoyed at Radner for taking him away from his audience.

"The one, Anderson, the girl with the sailboat."

"Which one?"

"The girl in the green."

"They're all in green, stupid!" Anderson eyed the crowd for Radner's type of girl. Usually Radner went for blondes.

"With the big, uh, uh, eyes."

Radner motioned to Anderson with his hands on his chest.

"Oh! With the red hair." The girl was staring at Anderson with a toothy grin.

"Listen, Radner, let's go. Really, I think it's time to leave."

"Don't you want to meet her?"

"Do you even remember her name?"

"I guess you're right. Let's go." They rose from the booth and headed towards the wall where their coats were hung. The waitress walked over to their booth as they walked out the door.

Once outside, Radner began kicking the gravel with his foot. He was waiting for Anderson to suggest where they should go next. Anderson sensed Radner was waiting on him.

"Well, listen old boy, why don't we go back to the dorm, you know, for sentiment's sake." Anderson said, trying to manipulate Radner to go back so they could check on Mitchell.

"For what?"

"For sentiment's sake. We'll all be gone tomorrow."

"No, Jones is staying on."

"Why?"

"Failed political science." Anderson pulled his coat hood up over his head and began walking towards the dorm. Radner followed reluctantly.

"No, really?"

"Coach kept him on for next year's team. The ruggers won't have a chance without him."

They talked about sports for a while and then about some of the other boys they had been to school with. Mitchell's name kept popping up in the conversation. Radner mentioned him.

It was Anderson who couldn't get his mind off Mitchell.

Radner asked for another light and Anderson asked where the matches he had given him earlier were. Radner reached in his pocket and they were there.

Talking made the time pass quickly and soon they had approached the dorm. Climbing the steps, Radner began discussing where they would go to high school.

"So, do you think you'll go to Worthington Heights?"

"Well, my parents have already arranged for an interview. There or Deerfield."

"I'm off to Switzerland, you know. Damn rough life up there, skiing all the time and screwing the Swiss girls the rest of the time."

"Yeah, really rough, I should be so unfortunate. Looks as though we're the only one left. I thought Jones was staying?" Anderson said eyeing the empty hallway.

"He's staying next year, not this week. He left Friday, I think. Yep, only us hardcores stay up the very last days." Radner looked into a few of the empty rooms and same out with a poster of a naked girl. "Look, I've found my dream."

"Who's on guard duty?"

"Professor de Frances--um, what's his name?"

"Monsieur Dupont. He's a real frog, with those coke bottle glasses of his." Anderson looked up the stairs and then turned to Radner. "Do you hear music?"

Radner nodded his head and they began to walk slowly up the stairs. By the third flight of stairs, they were huffing and puffing and Radner's face was turning red.

"There's gotta be an easier way."

"I just hope to hell that Worthington has elevators."

"Me too."

"What?" Anderson turned and faced Radner with a confused look.

"For your sake, old boy. For your sake." Radner glanced up at Anderson, who had lost his jovial mood hours ago.

Anderson turned to Radner as they reached the top of the stairs. He motioned for Radner to be quiet as Radner was about to speak. Anderson turned his head one way and then another, listening for the which end of the hall the music was coming from.

He decided on the left side and proceeded to walk cautiously down the hall. The music, Anderson discovered, was coming from his room.

Radner began laughing and slapped Anderson on the back.

"It's probably Mitchell. The old boy is getting together a party for us, the sentimental fool that he is." Radner put his hand on the doorknob and turned with a grin to Anderson. Anderson's expression did not change from one of solemnity.

Radner threw open the door and

shouted at the top of his lungs, "We're here old boys, we're here!"

There was no answer, so Radner wandered in. Anderson stayed behind.

Radner stood in total shock at the sight of Mitchell hanging from a ceiling pipe from a tie around his neck.

Anderson came in to see why Radner wasn't talking. He, too stood in silent awe of the sight of Mitchell. A cold sweat broke out on Anderson as he swallowed a scream. Radner walked over to the stereo and turned the music off and ran out into the hall.

"Help! Help! Anyone here?"

A sleepy looking dorm mate emerged from his room.

"Bennington! Bennington, call Dupont! Hurry! Hurry! There's been an accident!"

"Who's hurt?" Bennington inquired.

"Mitchell, he's dead! Hurry!" Bennington ran down the hall in his bathrobe and bare feet. Each smacking sound of his feet hitting the floor made Radner more aware of the tragedy that had occurred.

Radner returned to the room to see Anderson sitting on his bed staring up at Mitchell. Mitchell was a dull purple-gray and only had one sock on his dangling feet.

"Let's go out into the hall," mumbled Anderson.

As the boys got out into the hall, Bennington and Dupont came up the stairs puffing for air.

"Where is de boy?" said Dupont.

"In there, up on the pipe," Radner stammered.

"When did zis happen?"

Anderson was staring off in space like a zombie and Radner seemed suddenly tongue-tied. Then he blurted out an answer.

"We went to town and left Mitchell packing and when we came back he was hanging, uh, up there."

"Bennington?" The professor looked at Bennington, who was peeking around the corner of Anderson's door to see Mitchell.

"Uh, I've been asleep since 5:30."

"Bennington, call an ambulance,

call the police, and, well, I'd better call the headmaster," Dupont said calmly. The professor made a stern face at Bennington, who was scratching his head.

Bennington moved towards the phone in Anderson's room. Anderson made a flying leap towards Bennington.

"Don't touch that phone!" Anderson screamed as he grabbed a hold of Bennington's bathrobe and pulled Bennington down to the floor.

"Don't, you son of a bitch. Don't touch that phone!"

Dupont and Radner stared at the scene but neither made a move to stop Anderson.

"You s.o.b., you made him do this!"

Bennington yelled for help as Anderson was in the process of bloodying Bennington's face. Dupont and Radner finally pulled Anderson off before he started seriously injuring Bennington. A shocked and bewildered Bennington went to call the police.

When the police arrived, they took statements from Bennington and Jones, who had stayed past Friday, and from Professor Dupont. The police took fingerprints off everything just in case it wasn't a suicide. Their interrogation of Anderson was very detailed. Anderson admitted to Radner later that he thought it was very cruel to grill a guy right after his best friend's death.

The headmaster called Mitchell's parents and it was reported that Mrs. Mitchell fainted and Mr. Mitchell had a mild stroke. The funeral arrangements would be made for an immediate burial.

Anderson and Radner were to leave on the 9:00 train the day after the funeral.

At the funeral, Mitchell's mother kept fainting and Mr. Mitchell was in a wheelchair. Mr. Mitchell ended up sitting on a pew and giving Mrs. Mitchell his reclining wheelchair.

Anderson didn't shed a tear, but he thought about it. Radner looked through the hymnal and stared at the stain-glass windows.

The headmaster and his wife were there. A few other professors taken a few hours from their golf games to attend the funeral. Bennington sat up front with Mitchell's parents. He wasn't taking any chances that Anderson might get rowdy again.

There was a short eulogy and then lots of mumbling from the headmaster. The organist from the funeral home fell asleep during the headmaster's speech and fell on her keyboard, waking herself and the minister up. The music was depressing and the flowers were wilted. Anderson had never seen such a bad funeral and he wouldn't forget this one.

That night, after having dinner at the headmaster's house with Mitchell's parents and sister, Radner and Anderson went to town and found a sot to buy them beer. They went back to the dorm and drank in Radner's room. Bennington stayed home and read a book about boxing.

Anderson attempted to sleep in Radner's room, but ended up spending most of the night walking the hall. Radner slept soundly until he heard Anderson come into the room and sit down beside him.

"Rad, why do you think he did it? What made Mitchell do that?"

Radner sat up and rubbed his eyes. He squinted, trying to focus on Anderson in the dark. He took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm stumped I just don't know why. Did you notice anything in the room that might have been a clue?" Anderson said as he rubbed the back of his neck. He felt it was hard to breathe because of the sadness in his heart. How could something pull at someone so much. Anderson felt as though Mitchell was pulling him down into the grave with him.

"No, I didn't, the police didn't, no one ever will."

"Give it up, huh? Well, I suppose I will." Anderson rose from Radner's bed and walked out of the room.

Anderson walked down the hall and into his room. Mitchell's bed was stripped of its sheets. Mitchell's

parents had come and taken a few things away and instructed the custodians to give the rest to Goodwill.

Anderson opened Mitchell's drawer and looked at its clutteredness. There were old programs from the shows that Mitchell and Anderson had gone to in Boston. There was a key that Anderson had given him before Anderson's parents had moved. The key was to Anderson's old house. There were snapshots from the vacation that Mitchell had spent with Anderson and his parents in Florida.

There were so many things that had been left that no one knew the actual value of. Or was there a value to a useless key, photographs of people that neither the custodians nor the Goodwill people would know, only Anderson knew the value. Only Anderson knew Mitchell as a best friend and felt the pain of losing him.

Radner rolled over and snored loudly in his sleep. Muffled sobs were heard from Anderson's room.

Windom

"Normally I don't do a lot of research for a role, but I did for this one. I read everything on Thurber I could find, and I studied all his work," Windom said.

"Now I don't do research when I do my guest roles on television, like 'Fantasy Island' or 'Love Boat.' They don't require it."

"I think someone who wants to be an actor should read and study as much Shakespeare as they can get ahold of. It's important to be completely involved if you want to present it to the audience," Windom disclosed.

At one time, Windom thought of taking his Thurber show to Broadway, but after considering the advantages of the college circuit ("More people can see it this way."), he decided to stay on the road.

He did, however, play Thurber for three weeks in England.

"I enjoyed it, but I still like the travel," Windom said.

When Windom is not performing, he likes to stay at home. "Home" is in southern California, where his family, consisting of a wife and four children, lives.

"My oldest daughter will be going to college in a couple of years, but she really isn't interested in acting. None of my kids are. I think they're content with letting Daddy do it," Windom chuckled.

He likes to theorize when he thinks about what makes some people good actors.

"I think actors are the odd-balls in our society. They're the people who wear the lampshades at the parties...the ones who're always cracking jokes."

"But then, I can't see Richard Burton being the type to wear a lampshade at a party."

Windom describes himself as the type to wear the lampshade, but he was also the one who was always the teacher's pet.

"She'd let me get away with anything because I was loud, fast, and smart," Windom reminisced.

His childhood consisted of moving around Spain, France, and most of the American Midwest. An only child, Windom considers this an advantage in understanding adults at an early age.

Since his first acting experience (at the tender age of three), Windom has felt secure in his craft. Though he has a passing interest in forestry and foreign services, he says he wouldn't be happy doing anything else but acting.

In fact, Windom's goals for the future seem very narrow compared to his fellow actors; he doesn't want to direct or produce anything, and there are very few actors he really wants to work with—"with the possible exception of Benny Hill or Jonathan Winters," he adds.

"But I don't have any favorite actors," Windom interjects. "I see some that I might want to work with, like Winters or Hill, but I'm not big on

working with anyone now. I'm content with what's going on now. The show is enough for me," he said.

"My goals in life are very limited. I just want to survive."

Banana Fudge

We thanked the janitor and made him a partner in our Rattle and Dave Investigations. The door to the office now read "Rattles and Dave Investigations and Janitor."

We began calling the 335 Dairy Queens. We got lucky on the 133rd. The manager said a woman with fudge ripple on her dress was waiting outside the door. We told him to watch her and we would be over real quick.

The Plan

Since the janitor was the newest member and Delores didn't know him, he would be used as bait. He would buy a banana fudge ripple split. While eating it, she would try to kill him. We would then come up behind her and knock her out and take her to the asylum before she would wake up.

The D.Q. Store

We arrived at the D.Q.. She was standing outside the door. The janitor walked in and ordered a banana fudge ripple split while we watched across the street. The split arrived and as soon as he started to eat it, Delores started to smother him. We tried peaceably to get her to stop. She wouldn't, so out came the rolling pin, and it was all over for Delores.

The janitor was all right, the horrible ordeal was all over, and everything was calm.

The Case Is Over

Delores was finally getting the help she needed at the asylum, the janitor moved up to assistant mail clerk at the Encyclopedia Britannica Building, Dave finally accepted that he was a failure at not becoming an entertainer, and me, Rick Rattles, got my office

moved down to the 7th floor (just in case my sister came back) and 75 feet from the broom closet.

It had been a tough case to crack, I

was glad it was over. I decided to call Mother, her answering service said she had gone to the disco.

Oh well!! Tomorrow's another day.

Cowboy

Damn, it's cold. Snow sky, too, which only makes it worse. Funny how the eyes make the whole body listen; they see that gray stretched from mountain to mountain and every bone starts to creak.

You know the cowboy. He can shake off lonesomeness like a colt shakes off a few snowflakes. He can take being alone. He don't mind at all.

Ridin' all day, workin'. Out this far, you'd think a fence wouldn't have nothin' to do but keep itself together. They get lazy, thought, sag, break when it rains just a little. Guess they know I'll be comin' to fix 'em. (Chuckle.) These ol' hands, though, they've about seen one too many mile of rope and barbwire. They've about wore out themselves. And nobody comin' to fix 'em.

He's the one who can gesture into the wind and understand the answer.

Independence. Fine thing when you're young. Kinda wears off when night starts stiffenin' you up and every morning it gets harder to throw back that old quilt and get moving. Independence. Hell, I'd trade all this empty for one good fire and a feather pillow. This saddle's old, but it ain't wore down soft enough for my head.

He can chase the clouds, happy that he'll never catch them.

Pretty here once. (Sip of beer.) Sunrises that'd put a lady to shame. And to see that sun goin' down . . . Just there, right on the edge of the canyon. Purples and pinks and colors I ain't never seen but in church on Easter Sunday Morning. Red sometimes. Indians call that a war sun. Ain't pretty no more. Ain't none of this pretty. Wires and roads and poles. The sun don't even come up right. Like he's ashamed to shine on what ain't anymore.

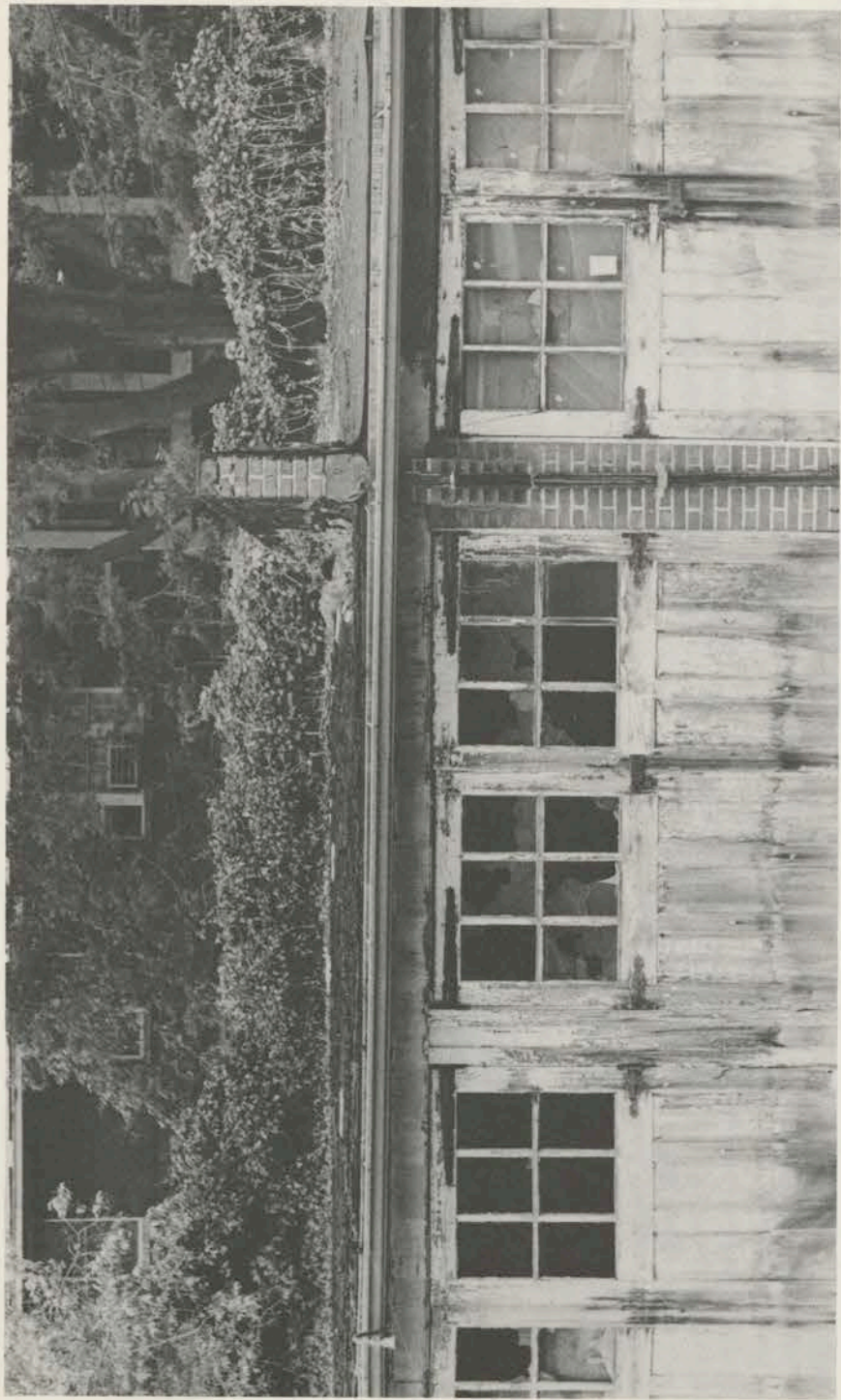
He only laughs when the beer goes down easy or the card games go his way. And he never cries.

Night comin'. Dark'll roll in and fill up every empty space through here. Powerful thing, nighttime. Makes the bad ones brave and the good ones scared. Me? Don't do nothin' to me. I had the fear scared outta me a long time ago. And being brave, that's only for impressing people...

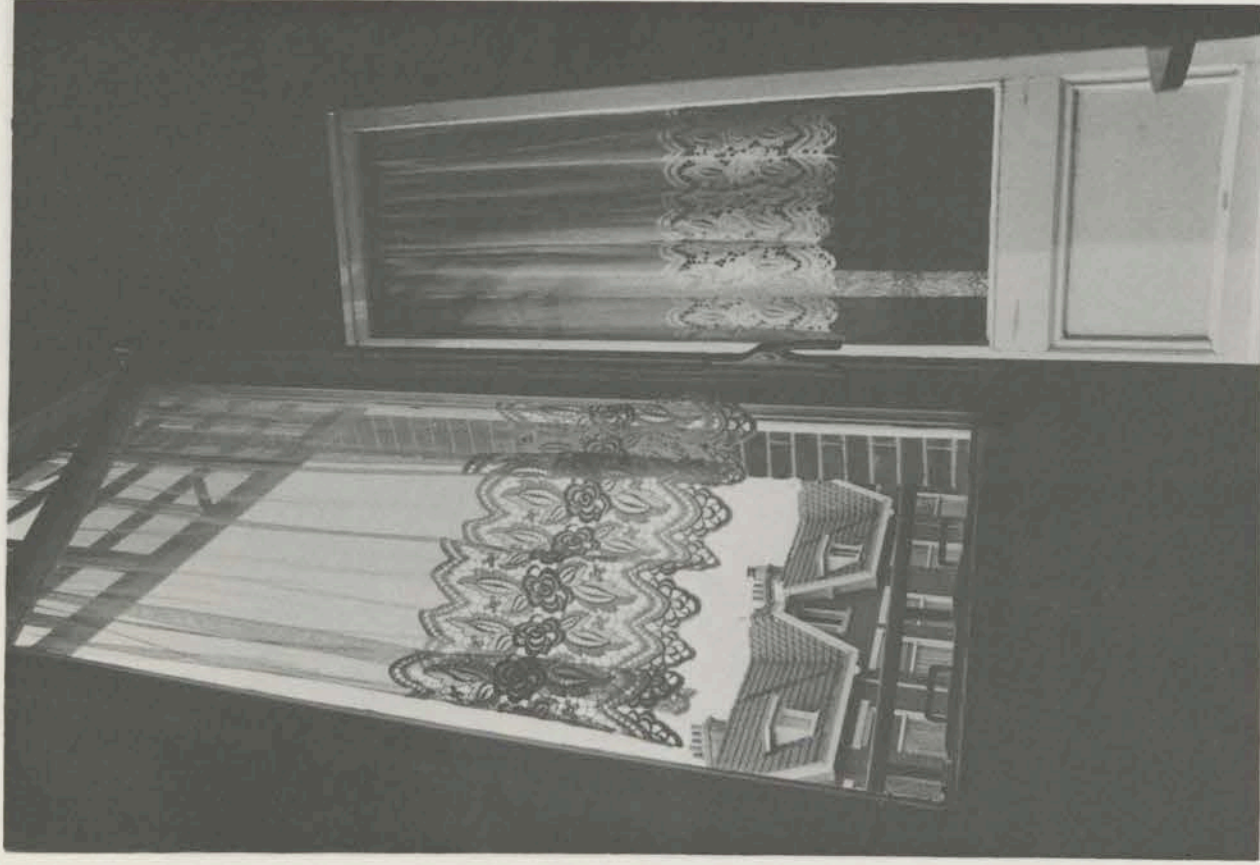
You know the cowboy. He gave up dreaming when he gave up remembering, because neither one took him a single step closer to tomorrow.

And you know tomorrow's all a cowboy ever has.

Kim Spence



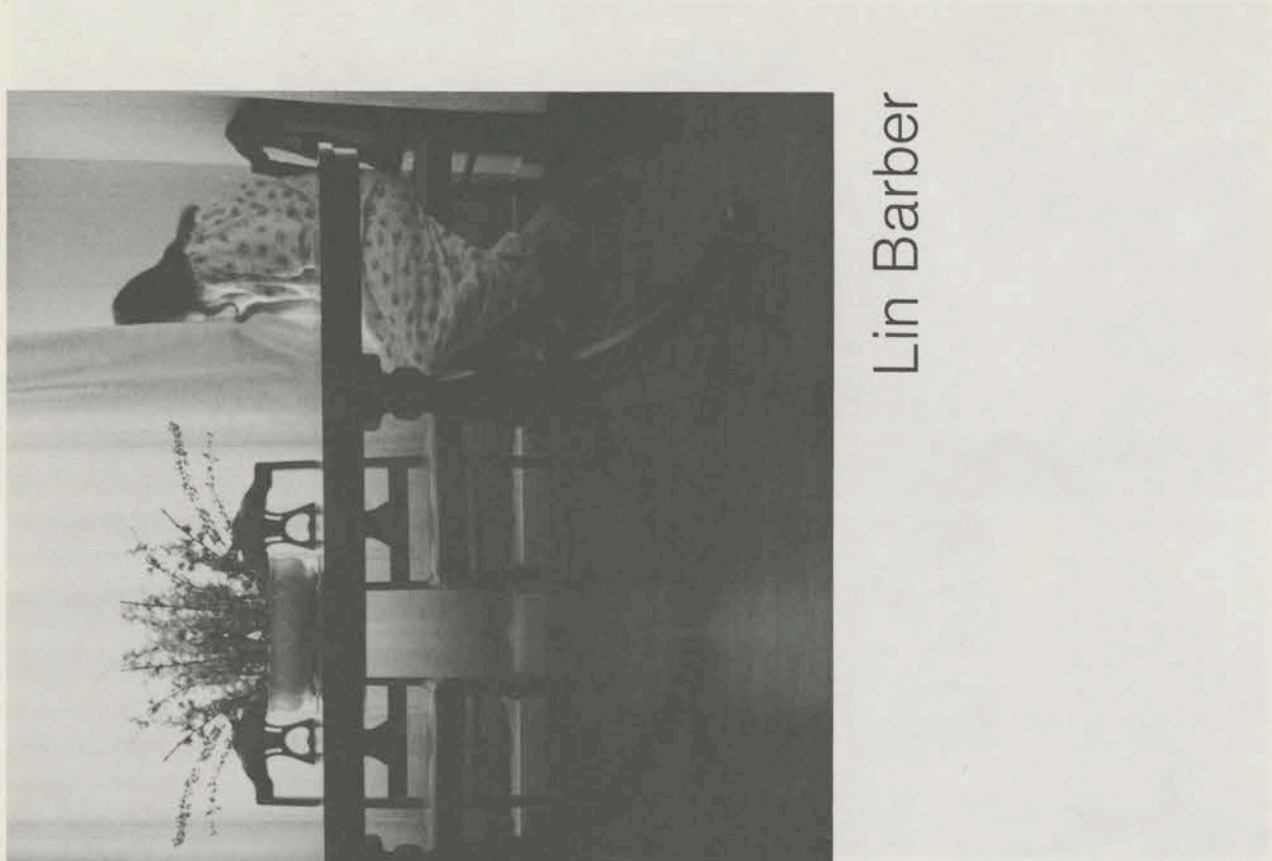
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