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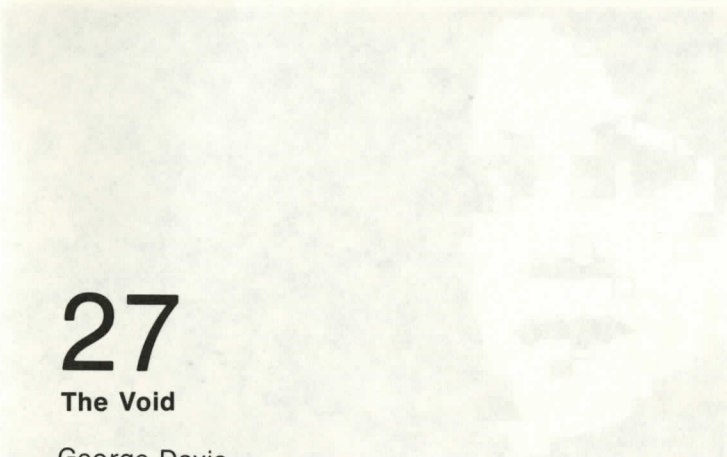
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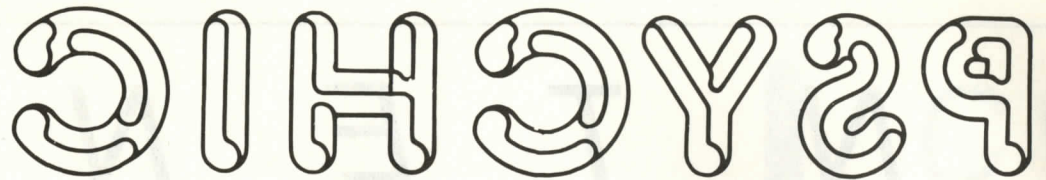
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An Interview with Carole Kennedy

Carole Kennedy is not a stranger to people in Middle Tennessee who listen to WKDF-FM radio. Carole is the official staff psychic at KDF. She has her own live show every weekday morning from 9-10 a.m.

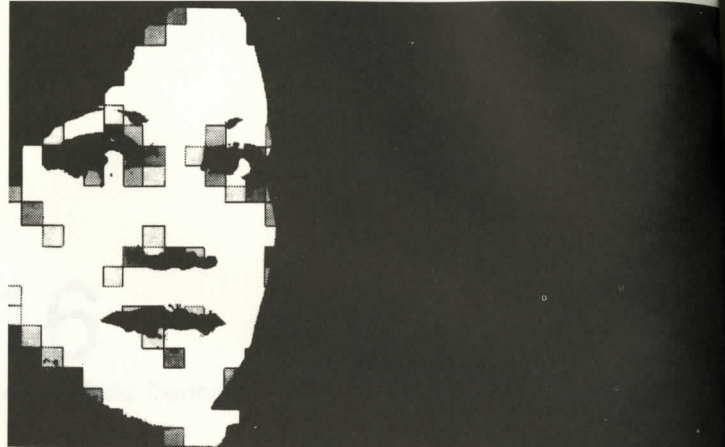
Carole's talent not only include her psychic abilities, but also an astounding knowledge of the Occult arts such as astrology, graphology and palmistry and numerology.

Carole was nice enough to find time from her busy (very busy) schedule to talk to Collage about her experience with psychic phenomena and how it has affected her life.

C-Collage
K-Carol Kennedy

C- Can you tell us some just basic information about yourself like where you were born and raised.

K- Okay, I was born in Columbia, Tennessee on November 16, 1943 at King Valor's Hospital, it was a stormy night and I was born about 5:30 p.m. From there I lived in the Columbia area for a while then we moved to Huntsville, Alabama, then to the Georgia area, then to St. Petersburg, Florida and from there I moved back to Nashville, Tennessee. All before I was seven. Then I attended Dupont Elementary, Dupont Junior High, and Dupont Senior High School, and UT Nashville. In the meantime I married at an early age, just out of puberty, had three children, all males. I cried a lot then. They came close, fast, and heavy and hard. Then I did public work. When my husband went back to school, I went back to the work force. Then I worked off and on in public work for several years. The whole time that I did



that I was involved in psychic phenomena, psychic activity, all facets of that. I am not trained in psychic work other than my normal or what I call my own abilities. I have had some study courses in astrology. Because it's an applied science to astronomy. So I've done natal charts, astrological charts, that incorporate into the natal, combatability guides, child rearing guides, numerology, bio-rhythms, and graphology. So that's what kind of charts we do and then I've always either read palms and I am a palmist, I'm not trained as such, but I am a palmist and my rates run about ninety-five percent on that. Then I read cards, regular playing cards. I also do psychic work, pure psychic work.

C- Are you a medium?

K- Not in the sense you are using it. No. Now I have spirit guides and they communicate with me but do I go in this deep trance and go woo-ooo? No, sorry. I don't do that and don't do tea leaves or read crystal balls. And or

PSYCHIC

by Kat Bailey



clair-audio perceptual situations or abilities. But what you're asking about is a trans-medium and that I'm not.

C- At what age did you discover you had psychic abilities?

K- About three or four.

C- How did you discover it?

K- I saw death around people. Wasn't that tacky? Children have no sense of tact at all, they just blurt it out wherever they are.

C- What did you say? You are going to die?

K- I'd say golly, I think that man's gonna die, talking to my grandmother and she'd say shhhh. But she kept a record of it.

C- Is anybody else in your family a psychic?

K- My grandmother had a lot of psychic ability and I have two sons that tend to have a lot of the talent or trait. I have one that's working with cards right now and I have one that dreams heavily. It's usually inherited.

Now everybody has psychic ability, I don't care who you are. Everybody has it. Most people don't develop it or they think "mmm, it's not suppose to be done this way, I can't utilize it." Now how many times have you heard the phone ring and known who it was before you answered it?

C- Plenty of times.

K- That's psychic ability. You got it. But where you won't talk about it, to me it's a natural occurrence and I think nothing of it. Because it was not suppressed, but that is psychic ability. That very thing.

C- How can you develop it?

K- You learn by working at it. For one thing you don't try to suppress it or make it go away you let it come in, you take it and you jot it down, you check it for its accuracy. You just develop it out like you would anything else and you apply it. For example, if you pick up that somethings getting ready to happen you don't say "no, it can't be," you just say "hey, it is, I'll be prepared." And therefore you're utilizing it, you're depending on it, and it's not going to make your life negative. If anything, it's going to enhance your life. It's a form of communication with God.

C- What if it happens such a short time before that there's no time to be prepared.

K- But over a period of time you learn the signals your body is giving out. For an example, if you hear the phone ring, you say, "ah ha! That's JoAnn," Then you are probably picking up on what JoAnn wants. Okay? So you say "Hey, I knew you were going to call. How are things?" You follow what I'm saying? It's called sending and receiving. It's not a bad deal at all, as a matter of fact, it's a lot of fun.

(continued on page 30)



Cheeseburger People

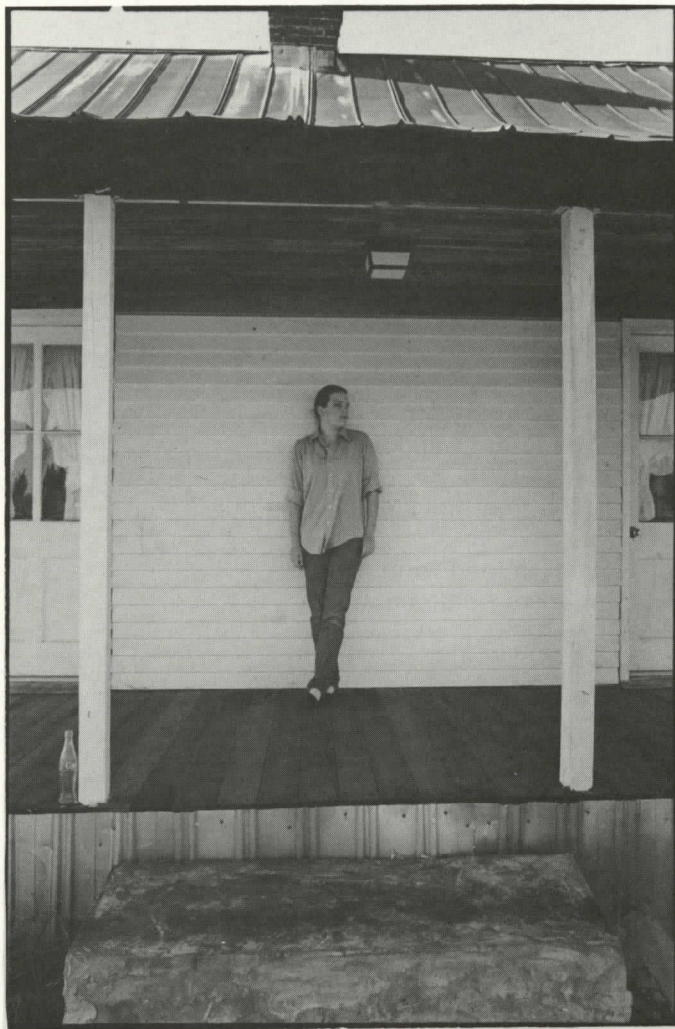
Cheeseburger people,
Conceived in anti-peptic, fast food wombs,
 reheated in the fires of their father's selfish dreams,
They come wrapped in shiny, aluminum foil wardrobes,
 all alike--eye catching regalia that hides a soybean heart.

Cheeseburger people,
Christened with "special" sauce, dipped from a
 ten-gallon jug of stale, pre-mixed philosophies
 that harden and cake to the sides if allowed
 to meet the air.

Cheeseburger people,¹ Shielded from life in wax-paper communities
 with strange brand-names and obsolete alphabets,
 until, to a hungry world, they are shoved in its face,
 a world too fast-paced to eat anywhere else.

Cheeseburger people,
Consumed, digested, and quietly forgotten.

Scott Tunnell



Lin Barber



Lin Barber

The Gift

My friend and I were riding late one night,
When we came upon the sight
Of an old black man
Standing there at the light.

As I looked at him, he waved back with a toothless smile,
And of course, it was returned.
But all my friend could do was laugh.
And it was strangely disturbing for me
To see
The gift my friend had spurned.

Randal Thompson

DUSK TAKES ALL

harvested dusk takes all
past the worn wooden latch
to the fresh-cut stall

unbridled, hoofless steed
cradling on the flat muscular arch
with wrinkled silk gate the
spurless rider

grasping the luxuriant mane.
bone-white fingers grappling with
the midnight, intangibly coarse hair

longing for reins.

G. A. White

the master artist

the art of the world,
arises from the beginning of life.
each line is drawn,
to the angle of the sculptor's knife.

but, a joy of reason,
amidst the clear, precise design,
shades the existing pain,
yielded by the sharpness of the cut.

Jimmy Potter

O E T R Y

Only a thought

I exhumed a thought today
it was buried only yesterday
so the dirt was still quite loose.
The reason for death still
reads the same---

“...cardiac arrest precipitating
a deep coma. The plug was pulled
soon thereafter, yet the coma still
lingered on. Death came suddenly
one night, however, when reason
for being was lost.”

The epitah read “Forever and Ever”
And oh yes, the thought’s name
was I Love You.
You pulled the plug.

James Pitts

MOONLIGHT

Moonlight in the distance
across a dim horizon
shimmering diamonds in an endless sea
of painful recollections
and memories yet to be.

Jeff Adams

When that yellow crocus by the front stoop
Hopped up on top of the March snow
And raved and screamed
And hollered,

He passed right by
On his way to an empty mailbox
For a love letter from a cheerleader.

Larry Lee Lovell



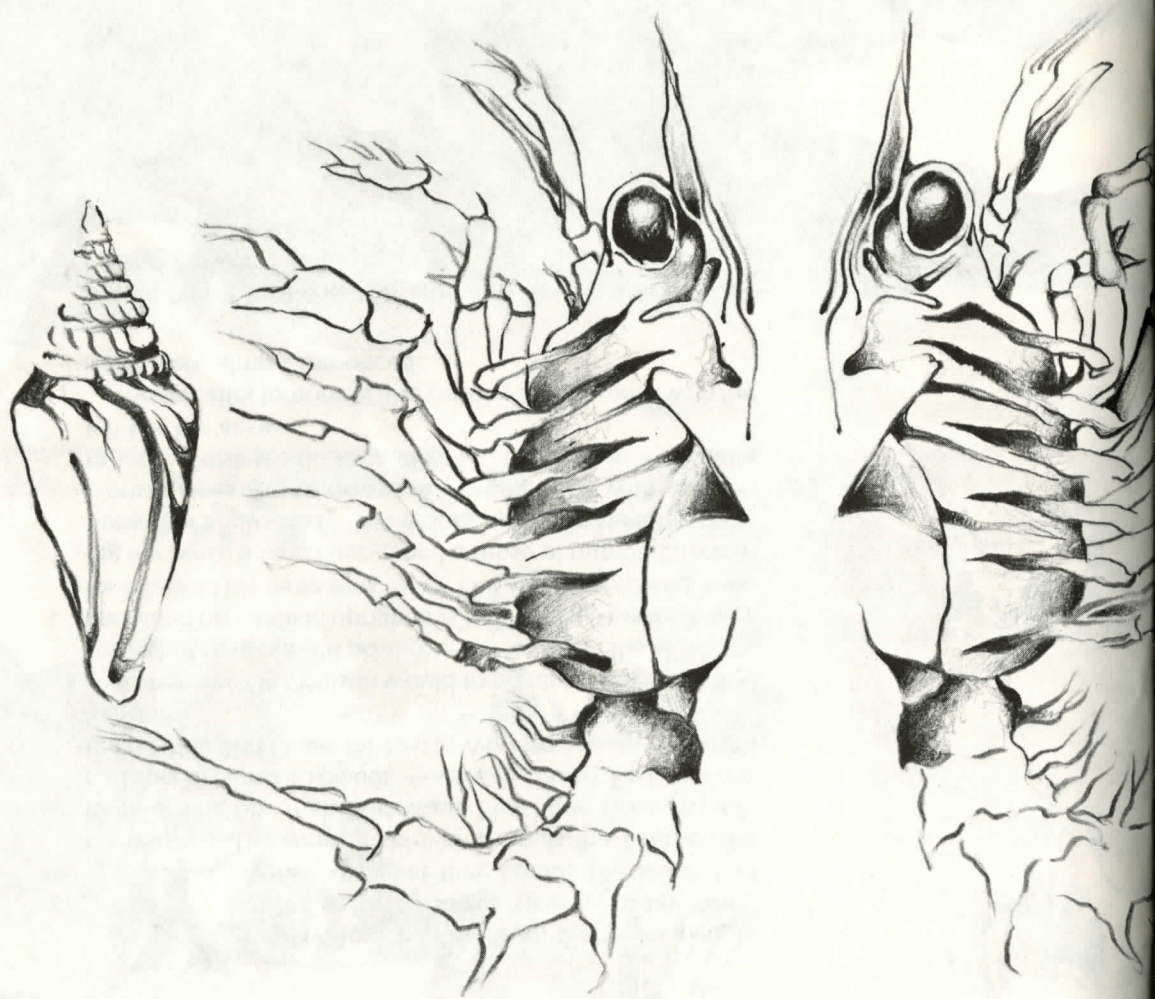
Yesterday, in a small village, the towns people
battled with a horrid storm. Today, they
cleaned up what they could. The storm had
been so bad. The wind had blown so much, that it turned the
town upside down and sideways. Peachtree Drive, which,
had faced North to South, yesterday, faced East to West
today. Blue Bird Drive, the East to West street was now North
to South.

Tomorrow, Ellis Wilson would try to replace his barn and
smokehouse in upright positions; but for now Ellis would try
and stand his cattle in upright positions. Betsy was too heavy
for Ellis and his three sons to lift. Ellis would continue milk-
ing her twice a day. Ellis gained a sense of humor. Ellis told
Betsy jokes. Ellis said, "What does a man do standing up, a
woman does sitting down and a dog does with one leg
raised?" Betsy would try and guess. Ellis would eventually
tell her the answer.

The day after tomorrow, the gander, who came in with the
storm, left, almost unnoticed.

Moral: Never trust a gander who rolls in with a storm, or a
cow to answer a bad joke.

Richard Cook



Dan Brawner



Tantalus

To have something dangled;
Hanging
There before one's eyes
Close enough to see
Every line,
Every detail,
Every facet
That brings out desire and wanting.

And yet, no matter how much
It is wanted,
Craved for,
Dreamed of-
It is taken away
Just before it is almost
Touched

Randal Thompson

PANTOMIMIC DANCERS

KAT BAILEY



The year was 1958, the date I can't even remember, and the time seemed like eternity. I had just finished my third book and Sam had just finished a screenplay taken from Tom Burnes' book. We all wanted to celebrate so we chartered a plane and flew down to Palm Springs to stay at Sam's summer house.

Sam called everybody he knew before he left L.A. so there was a large party going on before we even got there. The plane ride didn't even phase any of us, we just went straight on into the party and began to drink. Goldwyn's son, Howard, came in around five o'clock and brought a crowd with him. There were several people we didn't know, but it didn't matter. We stayed in our group and smoked and talked and drank our gin.

Sam had greeted Howard's group at the door like he knew each and every one of them. Tom and I looked at each other, both of us wondering if Sam did indeed know each of these people. Sam patted the last person (a girl) on the butt as she passed. He then walked over to Tom and me and said he wasn't sure if he knew anyone.

Later on during the party, Tom asked me to refill his drink and when I went to the bar, Howard was staring at me.

"How's life, Howard?" I said hoping he would catch the hint and quit staring.

"Why, Jane Hampton, I didn't think you'd remember me!" He said smoothing his slick golden hair with his hand.

I smiled and thought to myself what a silver-tongued devil he must have thought he was.

"I just got back from Rio, have you been traveling too, you're awfully tanned?" Goldwyn purred, looking me up and down and smiling all the while.

"No, just writing. I just finished a book. Well, I have to go now," I said hoping to brush him off.

"Well, I should think this book would make a nice movie," Goldwyn said as he followed me to where Tom was standing. Goldwyn didn't seem to be making a genuine effort at being nice to me. It was more like he was guarding my every move.

The party grew larger and louder. Goldwyn's people all drank like fish and went through the beautiful

buffet like vacuum cleaners. I would have thought they hadn't eaten in years. They were just making pigs of themselves, gobbling and gulping everything in sight, hardly giving time for what they'd had before to digest.

Feeling rather disgusted at the sight of this, I went upstairs to lie down. Goldwyn followed me up the stairs and then passed me in the hallway, going into another room.

When I walked into my room, I noticed that my suitcase was open and lying on the bed. There was a scrambling noise in the bathroom. The noise scared me so I turned and walked out of the room. I stopped in the hallway and thought to myself that the noise was probably Tom looking for some aspirin. I walked back to the room and when I got to the doorway I saw a girl going through my suitcase.

At first, I was shocked and then I became angry. I yelled for her to stop. She must have been scared because she ran to the bathroom and shut the door. I looked at the mess she'd made of my suitcase and then preceded to knock on the bathroom door.

"Come out of there this instance," I said in a stern voice. There was no answer and the door remained closed. There was someone laughing in the hallway and I turned to see Tom leaning against the doorway. He saw me and came into the room.

"Who you got trapped in there? Goldie-cock?" Tom was very drunk and his crudeness made me angrier.

"Come out of there, I said!" Still no answer. I turned to Tom and through gritted teeth told him what I'd seen. He layed down on the bed, pushing the suitcase to the edge nearest me. He was looking at me with a strange grin. I asked him if he was going to help me catch this girl. He closed his eyes and tried to suppress a laugh. I grabbed a pillow from the bed and hit him in the face.

"It's not funny! God damn it! She was going through my suitcase!"

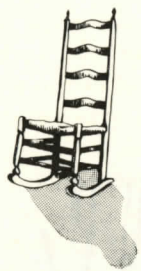
"You're right," Tom said getting up from the bed, straightening his clothes. "I shall call the authorities." I thought calling the police was rather rash action. We could just get her out of the bathroom and find out why she was going through my suitcase.

(continued on page 42)



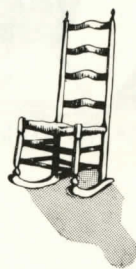
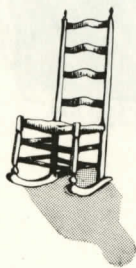
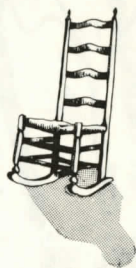
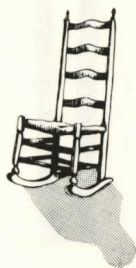
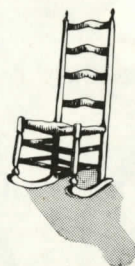
Bubba Travis





H A P P Y

B I R T H D A Y



He sat staring at the wet window pane, slowly caressing each raindrop with his aged fingers. His old chair had become worn beyond repair, yet, he refused to sit anywhere else. For it was in this chair that all his memories flowed out of and all the had settled.

With careful ease, the old man arose like he did every morning at this time. Only today was different. Today--his 80th birthday, to be celebrated alone. He poured himself a glass of almost spoiled milk and returned to his chair.

"Wonder if any of them remember?" The old man began to rock a bit with his mutterings. "Surely they must. They were with me too long to have forgotten." He leaned back and caught a glimpse of the four diplomas hanging on the wallpaper print.

"All those years of hard work, and the sacrifices. Where did I go wrong?"

He leaned back and closed his eyes and immediately the image of his wife, his former wife, came into focus. A gentle smile tickled his cracked lips and he began to rock in a predictable rhythm. Suddenly, from the front lawn, the old man was interrupted from his daydream by a skirmish. Two neighbor boys had gotten off the school bus and made a boxing arena out of his front lawn. Quickly, the old man got up from his chair and flung open the front screen and shouted, "You boys, Move on and take your business elsewhere. I'll have no mercy on you when I call the police to report a trespassing incident."

The two boys and their following turned and simply laughed at the old man and went about their fighting. When the old man realized his speech had been of no consequence, he awkwardly hurried down closer to the action, panting hard.

"Shut up you old prune-face. You don't scare us and you can't make us do anything," the biggest boy replied, moving closer to the old man.

The man gripped tightly to his walking cane and repeated his treat. "If you all aren't off my property in five seconds, I'll call the police and have you all sent to juvenile detention centers!"

Vickie Wells

"Who cares you old bastard! I'ts cool to be a juvenOOL!" The bigger boy moved even closer to where the old man was standing. "Yeah. Go on ahead and call the damn cops. We'll be gone in no time."

With this remark the old man lifted his cane and aimed it straight for the boy's temple. Upon contact, the crowd dispersed faster than lightening. The teenage boy lay face down on the ground, with streams of blood gushing from his right temple. The old man hurriedly ran back inside and lifted the receiver then lower it in disbelief.

"What have I done?" The old man lowered himself into the battered chair and stared at the young body outside. He knew it wouldn't be long until those other kids returned with parents and handcuffs. The old man leaned back, and through his dead stare at the body, he began to see himself as the young boy.

"All the trouble I've caused in my lifetime," he thought. "First, I ruined a perfectly good marriage through my greed. She was such a lovely woman. Eyes lovelier than spring flowers, hair softer than a baby. And she really loved me, loved me for what I was and stood for. And the lovely candlelight dinners she'd fix after a long day. Our first child. God, how beautiful she was. And what a good mother she made. Only I never told her. Or so she said. Instead, I was always more concerned with what pleased myself, and I do see that now. I was never sensitive enough to their needs. I see now all the times she needed me and I had other things to do. Oh Dear, if you only knew how truly sorry I am for all the pain I caused you and our beautiful daughter whom I never got to know. If I could just but hold you one last time before they come, just see your face and touch your cheek. But then it always was like that wasn't it dear?"

I was always the one who needed you. All the money in the world can't save me now. And you tried to make me see that, that people and lives are more important than having your way and wealth. It I could only..."

Outside, a siren is heard pulling into the large estate. The old man looks down at his wet shirt and realizes this is the first time in his life he has ever cried.

(continued on page 45)



BEARS

There are bears in the dreams of little girls
That send them screaming into mother's rooms
At midnight;
Their frightened feet know very well
The feeling of sleeping linoleum,
And well too they know each turn and bookcase
In the hallways.
Darkness is no obstacle to the running child
On the way to Mother's room.

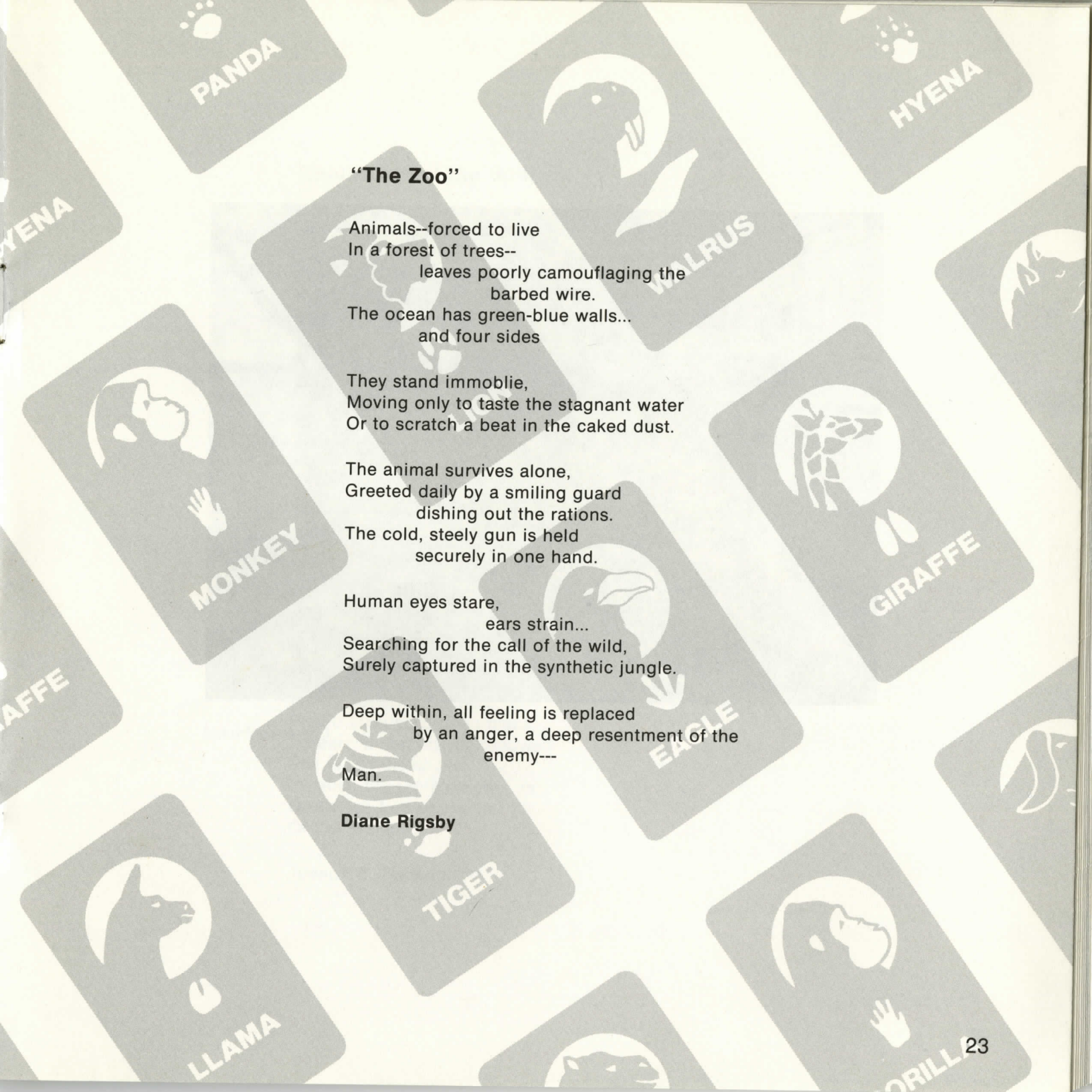
Grown and old and motherless, women often
Crawl, with dim relief, into rooms in brownstones
At the end of a day.
Wrapped in housecoats and dulled by gin,
They curl up on sofas and cry themselves to sleep.

No visitors or callers
Come to wake them.

In restless sleep, dreams come and slip away,
With familiar faces which cannot be placed.
A mist of past places and things floats by.
Then, sometime in the night, they wake to find
Themselves crying at their bathroom doors
And whispering, "Momma please open the door..."

There are bears in the dreams of all little girls
That send them screaming into mothers' rooms
At midnight.

Deanna Dodson



“The Zoo”

Animals--forced to live
In a forest of trees--
leaves poorly camouflaging the
barbed wire.
The ocean has green-blue walls...
and four sides

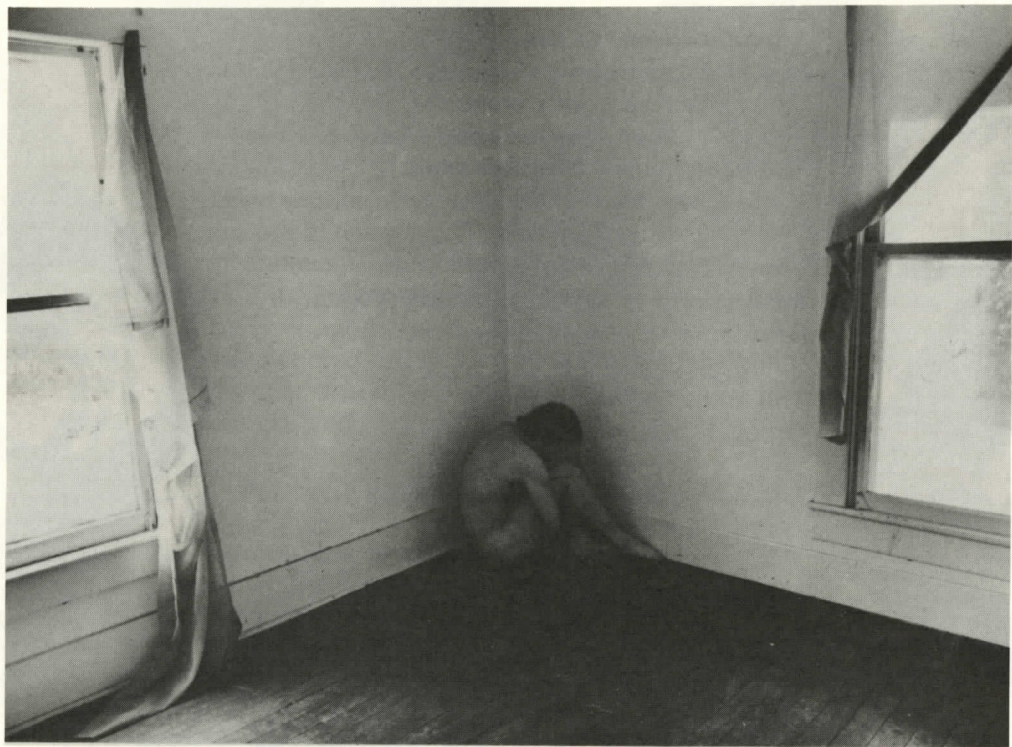
They stand immobile,
Moving only to taste the stagnant water
Or to scratch a beat in the caked dust.

The animal survives alone,
Greeted daily by a smiling guard
dishing out the rations.
The cold, steely gun is held
securely in one hand.

Human eyes stare,
ears strain...
Searching for the call of the wild,
Surely captured in the synthetic jungle.

Deep within, all feeling is replaced
by an anger, a deep resentment of the
enemy---
Man.

Diane Rigsby



Charlie Hunt

Realization of the Sparrow

I

I met myself
A shadow in the mirror, and conversed
At length with my echoes.
Somehow I sensed that I was
Less real than my image, and my words
Merely defined
The ghost of my form.

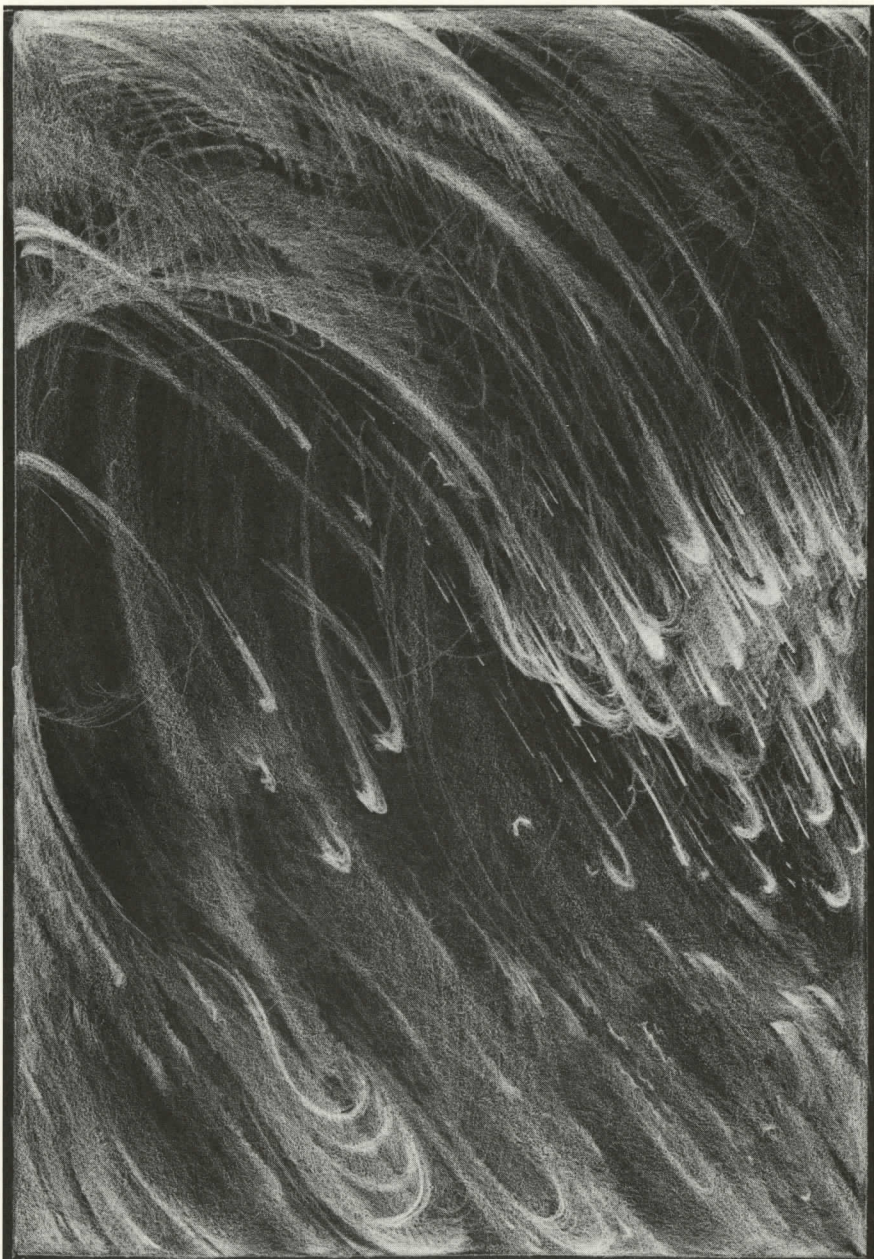
II

Then I found my old photograph.
Though its colors has faded, the face I had
Worn stared back at me
With a presence as great as my own,
Forcing me to recall
Who I am.

III

I remember that the sticks
Fell in patterns like light
Pulled through broken glass.
I dreamed that my life followed
The fall of the sticks
In much the same manner as
God's eye follows the fall
Of the sparrow.

Joseph O. Stinson



Richard Cook

THE

VOID

Outside Hanewa Castle, a shadow detached itself from the wall. Only it wasn't just a shadow. It was a ninja, one of the semi-legendary mercenary-assassins of Japan. He moved without a sound, haversack slung across his back...

Atop the wall of Hanewa Castle, a samurai watched the surrounding plain. The night was quiet. His sixth sense, his hara, warned him of a soon-impending confrontation--but with what?

The ninja opened his haversack, crouched safely within the shadow of the castle wall. In the sack, he found his climbing spikes, and strapped them to his feet. Before he strapped on the spikes for his hands, he found several throwing stars, or shuriken, and put them in a pocket of his matte black suit. He slung his sword obliquely across his back, and attached his climbing spikes to his hands. He began to climb up the wall to the first balcony of the castle proper, where he could enter it and commit the soul of his chosen target to the void...

The samurai was tired. That was obvious. He had just come back from a forced march to defend this castle from the samurai of a renegade daimyo, or feudal lord. His master was concerned for the safety of several important dignitaries in the castle, and the samurai was one of five chosen to be sentries on this particular balcony. Three of the others were inside making their report to the master, while the other was on the opposite side of the balcony.

His spirit began to wane. But he knew what to do. He kneeled and began to weave his fingers in impossible patterns. His concentration began to rebuild itself. Before long, he was standing again, alert to any danger that might present itself...

Around the corner of the balcony, a furtive figure eased itself over the edge. Ever so silently, the ninja moved up against the castle wall again, crouching in the shadows to conceal himself, and regain his wind from the forty-foot climb.

The samurai decided it was time for him to patrol the balcony. He turned the first corner.

Their eyes met. Both knew that neither one of them could come out alive from a battle between them. Their martial training had ben diametrically opposed in philosophy, but essentially the same. As the same training had dictated, to die in battle was to die with honor. Not only their eyes, but their swords were about to meet.

Both men drew their swords with unbelievable speed. A more unique sound there never has been, of sword leaving its sheath. The samurai expected trickery from the beginning. He was right. The shuriken was thrown, but hedelected it to one side with the blade of his sword. The poisoned throwing star careened off into the pitch blackness of the night. The ninja stood, staring.

The two men moved cautiously closer to one another, but at the same instant, both stopped in their tracks. A strange change of atmosphere was taking place. The air had been filled with an almost electric tension from the moment their eyes had met, but now, actual electric charge was building around them on the balcony. Both men lifted their swords high for the shoulder to hip, left to right body cut known as o-kesa. Their minds emptied of all thought, became void as they slashed downward.

A bolt of lightning acred across the night sky, down to the blades of the two swordsmen, a lethal million-volt charge of static electricity.

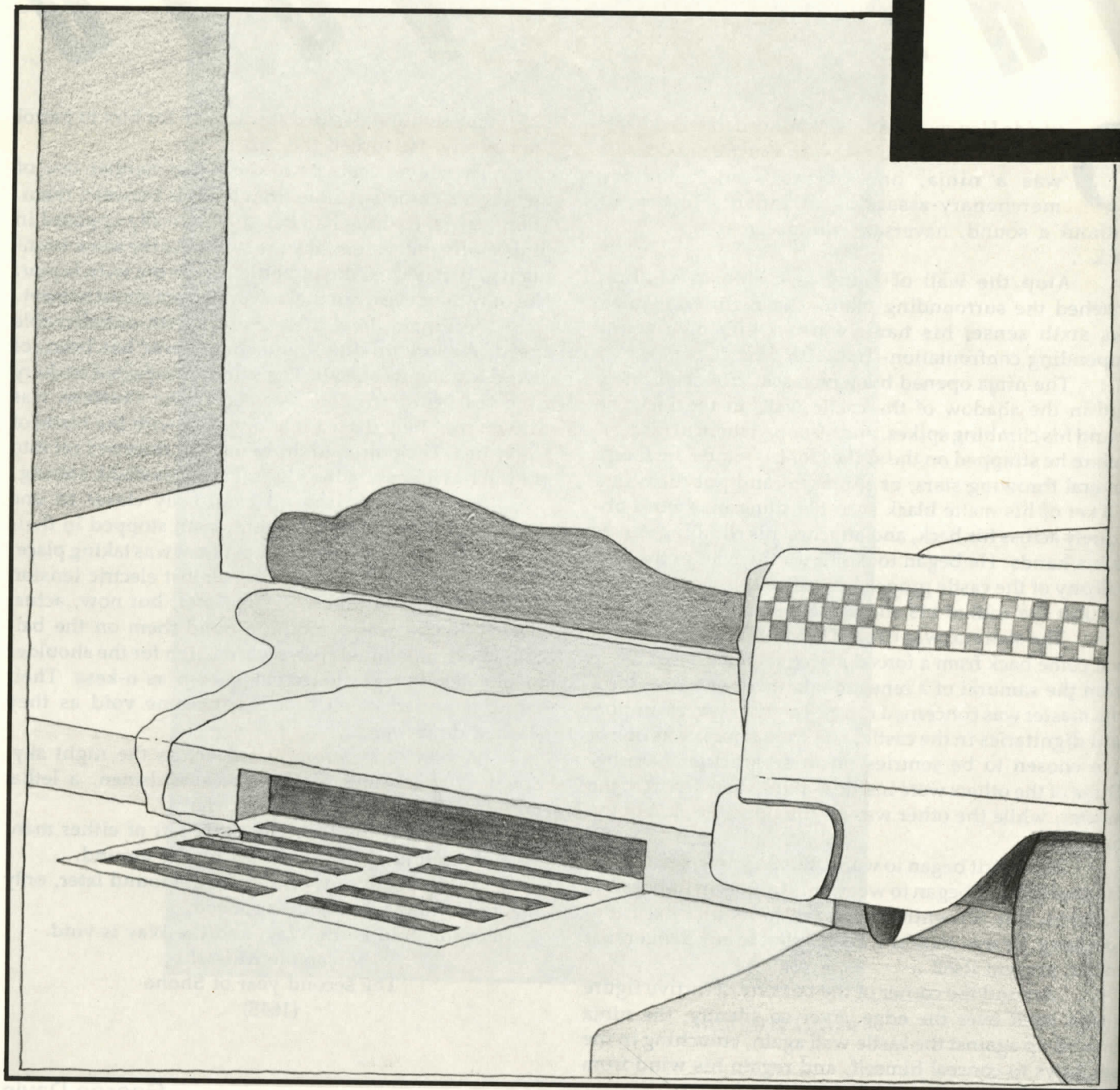
And then there was nothing left of either man. Two charred lumps of metal lay on the ground.

When the lumps of metal were found later, only the gods knew what had happened.

For the void is the Way, and the Way is void.

Miyamoto Musashi
The second year of Shoho
(1645)

George Davis



Scott Reeves

CITY STREAKS

The rain slid down the window like a dragon in a Chinese parade. The girl sat and studied the patterns left in the window grime by the escaping raindrops. He concentrated on the menu, not intending to order anything more than the coffee already in front of the two of them. It gave him something to do and saved him the pain of making conversation when there was nothing to say. Finally, he could look at the photos of omelets and grilled-cheese sandwiches and pecan pie no longer.

"Want something to eat?" he asked.

"No," the girl answered absently, concentrating harder on one drop with a speck of soot caught in it. "I'm on a diet."

"Oh."

He could not remember a time when she had not been on a diet.

"Can we go shopping? I want to look at some dresses."

"Let's not."

The only thing that irritated him more than her eternal dieting was accompanying her on a shopping trip. He hated standing around outside dressing rooms which were always situated in the heart of the lingerie department and attended by middle-aged women wearing lavender lipstick and industrial strength girdles.

The waitress came and poured more coffee from a glass pot that showed a layer of swirling sediment in its bottom. She dropped a couple of little plastic cups of non-dairy creamer and strode away, the tips in her apron pocket marking cadence.

"What day is this?" she asked.

He glanced at his watch and said, "The twelfth."

"No, what day of the week?"

"Tuesday."

"Let's go into the Village and see a film."

He knew what she was getting at. She wanted to go see a French movie. He felt his irritation growing. She never went to see movies--she went to films. She didn't understand a word of French and couldn't read fast enough to keep up with the subtitles. He doubted that she could comprehend if she could read faster.

"We'd get wet standing in line," he said, suddenly very grateful for the rain. "Maybe we can go some other time."

"I heard on TV that the rain is full of acid and that it is dissolving all the buildings. I wonder if it's dissolving the taxicabs, too."

He smiled at his image of skyscrapers melting like big, ugly sugar cubes and said, "I imagine so. Let's go"

"Where're we going?" she asked.

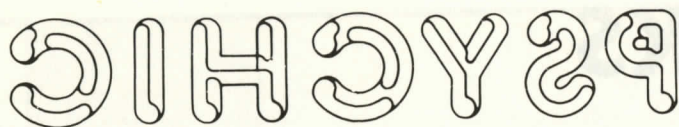
"For a walk," he replied almost singing.

"But we'll get wet."

He pitched a couple of one dollar bills on the table and walked toward the door. He wasn't about to miss seeing the city disappear down its own sewers.

"Ever hear of a shark?" he asked, putting his arm around her as they headed up the street. ◀

Chris Moore



C- Are your abilities like a feeling or do you see something?

K- It comes both ways. It comes as far as a vision. When I say vision, I do not see this great big cloud of smoke and out of this smoke comes this big open screen that says, "You Will!" It's not that kind of vision. It's a picture that flashes.

C- Like a television screen?

K- You got it. Or I can hear it and no one else around will hear it. Now since Mary (her daughter-in-law) has been up here with me quite a bit, we both stop cause we know the phone's going to ring. We wait for it to ring cause we've already heard it ring. And yet there's no one on the line. So when it rings, we're prepared to answer it. So the more you use it, and the more you associate with it, the better it becomes. That's what is known as an auditory situation, perception. Astrology, well let me back up, the occult arts have been used for years, thousands of years. It is nothing evil, it is nothing bad. Now you have good and bad in every person and every object. For example, this lamp can be good provided it is hooked up correctly or it can be a death trap, so it is good and bad. But if you use it in its proper prospective, it provides a very useful and a very needed service. This is the same way with psychic ability. There are charlatans in my area, my professional area, just like there are in lawyers, medical, judgeships, whatever. It's up to the individual to use their ability for a concrete positive purpose. And I'm not greedy on top of that. Cause God would get me if I was. See, the ability that you have and that I have is a God given ability, if you misuse anything God gives you, God will pull it back or take it away. Now you stop and think about that. Okay, whatever that is, whether you are doing well in school and all of the sudden you go off of what you know is right, what you know you should do, you're going to pay the consequences.

C- Obviously you can control your ability.

K- Some people can control it better than others. Some people have not learned to control it, now, I control mine to a work environment, for example, if I am out at a social function, whether it be a small get-together with family, whether it be a big party, or if it's just out in the grocery store somewhere, just because I pick up on something, I'm not going to turn around and say "Hey!" Why you'd throw people in a panic do that's not a constructive use of it. Doesn't mean I don't receive it, I just say "Well, that's fine," and I go on with it. Where if I'm in a work environment, I need to pick up as much as possible in order to work with that particular person on their particular activities or levels. Then I need it. During those times, I channel it expectantly.

C- Have you ever helped police on cases?

K- Yes.

C- Local police?

K- Depends on what you call local. Murfreesboro? Mt. Juliet?

C- Mt. Juliet.

K- I've not worked with Mt. Juliet publicly, I have worked with them on some odds and ends. I am working with Metro with some odds and ends. I have worked with the F.B.I. and T.B.I..

C- Are you usually successful when you have worked with the police?

K- Well, they keep coming back. Now, let me say this. Police departments are very funny. They do not tell you what you've come up with, whether it's right, wrong, or indifferent, they just usually come back for more. And at that point I kind of wait and see. I don't walk on water, and I don't fly through the air, so I'm real human, but I go with my initial response and that's all I have to work with and I don't mind sharing it. So, if I pick up something and I don't call the police, they call me, that's something that should be made known, because I neither have the time nor the inclination. I do not have time to read newspapers to that extent. I take them, they're all out in my driveway, and occasionally I do, like at the end of the week, try to catch up on what's taken place, but I don't really sit down and read the

daily paper. I do not necessarily watch a lot of television. Television to me is boring. Doesn't mean that there's not a lot of good programs on, but by the time I get through I'm not really in the mood, I'd rather read a good book, or do something else that's more pleasurable for me. So, I don't keep abreast of what I call real news happenings, so when a police department calls me, then I'm coming into a case cold because I want to know what they're going to ask when they get here, basically. For example, they'll call and talk with my secretary, she will set it up, thy will come out, I will walk in, sit down, and then we start.

C- What do you consider to be your most outstanding prediction that came true?

K- I've never thought about it. That my son would marry? That's personal though. I don't think I have one. I've never really thought about. I like it when I find something.

C- Does it make you happy?

K- Yes, usually, cause when a person loses something of value to them, they are very upset about it. So if I can be helpful in helping them trace it down or to find it or to reclaim it, I feel real good about that.

C- What kind of people come to see you?

K- Most of them are professionals and as far as men versus women, I have equal amounts. I have quite a number of male business persons in on business. Professionally-trained, fully college-trained areas as well as females. I also have a proportionate number of house-wives. And as far as age range, anywhere from around twenty-five to age sixty.

C- How do you feel about other psychics?

K- The ones I know, I like. I don't know a large number of psychic people because I'm sort of limited here, as you know Mt. Juliet's not a very large area, so there is not that many in this area. The ones I deal with personally or in a professional manner, I have the utmost respect for and like them. Those I don't know, I'm like anyone else, I'm not hesitant to recommend to other psychics by any other means.

C- Did you ever meet one that you knew was "Hoaxy?"

K- Sure, did you ever meet a doctor that didn't know

what he was doing?

C- Sure.

K- But you didn't say anything. There's not a whole lot you can say.

C- Doyou have any predictions for the future of the United States?

K- Yes, don't you listen to WKDF? Yes, I have a few, as far as predication, we're going to be in a war. It will not be the kind of nuclear war everybody thinks we're going to have, but it's going to be another contained war and relatively soon. It's not necessarily bad. It's not necessarily good, but it's not panic city.

C- Everyone has experienced "Deja Vu," do you experience it more often than most?

K- No, I don't do anything more often than most people, I just do it differently.

C- Have you ever been tested at a university?

K- Are you talking about when I tried to pass English, yes. Are you talking about parapsychology? No, I have not. I haven't had time.

C- Do you feel your ability in life has helped you more than harmed you?

K- Certainly, it's kept me off the streets and out of trouble. For example, I am happily married, been married for twenty-two and a half years, my husband and I are pretty congenial, we get along pretty easily, and this doesn't mean we don't have conflict cause we do have conflict, but we tend to settle it nicely, don't we Mary? (Mary nods her head affirmatively). It has helped in the rearing of my children. It's kept them out of trouble and kept me abreast or atuned to what was cooking. Now, they didn't like it as well as I did. They felt it was unfair. But I think it has been a helpful tool for me. Plus, I enjoy it. Anything you enjoy, you don't mind spending time doing.

C- You're involved with the KDF morning show, is this exhausting mentally?

K- Yes, but I still like it. It's like any other occupation or profession, the only thing I must be sure I do is to get plenty of sleep and rest and be able to keep my own mental channels turned on and I have guides that help and I have God that is a really big help.

(continued on page 44)



UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCE

JIM NOWIN

Welcome to heaven Mr. Lay." The voice came from a good-humored looking man, balding on top, wearing a loose fitting light blue robe. "I'm St. Christopher." He paused a moment to touch up what was left of his hair, then went on. "You might have seen my picture around. Although lately, the boss has been trying to trim the budget, so we're not able to advertise like we used to. Have a seat." He motioned to a chair nearby.

Will Lay let himself fall into the chair and had a look around. He could see one long, straight row of saints at check-in terminals on both sides of him, although it extended much further to the right. He looked up at a sign telling him he was at C.I.T. no. 4. The first three terminals were reserved for people with two major sins or less.

Will was quite puzzled, and asked St. Christopher in the way a child would ask his mother, "What am I doing here? And how'd I get here? Where's my drink? I remember I had a drink in my hand."

St. Christopher browsed through Will's file.

"You'll have to forgive the inconvenience, Mr. Lay, I'm rather new at this." He seemed to find what he was looking for and said with a bit of uncertainty, almost as if he was asking a question, "Now, it says here that you had left a place called Plimpton's Disco." St. Christopher looked up at Will and Will gave an affirmative nod. "Right. According to this you were intoxicated, tried to drive home, swerved into oncoming traffic and collided with a bus full of moonies."

Will looked himself over. His jordache jeans looked fine, his izod shirt still had the alligator on it. Hell, there was

nothing wrong with him, he could even still smell his musk cologne. What was this guy trying to pull.

"Now, Mr. Lay, I have a good idea of what you're thinking. Surely you don't think we'd let you come up here as we found you. That's sick!" St. Christopher began to blush. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Lay. I shouldn't have said that, but as I mentioned, I am new at this. See, I just recently lost my old job. I was protecting small children for..." St. Christopher paused for a moment and wondered. "Well, I suppose that was a bit redundant, wasn't it? I mean, most children are small anyway, so there's really no need to specify that the children I protected were small. As I said, I was protecting children, "he emphasized the word *children*, "until a few years back when the boss decided I wasn't a good role model for them, He said that I got to carried away, and that I wasn't being realistic. So, here I am. Centuries of experience behind me, and I'm working in the check-in counter."

"After hearing your story, finding out that I died doesn't seem too bad."

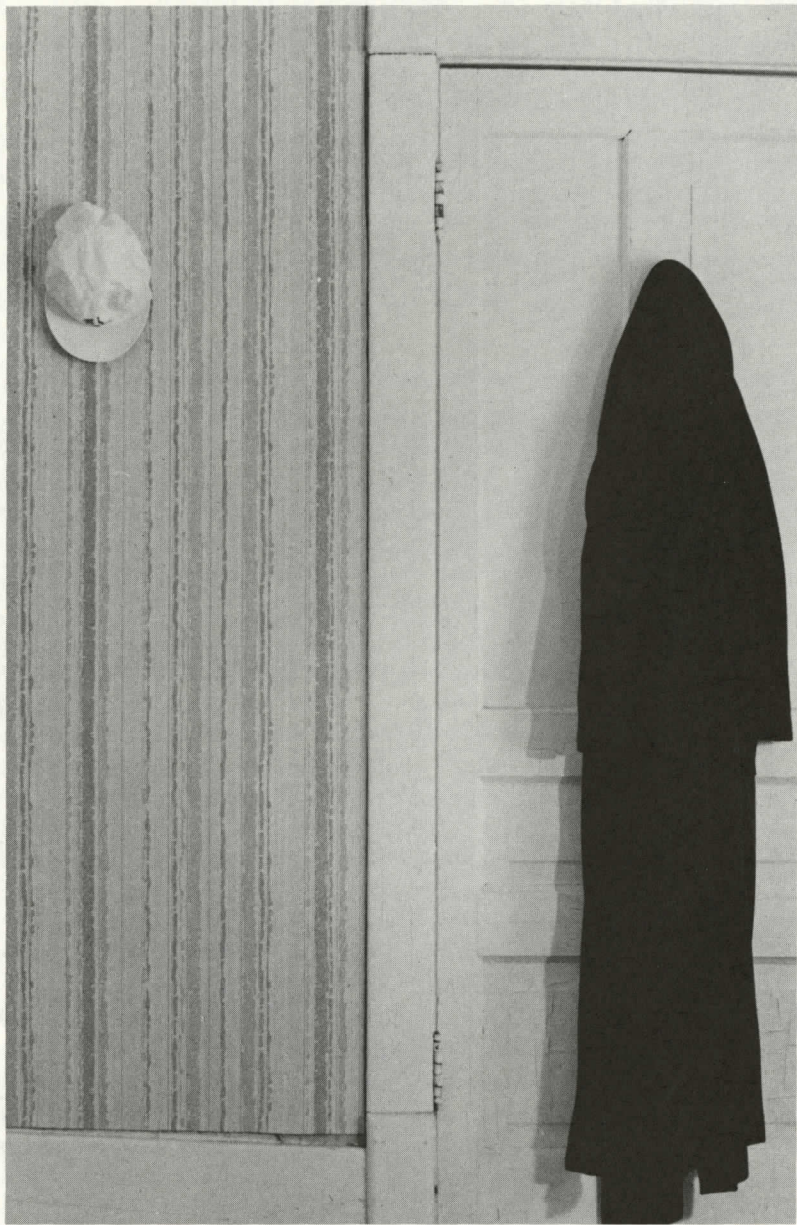
"That's the attitude, Mr. Lay. I'll come by later on to see how you're doing. In the meantime, the boy behind me will show you to your room. Make yourself at home." He reached out his hand and they shook on their agreement.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon of the next day that St. Christopher stopped by. He found Will in a rather gloomy state, face drooping into hands, body sinking into the couch.

"Okay, what's wrong, Will? This is supposed to be a fun place."

"Man, I haven't partied for almost a day. How can

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Andrew MacDavid

KEYS

The patterns of the universe,
the key to life itself--
are locked away carefully
in closed rooms of imagination.
Expansions before Unknown.
Some are found at the sun's
Bloody-red setting.
Others, deep in the eyes of a
Hungry crow.
The laughter of a Child,
The howl of an Autumn's storm,
An old dead tree standing in the grassy hill,
Hold fast to answers we are yet to seek.

Jim Shews

We have
Come miles
On our knees---

Breathless,
Pressed and gathered like petals
Of an unopened flower
Around you,
We wait---

Strum us,
 blossom us
To the wind---

Deanna Dodson

Moment not forgotten

Chilled, electric air.
Street lights glowing in the mist.
Beauty is everywhere.
Breath becomes subtle wisp of smoke.
Ice covered limbs dangle overhead
with lusterous stars shining above them.
The only cars seen are anchored in driveways.
All around the only sound
produced is silence.
Even this is absorbed by the snow.
How can this seen alone be not so fair?
It was made complete
because ... she was there.

James Pitts

O E T R Y

SPRING

The little girl skipped down the sidewalk
And, as she went
She skimmed the cream off the buttercups.

Rebecca Yates

THE QUARRY

gone are my days of summer's past,
of blue-still water
broken by tanned feet
pushed over the edge by surprise.

and the blue-deep water lies silent--
watching youngness still climbing down,
and pushed over the cooling edge
and onto age.

G. A. White

COMPETITION

elliptical cumbersome crescent
heaved
hand over hand
captured
by the thousandline edge.

slashed through the
silhouetted, scented
ash and fir.

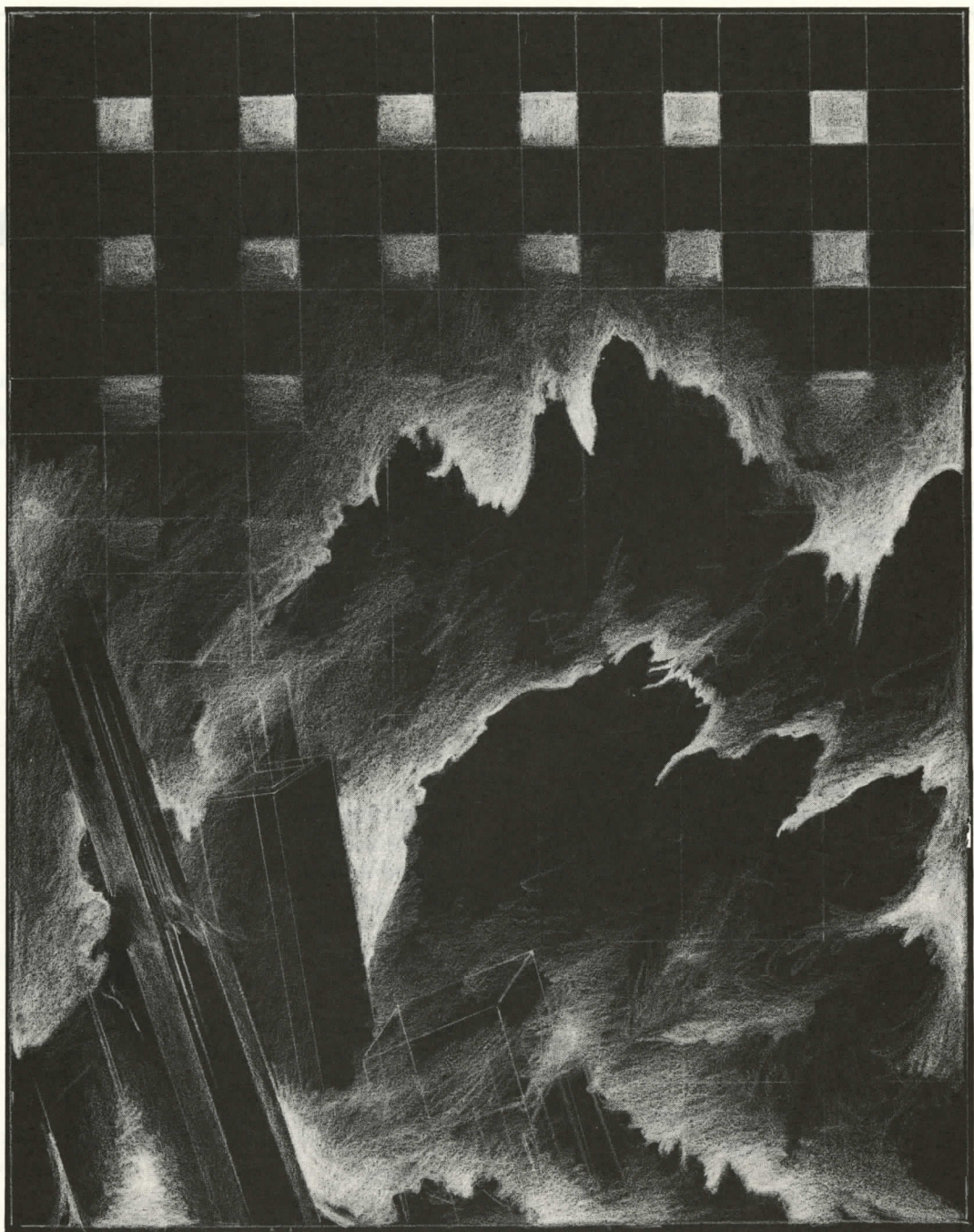
straining with the antagonized
tenacious wind for
immersion in the amorous spot-
light (deathblue)

breakout!

anticlimactic whitehot hole
in the dimspeckled void
no different
just closer

a draw.

G. A. White



That the Blind May See

He was a creature of logic and method;
a disciple of reason from the great temple.
Safely nestled in rationality.

But once, for a moment, he stumbled upon the darkness, his
only lapse;
On trembling knees he thrashed in blind contradiction,
Wild-eyed in abominable ignorance.

And temple walls crumbled as imagination took flight;
rising boldly in the face of reason,
Descending only to feed on virgin sensations laid bare and
open in the unknown.

In the absence of knowledge, left naked and alone
in free-thought;
Darkness and isolation loomed all the more hideous
carelessly mocking reality.

Staggering out from under shadowy debris;
from new,unsheltered perspectives he saw only sickness
and death,
As unqualified horror, not reason, drove him like
a moth back to the brightness.

Such a pity he could see no further.

Scott Tunnell



Rusty Harrington

UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCE

you have fun if you can't go partying? I walked around here, get it, walked, no Trans Am. There wasn't a single disco, night club, or anything. I'll tell you what there was plenty of though, health nuts, environmentalists, political organizations, a bunch of bores. Isn't there someplace around here where a guy can drop a few bucks and have some fun?"

"I guess not, Will. We're not really into the materialistic scene, so we never bothered having any place like that."

Will supported himself with his outstretched arms.

"This just isn't the 'in' crowd. They sit around all day talking philosophy, world affairs, how it all relates to here, and stuff like that. No excitement. They don't know anything about social circles or going out and getting drunk to have a good time. It's like they're my grandparents telling me how to live a fuller life."

"Now I see." St. Christopher leaned forward towards Will, resting his elbows on his knees. "What you want is something more worldly, more..."

Will got excited and cut him off.

"That's it. I want to go out, get drunk, and have a good time."

"I'll tell you what. I think I could have it arranged for you and me to go back to earth for the night, and you could have one last night on the town. How's Swindell's Club sound to you? We can't go back to your town, as everyone there knows you died."

Will jumped out of his street.

"That's great, Swindell's is famous. And tonight's Friday, it'll be packed with the right type of crowd."

"Okay then, I'll be by in two hours, so be ready to go."

Swindell's seemed more like heaven to Will Lay than did the real thing. He cupped his hands over St. Christopher's ear so that he could be heard over music, and yelled "Let's get something to drink so we can go socialize."

"It's on me. What will you have?"

Will answered a Michelob light.

St. Christopher came back a few minutes later with a cold mich for Will and a glass of red wine for himself.

"Thanks." Will reached out for the beer, keeping his gaze fixed on some girls on the dance floor. He saw some he thought he might be able to pick up. "C'mon, man, let's go diving, we might get lucky and pick some up tonight."

"I'll tell you what. You go ahead, I'm not really into the pick up scene. I'll just have a look around and meet you later on."

"All right, man, you got it." Will strutted off towards the dance floor.

Will had just finished buying drinks for two girls when he began to notice the increasing comotion around the DJ's booth. That voice was familiar. Then, through the shifting wall of people's heads, he caught a glimpse of him. St. Christopher. St. Christopher was spinning the albums and everyone was getting down having a good time.

"All right, get down, get down to it. The inner tranquility of a mind at peace with itself and the cosmos." The saint's voice commanded everyone as the song faded out.

The crowd responded in a druggish was saying "Peace and harmony, peace and harmony."

Someone in the crowd told a few others, "This dude is unreal, man, it's like he knows where it's at." The crowd agreed non-complacently and danced on.

Will came up to the DJ's booth and put his hand on St. Christopher's shoulder.

"They love it, they love you, you're a hit."

"Yeah, I love it too, it's great. I even had a few people ask me where I got my robe."

They stood there for a minute watching everyone have a good time.

"I can't believe it. They even wanted to hear more of your philosophies. It blows my mind." Will looked at St. Christopher. "I'd say we both became a bit more realistic tonight." ◀

PANTOMIMIC DANCERS

"Maybe we could just get her out and talk to her," I said noticing the way Tom's clothes draped his lanky frame.

"All right, dear, it's your criminal," Tom said as he walked towards the door.

"Where are you going? Aren't you going to help me catch her?"

"Don't you think she's rather caught already? She's in a two-story house in a second story bathroom guarded by a wild and vicious woman."

I felt a sudden maddened grin come over my face. Tom, in all his drunken humor, was right. I found the key to the bedroom in the lock. I followed Tom into the hallway, turned, and locked the bedroom door from the outside.

We went to look for our host to ask him what to do about our little burglar. We found Sam sitting at the bar. He himself propped up by two girls neither Tom nor I recognized.

"Sam, Sam Winager," I said shaking his shoulder.

"Wha? Who's that?" Sam said, turning his head and asking each girl a question.

"Sam, it's me, Jane, there's a girl in my room going through my suitcase!" Sam had finally managed to maneuver himself around to face Tom and I.

"Wha? A girl in your room?" Sam's head tilted involuntarily.

"Yes, Sam, and she was in my suitcase!"

"Did you bring her with you in your suitcase?" Sam said, pulling his head straight.

"No, Sam! She was trying to steal something, I think, anyway, Tom and I have her locked up in my room. What should we next?"

"Stealing something, eh? Hmmm. Well, if I were you, I'd-I'd-I'd have a drink and think about it." Sam

smiled and nodded his head, seemingly satisfied with his advice.

I turned and looked at Tom, who seemed to have sobered up a bit.

While the girls holding Sam up were looking away, Sam winked at Tom and me and shook his head mouthing the words "I'm not really drunk, but isn't this fun?"

"Okay, Jane, let's go deal with this little criminal of yours," Tom said, taking my hand and leading me back up the stairs.

We approached the room with caution as though the door might blow up or the culprit might shoot the handle off as we touched it.

"The key?" said Tom, holding out his hand. I pulled the key from my pocket and gave it to him. He unlocked the door and twisted the knob carefully as though he was cracking a safe. He opened the door a few inches and then pushed it fully open with his shoe.

The room was empty but the bathroom door was still shut. Tom walked heavily towards the bathroom, tip-toed back to the door, stomped over to the bathroom again, and then began to speak in a low voice.

"I this where she is, Tom" He said to himself.

"Yes, Detective Humble, this is where she is," said Tom in a normal tone.

"You know she can get eight to ten in the workhouse for attempted burglary." Tom was using the deeper voice again.

There was a sound at the bathroom door.

"She's coming out," I whispered to Tom. The door opened and Sam's old butler came out.

My mouth just fell open and Tom's eyes stared in disbelief. The butler was almost out of the room before either of us could speak.

"Wait! You there! Stop!" said Tom as he turned toward the old man.

"Oh, senor, I'm so sorry, I could not wait to use my own quarters."

"No, no, that doesn't matter," Tom said.

"Where's the girl?" I said, trying to get to the point.

"The senorita trapped in the room?"

"Yes, I mean no, oh it doesn't matter. Where is she?" I now walking towards the old man. He backed up as though he thought I would strike him.

"She go to downstairs, to the party." he said, his eyes having widened with fear. I dashed out of the room, leaving Tom with the butler.

Racing down the stairs, I searched the party violently with my eyes, hoping to get a catch sight of the girl. In all my hurry, I hadn't noticed a rough spot in the carpet and I took a tumble on the last couple of stairs.

Several people rushed over to help me get back on my feet. As I stood, I saw the girl standing away from the crowd. I cried out to Sam that that was the girl and as though she were glued to the floor, she didn't move. Sam slid off his bar stool and walked over to the girl and took her by the arm leading her over to me.

"This girl?"

"That's her." People were staring at the girl and at me. I motioned to Sam that we continue the conversation in another room. Tom and Goldwyn were walking down the stairs together and they followed Sam, the girl, and I into Sam's study.

Goldwyn walked in very non-chalantly as though he belonged with the group. I'd heard a lot of bad stories about Goldwyn. He ran with Toro Gamba and some other mobsters. I wondered if he had ever robbed a bank or sold drugs. I wondered if he had ever seen anyone killed before.

Once in the room, I walked over to the girl and began to question her as to why she was going through my suitcase. She kept shaking her head and looking at Goldwyn, she wouldn't answer one question. For a while there I thought she might have been dumb.

Goldwyn lit a cigarette and offered Tom one. Tom took one and began to talk while lighting it.

"Now, just who did you come with, you little wench?" He called her a little wench just after a dramatic pause to inhale deeply on his cigarette. I always thought Tom should have been a lawyer.

"I-I-I came w-w-with Go-Goldwyn," she said as quickly as she could. And she studders too, I thought, but can she dance? Dancing her way out of this one would be justification for award.

"Why were you going through her suitcase?" Tom took another drag off his cigarette. The girl looked at Goldwyn longingly and he turned away from her, facing the mantle above the fireplace.

"I was looking for a copy of Miss Hampton's book."

"To read? Or to steal for Goldwyn?" Tom said staring at the young girl. Goldwyn whirled around to face Tom and girl's eyes filled with tears.

The truth was so obviously on Goldwyn's face. He wanted the manuscript for a screenplay and it would be cheaper to steal than to buy. Goldwyn gritted his teeth and his jawline muscles flexed, giving his face a dramatic look of anger.

"Goldwyn, will you take responsibility for your guest's behavior?" Sam said, looking rather grim and fatherly-like. Sam's age really showed when he got serious. His thick, graying eye-brows weaved together with his stern look.

"It's your party, Winager, she's your guest," said Goldwyn as he smugly lowered his head and looked up with one eye-brow raised and grinned at Sam.

"Now see here, Goldwyn, you brought this girl, I don't even know her. You had better explain yourself and do something about this."

"Like what? You want me to call her mommy and my daddy?" Goldwyn was almost laughing and Sam was taking deep breaths to keep from screaming at him.

"Just leave, Goldwyn, take all your God damn friends and leave."

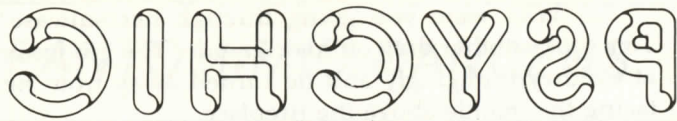
Goldwyn leaned back, pushing his pelvis forward, and gave Sam a dirty look. Sam was very calm. He walked over to the door and opened it and pointed towards the front door. "I trust you know the way." Sam didn't snap his comment. He simply stated it as though Goldwyn had been thrown out of a number of parties.

"You know the way," said Goldwyn, who opened his white linen jacket to reveal a shining black gun.

"Oh, God!" I gasped and Tom reached for me. He put his arm around me and I shook with fear that Goldwyn would kill Sam.

"Now see here, Papa Sam, we're staying." Goldwyn said his words seriously and then turned to the

(continued on page 44)



C-Do you ever go blank on an answer?

K-I never have. If I don't know something, I just don't know it. I'm very blunt about that. I cannot be a hundred percent to everybody and everything. After all, I'm only human. So, if I don't know I simply say I don't know, but what I do know I'll give you that.

C-Are you ever afraid of your predictions?

K-I don't like to be wrong.

C- I mean if something bad is going to happen.

K- It depends on what you mean as bad. You are back to black and white and what may be bad to you may be the very thing you need. So, I cannot sit on that kind of value judgement. I have to be very objective and I am. So, what is bad to me may be good to you and what may be very good to me may be very bad to you. I don't withhold information, but if I don't know it, I don't know it. What is the going rate for a reading?

K- There is no going rate and I resent the attitude. I have spent as long as three hours with a client. I have a flat fee charge of twenty dollars for a reading. Whether that reading takes thirty minutes, forty-five, fifteen, or ten is immaterial. I have spent as much as three hours with some, as much as ten minutes with others. I am not the highest priced psychic in town by any means. Bobby Drilling gets thirty-five per reading and his readings, I think, are shorter. Geraldine Smith is one hundred and fifty, so I don't think that I am "quote" out of line. I pay three or four girls, when Mary works I pay her, I have two other secretaries that work on a regular basis. We do charting, we do a variety of things, so it's a business and I try to be as professional about it as I know how to be.

C- Nashville has a large number of celebrities that live here. Do you have any famous clients?

K- If I did I wouldn't tell you. And if I don't I still wouldn't tell you. I have the same kind of confidentiality with my clients as a doctor does his patients. What

goes on behind my doors, stays there. It's no one else's concern. Because you wouldn't want me to talk about your reading to anyone else. Now I do not mind you taping your reading, anybody that wants to come is welcome to tape their reading if they bring their own tape recorder and their own tape, I do not mind at all. And I have a file of documentation.

C- Would you say your line of work interferes with your personal life?

K- Would you say it interfered with my life, Mary, other than supper?

Mary- Yes!

K- I'm on call twenty-four hours a day, wouldn't you say, Mary?

Mary- You have to make an appointment to see her, let's put it that way, even family.

K- It's a demanding job. My husband is very nice about it and is very open about it, but I think my sons, especially my oldest one, is very resentful a lot of times, cause he can't get in to see me. I'm busy. Of course, I don't think you can say if he ever needed me I wasn't available, cause I was. But here, again, to be able just to run in and say "Hey, what are you up to?" I'm pressed. But as far as if it hurt my family, no. Cause I put my family first, if it meant my family or especially my husband said get out, I'd close down tomorrow without a thought to it. So, my priorities are not out of line by any means. And I'm not really a celebrity, I'm just Carole. I haven't changed. ◀

PANTOMIMIC DANCERS

girl and laughed, nodding his head as though he knew he'd get his way.

"Leave before I call the police, Goldwyn. You get your crew of pigs and leave." Sam wasn't even shaking.

"Pigs, huh? Well, take this Daddy Hog," said Goldwyn as he drew his gun and shot Sam in the chest.

After Goldwyn shot Sam, I don't remember much.

I ran to Sam to help him and Goldwyn was out the door in a matter of seconds, his girl with him.

Tom called an ambulance and the police. Someone said several men caught Goldwyn in the parking lot, someone else said he got all the way to the airport before the police got a hold of him. It didn't matter to me about Goldwyn getting caught. All I cared about was Sam. Sam just bled and bled all over his beautiful blue suit. His blue eyes were dimming with his strength. I just didn't think the ambulance could get him to the hospital in time to save him.

The doctors pushed Tom and me into the hallway of the hospital and wouldn't let us see Sam for four hours. We waited and smoked and looked at the sobering whiteness of the walls, hoping desperately that our friend would make it through the injustice that had been done to him.

At five o'clock in the morning, exactly twelve hours after Goldwyn had made his glorious entrance into Sam's house, the doctors allowed us to see Sam. He had tubes running in and out of his arms and he looked weak and sad.

"Sam, it's me, Jane, are you feeling okay?" I tried to hold his hand but a nurse motioned to me that I should not.

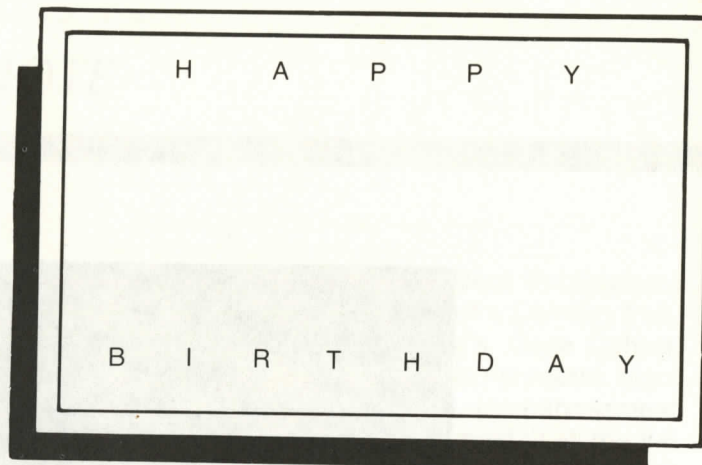
"I feel fine, Janie, wanna dance?" Sam said through cloudy eyes.

"Hey, old boy, you're gonna be just fine," said Tom as enthusiastically as he could manage.

"Tom, you silly asshole, you didn't even bring the gin." Sam slurred. He was drifting off and I panicked like hell. The nurse led us out of the room and into the hallway through my protests.

"He's all right, Miss Hampton, he's just sleeping, it's the medicine."

"He's going to make it, Tom, oh thank God, he's going to make it," I said, crying into his shoulder. Tom began to hum a familiar tune and we began to dance in the narrow hallway. ◀



The body on his lawn is being moved into a stretcher and two uniformed officers are knocking on his front door. The old man continues to rock and star at the red stains on the front lawn, not even hearing the loud knocks.

"Dear, wherever you are, please listen to me. Today is my birthday, my birth into life as you always knew it. I see now all you did for me and one day, someplace far, far away from here, I'll make it all up to you." The old man continues rocking and speaking as the officers jerk open the door and shout out his name. They enter the room in which the old man is. They sense his unawareness of their presence, and stop to listen.

"If I could only have you back dear. Everything would be different. I love you so much dear."

The two officers turn and look at one another. "That man is as crazy as the folks say he is," the taller officer remarks. "His old wife has been dead for over thirty years so they say. Seemed she died of a head wound but the cause was never known."

The two officers picked up the limp old man up by his arms and noticed a birthday card on the table beside him. The shorter officer picked it up and saw it was signed, "Edith."

"Oh, that's just the old man's wife's name," the other officer replied.

"Yeah, but the postmark is for yesterday." ◀



Shiu Leung

THE EDITOR'S NOTE

Taking a step back and looking at COLLAGE from a reader's viewpoint, I realize that I put you guys through a lot of weirdness. I thought it would do you all a lot of good to get away from the normal and put conservatism by the wayside. (I say this as I am wearing my two year old docksiders and my starched 100 per cent Egyptian cotton button down shirt with my straight-leg levis and my muffy-like haircut) But anyway, I just wanted to tell you all that I have had a damn good time being editor this year and even though a lot of you didn't agree with the format of this years' COLLAGE magazines, I know a lot more of you loved it. There's a time when it's best to stick with examples that have already been set, but there's also a time when you need to step out on a limb for the sake of creativity. Well, we (members of this years' staff) stepped out on a limb and guess what gang? We didn't fall off! As a matter of fact, we won a Mark of Excellence Award from Sigma Delta Chi for our second issue.

Before I go on my merry way and give my office keys back (as begrudgingly as you did, Zane), I'd just like to thank some special people for helping me out while I was editor. These people kept me laughing, going, and most of all sane.

Thanks to: Dan Brawner, Scott Reeves, Dan Swindell and his Saturday Commercial Art class, Dr. George Kerrick (for allowing me to disrupt and steal from his Creative Writing class), Geno Braham (for making life heaven and hell at the same time), Sheree, Kathy, Sarie, Michelle, Gina, Lisa, Greg C., Bill Ward (my partner in crime, Miami Beach caper of Oct. 81'),

and all those other wonderful Student Publications people, the late Taco Rio, Ron's, Goff's, Campus Pub, the PIGGYS, Babs Young, Houston's, Gene Cotton, Ellen Smith (for the encouragement in my youth), Mom (for keeping me financially fit), P.D. (embarrassment goes a long way for creativity), and most of all the V-5 gang (all of whom don't live in V-5, Colony house) which includes Greg, Chris, Denise, Kembie, The Bif, Clarence, and even Fred dog, but mostly Greg cause he helped me most of all. This issue is the last in a series of three (hey folks, our budget got cut), the indian givers, but I hope you realize it's the best MTSU has to offer and that says a lot. Oh yes, on a personal note, this one's for you, Mr. Smith, you were the one who made me dream of being an editor, you are the one who pushed me into the cold waters of maturity, and you are the one I wanted to impress. Thank you for being seen and not heard.

That's it gang, I know you'll enjoy this issue best of all cause we saved the best for last. ◀

Kat Bailey, Editor at Large.



S T A F F

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