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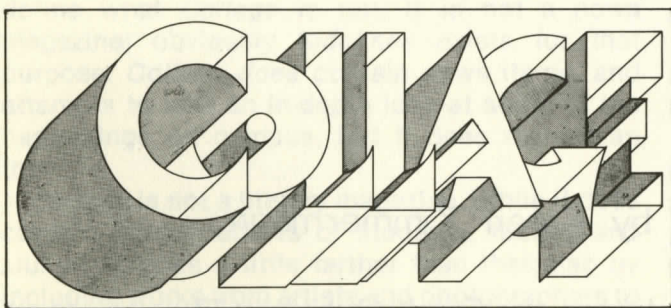
The Creative Magazine
of Middle Tennessee State University

*Open, window
and let the sun stream
through a prism of colors . . .
let the breeze
tease the hues
and make them dance . . .
. . . let things begin . . .*

— J.G.

CONTENTS

2	Beyond the Clouds
6	Sunday Morning Confessions
8	Gallery
14	Forty
19	The Trouble With Systems
21	The Purple Ribbon
25	Great Chase, Amyville™ and Beyond
29	Thank You, Mr. Windom
30	Forty



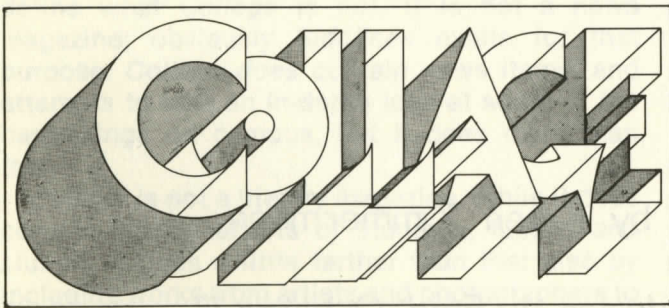
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31

CONTENT INDEX

25	Beyond the Clouds
30	Sunday Morning Confessions
38	Gallery
44	Poetry
49	The Trouble With Systems
51	The Purple Ribbon
55	Orator Chase at Amityville and Beyond
59	Thank You, Mr. Windom
60	Poetry



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3

CONTENTS

Beyond the Clouds	5
Sunday Morning Confessions	6
Gallery	8
Poetry	14
The Trouble With Systems	19
The Purple Ribbon	21
Ghost Chasers: Amityville and Beyond	25
Thank You, Mr. Windom	29
Poetry	30

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Collage logo design by Fred Osborne III

Collage, the Creative Magazine of Middle Tennessee State University is published twice a semester. Materials published in *Collage* do not necessarily reflect the official opinion of the University, its students, faculty, staff or administration. All materials are printed with the consent of the contributor who is solely responsible for its content.

SELF-EXPLANATORY

There is a purpose for everything. Yes, even *Collage*. Some people have had their doubts. In a *Collage* readership survey conducted last year, one of the persons polled even suggested "voluntary euthenasia." It was a hard hit, but the bell has sounded and we're up and ready for the next round.

Of course, that remark was practically a compliment, since several of the people polled said something like, "I've never heard of your magazine," or "What did you say the name was again?" Hopefully, though, before this year is out, *Collage* will be an integral part of your college experience.

Often I have attempted to sort things out and try to define exactly what *Collage* is, or what I want it to be, or what it is expected to be. I suppose the same thoughts have plagued many an editor of this publication and judging from the changes in *Collage* since its birth in 1968, each editor has come up with a different definition.

Obviously, even with the variations in the magazine from year to year, several of those definitions have been good ones. Indicative of this are the many awards and honors *Collage* has received. Most recently, *Collage* was named a first class magazine by the Associated Collegiate Press, and three consecutive issues have placed second in a regional Mark of Excellence competition sponsored by the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi.

To clarify some things about *Collage*, I can define what *Collage* is not. It is not a news magazine; obviously *Sidelines* exists for that purpose. *Collage* does contain news items, and attempts to take an in-depth look at some of the happenings on campus, but it does more than that.

Collage is not a literary magazine. While it does contain literary efforts of students, faculty and alumni, it goes a little farther than that also by including works from artists and photographers to make a visually appealing magazine.

Perhaps the name, *Collage*, can best define what it represents. A collage is an artistic composition of various materials and pictures and words that blend together to form one picture. It is a creation made from other creations. It is

something in which the parts define the whole. Therefore, our magazine defines itself. It is self-explanatory. It is simply a creation, and so it has no boundaries.

So, what is the *purpose* of this self-explanatory creation, you might ask. For one thing, because it is a student publication, it provides students with an opportunity to gain experience. It is also an outlet for creative expression, which fulfills the need of many talented people who might otherwise keep their talents locked up in a closet. Thirdly, of course, *Collage* is meant to serve the campus community by keeping it informed and entertained.

This issue of *Collage*, if put to music, might carry the tune of "Getting to Know You," and we hope that, after being formally introduced, you will look forward to "getting to know" the following three issues.

Our cover photo, taken by Karen Zimmerman, a 1979 graduate of MTSU, is a colorful, open window that begs you to enter, and experience *Collage*. Included in this issue are several features, one of which will "take you to the sky," another that will take you into the spirit world, and another that will introduce you to a wacky 20th century writer.

Our fiction for this issue includes stories of an enlightening summer camp and an un-enlightened college senior.

Gallery features photography and artwork of some very talented students, and the poetry section comes complete with a "how to read poetry lesson."

Also featured this issue is a guest essay by Klaus Kallenberger, associate professor of art at MTSU.

In coming issues of *Collage*, there will be an insight into how teachers really feel about grades, a story about a boy who experiences death for the first time, a section of love poems, and much more.

Remember, in *Collage*, the reader is the writer. The creative magazine of MTSU is a collage of all the things around us, and that includes you. Without your submissions, *Collage* is a book with empty pages. Send you comments and ideas to *Collage*, Box 61. We look forward to hearing from you.

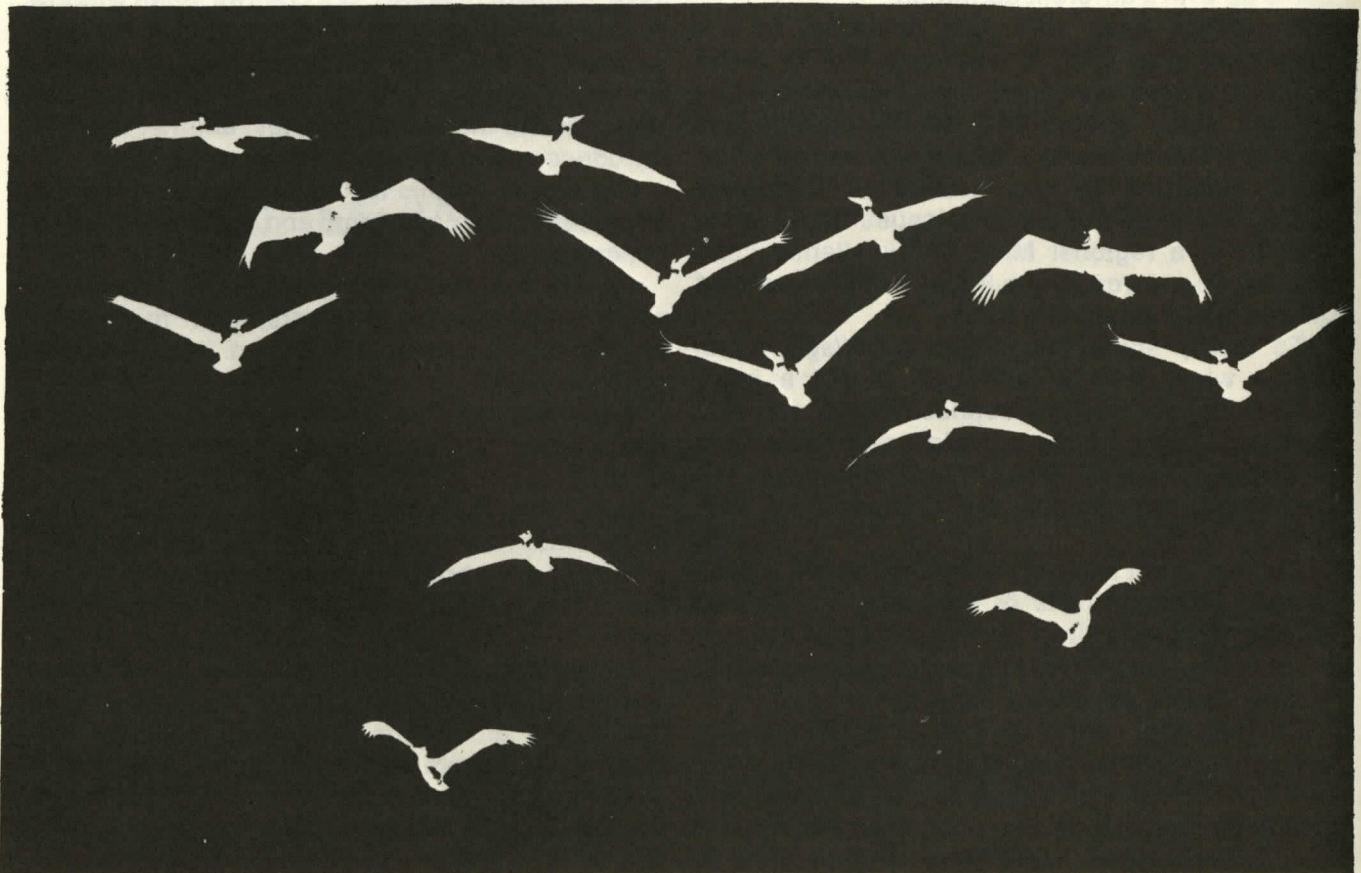
A Word About Features

Studying ... Studying ... and more studying ...
Dorm Life ... The Grill ... 8:00 Classes ...
Fraternity Parties ... Panty Raids ...
Homecoming ... Little International ... Gagmore
... ASB ... Registration ... Fall Rush ... Campus
Crusade ... Concerts ... Intramural Sports ...
Roaches! ... All Sing ... Mr. and Miss MTSU
Pageants ... Hot Pants Contest ... "Gotta
Dance!" ... Bonfires ... Discos ... Derby Week
... Football ... Absent-Minded Professors ...
Midlander ... "A test? — today?" ... Sororities
... Dorm Mixers ... Filled-up parking lots ...
Campus Police ... Monsoon Season ... *Sidelines*
... Movies at the UC ... Blue Raiders ...
Basketball Games ... Plays at the DA ...
Freshmen ... "I locked myself out of my room!"
... Lectures ... Showcase ... Baseball ... Ac-
tivites Week ... Late to class again! ... Foreign
Students ... Commuting ... Clubs ... The First

Snow! ... Roommates ... Dates ... Studying at
the library ... Crank phone calls ... City Cafe ...
Fire Drills ... and more ... so much more!

That's what college life at MTSU is all about!
And that's what we, of *Collage* Features wish to
capture this year. We wish to be more campus-
related and feature stories from the crazy antics of
MTSU students, to new campus happenings, to
the more serious topics which concern our
university.

Because this is our university. And this is your
magazine. If our features can inform as well as
entertain you; if we can bring you a unique story
worthy of your reading; if we can re-capture any of
those special events which happen in your
college life this year, then we will achieve our
purpose. Feelings, Emotions, Opinions, the day to
day routine ... that's what *Collage* Features is all
about!



*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling
mirth
Of sun-split clouds and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared
and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung*

*My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with
easy grace,
Where never lark or even eagle flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind, I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face
of God.*

BEYOND THE CLOUDS

by Chip Cathey

This poem, "High Flight," was written by John Gillespie Magee, Jr., a nineteen year old who gave up a scholarship to Yale University in order to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

His words are from the heart and stimulated by desire; the love of flying, the sensation of being on top of everything; alone to face the fury of nature and the beauty of the heavens. The total feeling of flying can never be expressed verbally. It is an experience that only those who have flown can share and appreciate. They claim a sense of freedom and tranquility as they soar through the sky, alone; away from the hustle and bustle of the world below.

David Taylor, a Freshman at MTSU, expressed his feelings after he recently flew for the first time: "It was great! You just can't imagine how wonderful you feel! You are up there with nothing but open space and nothing to stop you. It was very thrilling to be able to control the plane myself and have nothing else to worry about."

David is studying aerospace to become a professional pilot. He decided to attend Middle Tennessee because "we have one of the best flight schools in the South."

According to Randy Wood, Director of the aerospace department at Middle Tennessee, there was a nine percent increase here this year of majors and students in the aerospace program over last year. It is nationally recognized by the

Federal Aviation Administration and is much less expensive than private lessons at an aviation school or airport.

Wood said after four years of training at Middle Tennessee, a student would have his private license, commercial license, and instrument rating for approximately \$5,500. If he received his training at a private air school, it would cost anywhere from \$40 - \$50 thousand dollars.

All of the MTSU instructors and teachers have previously been in the Air Force as pilots and/or instructors. Wood, before coming to MTSU as a teacher and flight instructor, was a pilot and instructor in the Air Force for approximately twenty years. He has over eight thousand hours of flying time. The combined flying hours of all MTSU instructors is over 50 thousand.

Expansion of the MTSU flight program is highly probable in the near future. It has been proposed for next fall to begin a professional pilot and flight attendant program. At this point, it is still under consideration, but is a very great possibility.

For centuries, man has longed to duplicate the majestic flight of the eagle, spreading its wings as it soars through the sunlit sky in quiet solitude. Because of aerospace technology, man no longer must gaze at the heavens and wish. He can now fulfill the dream of climbing upward through the heights of space and soaring beyond the clouds. It is one of the greatest experiences of a lifetime.

Chip Cathey is a freshman aerospace major.

Sunday Morning

Confessions

by Henry Fennell

Five o'clock on a Sunday morning was a hell of a time to be thinking about what to do with your life, Seth thought.

After five years of college and a total of four changes of major, Seth Ragsdale was only two-thirds of a semester away from a degree. The degree would be in business. Seth had only to remember the friends who had graduated before him to lose sleep at night.

Many of his graduated business friends were highly motivated and dedicated students, who now found themselves labeled as assistant managers or management trainees. The positions were, in most part, with large retail chains where the title of assistant manager meant a person who stocked shelves and needled wholesalers.

Yea, they were company men now, Seth figured, working sixty hours a week in anticipation of the next firing or retirement somewhere up the corporate ladder.

That outlook had once again pushed Seth into the process of re-examining the events leading to his now shaky commitment to a life in the business world. A commitment, it seemed, that became less and less binding as graduation approached.

Stretched out in bed, with only a ceiling to stare at, the fifth year college senior turned his thoughts towards those career people who had made an impression on him.

There was the man who came to tile the bathroom floor of Seth's parents' home one summer afternoon. Seth was only twelve at the time, so watching the man work was an appealing way to fill some hours.

He remained quiet as the man set about his work. Several minutes would pass before the man began to explain the virtues of the tile business to the young man. Seth didn't ask the man about his work, but he was quite pleased when the visitor began to open up.

"There are three things in this life that are certain," the man explained, "death, taxes and man's need to relieve himself in the bathroom."

Seth wondered out loud about the personal rewards in crawling through wet cement all day.

"Son, there is nothing as beautiful as a fresh laid tile floor. When I'm done with a job, I like to just sit back and take a long look at that finished floor before I leave."

Seth was still unconvinced tile could ever be for him and he told the man so.

"Damn boy," the man exclaimed, "don't you know anything. Take this job I'm doing for your folks. I figure I'm getting about thirty-four cents for every tile I put down. When things are working right, I can make twenty-five dollars an hour."

Even at the age of twelve, Seth could imagine how the tile business might seem fulfilling at twenty-five dollars an hour.

Seth also experienced a short-lived romantic encounter with farming.

It seemed like a natural. A life long commune with nature, plus a yearly revival of the spirits as a crop came alive each spring sounded quite appealing to Seth. The yearly tussle with the soil and the rewards that followed, should provide fulfillment to any man. It's indeed sad that the experience that followed would never allow farming to present itself in that way.

An invitation from a life long farmer guided Seth towards his first encounter with the "good life."

The host raised tomatoes. A tomato crop demanded personal attention in every stage of development, Seth figured. The planting, the weeding and the harvesting could never be accomplished without personal labor and care.

An air-conditioned pick-up truck carried Seth to his first look at the crop. He wanted to stop and inspect the crop from close up, but the old farmer decided the view from the truck was adequate after gauging the mid-day heat. "You'll get plenty

of time to see tomatoes when picking starts next week," the farmer advised.

Seth arrived early for the first day of picking. He was expecting a long, hard day of honest work. There was a long day of the most draining type of work, but Seth never really got involved. He was placed in charge of making sure there were enough baskets on hand for those doing the picking.

Seth's farming friend didn't handle any tomatoes that day either. He spent the day driving around in the pick-up, occasionally stopping to badger his help. His "help" consisted of several Mexican families. Seth guessed they were illegal aliens.

"That's the key to the tomato business," the farmer would later explain. "You've got to get cheap help. If you don't, a man can bust his ass all day long and just barely scrap up a living."

Seth became quite sure the old man had no real affection for his work. It was business pure and simple. Forget all that love of the soil crap.

A number of others would serve to confuse Seth as he sought his life's calling.

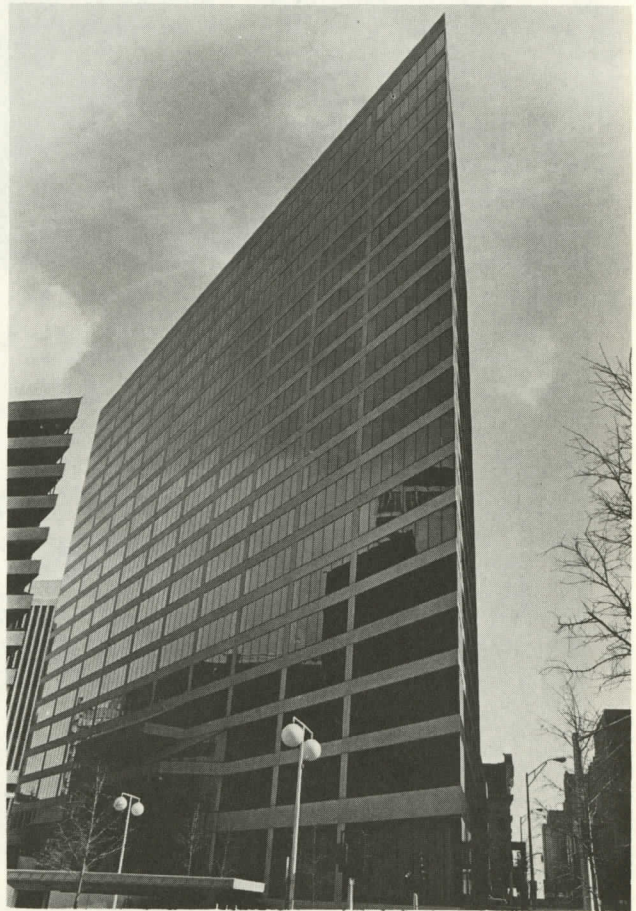
There was the veterinarian who was afraid of animals. Most of the teachers he knew were constantly bitching about a lack of pay. He'd been exposed to lawyers who were well versed in the technical aspects of the law, but showed no signs of knowing what was just or fair. The most successful businessmen in his hometown were despised by their employees. Human concerns, it seemed, could never stand in the way of bottom line figures.

It had all played on Seth's mind as he changed his course of study from one area to another. He had dabbled in the liberal arts, before deciding it was best to teach one's self in those areas. The earth sciences held some interest for Seth, but he finally ruled them out in favor of a more stable area career-wise. That left him to turn back towards business as a near last resort. It seemed the decision had practically made itself.

Now only ten weeks separated him from a try at something. Seth held on to some hope that "something" would present itself in that time. "I've still got time to decide something," he reasoned to himself. "Besides, if I don't like what I'm doing, I can always do something else."

At least there were nine more Sunday mornings to think about it.

Henry Fennell is a senior education major from Ripley.



Robert Pierce 7

Gallery



8

A Day at the Nursing Home

Susan Chenot

Photo editor's note:

Since *Collage* is a magazine whose purpose is to present creative student expression, it is only fitting that photography be a main component of that magazine. Since photography's birth, it has been an outlet of creative expression. A photographer's work reflects how he feels and what he thinks. I feel safe in saying that in all photography a relationship of sorts exists between the photographer and his subject. The photograph is often a personal mirror into the photographer's own thoughts and feelings.

Here are some reflections into the minds of some student photographers.



Reflections II

Kelley Lambert

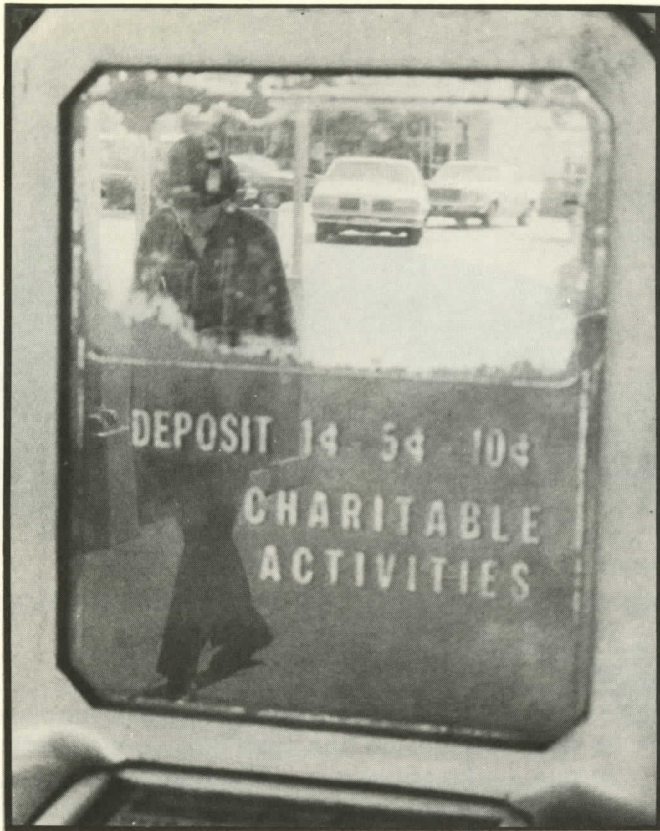


Patricia Bates

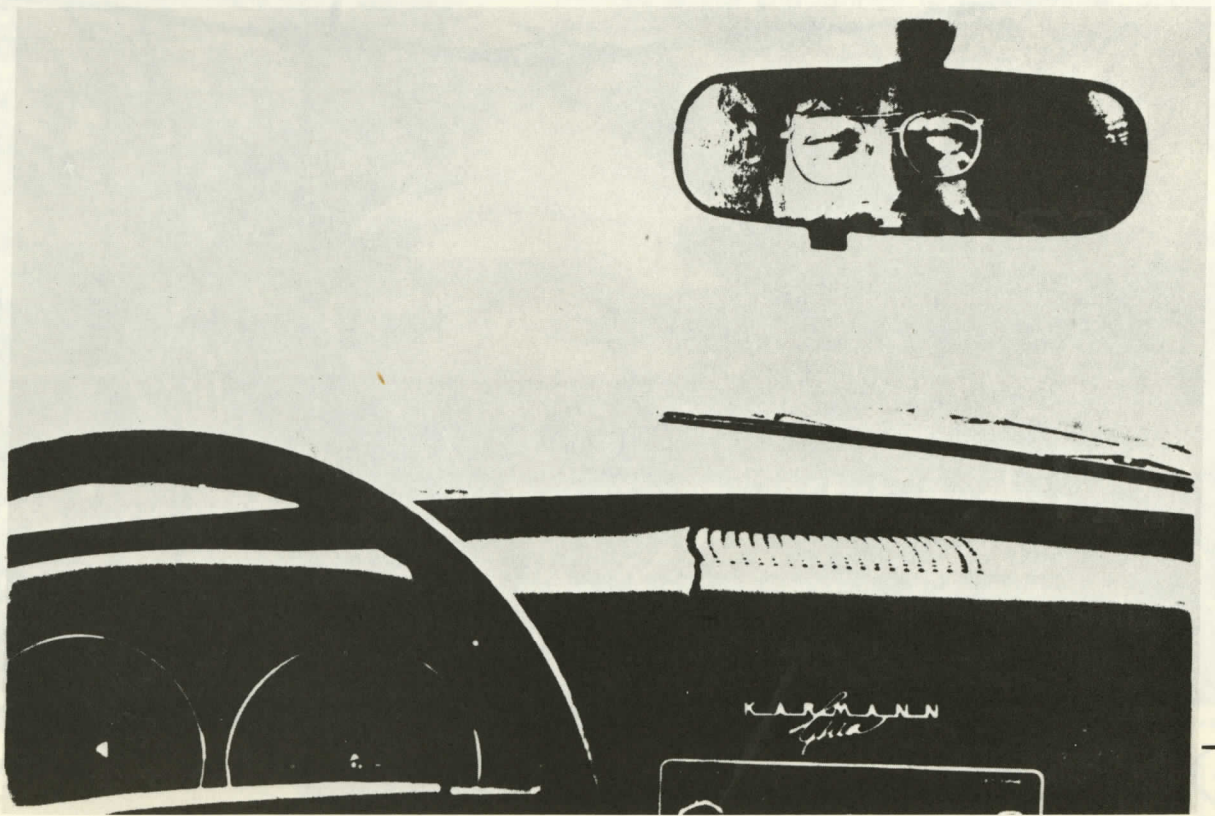


10

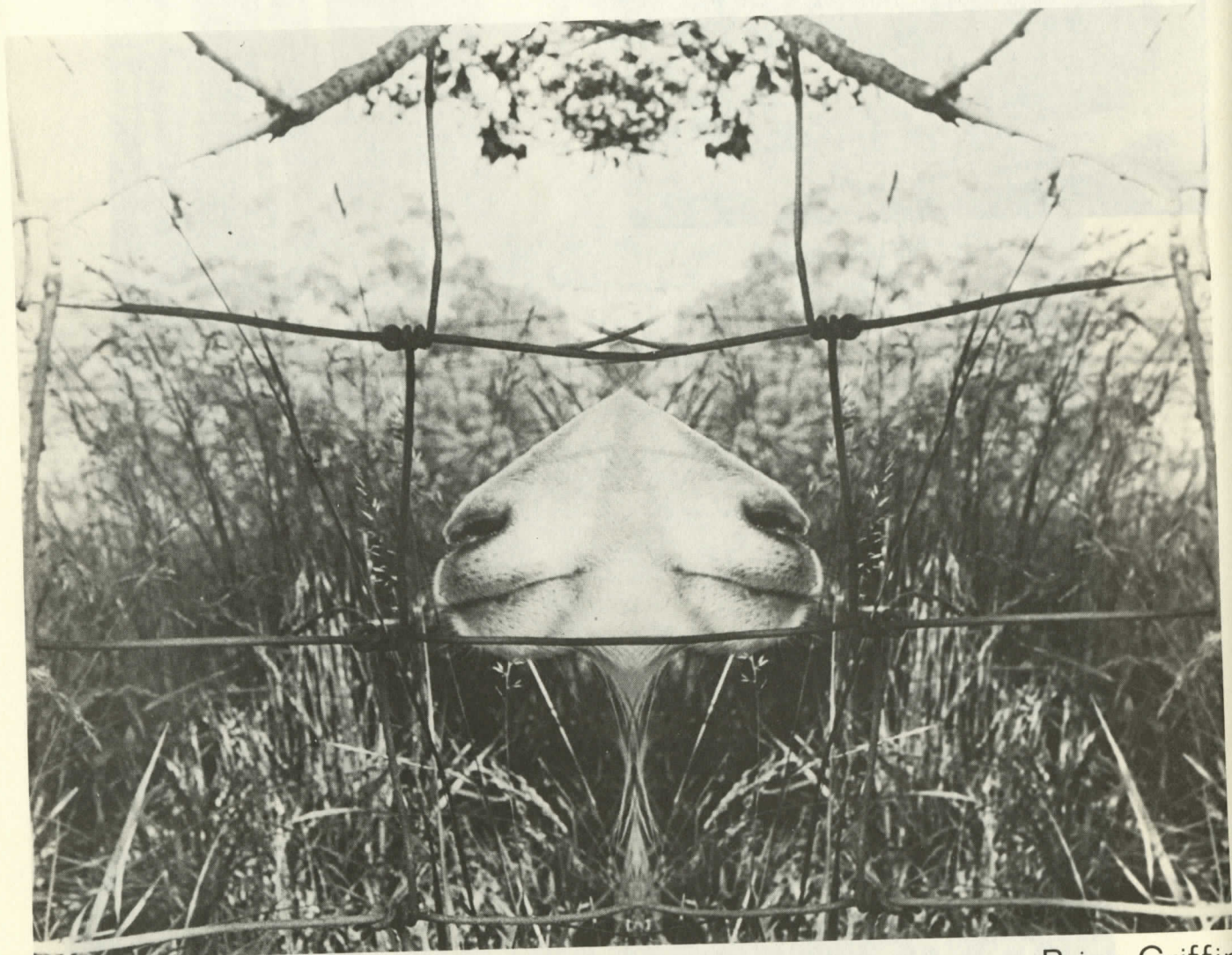
Fred Schwoebel



Mark Reichenbach



Fred Schwoebel



Brian Griffin

12

Fred Schwobel

Fred Schwobel



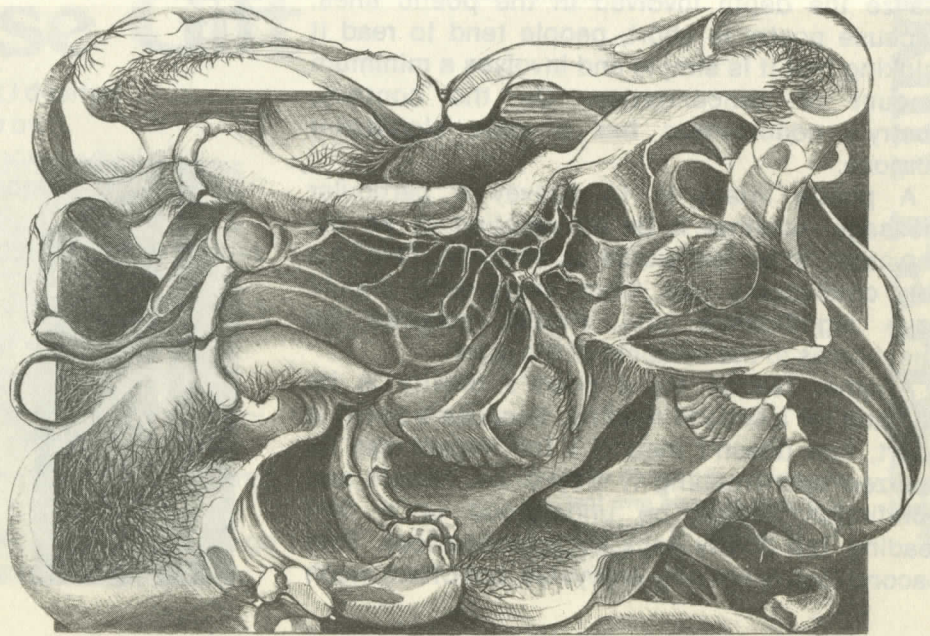
Bottles and Jars III Shelley Anne Hughes

Art Editor's Note:

The work on this page and on the first page of Gallery are lithographs, a printing technique in which the image areas are on a lithographic stone or metal plate are chemically treated to accept ink and repel water, while the non-image areas are treated to retain water and repel ink.

It is my job as art editor to choose the best of

the school's art work for publication. In the past the job has been difficult and burdening, as it was this issue, but not from the over-abundance of work; rather from the lack of work or the lack of enthusiasm to be published. The art work for *Collage* is not just limited to art students. Submission is open to all students, faculty and alumni.



Untitled

Jeff Jones

Mini Poetry Lesson

Although the *Collage* readership survey conducted last year showed that poetry is the most read element of our magazine, I still feel the need for an introduction to this section that may clarify some misconceptions held by the general public about poetry.

I believe that poetry is done an injustice by today's readers simply because they do not realize the depth involved in the poetic lines. Because poetry is short, people tend to read it thinking that it is simple and involves a minimum amount of concentration. On the contrary, poetry's conciseness has a more significant purpose.

A poet's intent is to convey a particular message, whether it be an emotion or an observation, in as few words as possible. This is a very challenging task since every word should have significance and should propose no question as to the meaning of the poem.

Another reason for a poem's brevity is its demand for a second reading. Because a poem is short, that doesn't mean its full impact can be realized upon reading it only once. Novels and non-fiction should be understood upon first reading, but poetry *begs* for a second look. That second look is not only enjoyable, but offers much

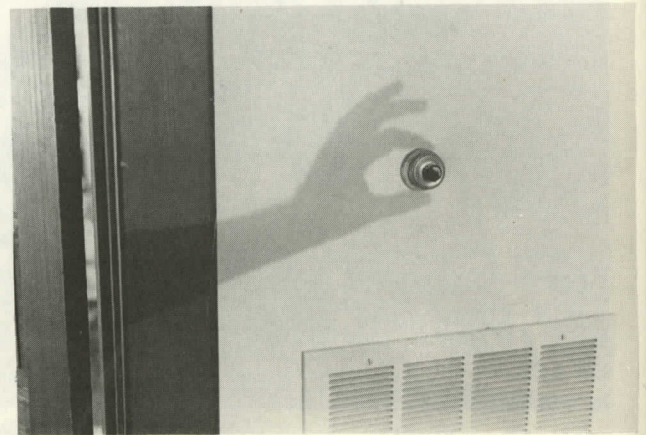
more insight to the poem's message, which *must* be pertinent, or else the poet would not have taken the time to create it for the world.

Many "globes of words" disguised as poetry are published today. Don't be fooled; some of them may even latch on to your emotions, but chances are, any illiterate could have said it just as well. You see, it is not only what you say that counts, but how you say it. Poetry is an art form, not simply a globe of words that postures the magnificence of art.

Poetry takes on even different dimensions when one considers not only the face value of a line, but the sound of it and the form it takes on the page. A good poem will reinforce its message by using words that *sound like* and phrases that *act out* their own meanings. Therefore, when the poet wants the train of thought to pause before he goes on, he will use a word whose sound doesn't linger, and he will leave space on the page so that the words do a pantomime of their own meanings.

These are the ingredients that give a poem life. If a poem just lies on the page, it is likely that its message will be stagnant also.

I suppose that what I'm trying to say in this mini poetry lesson is that poetry should not simply be *read*. It should be *experienced*. It is for that reason that I urge you to spend a little extra time on our poetry section, and experience. We hope you enjoy!



Lynch Orr

close the door gently

So it's over:
All our good times
Are about to become memories,
Closeted away and thought of occasionally—
Tingles with nostalgia—
Until they, too, grow cobwebs
And become dull beside the brightness
Of new events.

It's not your fault
Nor is it mine:
It's just because we are who we are.
Oh, we worked on it!—
But it could never be
Even though in the blindness
At the beginning
It did seem so.

Now go:
Go to love life;
Go to live love.
All I ask is this:
Close the door gently;
It hinges on my heart.

Surprise Gift

What I desired
I now own.
And now by daylight
The edges are tattered,
The print is blurred,
And the binding is broken.

Yet, I cannot
Give it up.
The finality of the loss—
The pain of the absence—
Would be anguished
As deeply as it was desired.

It's like an opened package
With a broken gift inside.

Speak softly, Dawn

As your light rays
Trickle into my curtain-shaded room
And tickle my eyes open
To end the nocturnal respite,
I ask you to be gentle
So that your claim
To communication
Won't startle me.

After all, every word of life
Is myriad-messaged
And I can't afford
To miss a single one!

Franklin Farmer

Franklin Farmer is a graduate student who plans to complete his Masters of education in December.

chain

I find I write in
a straight line
rather than circles.
In a procession.
Inspirations run long
Once started.
You
have taught me that.

Kim Spence

*Kim Spence is a sophomore
from Nashville whose major is
undeclared.*

Tonight, maybe tomorrow

Tonight I feel like old poetry,
Wheezing and pneumatic-kneed,
Goin' through the old stuff...
Because it's easier than grinding
two tons of rose petals
to get a Quarter-ounce of perfume;
And it's easier to get up with
on the morning after,
Than if I finished off
a bottle of rum on the counter.

Tomorrow, if I get moving
down the right sidewalk...
Maybe tomorrow...
If it's windy enough
And somebody puts their wash
out on the line.

Dale Smith

*Dale Smith is a graduate
student of psychology from
Columbia.*

RITUAL

like an overblown basketball
with bamboo legs
the pink man
bounces
into the chlorine,
the cinderblock jordan.

the cars of the flock
wait in dust
beneath the dike

we sit and stare.
silence.
rapture, here and there:

we think of noble hotspur
whose soul is painting pictures
on glowing tubes
and billboards
and politician's pamphlets

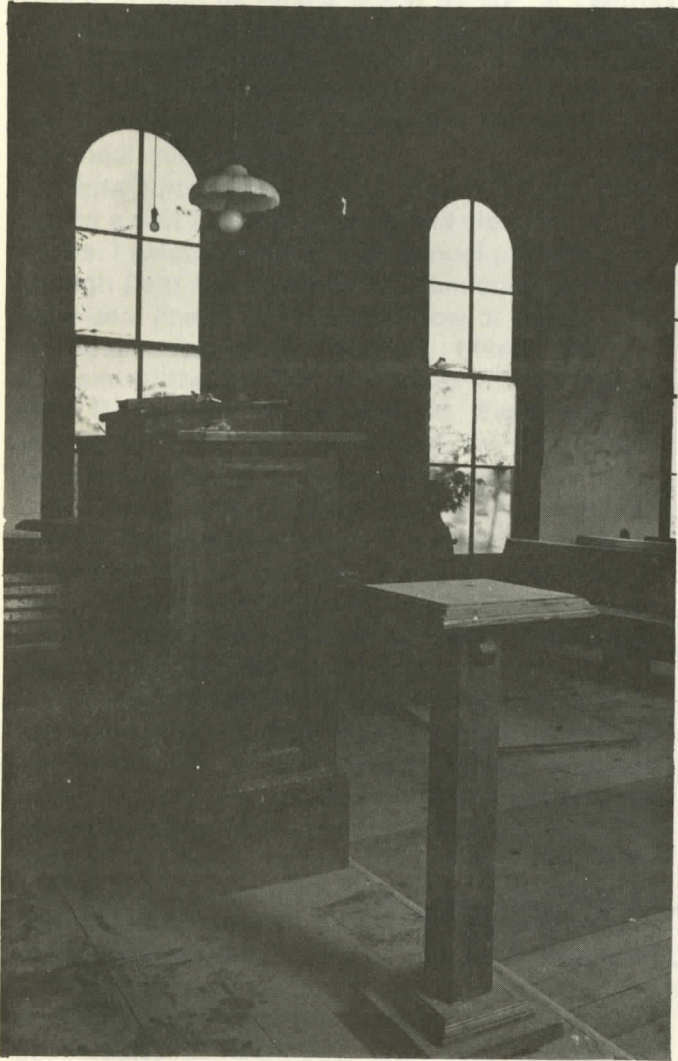
noble noble hotspur
who shows men what to die for
in pretty pretty colors
on any shining surface.
those nitty gritty colors
those sackin' city colors
those cryin' biddy colors
in a one push tuning image

some folks think of Jesus too

but you and i —
we know the pink man.
his germans
his bbatle of tthe bbulge

we joke
we laugh about it like we once laughed
when we flew paper airplanes
in the vestibule.

Brian Griffin



Chester Dietz

Brian Griffin is a senior English
and photography major from
Soddy.

the difference

There's a difference
between
you and me.

It's the tools
that we use
to draw with.

I use pastels
that I spread
with my fingers.

You use watercolors
that run
from your brush

jackie gearhart

THE TROUBLE WITH SYSTEMS

by Klaus Kallenberger

Of late I have become aware that I am locked into a system of values which modify or control my actions. It is unimportant what we choose to call these inhibiting factors. The fact is I am inhibited to commit adultery, use dope, smoke, drink alcohol — any of the BIG TEN plus my personal value system.

I cite further systems. I expect to eat three meals a day. I expect to work and sleep in regular shifts. I calculate time in an annual pattern, even though I am not a farmer. My tendency is to see time as a linear, unstoppable flow of events. The universe expands. In politics, I see the U.S. system vs. the U.S.S.R. system as well as that of Red China and of the Eskimo. Each has advantages. Each is threatened by the other, whether the threat is implied or extant.

The awareness of being trapped or "locked in" makes me uncomfortable. I suspect rigidity or failure or fear on my part. Was I programmed to have certain feelings and values? How much choice would I have in altering them? Is man ever really free to choose his destiny?

Another system is the systematic structure of language. Only a man who can think in several languages can realize ways in which language organizes and influences the thought pattern. For example, there is no exact translation into German of the word "casual." A German can be informal, but he cannot be casual and one who sees the inside of German daily life realizes that the word does not exist because the attitude is rare. Did the language system create the rigidity or did a rigid thought pattern create the language? conversely, in Germany one can experience Gemuetlichkeit — a feeling of a warm and comfortable situation, preferably with good food and drink, experienced in attractive surroundings with pleasant, interesting and friendly people. We Americans can manage this, but we sure don't have a word which implies the total meaning.

Why do we have this bothersome restriction if we are to be unified? A test? How can I pass a test

when I am not aware of the questions? Much of any theological, political or economic system is obtuse or ambiguous because of the language in which it is phrased. Men with similar systems of feeling or value find themselves arguing about systems of thought because their definitions of words used therein differ.

A mathematician or physicist has a certain freedom. Syntactics are supposed in an acceptable premise and a system is constructed thereupon. Granting imprisonment in time and space and granting the construct is a system itself, there is much play. Systems of theology, politics or economy have much less of a playground and the basic assumptions exact greater demands on the believer.

Where does the motivation to initiate action come from? According to the system or psychology, it comes from the need to achieve a goal — gratification, survival, comfort, acceptance, security, respect, creation of art. Each goal is legally achieved only according to a system of behavior accepted by one's society. Another system.

A supreme being communicates with man by way of a messiah. Certain goals of behavior are to be achieved. Yet, huge forces such as population explosions or natural catastrophe cause conflicting motives. The result is confusion and a system of world problems. If man is part of creation and incapable of conceiving all, he can hardly be blamed for the failure of divine plan. Yet, many shoulder a guilt which they have not caused and are not really capable of understanding.

Man is superior to the animal in that he can contemplate his condition. That is no blessing. He is aware of systems surrounding him. Freedom from systems is anarchy and only partially obtainable. So we are free only to choose those systems which deserve our alliance. True freedom is freedom to persue systems of our choice not freedom from systems.

THE PURPLE RIBBON

by Dale Smith



Zachary thought of the train ride he would take in a few days that would take him away from Camp Shawano and the kids transplanted there from the inner city of Chicago. This late in August it was hard to imagine Nashville — his hometown — being any hotter than northern Illinois.

Maggie noticed the way he stared blankly at the woods, and she reached for his hand. They stopped along the path and he smiled. His eyes still showed he was daydreaming, however. The young woman wondered what his reasons for leaving actually were, but she was frightened to question him.

"Why didn't you eat in the dining hall with the kids and I tonight?" she asked. She and Zachary supervised a table of nine eight-to-ten-year-olds at every meal.

"I just couldn't handle those monkeys tonight," he answered. "I'm tired of playing father, waiter, and court jester to a bunch of juvenile delinquents."

"So you let me do it all myself," she commented, her blue eyes flashing angrily for a second.

"I'm sorry. I guess I should have been there to help."

"That's okay. Believe me, I can understand," she smiled. "I had them by myself before you came up to see me. I guess you've spoiled me, Zack, with you're being here."

He reached with his other hand and hugged her.

"Next time you can skip out and I'll play zookeeper. Sometimes a person has to get away from it all."

"Like you're going to do Saturday!" she cried out, her hand falling away. "I'm sorry Zack — that was a little vicious — I don't think sometimes. I hope I'm not scaring you away from here."

"That's not it! That's not it at all," Zachary insisted. "It's just the kids — I just have trouble with 'em. Honest, Maggie, I . . . you know what I mean. You have to watch what you say around these kids — have to watch every word. And the older they get the more they just sort of seize upon any weakness you have. It's scary."

"You didn't think that way when you first hitchhiked up here."

"Then I was so glad to see you again," he answered, "that I jumped at the chance to work up here when they said there was a job open. I hadn't seen you since college."

"That's when you found out nobody watches the instructors' cabins like they do the kids," she teased. Zachary laughed, and seemed to ease up a bit. "So now you're off to the waterfront?"

"For my final lesson!" he announced. "I have to give a few last canoeing tests . . . for whoever shows up and wants to get their purple ribbon."

"You never know, Zack. Maybe by the time they move the next group of kids in you'll have had a long enough rest between sessions — and you'll want to stay." Maggie suggested as they started walking again.

"Not with Sharon as my supervisor," he said. "She runs the waterfront crew like Captain Bligh. Except she tries to act so sweet. I wouldn't mind mopping up the boathouse if it didn't have all her cute little sayings and mottos posted up all over."

"Complaints, complaints," sighed Maggie, "ain't it awful?"

Not attentive to her sarcasm, he continued. "Listen, she gave me such a sermon just now when I was picking up the keys to the boathouse. I still don't know what her point was, except that she didn't trust me to teach by myself. I'm just Fetcher of the Life Jackets, Canoe-Lifter, and Scum Scraper, I guess — just the waterfront lackey, who will strangle some kid if he's left alone with one of the little urchins."

"All right, you lackey," she winked. "When you're finished swabbing the decks, tonight, stop by my cabin and I'll fix us a mess of grilled cheeses. You look like you could use some nourishment, sailor!"

Standing with her in the forest for awhile longer, Zachary realized that the two of them — both slightly below average in height, and now in a strange, new world of sorts — seemed as children at times to each other. With her, he could often lapse into acting a child, and she would either become a playmate or an indulging parent. And then again, he could be both with her. If it weren't for the kids, he thought, he wouldn't be leaving her — but this seemed so hard to express to her in a way she could believe it.

Zachary wandered around the woods, thinking of Tennessee. When he reached the paved road running down to the swimming pool, he spotted a group of boys throwing rocks from the roadside at each other. These were the eleven to thirteen-year-olds, and they also bounced stones off the swimhouse roof, and into the pool.

"Hey, what are you dumb kids doing?" he shouted. "Go ahead and try to kill each other if you want — that'd just make less of you future winos and junkies! But I ought to toss you in the pool and make you stay down there until you pick up every last rock!"

The biggest of the boys, who had a bandaged foot, responded by hurling a small stone near Zachary. The group headed off into the woods, with him limping behind.

Zachary grabbed a peach he had in his pocket to substitute for dinner, and threw it at them. The peach was half-rotten anyway; but his aim was good — too good. The last boy yelped as it struck the tip of his sore foot. Zachary laughed under his breath.

"I'm gonna tell! I'm gonna tell!" the kid shouted.

"Go ahead! They won't believe you. And I'll just tell them you guys were throwing rocks on the roof. They've caught you doing it before!"

They disappeared down a path into the woods, the one still threatening to complain. Zachary shook his head, and then felt disgusted with himself, for throwing the peach and reacting like a child.

"Kids just freak me out," he said to himself, and hurried to the river.

The Fox River wasn't clear at all. It had signs warning against swimming, and algae grew along the edges. For these children from the inner city; however, this place was wilderness.

"Imagine coming from the South Side of Chicago, with street gangs, murderers, arsonists, child molesters," Zachary murmured, "and being afraid of crickets at night!" He thought about Maggie relating about how the kids behaved so well on camp-outs in the woods. *It really has to be another world for them here, I guess.*

Only two girls showed up to make a final try at a purple ribbon. They both sat at Zack's and

Maggie's table during camp meals — and they were the most mischievous of the group.

"Hey Spiderman! We came to get our ribbons!" said one of the girls, not over nine years old. The other girl laughed at the nickname they had given him — because once he told them he kept the boathouse clean by eating all the spiders and bugs. The joke had long ago back-fired; instead of making him more fearsome, these kids pestered him even more.

"Why did you skip supper today, Spiderman?" asked the nine year old. "You been down here eating flys and bugs instead?" The other girl hooted and howled. She was there for support, thought Zachary.

"What's the matter with you kids? Why you — aw, forget it!" Zachary set one of the aluminum canoes out on the dock, and then unlocked the boathouse. He took out a pair of small-sized life jackets and three different lengthed paddles and carried these out to the dock, also.

"Look, Spiderman! There's a spider web on the life-preserver house!" pointed the bigger girl.

"I ain't knocking down any more spider webs for you kids."

The smaller girl giggled again, then announced, "I ain't going near that spider web. You bring my ribbon out here."

"You have to earn them anyhow," he declared, growing even less patient. "I'm not just giving them out like peanut butter sandwiches. Now, which one of you wants to get in the canoe first?"

"You said we was good enough this morning," protested the bigger girl, pulling her pigtails. "You said come back tonight and you'd give us some ribbons."

Zachary never could remember any of the children's names — except for Charles, the boy he had hit with the peach.

"No, I said maybe I'll give it to you if you come back later and try when all the others weren't here. That's what you're here for now."

"You lied," said the pigtailed girl.

"Out of this whole damn camp," hissed Zachary, "I had to get you two on my final lesson. Sheesh!"

"I ain't getting no canoe when Sharon ain't here," said the smaller girl, then after seeming to

let this sink in, she added, "You said we get our ribbons no."

"Don't trust me, huh?" he asked. "You will get your ribbons right after we go through the basic strokes again, and then we'll go out on the river. This ain't the streets, young ladies. You can't always get what you want just by the noise you make!"

"I don't want no old ribbon," said the younger one. "C'mon Sissy, let's go back and make candles."

"You already have a white ribbon anyway," noted Zachary, who was anxious to end this all since he saw that one of them had decided to back out. He didn't know why he did not just go ahead and give them the ribbons — and make things easier. *Maybe I just like being stubborn for once — maybe I'm evolving a backbone*, he thought. The white ribbon was for sitting in the front seat; and the purple, the more prestigious one, was for the kids who could sit in back and actually steer the canoe. Zachary now hoped Sissy had forgotten the specifics.

"I come for my purple ribbon, dummy!" the child proclaimed, as if she had actually known his mind.

"Do you know what the J-stroke is?" he challenged. "You know how to do it?"

"Yeah, I know all that stuff."

"My, my, ain't we pre-cocious then," he jeered, handing her one of the shorter paddles. "Let's just get down on the edge of the dock and see if you do."

"No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"'Cause I don't want to. I already know all that."

"Sure you do," Zachary retorted. He looked over to the other girl, who sat near the line of chained canoes rowboats. "Do you want to see if you know the J-stroke?" he asked her.

"I got a white ribbon already," she shouted back, "I'll wait till next year."

"Hah: maybe they'll have somebody who's more of a pushover next year, huh? I sure as hell won't be here. That's a good excuse — you'll make a well-adjusted adult one of these days," he con-

tinued sarcastically. *Man, what are you saying?* he thought suddenly. *These are just kids.*

"I already got a ribbon!" the younger one yelled. "Purple one ain't nothin' special. I'm going to make candles." She stood up to leave.

"Wait here, Melissa," Sissy called to her friend from the dock. "You can stay and watch. Watch me get my ribbon." She stood up and started walking to her.

"He ain't going to give you one, anyway," her younger friend shot back. "I got better things to do. See ya!"

Zachary sat near the edge of the dock, staring in the water and practicing the J-stroke to see if he still knew it himself. He wanted the girls to work their argument out themselves, and studied the swirls he was making. When the younger girl walked away, Sissy marched out to him and knelt down abruptly, without saying anything. Furiously she started paddling the water beside the dock, thurning the gray boards wet with the splashing.

"That's fine, fine, but don't forget to take the end of the paddle out and turn it flat when you bring it up to the front again. Take it out, and slice it into the water, like this," he demonstrated.

Soon he found himself holding on to her hands while he guided her through the motions. She seemed to stiffen a little as if she resented all this interference.

"That's good enough. I don't do it exactly like Kathy wants it done, anyway. Let's get the canoe now."

She still seemed to be boiling at her friend for leaving, so Zachary carried the canoe over by himself and gently let her help him slip it lengthwise into the river.

"Wait," he instructed when she started to climb in. "Let me turn it against the dock and you get in back. This is for the purple ribbon, remember?"

Sissy gripped her paddle more determinedly as he fastened on her life jacket. Zachary was having second thoughts. In the evenings, motorboats cruised along the wide river more frequently — and they made the water more choppy and difficult for a kid in a wave. He didn't want her to get scared and never get in one again. The little girl climbed in and stayed low, in front of the back seat. He stepped in front and pushed the canoe

off.

"Remember now, steer us to face into the waves when a motorboat flies by."

She started out all wrong. She still did not take her paddle out of the water on her returns, and she did not paddle deep enough to have any great effect on their movement or direction. Zachary eventually had to steer from the front while Sissy just paddled. He saw she had forgotten the J-stroke.

Motorboats and pleasure cruisers cruised by out further on the river — and they constantly had to turn and face their wakes. Zachary decided this was useless. When another boat roared by, he disregarded the waves and didn't turn to face them.

"Look out: Here comes a big one!" Sissy hollered. "Sharon said we have to face the waves."

"Just stay low and we'll ride it," he replied.

She pulled in her paddle and ducked, her head beneath the edge of the canoe. The boat rocked, and she screamed with every wave. After the first few; however, her shouts were full of pleasure and she laughed when the boat was level again.

Zachary felt they shouldn't break just one of the rules. On the other side of the river he knew of a channel the motorboats did not use. The waves weren't as bad, and he wanted to see the willow-covered islands on the other side of the river one more time before he left the camp.

With a few strong strokes they passed the neon orange plastic jugs that marked the camp's canoeing boundary. He waited for another motorboat to pass, then quickly crossed the middle of the river.

The child said nothing, and he no longer instructed her. Although Zachary did most of the work, he began to notice, without looking back, that her strokes had grown smoother — stronger. When they reached the channel he let Sissy paddle by herself. They glided like Indians under the willow branches, quietly with few splashes.

She had learned to steer, and it was only when he was not acting like he was keeping score. He thought back to the day he had first arrived at the camp, and saw Maggie playing volleyball with the kids. He remembered she did not keep score then,

when he asked her what it was. She had said: *Why ruin a good game?*

"Bye, Spiderman!" Sissy called from the edge of the woods, after he had given her the ribbon. She ran off, anxious to show her friend.

"Wait! Do you know where Sharon's cabin is, Sissy?" he asked, fumbling in his pockets.

"Yeah, over by the craft house," she answered. She halted and turned about. "Why?"

"That's right. You're passing by there," he observed. "How about dropping these keys off at her cabin, okay? I'm in a hurry."

"Okay," and she skipped back down the path.

"Wait a minute while I lock up this last canoe. No, wait just a moment." He straightened up and gazed at the sky where the sun was just touching the top of the willows. She looked over that way, wondering what he was looking at. She laughed suddenly, but without malice.

"There you go, dancing in your head again, Spiderman!"

"Huh, oh yeah . . . sorry," he grinned. "Never mind about the keys. I'll take 'em back later."

"You not in a hurry, any more."

"Yeah, but it's so I can take another little lady out and see the river and watch the sun go down," he jangled the keys, "and do some talking."

The girl bounded off; and Zachary remained at the dock for a moment, dancing inside his head; and comparing the state of Tennessee with the state of northern Illinois.

GHOST CHASERS

AMITYVILLE AND BEYOND

by Julie Crump

It is late on a dark and moonless night. The house is quiet and deathly still and you are asleep dreaming peacefully. Suddenly you are startled into consciousness by an eerie, almost mournful sound coming from within your room. Still half asleep, you rise cautiously from your bed to investigate only to see what appears to be a transparent form looming in the corner of the room. You plunge back into the bed, hastily pulling the sheets over your head. Your heart beating wildly, you peep from behind the sheets, only to find that the form you saw has vanished. You breathe a sigh of relief and assure yourself that you were only dreaming. Or were you?

According to Ed and Lorraine Warren, it is a very great possibility that you were not dreaming at all, nor was it just a figment of your imagination. Skeptical? Most people are. However, after the Warren's presentation to a capacity crowd in the Dramatic Arts Auditorium on September 25, many "non-believers" seriously re-evaluated their opinions.

Ed and Lorraine Warren are a husband and wife team of "demonologists" and seekers of the supernatural. They have investigated some 3,000 cases of bizarre and unusual occurrences of the supernatural in a period of some thirty years of dedicated research and in-depth study of this universal phenomena. Their studies have taken them throughout the world, from the "Haunted" castles of England to the famous house in Amityville, Long Island.

They are firm believers in the supernatural realm and although they are deeply religious upholders of the Catholic faith, through their intense study, they attempt to prove that the supernatural is, in fact, very real and ever-present in this modern world.

In the slide presentation and lecture on the MTSU campus, there were shown some convincing "psychic photographs" taken with special infra-red film, of supernatural beings which the Warrens and others have encountered. Spine tingling and hair raising stories of demon attack and possession made even the most avid non-believer sit up and take notice.

One such story was of a thirteen year old girl living in the Northeastern part of the United States. She and a friend were attempting to contact the spiritual world through use of the "Ouija Board." They did in fact contact a spirit who claimed he was an eighteen-year-old boy who had been shot to death by the police in a rape attempt. As most, the young girl was skeptical and told this spirit to prove itself. "Do something," she coaxed. At the moment, nothing occurred, however, later that evening when the young girl was in bed, this spirit did, indeed, prove itself.

Everyone in the house had gone to bed. Suddenly the mother of this young girl was awakened by hideous screams coming from her daughter's bedroom. She rushed in to find the daughter convulsing violently on the bed. "Hands are grabbing me!" was the only distinguishable thing

the girl was saying. Thinking that her daughter was having a nightmare, the mother calmed the girl and soon returned to bed, only to be awakened again by the same hideous screams.

This time the mother realized that it was no ordinary nightmare, as she was witness to an unseen force that was physically abusing and violently beating the child. From that time she was often subject to these abuses as some unseen phantom slapped, spit, and beat upon her body.

Later, Ed and Lorraine Warren were called in to investigate. As was shown to the MTSU audience in a slide of this girl as she was when they first arrived, the signs of physical abuse were evident on her body as there were massive bruises in the region of the neck and about the arms. An exorcism was performed on the house, by a Catholic priest and others, in which Ed Warren was a part, in an attempt to drive out the phantom from within the house. It was successful and according to Warren, the girl lives a perfectly normal life now. Warren stated that these attacks on this girl were not made by a spirit. She had contacted, through the use of her "Ouija Board," a particular type of *demon*, known for its violent physical attacks on its victims.

Another unexplainable phenomenon occurred in Europe in a Catholic church. People would often come to this church to pray before a statue of Christ which stood at the altar. One day as one woman knelt before the statue to pray, she looked upward to see a red substance on the hands of the statue. It ran down the outstretched arms of the statue and began to drip on the carpet below. The woman quickly got one of the priests.

Soon, news of the "Miracle" spread everywhere and the Warrens were called in to investigate. They first took pictures and then proceeded with the investigation. Ed Warren took a sample of the substance which he sent to a laboratory for analysis. The results were quite unusual. The laboratory analysts determined that it was ancient human blood.

Piece by piece, the statue was taken apart in search of an origination point from where the blood was coming. Nothing was found. There was simply no source from which that blood could be

flowing. There is no explanation. From miles and miles around people come to see the statue that bleeds real blood. They are never disappointed.

The highlight of their program, however, was their discussions and slides of their research into the bizarre case which took place at the home of George and Kathy Lutz on Ocean Avenue in Amityville, Long Island. Thirteen months before the Lutz family moved into their "dream house," a mass murder had taken place in the house. Young teen-ager, Ronnie DeFaoe shot and killed every member of his family one morning around three o'clock in 1974. He claims to this day that "voices" told him to do it.

Just thirteen months later, George and Kathy Lutz and their three children moved into the house. Little did they know that it was the beginning of a nightmare they would never forget. They experienced such things as swarms of flies, a slimy substance emitted from the walls, levitations (floating of their bodies in mid-air), appearances of glowing red eyes at their living room window, and grotesque voices telling them to get out of the house.

Missy Lutz, one of the three Lutz children, knew very little, if any, of the mass murder which occurred in the house just thirteen months earlier. Yet, Kathy Lutz often heard her daughter talking to someone in her bedroom. Missy said "he" came to visit her often and as she lay in bed at night, he would come into her room and sit in the rocking chair and talk and play with her. "Who is your friend?" her parents would ask. "Jody," the little girl would reply innocently. "Jody" was a member of the DeFaoe family, killed by his older brother, Ronnie, in the tragic murder there in 1974. This "playmate" of Missy Lutz was a supernatural being within the house.

George Lutz was an atheist. In the beginning of their horrors, he was assured it was some hideous joke to drive him and his family away from the house. He attempted to prove his suspicions one evening when the family saw glowing red eyes peering in their living-room window from the darkness outside. George hurriedly opened the front door and went out into the snow, looking for the culprit. He found nothing — nothing except strange cloven footprints in the snow.

The Lutz family remained in the Amityville house for only twenty-eight days. They left everything in the house, only taking with them one change of clothing. They left a car and a speedboat in the garage, all of their furniture, and every earthly possession they owned. George Lutz claims he does not know what it was in the house, but it was something beyond the scope of human understanding. He wants none of his belongings that were in the house and vows he will never return.

The Warrens were called, along with many others, to investigate the happenings which took place in the house. They have the only photographs of the interior of the house as it appeared only days after the Lutz family fled. One particular picture that they showed was quite shocking, but convincing. It was taken with "infra-red" film. This particular type of film can detect any heat sources in the room.

Ed Warren explained that supernatural beings attract heat to themselves. If there is some supernatural being within your presence, the room will most likely be icy cold. As these supernatural beings draw heat to themselves, they become detectable by use of the infra-red film. A picture was taken of the interior of the house at the front entrance hall.

There, before the eyes of an astonished audience, appeared in the photograph Ed Warren

showed, a form peering around one of the doors in the entrance hallway — the form of a little boy. "We pretty much have a good idea," said Warren, "that this is Jody, the playmate of Missy Lutz."

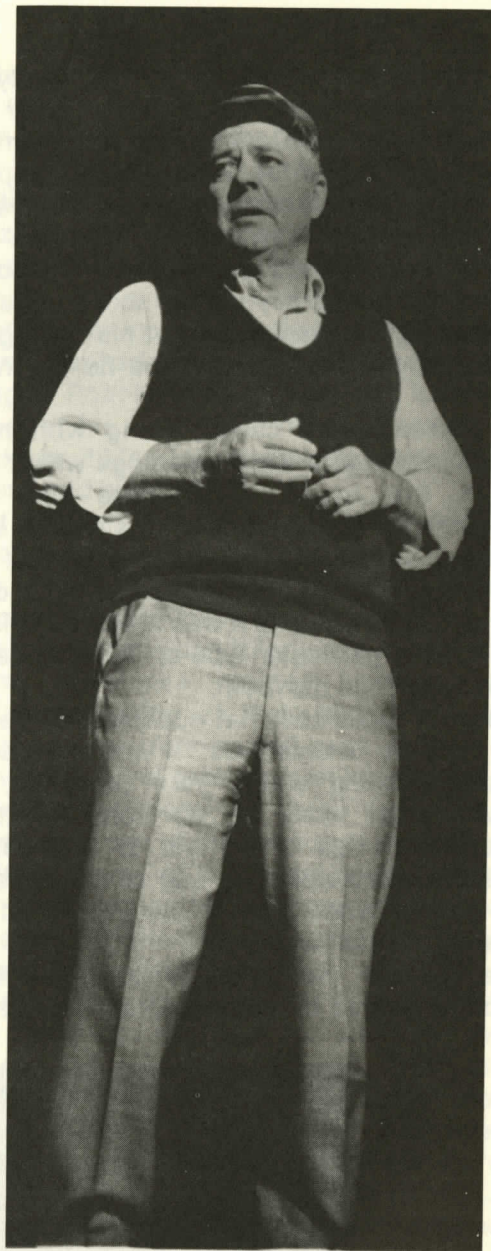
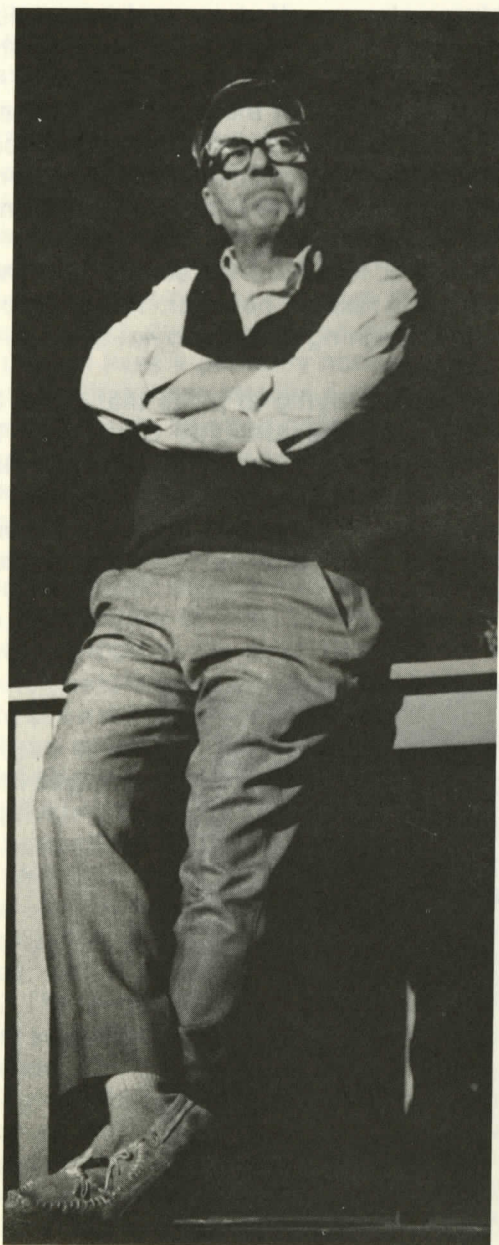
Lorraine Warren, claiming psychic ability, told of forces that she could detect as she walked from room to room of the house. She felt a very strong presence of the supernatural as she attempted to climb the stairs to the third floor of the house. "A force held me back," she said. "A feeling as of rushing water engulfed me and immobilized my body. I was not allowed to proceed to the third floor."

Whatever it was in the Amityville house and in many other places, is still a mystery. Because of the dedicated work of Ed and Lorraine Warren, and countless hundreds of individuals, mankind has a better understanding of the realms of the supernatural. It is not understandable in the terms of logic and reason, however. There is no way to explain something that we do not and cannot fully comprehend.

"We are not trying to prove that Satan is more powerful than the Almighty God," said Warren, "Not by a long shot. Nor are my wife and I trying to impose our religious beliefs on anyone. We are simply trying to prove that there are supernatural forces and that Satan is very real in the world today."



Lynch Orr



Charlie Hunt

Thank You, Mr. Windom

by Jackie Gearhart

He didn't think about portraying Thurber until he played in the TV series, "My World and Welcome to it." The story was about a man who lived more happily in his daydreams than in his everyday life. The man was a Thurber creation. The actor was William Windom.

We don't know a whole lot about James Thurber. We read a few of his stories in literature class. We laughed. We didn't laugh ecstatically or jump up from our seats or slap our hands over the written page in hysterical exclamation. But we chuckled or maybe simply smiled aloud.

Of course, our teacher assigned us the story just to keep us interested and prove to us that not all literature is as tough as Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the ole marm began dissecting the poor humorous story and made us delve into the mind of "Walter Mitty" and try to psychoanalyze his desire to escape from reality. We knew why. It was because his wife was a hag and his children were brats.

We missed something. The words didn't jump at us. We were simply amused and thought it was cute. We didn't experience the full impact of James Thurber. Not until Windom.

He started on Broadway, and like every other ripe young actor, was told to give it up. "Of course you'll never make it. The stage isn't what it was back in its glory years." But he persevered, and then he moved to California and did the kind of acting he had to do to make any money. The stage was his love, though. "Don't you like it better than sitting with your legs propped up, looking at the tube through your feet?" He seems to live for the audience, that communicative interction that says, "hey, I like that" by bringing two hands together, and applauding.

So there he was on the stage at the Dramatic Arts Auditorium, his red socks showing under his baggy pants, and his button-down shirt wrinkling out of shape under a blue v-neck sweater vest, and

that silly cap. What good does a visor do inside a building anyway? So that's Thurber. *No, that's just William Windom*, I told myself, *pretending to be Thurber*. The grand illusion had started before the man said a word.

My pen was racing on my notepad in the dark until I realized it had run out of ink. I wrote down what the bloodhound had said to the police dog, "out of scent, out of mind," and the rest is invisible. But it doesn't matter. You could look that up in a Thurber fable as easily as read it here, and my saying it again would never let you see the dog. I saw the dog . . . but there was only that one man on the stage.

I laughed like I had never laughed at Thurber before. Suddenly the words were alive. The humor wasn't lost somewhere between the page and me; it was jumping right down off the stage and making me roar with laughter. Thurber, you hilarious man. *No, wait, that's not Thurber; that's Windom*.

The second half of the show was even more entrancing. I not only saw the characters, I felt for them. I wanted to take poor Willbur (with two l's) and squeeze him, and tell the bullies to leave him alone.

Then there was the moth who saw a star twinkling through a tree and wanted to reach it, thinking that it was just another lamp-post. He actually made himself believe that he had reached it, and hadn't even gotten scorched like all of his friends and relatives who had died tragic deaths on headlights. "Moral:" said Thurber, as he put his glasses on, "who flies afar from the spirit of his sorrow, is here today and here tomorrow."

And then, the climax . . . Walter Mitty the surgeon, Walter Mitty the war hero. The man and his dreams. They were bigger than life. The grand illusion.

Thank you, William Windom.



Robert Pierce

Autumn's Hand

*with a whispering hand,
almost unnoticed,
Autumn gently dispels the summer
And all that was active and playful
decides to rest a while,
to passively dilute itself
in the breeze,
watching the subtle colors
float to the ground.*

— J.G.

Mr. Jones

Mr. Jones at the spaghetti dinner

Mr. Jones grinned
a red grin
and pulled a green leaf
from his gums

Mr. Jones at the County Fair

Mr. Jones
leaned on his cane
beside the orange tent
and said,
"Only God can save a bleeding
cow."

Mr. Jones on the road

Mr. Jones
spit another prune pit
into a peach can
as he and his Rambler
drawled
into the path of a Mack:
"When I was a boy, I—"

Brian Griffin

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FINIS

*slowly
darkness makes the prism flee.
It grows dim—
a flicker
 a glimmer,
 a dusk,
until all is tranquil,
waiting.*

J.G.