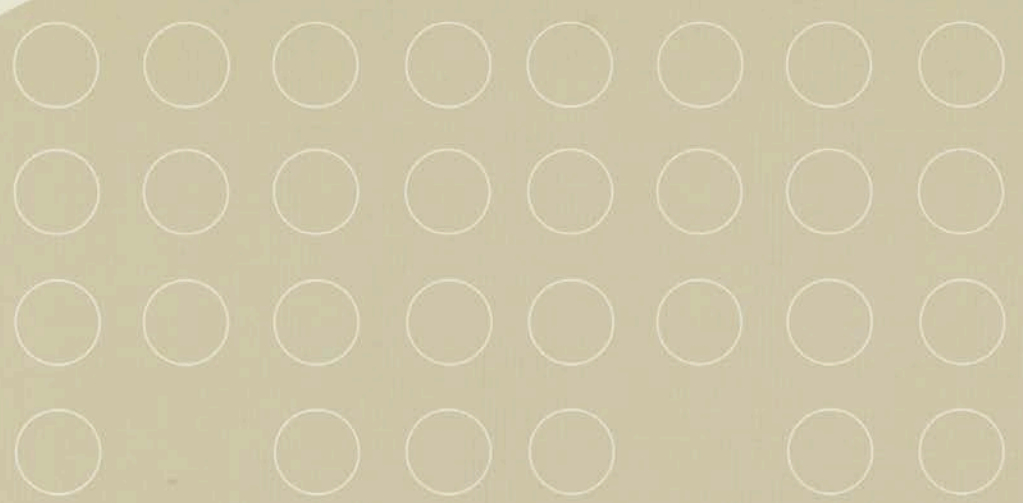


vol. IV fall/06  
**collage**

a journal of creative expression



the vision of creativity



# collage

# letter from the editor

## Collage

Unknown Author

Expressly garbled for its own naive, chiding coterie  
Safely tucked inside its own little inbred chapter  
Little more than inane and irrelevant hokum  
So thick I scarcely can draw another breath

I consider V

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But instead turn the

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E

More of the same  
Mindnumbing sameness  
Mind numbing sameness  
Mindnumbing sameness  
Mind numbing sameness  
Quelle dommage! What a squandered opportunity  
Such a rapid assemblage of paper and ink  
I would sooner read unsolicited submissions to  
Woman's Day

The above poem was sent to the *Collage* e-mail account right before the *Collage* staff began grading submissions. I wish that I could personally acknowledge receipt, but unfortunately the sender has chosen to remain anonymous. The point of this poem seems to relate to the lack of variety in earlier editions of *Collage*. I may not be able to identify with the poet because I understand that internally we can only publish the best of what we receive, yet lack of diversity is one thing that I cannot even fathom for my staff or myself.

This semester the *Collage* staff made a promise to the student body and to ourselves to display the best visual and written art we receive based on more criteria to which our predecessors were limited. We expanded our staff and streamlined our processes thereby creating an aura of respect for each submission we received. Only because of our diversity were we able to achieve the balance that resides within these pages.

I think it is important to note that this poem is of the caliber we seek to publish in our magazine; however, for those who like to complain about the system but do nothing about changing it, unfortunately, *Collage* will not be able to assist you in your quest. For those who desire to seek change through action, we actively seek you. Fill out either a staff or an editor in chief application. Submit until you are haunted at night by emails filling your account seeking more ... more ... MORE! We are an organization that seeks to showcase the best visual art and literature that our campus has to offer. Because the *Collage* staff can only choose among the submissions we receive, if you think that your works are the best, then the solution is to submit because our magazine is only as good as we, the MTSU student body, decide it should be ...

This edition of *Collage* will always have a place in my heart. Not only because of its cohesiveness and the excellence of art and literature it contains, but more so

because I have done something I thought I could never do—I wrote. I cried for lost time and wrote some more. I will not soon forget this experience because of those who have touched my being and believed in me.

To Marsha Powers who helps me to feel like I can do anything, Dr. Phillip Mathis for letting me lead and trusting me in the decisions I made, and Keith Carter for showing me that the view of a person's heart is just as important as words. I would like to thank the *Collage* Advisory Board members as well for working with us and sharing your expertise. Thank you all.

To Dr. Laura Dubek for your respectful honesty and doing much more than your job description requires. At my age, it is hard to find worthy role models, but I found one in you.

To my wonderful staff members, who were open-minded and honest, I wish I could put into words the lessons I have learned from you. I was the lucky one because we found each other.

I would like to dedicate this issue of *Collage* to my husband, Eugene, and three kids, Trinity, Remic, and Gabrielle, for supporting me when I doubted myself and even when I missed our family dinners. Thanks go also to my personal Savior through whom all things are possible.

Without further delay, I now present the fall 2006, Volume IV edition of *Collage* back to those who it represents—the MTSU student body. As always, remember to keep dreaming.

Travesty Vasquez-Terry  
Editor in Chief





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## Cold House

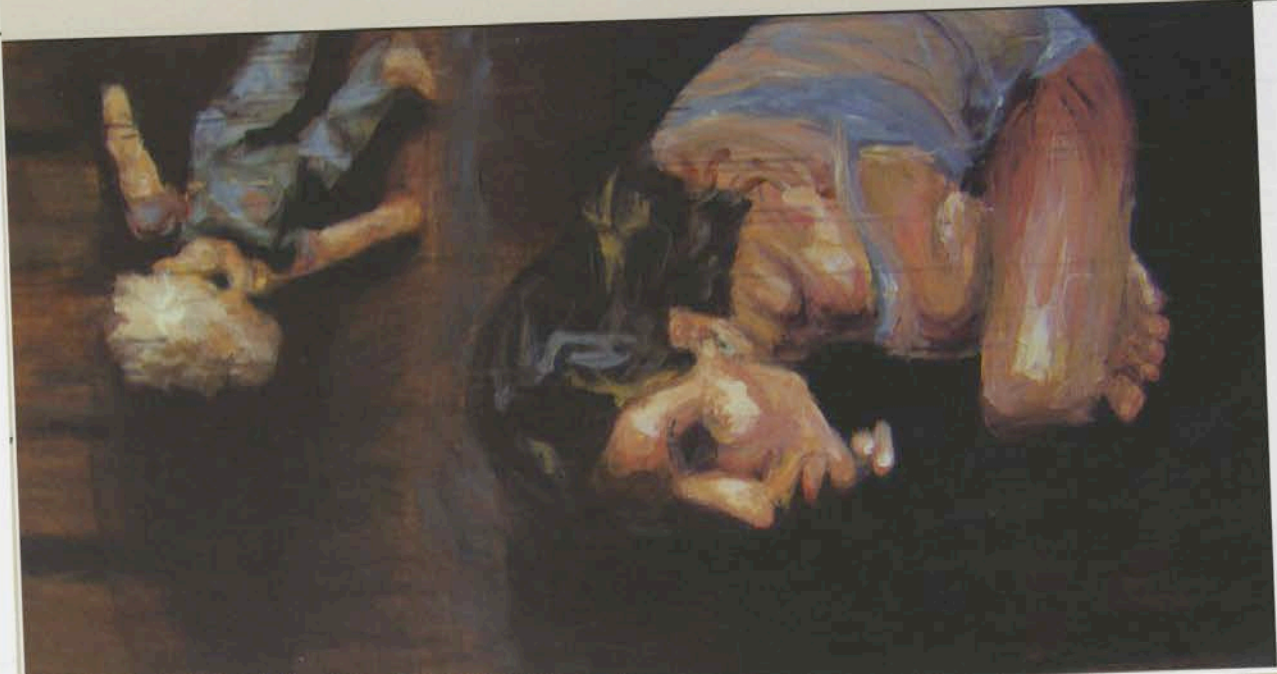
Jeffrey Russell

Cold stares, sad eyes,  
slowly speaking such troubles.  
No time to give soothing compliments  
as I hold my breath  
for a few seconds.

Pulling closer  
to a porcelain face  
drawn with so many lines  
dividing me into distinct little pieces  
persuading every part.

Desperately daring hands  
stumbling to find the right place  
as she swiftly slips past,  
circling my confidence  
with the tip of a finger.

Shedding her shadow  
taking away my awkwardness;  
just too cold in this house  
holding my hands so high  
to show where I begin.



Fear  
Casey Gillcrist  
acrylic painting



Carnival of Sorts  
Jeffrey Russell

Festival lights out by the boardwalk  
with the smell of cinnamon lingering,  
as the waves move sideways,  
taking away the sand.

Vendors full of color shuffling their carts  
while the young girls smoke cigarettes  
and admire their new outfits,  
pushing back their long hair:

Pretzels and ice cream sold by the dozens  
while old men drop corner phrases,  
and we look out from the pier restaurant,  
listening to the couple speaking Russian.

Anxious salesman selling T-shirts  
while kids pile up in line for the wax museum,  
I just sigh,  
leaning against the rail,  
hoping I could stay a million miles  
from that old job,  
that old town,  
those old faces.

Here, I can stand  
with people more like me,  
with people less like me,  
with people who know  
what it is like  
to be common,  
and not care.



Spinning  
Barbara Plummer-Smith  
color photography

## Sodium Arc Love Story

Joseph Quarles

There she stood under the pale light,  
back lit and beautiful against the night.  
My queen awash in the neon,  
scepter of sparkly faux gold, tiara of aqua net,  
and the flesh and buxom frame of  
a goddess of the eve.

Dare I approach her? I am not worthy.  
I have worshipped her from afar,  
often times late at night in my car.  
Many letters written, but not delivered,  
sweaty dreams, my desire untended.

Dare I approach her? My Cleopatra, my Venus,  
in her inky black boots. What gift could I give her,  
that would pull her away from her suitors?  
Thronged of them she has, of her physical treasures they  
wish to be looters.

Dare I approach her? I am not worthy. I cannot cross  
the asphalt plain to the concrete pedestal  
where she holds court anon.  
Hera herself would blush with  
jealousy at the beauty and imperial  
visage, which is sculpted, that face upon.

Dare I approach her? Alas! Sacrilege!  
My hands tremble with rage, the blue furies have come.  
They shackle her and disperse the suitors,  
common wastrels scattered to the wind, her court undone.  
Do they not understand, here is her one true love?

Dare I approach her? I am not brave enough to  
sweep in and rescue her from the black and white chariot.  
A daring rescue that is the deed. I will pay the  
gold ransom to free her and take her back to the Marriot.

I start up my steed and roll thru the dark,  
approaching the fortress that holds my true love.  
I will rescue my Persephone, she will understand,  
she will love me, will she not?



Worry  
Cristina Brito  
digital illustration



## Crimson-Azure

Jamie Lovett

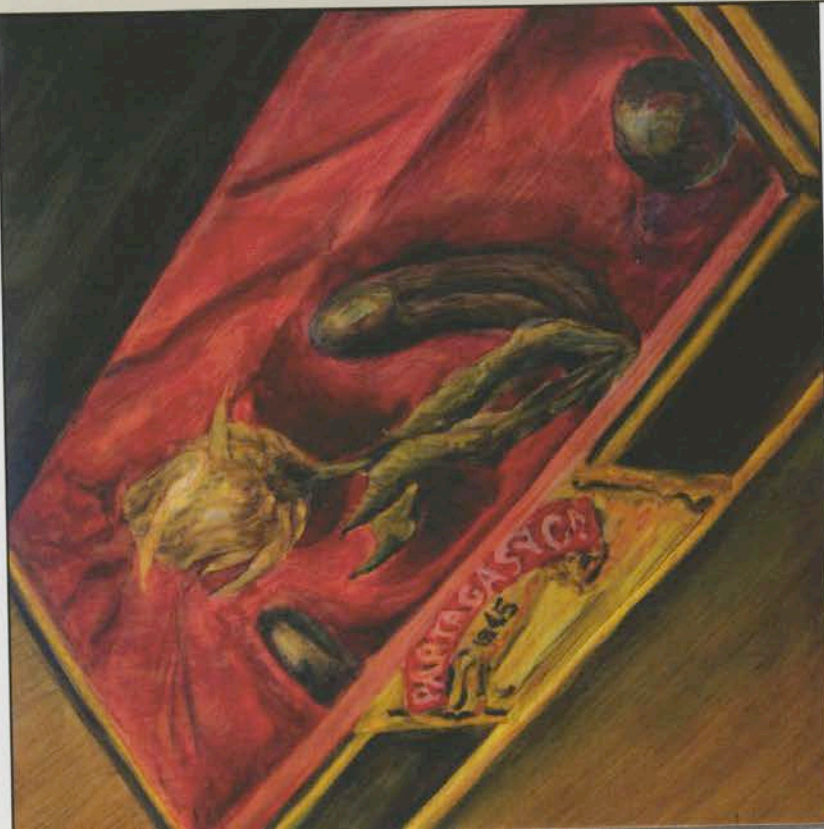
As our bodies pull away  
I glance once more at her  
Inside her warm domain  
Until the door closes  
And I go smiling on my way  
Through a windy night beneath a full moon  
Past trees with patches of mistletoe  
Until I find myself standing high above a pool of water  
Playful bits of moonlight inviting me to join them below  
I step back some and remove all my clothes  
I think of her and she fills me with courage and life  
After one last inhaling I charge forward and fly  
Never feeling more alive  
I meet the bottom of the lake sooner than I hoped  
Yet, I do not feel wholly submerged  
Around me, the water is becoming red  
And as I lay there naked in my crimson-azure death  
I see a familiar angel  
Come to take me to sunless lands



**Monster**  
Miranda Lewis  
mixed media



Secret Cigar Box  
Casey Gillcrist  
oil - glaze painting



The Burnt and Buried Box

Laura Grant

coming to  
under a tree  
down on both knees  
hands covered in ashes  
They gave me forty lashes  
something crashes  
like a heart in the throat

## .Dot.

Dean Andrews

Use ... poetical egoism to  
proselytize self. Theoretical  
rhetorics beat-in-the-head  
These self-serving subservient  
proses are fading roses, more  
thorn than stem, Continuous  
thought soothing, Monotonous  
self-pat rub-back to suck  
back those filthy tears ... How many  
years, until this line meets its dot?  
The period,  
lost in this sea of punctuation, drowning  
in parenthetic sidesteps,  
swaddled to the brim in its  
hyphenated hell,  
swelling swollen sweaty pall;  
too damp to slip off,  
too tight to rip apart ...  
This fake-Art farts  
from brain to pen,  
reinforcing foundational wobbles ...  
Scribbled self-sufficiency egging  
on a nagging gnaw. Insists  
that off is on, bad's ok as long  
as the line can sway-convey its  
logic light to stars, through fog ...  
But that's not the plot, per se, that  
bit is filleted with precision  
Revolving the page in elliptical  
swaths of flight, engendering  
the eminence of moment, A comment  
harping to the end, Wishing to  
extend, pretending end is friend ...  
embracing antithesis ~ 'Cause you'll never  
know till the un-known is  
shown, that no-know will grow,  
hairy jungle blocking view  
Looming facade masking the answer,  
blocking that .dot., from you.



## Your Choice

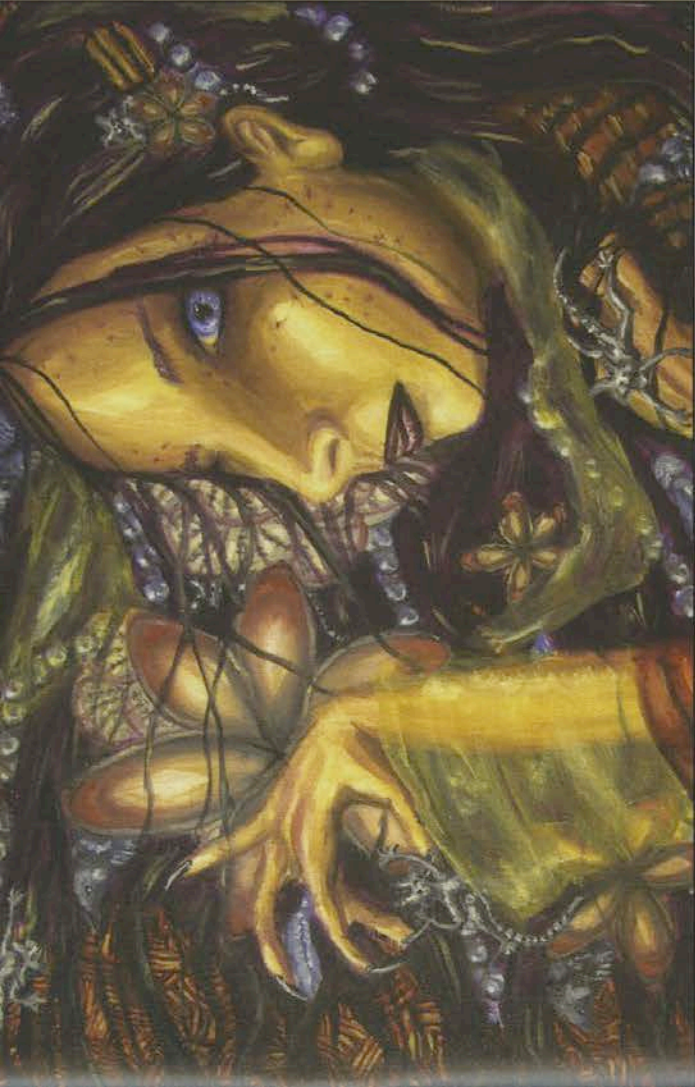
Jennifer Moorman

The man on Monday  
kisses like a dream  
you'd die to have again.  
He pulls laughter  
from your lips  
followed by a sigh  
and then another one  
just for good measure.  
And you smile  
before you even know  
what you're doing.

The man on Wednesday  
has a pocket  
full of green.  
He could have robbed a bank  
or sold a soul,  
his laugh says  
it's all the same anyway.  
Then he spends \$600  
on a bottle of sin  
but it looks more like arrogance  
clothed in a fancy label to you.

God knows Monday's man  
has miraculous hands.  
They catch lightning bugs  
in five second cages,  
bring you sunflowers,  
point out the sunset,  
touch your face,  
help to carry your pain.

But Wednesday's hands  
are full of desires—  
round trip airfare  
to Italy,  
a yacht floating near Greece,  
a ring too big for your pocket,  
a big empty house  
where even your echo sounds lonely.



## Still Life in Hair

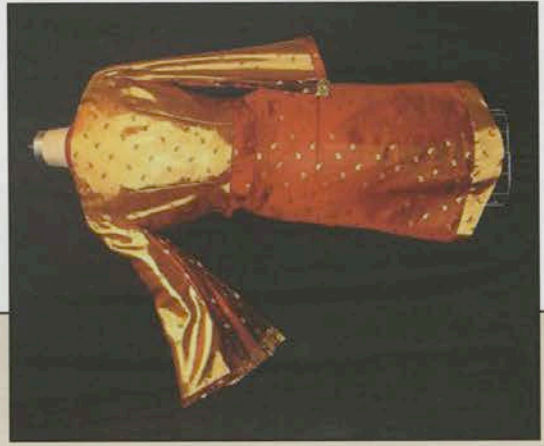
April Dill  
oil painting

## Bittersweet

Jay Phillips

The rain falls purposefully to the street below;  
Angry, hungry, the street soaks it up like a lover's touch.  
The light reflects its wet illumination through the window.  
We listen to the rain, hoping, wishing for it to stop;  
Only then might we speak, and not continue down the path we are on.  
It doesn't;  
We don't.  
I long for what I can have, but what I should not take.  
She winces at my touch, only to melt beneath my gaze.  
I lose myself in her eyes, for in them lies an absolute,  
No questions,  
No pain,  
No loss.  
She is Heaven and Hell,  
Ecstasy tinged with the pain of who and what I am;  
And of this, she constantly reminds me.

**Persian Princess**  
Jenny Kemala  
apparel design



**Iridescent Moonlight**  
Natasha Dalton  
apparel design



## Make-Up

Brandi Fleck

The nude panty hose glided over freshly polished toenails on pointed toes. Sheila held the top of the nylon roll between her forefinger and thumb while she carefully slid the thigh high over her smooth, bent knee. She sat on the bed between a pile of throw pillows and a crumpled down comforter; she was extremely calm considering that tonight was her big night. She stood up and fastened the top of the hose to her garter belt. She sprayed perfume over her naked breasts and went to the bathroom to continue her process of transformation.

The woman who lived in that mirror pursed her pale lips as burgundy gloss gave them life. The delicate measure with which Sheila painted each curve made the mirror look like a canvas, being molded into a new, fumbling artist's masterpiece.

"Don't be nervous, Sheila," the woman in the mirror said. "You've never preferred the easy way."

Sheila batted her plump, mascara-covered eyelashes and turned so she could examine her profile.

She replied, "You always say these things to me. Just be quiet while I curl my hair please."

When she was finished, deep red locks cascaded over her shoulders, and her face was flawless. As she pulled a purple, 80's-style sweat suit over the first layer of her performance attire, she heard a car horn out front. It was her girlfriend waiting impatiently to take her to the club.

Sheila rushed out with bags of make-up and a skimpy dress in a garment bag slung over her shoulder and opened the car door to a fidgeting Brooke.

"Hi honey! What took so long? Are you nervous? I think if we cut across the east side of town..." Brooke, noticing Sheila's masked nervousness, stopped, breathed and restarted. "You look incredible."

Sheila smiled and turned to the side mirror. The reflection of the woman looking back at her smiled and agreed with Brooke.

\*\*\*

The back room bustled with lounge singers and dancers pulling sequined dresses over their bodies. Like liquor flowing from the front bar, hairspray was streaming in the back room.

Sheila stood steadily on one foot in front of the mirror while she fastened the buckle on her silver platform. Her hair was now in a mass of curls on top of her head that filled her feathered, crown-like headdress.

"This looks completely silly," Sheila complained to the mirror as she fumbled with her feather crown.

"Hush. Don't you touch those feathers! After all, you are royalty," the woman in the mirror scolded.

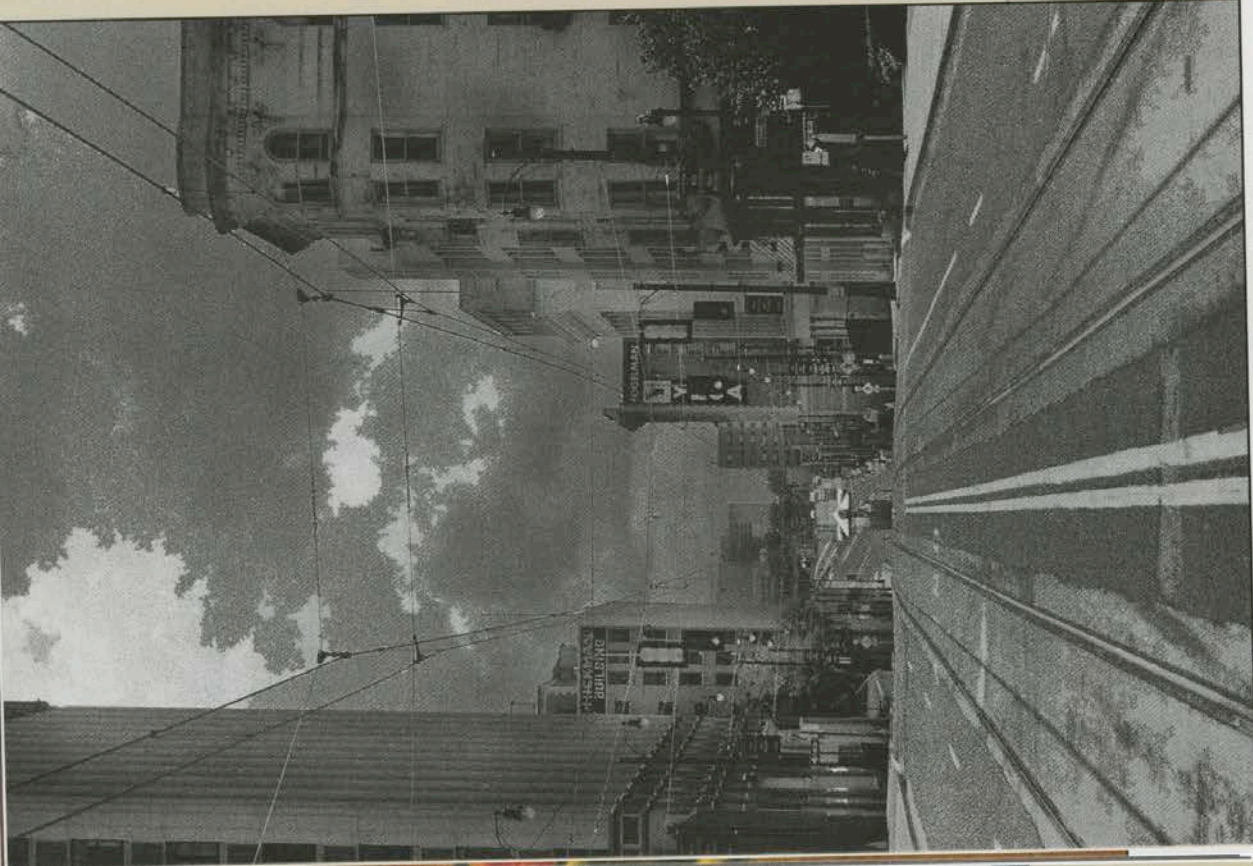
The club was packed, and the show was about to begin. Sheila, scheduled to go early in the line up because she was new, looked again at the woman in the mirror and then at the other drag queens. Fully transformed, she smiled taking her place on stage.



## Documentia

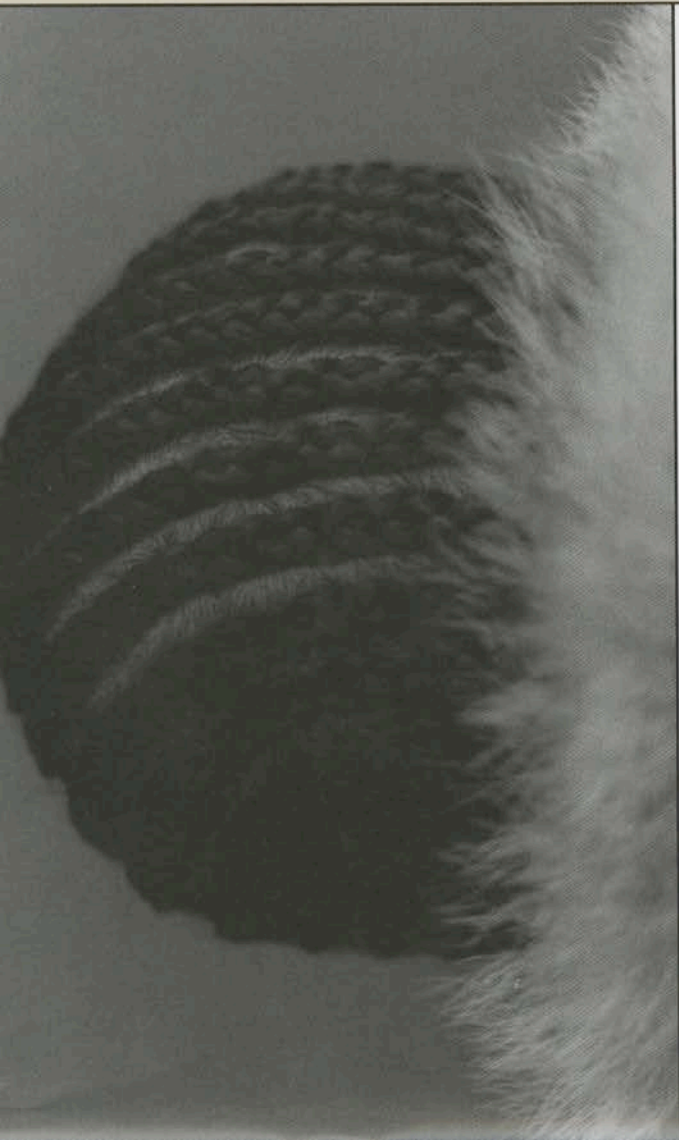
Aaron Shapiro

The compulsion to record must catch us off guard. Why else would I have taken these snapshots of forgettable faces ranged in a field by a squat concrete block, like a missile-silo, the reticent blank backside of a Wal-Mart or Home Depot? Why photograph un-people in a no-place if not because the need to document sparks like a jarred funny bone, jolting the nerve circuits between hand and eye, triggering the camera's freeze: a frame of null feeling? Is it reflex, fear of death? Each shutter click casts perspective to the vanishing point; there, the horizon renders its inscrutable line.



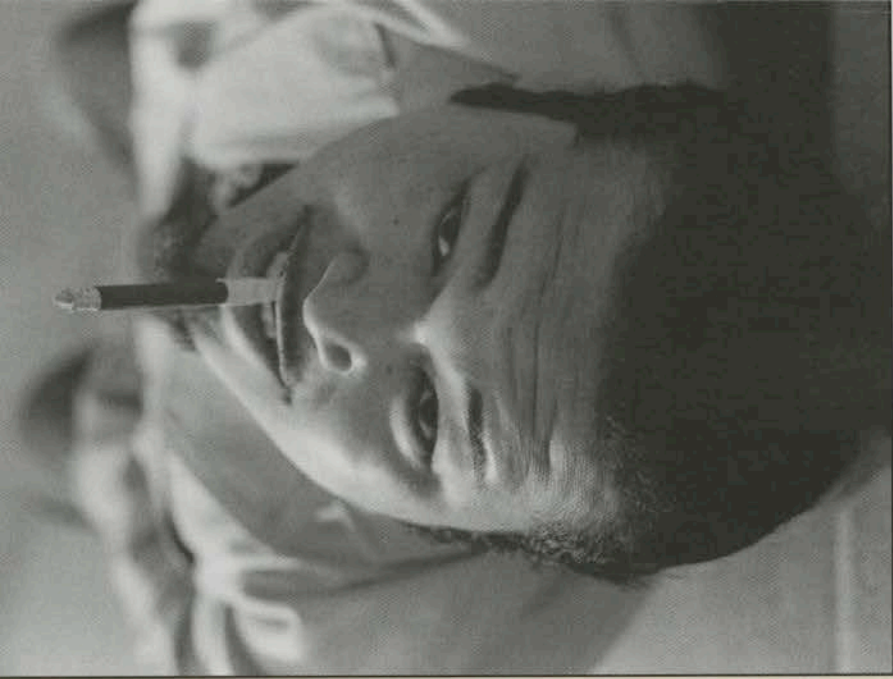
**Downtown Memphis**  
Langston Gatewood  
black and white photography





**Nashville B-boy Scene [bottom]**  
Justin Keonin  
color photography

**My Friend 3 [top]**  
Chalit Chawalitangkum  
black and white photography



**My Friend 2**  
Chalit Chawalitangkum  
black and white photography





## Strained Relations

Jacob Sharbel

Scene: Paris, July 1912. A café. Two women are sitting with their husbands at a table smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee and eating beignets. They are LUCIEN BRIDGEWATER, his wife MRS. BRIDGEWATER, ALFRED CAPUS and his wife MME. CAPUS.

CAPUS: Absurd. Just absurd. I think, actually, you are wrong in this matter, Lucien. I'll ask you, respectfully, again: what's to stop me right now from pulling my pistol from my dear wife's handbag and shooting you where you sit?

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: But for what reason, M. Capus? What cause has my husband given you to shoot him down like that?

BRIDGEWATER: Indeed, Alfred, if you want to prove your point in this argument —

CAPUS: Don't call it that. Call it a difference of opinion. Please.

BRIDGEWATER: What's the difference?

CAPUS: If we have a difference of opinion, then I can shoot you dead as soon as I decide that you are so wrong in the matter that you no longer deserve to live.

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: And what exactly gives you that power?

CAPUS: My pistol does. And that's my point exactly. An argument on the other hand, my dear Mr. Bridgewater, is a word bearing more ... civilized connotations.

BRIDGEWATER: You might think that you and I are capable of being so uncivilized as to shoot each other right here and now, but we obviously are not. Here we are with our wives, smoking, drinking coffee and having an argument — not a difference of opinion. To prove your point, should you not show the same restraint that actual murderers show? No one shoots a person in a café, no matter how deranged or vengeful.

CAPUS: That might very well be your opinion, but I — hand me your bag, dear — I differ with you in my more enlightened way of thinking. Thank you.

MME. CAPUS: You're welcome.

CAPUS: Now let me show you why I'm right. This is my pistol. I don't like my pistol. Nor do I like any pistols on the face of this earth. They are bred for death. They accomplish harm and do nothing else. With one of these in my hand —

(CAPUS shoots at BRIDGEWATER, who then clutches his chest and crashes forward, his face hitting the table. MRS. BRIDGEWATER screams.)

— I am God, and the people — oh, please, Mrs. Bridgewater, show some respect for the dead and just sit down, I'm only trying to prove my point — the people whose opinions differ from mine are God's enemies. And why is this a bad thing?

MME. CAPUS: Why's that, dear?

CAPUS: Well, I'm glad you asked. I'm glad that someone at this table understands the importance of my opinion during such barbaric times. It's a bad thing for everyone to be a god because ... well, because we are not gods. We are men. Mortal. Human. Not gods at all. At least ... not in the Judeo-Christian, monotheistic sense. We are all gods, however — or, at least, we all become gods — as soon as we lay our hands on heavy artillery. And a pantheon of pistol-wielding miscreants is never a happy place to be — at least, not if you're mortal and easily irritable. When it comes down to it, the only god on this earth is merely the man with the biggest gun. In this café, I happen to be that man.

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: What have you done? What did he do to you? What have you done?

CAPUS: I've merely proved my point to your beloved and most recently deceased husband. Look around you, Ms. Bridgewater. No one cares that you have a husband or that I, seemingly unprovoked, have just shot him.

MME. CAPUS: It's a good point. It's a good point, Mrs. Bridgewater.

CAPUS: Indeed, I believe it is. It's a man's nature, ladies, to have far too diminished a sense of sympathy for a wronged person ... or far too little a desire to seek justice when evil work is done. He knew I had a gun —

MME. CAPUS: Surely, you must see, by that logic, your husband practically deserved to be shot.

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: You're the one who's done evil.

CAPUS: Yes. And a gun helped me do it. I shouldn't have done it so easily — I wouldn't have wanted to do it so badly — had I not had a gun. That, after all, was my point. Your husband should not have differed with me in his opinion.

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: May I go call a policeman now? Or are you planning to shoot me, too?



MME. CAPUS: Oh Alfred, don't shoot her. It wasn't her fault. Show some restraint. You wouldn't shoot a woman. A woman would never shoot you.

CAPUS: Out of respect for the dead, I will let you go. Let me be the first to offer you my condolences. I am sorry for your loss. Your husband was a fine, but wrong, man.

MRS. BRIDGEWATER: You're going to jail. You're a madman. You deserve to be locked up.

(MRS. BRIDGEWATER exits.)

MME. CAPUS: Oh, Alfred, do you think she's right? Do you think you'll go to jail?

CAPUS: Ha! I doubt it. Let's see her get a jury willing to convict me rather than my gun. This is the seventh murder — the seventh — to take place in this café in the last year alone. I asked my attorney yesterday what he thought would happen to me if I shot my dear friend — "You know the one," I said, "that American fellow, the critic, Bridgewater" — over midday beignets and cigarettes in the Café Croissant for no apparent reason. He told me, what with all these murders nowadays, that my lack of a reason was as good as anyone else's. He tells me that, of the six other murders committed here in the past year, all of the three men who have been tried have been acquitted of all charges. The lawyers of the other three defendants are confident that they, too, will win. I have little to fear. Sympathy and justice these days are afforded always to the survivors, rather than the victims, of these bloody encounters. I cannot simply tolerate Bridgewater and his fellow critics when they set out with their attempts to question and ruin the quality of my plays and jeopardize my honor, my integrity and my high standing in the writing community with their critical, always-negative reviews.

MME. CAPUS: Oh, dear. I know. I know, dear. I know he hurt your feelings with that article.

CAPUS: It really hurt my feelings so badly. It made me want to cry.

(BRIDGEWATER pops up.)

BRIDGEWATER: Well, I've seen better plays, Alfred, especially from you.

MME. CAPUS: My lord, Mr. Bridgewater! You're not dead after all. How can this be?

CAPUS: That's kind of you to say, Lucien, but that doesn't even begin to erase what you wrote about me in your little review.

BRIDGEWATER: I stand by my words, as you should stand by yours. I still say a play involving a shootout in a café over absolutely nothing is just absurd.

CAPUS: Yes, but you've missed the point. You see no one reacted, just as I said no one would, just as it happens in the play.

BRIDGEWATER: Except my wife.

CAPUS: Ah, yes. Bless our dear wives. They wouldn't harm, or want harm to be done, to anyone.

BRIDGEWATER: Well, I suppose I should get going. I must find her and tell her it was only a joke ... not even a joke exactly ... just an attempt on our part to continue trying to settle a bitter bet. Women can be so gullible and so picky about the kind of attention they receive. I'll tell her she reacted exactly as you predicted she would, but I doubt that'll give her much consolation. It's quite funny, really, the way they — I mean women — react to crises. Irritating, at times. But mostly funny. I'll tell her it was only a joke to commemorate her birthday. Yes. That's what I'll say.

MME. CAPUS: But I saw you shoot him. I saw it. He was dead. A joke? What kind of a sick joke ...

CAPUS: They can be rather gullible indeed. And yes, the outcome of such gullibility is rarely not hilarious. Farewell, old friend. Do tell her I apologize. Do wish her a happy birthday for me. (BRIDGEWATER exits.) How delightful. I do enjoy Mr. Bridgewater's company. Isn't he delightful — just delightful, my dear? (Beat) Dear? Are you all right?

MME. CAPUS: Oh, that was awful. You had me agreeing with you. I feel like I'm going to be sick.

CAPUS: Ah ha ha. Women. (Pause.) It's odd, don't you think, dear? Mrs. Bridgewater didn't seem at all fazed that her husband was dead. Even when she screamed, I think perhaps she seemed more distressed at the prospect of her dress being ruined than she was at the thought of her husband being dead. How queer, I say.

(END SCENE)



## Dream Catcher

by Travesty Vasquez-Terry, Contributing Staff  
Photographs courtesy of ©Keith Carter Photographs

A novice photographer stands at a Greyhound station waiting for the bus to New York City. He remembers everything that he had to do in order to get to this exact moment in time, selling everything he owned, except his camera, to uncover the mystery that had haunted him ever since he took his first photograph.

As he waits, he remembers the kitchen of his childhood home and the magical appearance of figures on photographic paper under ginger light—his mother reigning as the magician. He remembers the encouragement of his mother's smile and yearning for a father who was never there. He anticipates touching the photography of the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), art he had only seen in the books his mentor lent him.

As he remembers the dream that is taking him to New York, the bus arrives. Lifting his foot to enter the dream chariot, he turns abruptly to look at the city that he is leaving, trying to capture its familiarity for he knows that when he returns what he sees will be entirely different.

Can you imagine sacrificing all of your possessions for your dream? Fortunately, Keith Carter made this sacrifice and boarded the bus "and that has made all the difference."

Keith Carter is a photographer who taught me how to recover and pursue my dreams through his example. Before speaking with Mr. Carter, I already felt as if I knew him because his photographs speak to me. They say: "I know where you are in your pursuit, because I have been there too." Through following his vision, Carter shows us his ability to capture the world and purposely transcend cultural boundaries.

The one thing I remember most about my interview with him was when he said that everything, no matter how small, needs our attention. His photographs and words made me think about dreams — my dreams and yours — and the importance of following them no matter the sacrifice.

As a child, Carter's father abandoned the family leaving Carter's mother to provide for the family as a photographer, which is how Carter was introduced to photography. One day, Carter was drawn to one of his mother's pictures. "The lighting was unlike anything I had ever seen before," he remembers. After seeing the beauty that could be made with a camera, he then began taking photographs himself and recounts as a reason for his pursuit, "My mother believed in and encouraged me. We all need [encouragement]."

Carter, who graduated from college with a degree in business, found passion for photography by accident. He told me, "Accidents, things you weren't expecting, can become main plots." He could have chosen to take the easier, more lucrative, path but he chose to follow a vision that has enriched his life and the lives of those who experience his art.

After graduation, he headed to Europe where he discovered art, which "changed [his] life." When he returned, he entered business graduate school, and upon discovering his

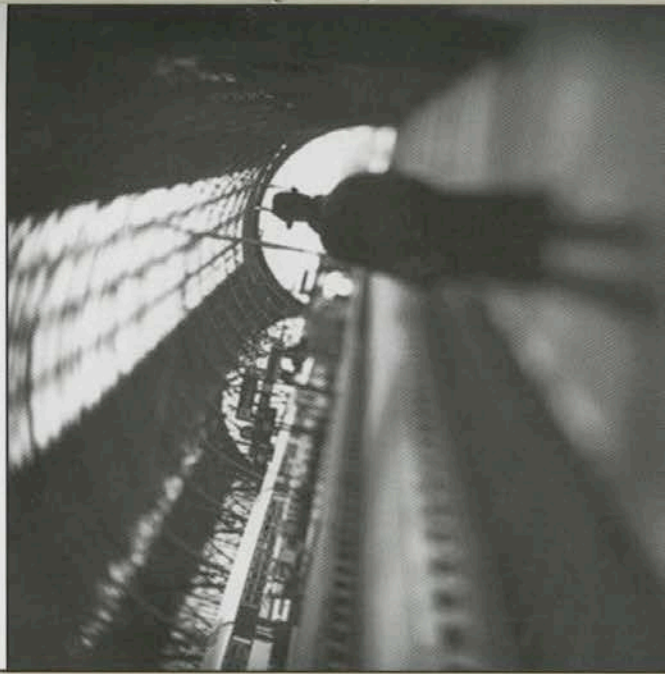


Giant

©Keith Carter Photographs 2004

Railway Station

©Keith Carter Photographs 2002





disdain for it, he dropped out. "All I cared about was making photographs," Carter remembers.

He also recalled his mentor, David Cargill, telling him, "You don't want to only think like a photographer;" therefore, he sold everything he had to spend three weeks in New York to visit the MoMA. He credits the three weeks he spent in New York and access to Cargill's library as his "[photographic] graduate education."

While in New York, he visited the MoMA consistently three days a week for two hours a day. Only while wearing white gloves could he examine the fine art of the photographers on whom he was educated. "I could have been holding emeralds or diamonds or something really precious, and it would not have given me near the satisfaction of holding [this art]," Carter recalls.

While there, he discovered the photography of Paul Strand. He credits his appreciation for subjects to Strand. "There was such an innate humane respect, it appeared to me as a young man, for what [Strand] was making images of ... and I just loved that work," Carter comments about Strand. Carter felt that other photographers were great and raised the bar, but they were perfect. According to Carter, Strand was different, not perfect, and accessible.

Because Carter did not have much knowledge about specific photographers, he is grateful to the interns at the MoMA for taking it upon themselves to bring him work of photographers they thought he should experience. "I ran out of money after about three weeks; I took the bus back, and I was never the same. It was a wonderful thing," says Carter.

After he returned to Beaumont, he began making photographs that were biographical. Carter explains, "I am self-taught and all of my work is biographical. I use my camera as my diary—just like my pictures, times have been good and they have been not so good."

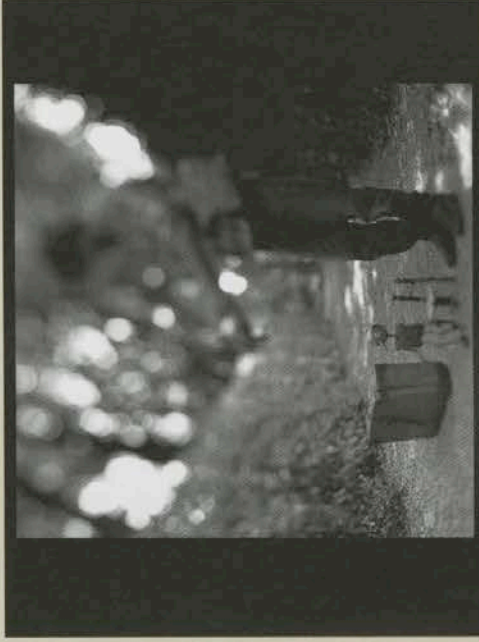
Over time Carter's style of photography has changed into an art that captures the magical aspect of his surroundings. One critic from a documentary about Carter produced by Anthropy Arts states, "He's like a jazz musician that plays just off beat." This effect is done so his viewers can see what they want to see in his art. Carter supplies the view and allows his audience to apply the voice. It is apparent in his art that Carter is very respectful to his subjects and to the realities of life.

Carter says about his photography: "My photographs are like the awkward silences we all experience during conversation." Carter's desire is to unite us by giving us a vision of his dream, which embodies compassion for society.

In this, we begin to realize that following our dreams affects society as well as

ourselves. It is important to understand that our dreams, no matter how big or small, must at least be considered in order to make a difference in the world. In this way Carter connects us all.

The problem is that, when we wish, we expect our desires to fall into our laps instead of fighting for them. Anything worth having is worth fighting for. "We have to hold on to our dreams and do the work in order to make them a reality," advises Carter.



Pinocchio

©Keith Carter Photographs 2002  
thinking if he can do it, so can I?

Whatever Mr. Carter is thinking, it is apparent to me that the dreamer is meeting the dream at an intersection of destiny. I could not have foreseen the interconnectivity and the power of obtaining my aspirations through Mr. Carter achieving his own.

As I write, it becomes clearer to me how the importance of following a dream affects not only the dreamer, but also those whom the dreamer touches. I begin to anticipate the reality of my dream, realizing that the point is not that I am accomplishing a childhood aspiration as I write this article, but that I can serve as a catalyst to ignite you, the reader, into believing in yourself enough to follow and claim your own dreams as Keith Carter is doing for me.

Through Carter's story we learn that even as artsy college students we can obtain, while giving back to our society, much more than we ever thought possible if we retain the nerve to have a daring vision, capture it no matter how small the lens and believe in ourselves enough to process and develop that vision to our own satisfaction.

Carter's confidence in himself is an example that working hard and believing in ourselves are essential ingredients for success. Carter's advice: "Do the work. Talking about [a dream] does not make it happen. Nothing counts unless you do it."

In the instant that the words leave his lips I am embarrassed because becoming a writer had been the most important dream I had, and I let it go because it got too hard. I uncovered the truth about myself because of this man, whom I did not personally know, following his dream to unite us all through his photography.

As I continue to speak with Mr. Carter, I wonder if he knows that through his lens and the shutter of his camera all of his hard work—the years of trial and error—helps me to recognize my will and desire to see my own unrealized dream to the end. Can he sense that as he speaks I am

thinking if he can do it, so can I?

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Keith Carter is an internationally recognized photographer and educator. Born in Madison, Wisconsin in 1946, he holds the endowed Wallis Chair of Art at Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas. He is the recipient of two National Endowments for the Arts Regional Survey Grants and the Lange-Taylor Prize from The Center for Documentary Studies at Duke University. In 1997 Keith Carter was the subject of an arts profile on the national television show, *CBS Sunday Morning*. In 1998, he received Lamar University's highest teaching honor, the University Professor Award, and he was named the Lamar University Distinguished Lecturer.



Compilation  
Sarafina Croft

A snow flaking falling  
melting  
sticking to surfaces  
rough  
smooth

uneven  
Vivid tropical hues recite I love you in shades of emotions unspoken  
Dreams a long time elusive  
They evade me  
Last night you engaged me in playful banter  
Up and down the stairs of my heart you dance  
Approaching, receding  
Drawing near, retreating  
I heard our laughter  
I wake up smiling the morning after  
Salty mist dripping  
splashing  
landing on sheets  
naked  
brown bodies  
making

music  
Uttering language of a soul longing for singular desire  
Thoughtful melodies escape under the guise of notes  
Play I some music  
The aria of your soul  
El tango  
La salsa, la rumba, la cumbia  
La voz de su alma  
You play la guitarra  
Play for me

Pen glides across paper  
leaving  
traces  
words  
outlines  
paraphrases  
punctuated by searching  
fingers  
A love poem is born  
Words like let there be, love  
The wisdom of a soul too old for human years  
Weaving tapestries of two universes colliding expanding free falling  
Laying down lyrical prophecies  
A poet finds her voice  
They move forward together  
They lie  
They live  
They love forever  
melting  
sticking to surfaces  
rough  
smooth  
uneven  
splashing  
landing on sheets  
naked  
brown bodies  
making  
music  
leaving  
traces  
words  
outlines  
paraphrases  
punctuated by searching  
fingers  
Play for me.



## The Indecisive Horn Blower

Andrew E. Ailey

An indecisive horn blower takes it slurred and slow through staccato  
Screams I've got soul without vibrato  
And shows no emotion in his solo.

With a flourish on the intro  
he diminishes to single notes  
wondering if the crowd will notice  
broken-parts-of-melody.

When supported by three capable musicians  
not hesitant to strike their respective instruments  
the indecisive horn blower is certainly without discipline  
and open to suggestion.



Out for Fame  
Justin Keoninh  
color photography



## Consolation Prize

Pam Manley Davis

Sitting at a red light  
under a cloud of gray  
I see a patch of baby blue.  
A jacketed man pulls it  
from the back seat of his van.  
A baby blanket, I now see,  
its satin borders shimmering  
from some strand of sun  
seeping through fog's fingers.  
On his knees, the man — in his twenties —  
takes something off the road,  
places it on the blanket,  
and deftly wraps it into a bundle the size,  
say, of a man's boot.  
I watch him two-hand carry the bundle  
to a coated figure, a boy about eight,  
who receives the bundle —  
not a boot, but a puppy,  
whose black paw escapes the folds  
and dangles limply over the boy's arm.

The blue blanket, now spotting red,  
soaks tears streaking off the cheeks of the boy  
nuzzling his face in the bundle.

Recoiling from under the man's hand  
resting on his shoulder,  
the boy stoically turns and trudges away.

On green I follow the road ahead,  
But not before I glimpse the pained face  
of the man stepping into his van,  
the raised arm of an empty infant's car seat  
behind him. His is not the look of a  
victor of the game he unwittingly played  
with the puppy vying  
for the same spot on the road.

This was a game that boasts no winners,  
only losers —

the puppy, the boy, and the man  
whose blue-ribboned blanket

is meager consolation for the boy  
who feels gut-kicked with each breath.

I picture the boy heaving shovelfuls of dirt  
to guard the memory of his puppy  
bundled in a patch of baby blue.

## Ceaseless Rebirth

Chris Byrd  
mixed media

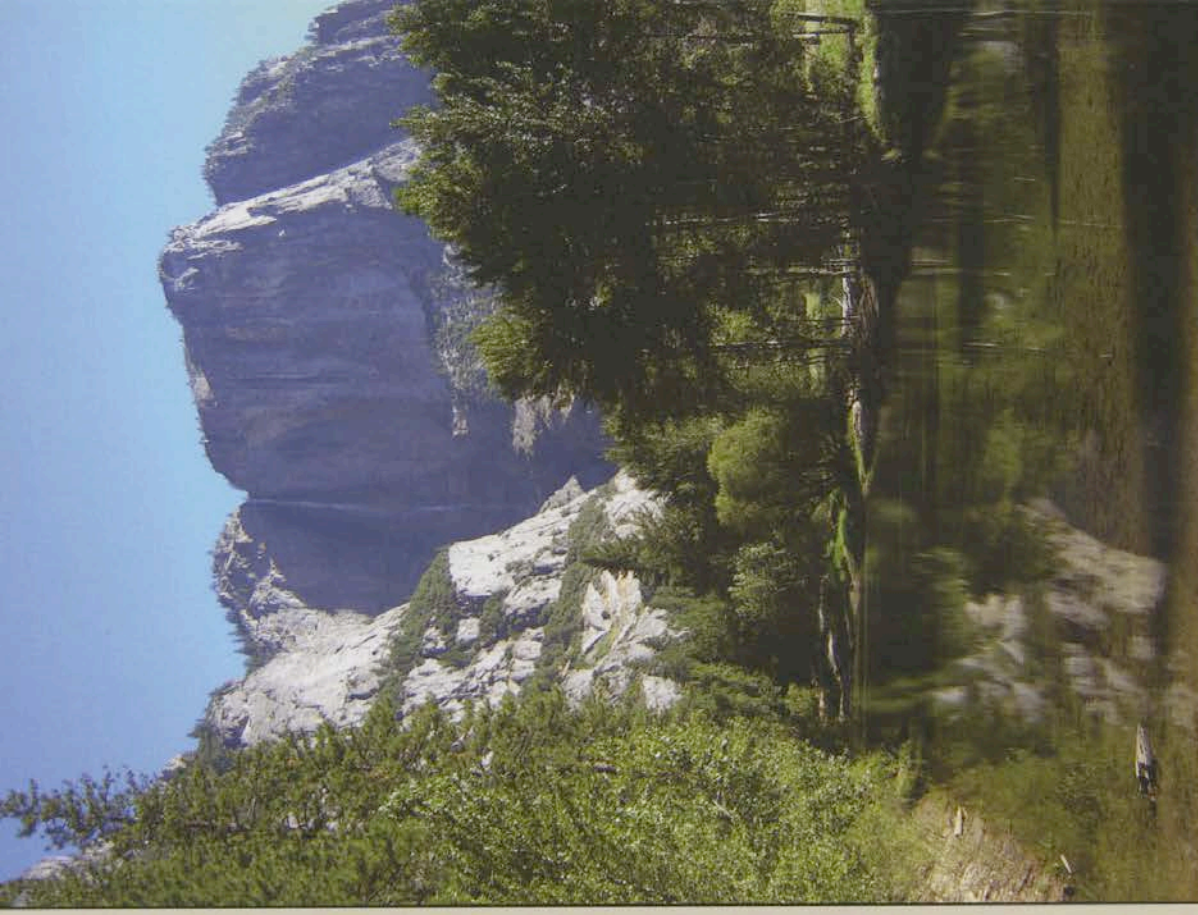


## Sunset on Maui

Leslie Dudney  
color photography







We Live in a Beautiful World  
Jillian Dixon  
color photography



Winding Walkway  
Jacob Hall  
black and white photography



**Pretentious Ghosts**  
Brandon Bouchillon

-FLASH-

Lightning streaks across my window, disappearing then taking the power with it. I rise from a fitful sleep. The red hue of a digital alarm clock burns my eyes, counting off casualties with each passing second — the death of sleep or maybe the sleep of death. Punch-drunk and half-awake, I light a candle. When all is primitive, these tiny ghosts guide our paths out of the darkness and into what we can't see. Without the electric hum of civilization, the gradual flame of a wick leads the way. I move to the window with my glowing spirit in hand. Lights, still on down the block, stare back at me.

“What the hell?”

Inside myself it's always dark. I'm locked in a claustrophobic metaphor, but free to come and go as I see fit. My house, and I have no idea why, has always resembled a coffin. I'm entombed in suburbia. Shadows flicker, revealing then disappearing, as I grope my way forward. My ghost leads me out of my room and into the hallway. I follow, but through his eyes, seeing what I'm supposed to and nothing more. Inching forward, I stumble just enough to send myself facedown onto the well-worn carpet. The pain subsides gradually, and as I rise, I consider the meaning of perception. If I don't see it, is it really there?

-CRASH-

A distant noise echoes through the house. I hear myself half-whisper, “Hello?” The light from my candle quivers slightly. Onward to my destination: the source of power, or presently the lack of it, a cold, blue-grey circuit breaker one floor down. The stairs receive our full attention. We trod downward, oblivious of everything except the next step. The house breathes in the darkness, contracting, then expanding. It seems to tremble with a heartbeat of its own. At the bottom of the stairs is a narrow hallway. It leads to an even darker nothing, the pitch-black stomach of the beast. I know the circuit breaker rests on the far wall.

In the thick night, my ghost's presence diminishes even further. If such blackness suffocates him, then I'm all but unconscious, walking through a macabre dream. Click, click, click ... I reach the breaker, flipping it three times but to no avail. A stream of curses pours from my lips. That vital moment of decision is at hand, but blackness drowns thought; confusion clouds procession.

“Maybe if I ...”

-SLASH-

A silver bolt of lightning, smaller and sharper than the one from the window, glides under my chin and across my neck. My ghost is dead. Standing there in perfect dark, a waterfall, hot and sticky with the consistency of motor oil, erupts down my chest.

“Ggg-gggg.” I try to gasp but don't have the means for it. A thick bubble of black ooze is all I can muster. It pops then slowly reappears, whispering the terror I can't cry out. Falling to my knees, I think of my ghost.

“Why didn't I see it coming? He did this to me, casting shadows. His selfishness has killed me.”

Warmth still flows from my neck. It quickly grows familiar then comforting, slowly, more and more, yes, helping me realize, this isn't so bad. As the last of my blood filters through the ragged gash in my throat, thoughts of glowing spirits flicker in my head. Then, I seamlessly transform into one. Somewhere, a candle has been lit.

-FLASH-

Lightning crashes outside my window, and I sit up quickly, taking deep, slow breaths, which reveal no holes, no deflation. Inhale. Exhale. Then, a low hum, and the power goes out.

-CRASH-

“Dammit. Where'd I put that candle?”





Selling the Oddball  
April Dill  
oil painting



## Old Photo/New Experiences

Courtney Ferraro

It is 7 a.m., and I am already late. I might as well take the time to stop and look at him. I see him everyday. I have no idea who he is, but I have known him all of my life. The wooden bench beneath him is rotten with decay. The pipe he smokes is black with a lean metal mouthpiece. His hair, white and thinning, sits atop his head in complete disarray. His flannel, open-collared shirt, its color unable to be distinguished, hides under his dark, aging dress coat. The trees, now browning because of the season change, stand silent behind him in the cool park breeze. His full white mustache turns up at the ends and covers his lip gracefully. Apprehension shows on his senescent face. His pipe releases a billowing cloud of smoke. He sits, his weight shifted onto his left elbow and his right arm rested in his lap. A shadow rests on the right side of his face.

“His face is a story,” my father once told me when he was explaining the photograph he took in downtown Chicago the fall of 1973. He was right for once, as much as I hate to admit it. My father told me that every day when he walked through Lincoln Park from photography class he would see the man captured in the photograph sitting on the same bench smoking mint tobacco out of the same cornhusk pipe. One day my father asked for permission to photograph the old man who kindly agreed. My father told the stranger that as soon as the film was processed he would be happy to share the finished photograph with him. Unfortunately, my father never saw the nameless man again.

I am now five minutes late, and still in my house thinking about this man. For as long as I can remember, this old man has greeted me in the morning and said goodbye to me as I leave. He was there when I got my first puppy and when I received my first kiss. He was there the first time I laughed at an episode of *I Love Lucy*, when I lost my first dog and when I cried in my father’s arms. He was watching me when I read *Flowers in the Attic* and when I was first exposed to *The Beatles* on vinyl. Everyone who passes notices him. He has traveled with me to two different cities, and although I haven’t adjusted very well, moving never seems to be a problem for him. He was there when I left for college and will be there when I return — against my will.

This man knows me better than anyone else does. Even though I have never met him, his spirit lives through the image that my father captured over thirty years ago. Because of this, I feel like I understand him just as well as I believe he understands me.



Untitled  
Blake Barton  
digital collage

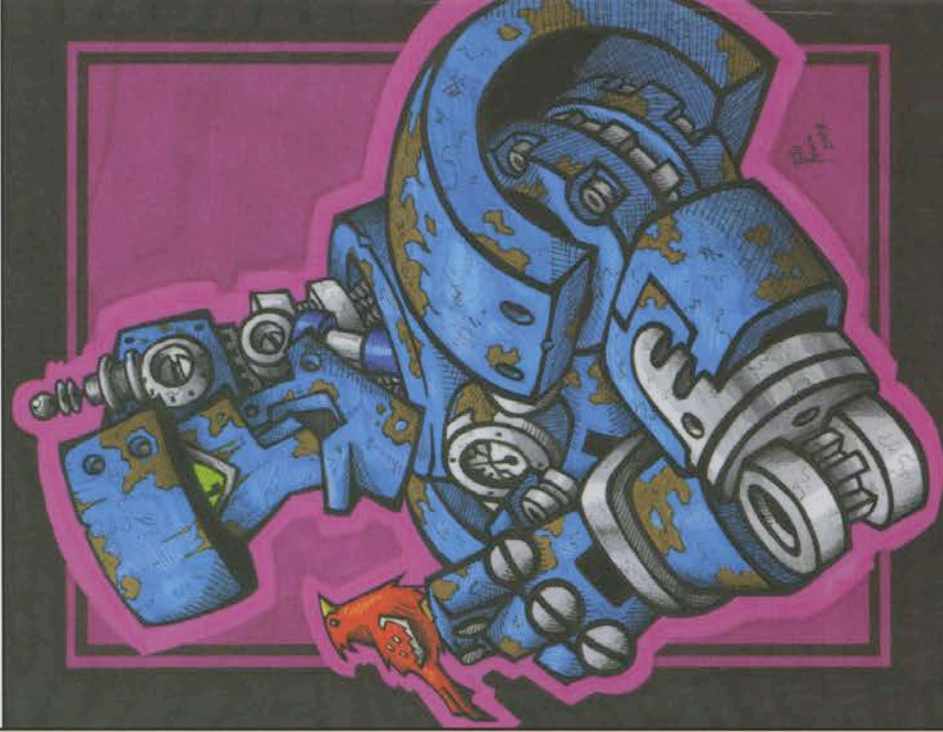


## Modern Mythology

Jamie Lovett

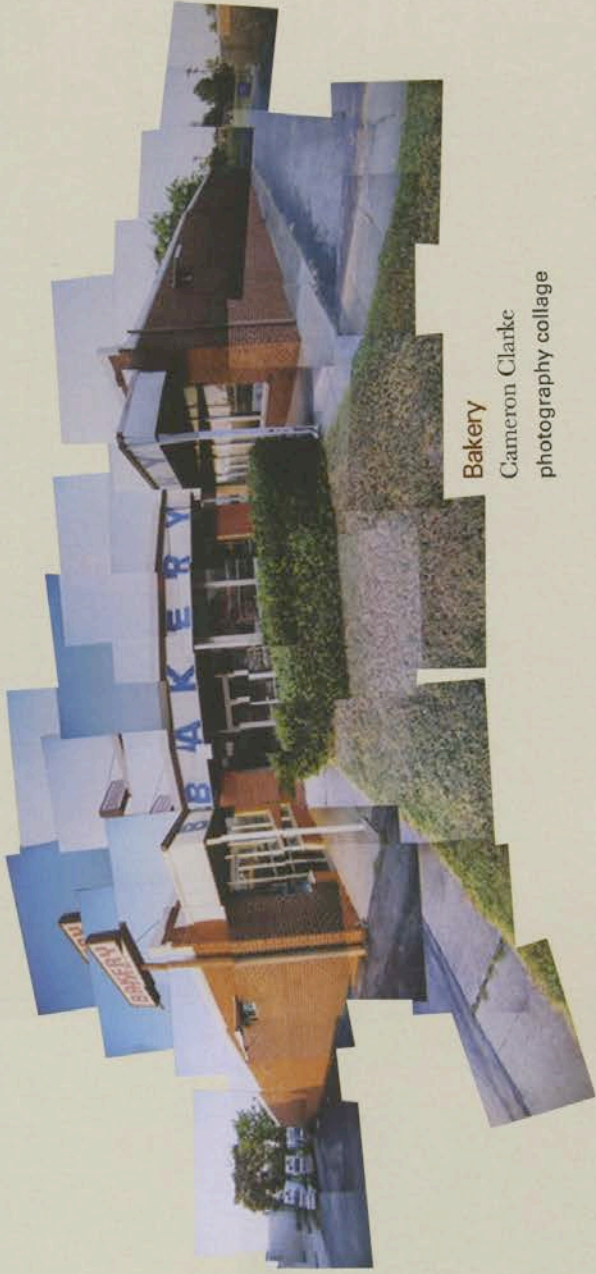
Yesterday, I turned through tattered pages from classic times  
Where I met a hero engaged in twelve tasks as repentance for his madness  
I fought beside a man to whom harm only came through his heel  
In a lovers' quarrel that would see a horse bring a city to its knees  
I traveled home for two decades, escaping a monster's eye on the underbelly of a lamb  
With a man who knew the love of a nymph, but never forgot the love of his wife  
I sailed aboard the Argo, in search of a fleece of gold  
And was told of a man who cut off a head with eyes that would turn you to stone  
I heard a sphinx's riddle answered by a man that would make himself blind  
And traveled through a maze called home by the bull of Minos  
The epic stories of ancient heroes

Today, I read through paneled pages of brightly colored newsprint  
In the sky I saw a man of iron and a man of steel, whose cape I should not tug  
On the rooftop of a ruined city, a dark knight battled a clown prince  
While elsewhere Canadian claws fought with a green giant, made of radiation and rage  
The Phoenix Force died in the Cyclops' arms, only to be born again  
There was a Greek Amazon with bracelets of gold, a patriot with a starred shield  
And a crippled man wielding the mighty Mjolnir  
I found a cosmic lantern shining with a powerful green light  
As my neighborhood was traversed by a friendly web-slinger  
The elements were personified by a man of stone and a man of flame  
A woman who looked like air and her husband, with water's bones  
The epic stories of modern heroes



Rusty  
Bill Bynum  
inked sketch





**Bakery**  
Cameron Clarke  
photography collage

**I close off**  
Jarvis Griffin  
performance poetry

Long before the day is over, I close my eyes and  
See no more.  
This false reality a cosmic fallacy, perpetuated in the hearts of men;  
I turn inside to open the perceptual doors of truth ...  
Through experience ...  
Through being, I witness life in a constant struggle — the necessary chaos is harmony;  
The vibrant earth-bound Spirit is peace.

The Self under siege beneath the threshold of an archaic mask of ideology;  
which is beyond relevance & beyond use & beyond belief.  
The world is ever changing; ever changing the world is ... in constant motion;  
Constant plagues plague the mind, the body and the soul.  
They are all One;  
One and the same they are & Time is a mind made solution for the forged  
social manacle of class, race, gender and economics.  
Time to reap, Time to sow;  
It is time to just let go and feel the experience of life and love.

Mass production of industrial fantasies  
sold on eBay markets while children  
in India & Africa & Asia & everywhere else slave.  
They eat sand cakes & dung cakes on lunch breaks  
for "A dollar A day" wages paid for our petty indulgences.

Ideas delivering blows and wounds upon the always-already swollen thoughts  
of a Hero gone Mad.

He + She = We are belligerent,  
Enticed by the ecstasy of a nothingness — of an emptiness and no-mind.

Meditation made simple & plain so that the sound of rain expresses  
more truth than can be gained from a volume of idled matter  
splattered on pages for pages and pages.

The word is absurd; the syllable is absurd.  
This non-reality posing as actuality,  
It is all ambiguous pomp, so forth and so on.  
So I just close off and live ever in motion.

I go on feeling,  
Go on breathing,  
Go on living life in the moment.  
Without mainstreaming these sensations,  
these impressions of life need no regulation.  
Through reasoned contemplation  
whatever is shall be.  
So I rather just Be  
and live ever in the motion of eternity.







## An excerpt from "Mop it Up"

Joseph Quarles

We lived from moment to moment. I never knew when the violence would start. One thing I did know with absolute certainty was the fact we were "white trash." Nobody liked our family. We didn't even like ourselves. My little sister was really messed up, my mother was crazy and my mother's boyfriend, Gary, was a scourge sent from Hell to punish us for being born.

It was a particularly cold day in late December. The ground was as hard as iron and what little snow there was lay in small powered spots, windblown into the dark pockets within tufts of dead grass. The trees clawed their skeletal branches into the sluggish skies that appeared as gray and listless as I felt. I was cooped up in the house with Gary. He had started drinking again two days earlier when he planted himself on the couch under an old blanket and cranked up the volume on the TV to maximum. He took a break from pickling his liver to shuffle into my room and demand that I go buy him more beer.

I looked at him, standing there in his dingy underwear, swaying and reeking of beer, and I said no. He cursed me, slammed my door and went stomping down the hallway. A little while later, I felt hungry and went into the kitchen. He staggered past me in the hallway, still wearing the old blanket like a monk's cowl, and snickered at me. Thinking he was planning mischief, I decided to try my luck at a fast food joint. I put on my battered leather jacket and headed out to my old Dodge Charger.

The moon was bright, and I saw immediately that something was wrong with my car. It was sitting low to the ground, and a beer can, glinting in the moonlight, sat on the hood. When I realized that Gary had slashed my expensive race tires, I walked slowly back to the house, absolutely furious. I felt like there was a train in my mind roaring toward the center of my consciousness. I went back to my room and sat on my bed in an attempt to calm down—to stop the train.

The moment I sat down I felt "it," a hot liquid feeling all along my backside. Slowly it dawned on me what "it" was. While I had been outside checking my car, Gary had decided to make a pit stop in my room and empty his beer-laden bladder all over the middle of my bed. For a moment, I couldn't move. I was actually stunned. The acrid, cloying stench invaded my nostrils, causing me to retch. I sat there feeling absolutely humiliated and soiled ... the train won. I got up, briskly walked to his room, shoved the door open and kicked him right in his lower back. I saw no other recourse but to converse in the only way he understood: violence. Ironically, life lessons rarely work out like the After School Specials. I learned this the hard way.

He sprang up and ran past me out the door. I chased him through the hallway and the kitchen, where he grabbed at an object on the table and then bolted to the back door. He ran out, and I shouldered the door shut, snapping the lock. When I ran back to the front door to try to lock it before he could get in,

Luck

Nicole Adcox

black and white photography



he was standing partially in the front doorway, breathing heavily and completely naked. His skin was beet red and wisps of steam were curling off his shoulders from his run outside in the cold. I noticed he was holding a serrated steak knife, apparently the one he had stuck my tires with. He chuckled softly and said in a voice as calm and authoritative as someone explaining a problem to small child: "I'm going to kill you. I'm going to watch you die. Then I will leave you here for your mother to find. I will let her see you first, and then I'm going to kill her too." I froze for a moment, unsure of what to do. Finally, instead of locking up like I always did in times of stress, I reacted.

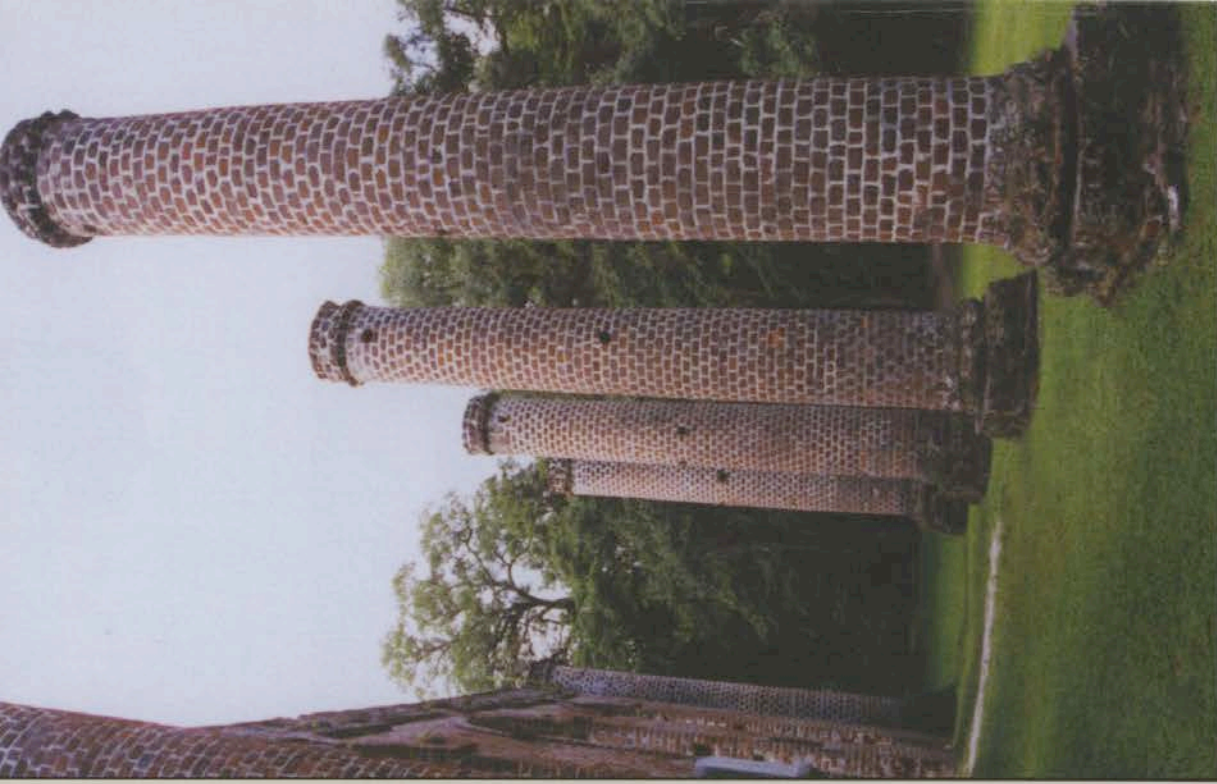
I kicked up high and hard at the door. The doorknob hit him square in the genitals with a squishy thud. He doubled over, and I flung myself at the door, trying to pin him with it. He jabbed with the knife, stabbing me hard. The knife went through my jacket sleeve into my right forearm, scraped the bone and snapped off. The pain was a searing, exquisite red jewel that caused spots to appear in my vision. It caused me to scream in a voice I had never heard before. After the shock, I regained my strength and overpowered Gary, knocking him to the floor. I then proceeded to kick him into the shrubs where I left him curled in a ball.

I pulled the knife blade out of my swollen arm with needle nose pliers and used cotton and duct tape to bandage the wound. Gary limped back to his room and locked the door. When my mom came home and saw the mess, she threw a fit. She ordered me to clean it up. I walked over with a kitchen towel and mopped

up my own blood. My own mother made me feel less than human, forcing me to apologize to the monster who had tried to extinguish my life. Later on, I lay on my blanketless bed cradling my throbbing arm, weeping into my pillow and wishing I never had been born.

Define irony. Two years earlier, my mother walked out of her bedroom and told me Gary had eaten two bottles of his medication. I panicked and asked her to call the ambulance. She said no and to let him die. I ran to his room and stared at his purple face. I could not let him die, no matter how much I hated him. I called 911 and waited for help. My mother called me gutless and said I would be sorry later. Her words came back to haunt me a few days after the fight in which I had nearly been murdered by the man whose life I had saved.

Looking back, I know with absolute certainty that I did make the right decision. It is not my place to take the life of another human being; in doing so, I would have become like the monsters I have seen throughout out my existence. I am the sum of my experiences, and I can only pray that, regardless of my past, I am a good man. I'd like to think that I am when I look into my son's eyes and see his genuine love and adulation. Yet, at night when I awake from nightmares, drenched in a cold sweat, I still ask myself: am I a good man?



## Pillars of Faith

Nicole Payne

color photography





**Vegas Lights**  
Brittney S. Gazaway  
black and white photography



## contributor bios

**Nicole Adcox** is a senior mass communication major from La Vergne, Tenn.

**Andrew E. Ailey** is a senior English major from Niota, Tenn.

**Dean Andrews** is a sophomore political science/pre-law major. He often reads spoken word at various open-mics in Murfreesboro and Nashville, Tenn.

**Blake Barton** is a senior graphic design major from Nashville, Tenn. He loves oatmeal and skateboarding.

**Brandon Bouchillon** is a senior journalism major from Kingsport, Tenn. He writes for *Sidelines* and has been published in a number of Tennessee entertainment magazines.

**Cristina Brito** is a freshman from Murfreesboro, Tenn. She is majoring in studio art and wants to become an animator.

**Bill Bynum** is a graphic design major and illustration minor from Franklin County, Tenn.

**Chris Byrd** is a senior art history major from Blount County, Tenn. Byrd wants to travel the world after he graduates.

**Chalit Chawalitangkun** is majoring in photography and plans to pursue a Master of Fine Arts.

**Cameron Chiles** is a senior English major from Columbia, Tenn. He has been published in *Sidelines* for his feature and music writing. Chiles intends to continue pursuit of music and writing after college.

**Cameron Clarke** from Shelbyville, Tenn., plans to be an artist and photographer after college.

**Sarafina Croft** is a senior from Smyrna, Tenn., double majoring in electronic media journalism and Spanish with a minor in linguistic studies. After graduating, she plans to study abroad in Latin America and then pursue graduate studies to teach English as a learning language.

**Natasha Dalton** is a senior textiles, merchandising, and design major from Columbia, Tenn. She plans to pursue a career in the apparel industry after graduating.

**Pam Manley Davis** is a doctoral student in English. She lives with her husband, Doug, and son, Phillip, in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

**April Dill** is a junior majoring in painting. She plans to teach at the college level after receiving her Master of Fine Arts.

**Jillian Dixon** is a transfer student from Chattanooga, Tenn.

**Leslie Dudney** is a senior from Johnson City, Tenn., majoring in organizational communications. She plans to move to Hilo, Hawaii, after graduating in May 2007.

**Courtney Ferraro** is a freshman English major from Memphis, Tenn. This is her first semester at MTSU. She enjoys environmentalism, photography and music.

**Brandi Fleck** is a senior journalism major from Nashville, Tenn. Fleck has been published in *Sidelines*, *The Daily News Journal* and in the restaurant guide, *Where the Locals Eat*.

**Langston Gatewood** is a junior mass communication major with a concentration in photography. Gatewood plans to study fashion photography in Paris, France.

**Brittney S. Gazaway** is a senior mass communication major focusing in photography who has previously been published in *Collage*. Gazaway is from Hendersonville, Tenn., and plans to open a studio.

**Casey Gillcrist** is a junior currently pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts, with a concentration in painting, and plans to attend graduate school.

**Laura Grant** is a junior who plans to pursue her Ph.D. in English if zombies don't attack first.

**Jarvis Griffin** is a senior English major from Knoxville, Tenn. He has been writing poetry and memoirs since age 13. He plans to be an English teacher after college.

**Jacob Hall** is a freshman biotechnology major from Goodlettsville, Tenn. He is considering photography as a minor, but wants to work in a DNA sequencing lab.

**Jenny Kemala** is a sophomore textiles, merchandising, and design major, concentrating in apparel design. She plans to be a patternmaker.

**Justin Keoninh** is a junior media design major from Murfreesboro, Tenn., who plans to pursue a career in art direction.

**Miranda Lewis** is a sophomore with hopes of being a painting major. After graduation, she plans to continue creating art and possibly pursue graduate school.

**Jamie Lovett** is a mass communication major, originally from

Boston but now resides in Cleveland, Tenn. He hopes to become a journalist or literary critic after college.

**Jennifer Moorman** is a senior English major, with a writing minor from Tifton, Ga. She plans to do something amazing with her life after college.

**Nicole Payne** is a senior Communication Disorders major from Bon Aqua, Tenn. She is an avid fan of *The Simpsons* and plans on pursuing a career in audiology.

**Jay Phillips** is a senior English major from Middle Tennessee. After graduating, he plans to pursue his master's degree and become an English teacher.

**Joseph Quarles** is a junior in the nursing program and currently a member of The National Collegiate Honors Council. He has previously been published in *Collage* and in *Mosaic*. Quarles plans to work in health care until his dreams of writing for a living are reached.

**Jeffrey Russell** is currently in the post-baccalaureate education program and graduated in 1999 with a major in electronic media communications. He has been published in *The Murfreesboro Post* and has written work for *Collage*.

**Aaron Shapiro** is a first year graduate student in literature. His work has appeared in *The Mangrove Review* and *Speak These Words: A Guerrilla Poets Anthology*.

**Jacob Sharbel** is a senior English major from Knoxville, Tenn. He has been a member of several creative writing groups at MTSU and plans to attend graduate school after receiving his bachelor's degree.

**Barbara Plummer-Smith** is a junior graphic design major from Murfreesboro, Tenn. After college, she plans to pursue her dream of designing Halloween graphics.



## staff bios

**Travesty Vasquez-Terry**, editor in chief, is a senior transfer student, having earned an Associates of Arts in English from Nashville State Community College with Highest Honors. She is currently pursuing a degree in liberal arts, with a minor in English.

**Melissa Spoonamore**, assistant editor, is a senior journalism major. She is minoring in English and education. After graduation, she hopes to join a magazine staff as a writer. She has enjoyed two exciting semesters working on the *Collage* staff.

**Michelle Small**, designer, is a senior transfer student from Volunteer State Community College where she graduated with an Associate of Science degree. Small is currently majoring in graphic design and minoring in interactive design through the art department.

**Marcus Snyder**, online editor, is a junior from Carthage, N.Y. Marcus is working toward a degree in mass communication with minors in English and computer science and has made the Dean's List every semester.

**Carolyn Crawford**, literature editor, is unable to release any personal information at this time because she is currently negotiating the sale of her life story. She hopes that the resulting made-for-TV movie will keep her in chocolate and books for the rest of her life.

**Will Cade**, assistant literature editor, is pursuing an English major with minors in writing, Spanish and psychology through MTSU's Honors College. He graduated from Brentwood High School with a Tennessee Honor's Degree in 2003. Upon his graduation, he hopes to visit Spain and work as a free-lance writer throughout Europe.

**Josh Alexander**, literature editorial review staff, is double majoring in horse science and philosophy. He is graduating in December. After, he plans to operate a shrimp boat and write nonfiction in the third person.

**Seokhee Cho**, literature editorial review staff, is receiving an advanced degree in curriculum and instruction. She is a graduate of Seoul National University in Korea and has been teaching English for over 20 years.

**Talia Cunetto**, literature editorial review staff, is a sophomore mass communication/theatre major. She currently holds a 4.0 GPA and plans to one day write for the New York Times while pursuing her love of acting. She is in the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and volunteers her free time tutoring elementary school students in Knoxville, Tenn.

**Amanda Hawkins**, literature editorial review staff, will graduate in December 2006 with a major in journalism/media design and minors in psychology and marketing. After graduating, she plans to move to Roanoke, Va., to pursue a career in face painting and origami.

**Graham Wells**, literature editorial review staff, is a junior studying in the field of accounting. He generally loves activities related to English and art and thus is thankful for the opportunity to serve on the *Collage* staff this semester. He is in love with life and the Maker of it. ~Psalm 23~

**Mandi Wochner**, literature editorial review staff, is a sophomore majoring in public relations. While staying involved in many school activities, she works hard to maintain her 4.0 GPA. She is also a proud new member of Alpha Chi Omega and plans to be a part of the *Collage* staff until graduation.

**Ashley Sherwood**, visual editor, is a junior working on a degree in media design with minors in art and marketing. She is a new member of Alpha Chi Omega and is also a member of both Films and Promotion Committees on campus. She plans to move to Chicago or New York City and design magazine layouts after graduation in 2008.

**Jolene Barto**, assistant visual editor, is one of the "Others." She is majoring in electronic media communication. All further information is classified at this time.

**Amy Powers**, visual editorial review staff, is a sophomore honor's student majoring in electronic media production. In addition to serving her third semester with *Collage*, she is also involved in Alpha Omega college ministry and the National Society of Collegiate Scholars.

**Jenny Stracener**, visual editorial review staff, is a sophomore communication disorders major. Even though she wants to be a speech pathologist in schools, she has an immense passion for photography and music.

**Elizabeth Tucker**, visual editorial review staff, is a recent transfer to MTSU majoring in international relations and minoring in French and communication studies. After finishing her degree at MTSU she hopes to attend graduate school and travel the world.

**Audrey Weddington**, visual editorial review staff, is a senior from Murfreesboro, Tenn. She plans to graduate in May 2007, with a double major in Spanish and advertising. After college, she plans to pursue her passion for Hispanic cultures by working in the field of mass communication.

### To submit to *Collage*:

*Collage* is now accepting submissions all year. Please check the submissions guideline for details. Deadlines for each publication will be posted on the website. Each submission must have a completed submission form. Submissions are turned in at the *Collage* office, Paul W. Martin, Sr. Honors Building, Rm. 224 between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. or by mail. Submissions will not be accepted over the internet. Please go to [www.mtsu.edu/~collage](http://www.mtsu.edu/~collage) for the submission forms and the latest *Collage* information. You must be a MTSU student to submit.

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