

# MONTAGE

2013-2014

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# Montage Edition 2013-2014

## *A Welcome to Montage*

Welcome to the 2013 – 2014 edition of MONTAGE. In a letter to H. G. Wells in 1915, the novelist Henry James wrote: “It is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance... and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and heart of its process.” The students who created and contributed art to MONTAGE personify this credo, alchemizing poems and stories and visual art from their own experiences into vibrant, interesting, important works to be shared. I was honored to be a part of MONTAGE this year and to work with several of the writers and artists included in these pages. There is so much talent and heart revealed here, demonstrating the centrality of creativity to the human spirit. When we make art, we are our best selves, and it has been a delight to see these students at their best.

This journal would not be possible without the generosity and dedication of several people. BIG THANKS to Dr. Robert Seufert and Dr. Ashley Green for their wisdom and advice, to Khara Koffel for her artistic expertise, to Dr. Allan Metcalf for his support, to the students of our English 250/Creative Writing Seminar for their hard work, and especially to Marcy Jones for her beautiful design and formatting of MONTAGE. Thank you, everyone, and happy summer!

Enjoy this year’s magazine,

Laura Bandy  
Professional Fellow  
Montage Advisor

# The Day I Found Rusty

Molly Herzog

Looking out the car window,  
all there was to see for miles were farms.  
Grass swaying,  
waltzing to a song I couldn't hear.

The building is brick, inviting, small.  
A flowerless garden made me feel at home.  
The doorway,  
invited me, called out my name.

The scent hit me,  
the sound startled me,  
the sight,  
the sight.

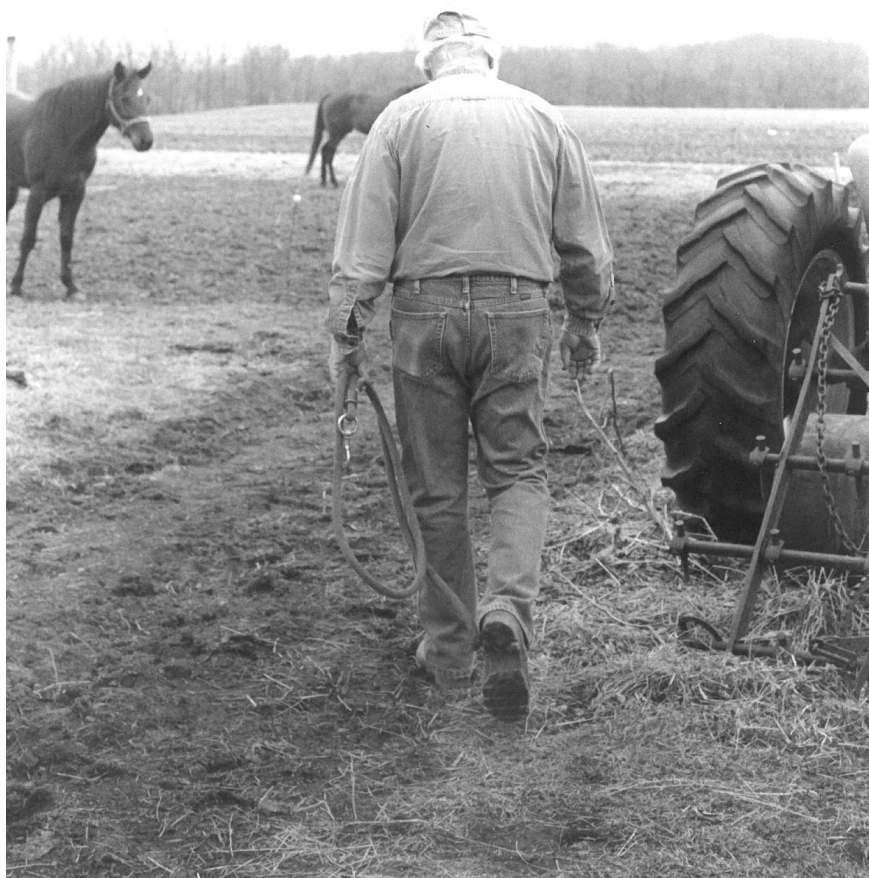
He had fur so white like a fresh sheet of paper,  
brown spots like wet sand beneath your feet.  
His eyes, drawing me in,  
eager, hopeful, scared, alone.

It was then,  
that very moment we locked eyes,  
that I knew,  
he would be mine.



## **America's Favorite Pastime**

Rochelle McElroy



## **"Richard" Series**

Kendra Brown

# Untitled

Jessie Ligocki

Pay attention to the cracks in the wall.  
That piece of white paint peeling away,  
Revealing the older, obsolete and forgotten surface.  
Notice the trim,  
Chipped away, defenseless against the sea of white from meeting  
the ceiling.  
Water, taking its toll, forming waves,  
Disturbances in a once perfect wall.

Pay attention to the detail on the floor.  
A chamber of memories innocently  
Revealing the life before.  
Crimson reds and charcoal grays,  
Flakes of the earth from outside,  
All collectively displayed on the carpet.

Pay attention to the room,  
A seemingly old, desperate abode.  
Attention to the detail,  
To the marks made by man and time,  
Reveal the definition by which some call home.



## **Mountains, *Reykjavik***

Kaytlyn Worner



# Money

Josh Bracken

Money runs the world.

It runs our life.

It makes us do things

It Controls us.

The way we talk to our love ones

Why does money be so precious?

Every day you worry about.

Take a step back.

And appreciate the real meaning of life.

Go out and enjoy it.

Everything in life shouldn't be about money.

Money can't buy happiness.

# Mask

Molly Herzog

Hanging from the ceiling  
swaying and turning,  
as vibrant as the day my  
father surprised me,  
returning after what felt  
like forever to my young mind,  
I reminisce now looking at  
the dog-like gift,  
yet I feel a pang because  
he is far away once again.



## **It's a Ruff Life**

Rochelle McElroy

## **The First Time I Heard Owl City**

Molly Herzog

My eyes grew larger than the moon. Air rushed into my lungs like a waterfall, yet I was still breathless. I had never imagined anything so intensely dreamy. Not even during my deepest slumbers.

His words swam to my ears, fish swaying through the ocean. So unfathomable, so lovely. Every sound lifted me up and I stayed there, floating with euphoria. While swirling around in midair I felt unreal, but so indefinitely complete.

# The Rival

Josh Bracken

It was a nice warm Monday of September  
Playing against a conference foe  
Their purple and yellow colors came unpleasant  
Were at home with our fans cheering us on  
I start off with a 20 yard run  
And kept that going on later with a 40 yard run  
And just knowing we can dominate them  
The game was ours to lose at the end  
With a key stop by our defense secured the win

# The Gridiron

Josh Bracken

Bloody sweat and tears have been put on that green grass  
You start out as just teammates but with what you go through  
Together you become brothers  
You go to battle with them every Friday night  
Underneath those hot lights with your brothers  
And playing your heart out there is no better feeling

# Color Outside the Lines

Tasha Morwell

I was three years old and I didn't know much  
But I knew that I was white  
And they weren't.  
I knew that I'd never seen people like them  
And it hurt  
When some of them sneered at my dad  
And called him "White Boy"  
Because I didn't understand  
It was just the laws of the land  
And every woman and every man there  
Had grown up feeling judged  
Like the clothes on their backs  
Weren't worth the miles they trudged  
Fighting Jim Crow  
And his crowd of cronies.  
And they resented us  
Because our faces were as white  
As the sheets they dreaded to see  
Worn as pointed masks marching down the street  
Screaming "YOU'RE STILL NOT FREE."

And I was four years old  
And I didn't know much  
But I knew that my daddy was a preacher  
And he started saying something that annoyed my pre-K teacher  
He said, "You gotta color outside the lines.  
Because everyone here has been thrown to the lions  
Everyone here has had hard times  
So we can't divide  
Into black and white  
We are A people.  
Singular.  
We are A church.  
One.  
And we're not giving up this fight."

'Cause I was only five years old  
But I knew that "we" meant "us" not "me"  
"We" didn't just mean "my family"  
It meant "everyone"

Regardless of race or creed.  
I remember the woman in the corner pew  
I remember especially how she would become so moved  
By the sermons  
That she would faint.  
Can you imagine?  
Every week  
Being brought to your knees  
Because something moved her in that pew  
And the holy dove was moving, too  
And every breath she drew  
Was hallelujah.  
And I thought...  
I've never seen that at a white church.

And by the time I was six years old  
I was proud of my principal  
For throwing up on a white cop's shoes  
After he pulled her over and accused her  
Of being black and wealthy  
Because that must mean she's a prostitute.  
I was proud the day my church  
Intimidated the Ku Klux Klan  
Instead of the other way around  
I was proud the day my church  
Reached around the world  
And touched the former Soviet Union  
I was proud the day I realized  
My church was no longer making history  
By simply being black  
Just like my father never made history  
By simply being white  
No  
WE were making history  
By simply  
Being  
Incredible.

When I was seven years old  
We had to move again  
But not before my mother  
Received a plaque that said  
"Honorary African American Woman."  
And I got to feel proud  
All over again.



## The Artist's Mind

Brady Milnes

## I live down the street

Kathleen Hammock

Dear old woman with the wrinkled apple cheeks,

You don't know me

I live down the street

But I see you from time to time

Scrambling about in the daisies

So I hope you don't mind if I write.

You always seem so animated  
Sweeping your front porch  
Hustle Bustle Hustle Bustle  
Your tiny blue eyes darting about  
Like a little bird looking for bugs.

You like color  
Reds and Blues and Yellows and Greens  
Lively skirts swishing in time to the tune  
Whistle Whistle Hum Hum  
You sing

Your cheeks are weathered  
Like orchard apples  
Left in the cellar too long  
But you sing.

I guess that is why I'm writing.

I heard about Joe  
I heard about your Joe  
Never came back from the war  
I heard you waited a long time  
By the train.

Then one day you put on your colors  
Pulled your silver wisps in place with shiny pins  
And began to sing

I just wanted you to know,

I'm sorry about Joe.

# FM

Trina Crew

I drive alone back home a lot.  
The path is marked by places I pass,  
Trees and water are all around me.  
I think about other drives home before  
A different vantage not a different road,  
Trees and water are all around me.  
I wonder how long I'll drive this road  
The road seems to always change with  
Trees and water all around me.

# Untitled

Trina Crew

The wooly caterpillar is the longest living caterpillar  
The oldest caterpillar is the wooly caterpillar  
Arctic vampire butterfly  
Ice infinitely threatens to solidify  
But her veteran cells are fortified  
A pretty pop of crimson among black & white  
She watches the world freeze as years go by  
Everything she knows around her dies  
The wooly caterpillar is the oldest caterpillar  
The longest living caterpillar is the wooly caterpillar





## **"Richard" Series**

Kendra Brown

# Home is Not Where the Heart is

Jessie Ligocki

Helping a friend, that's what I was doing  
Because I thought that's what good people did.  
It was late,  
A waning moon illuminated my once recognizable surroundings.  
The porch light defined an unfamiliar place.  
A few reassuring words exchanged.  
I pushed my limits to make sure he was happy.  
It was 12:15,  
And a phone call,  
A simple 5 minute exchange of technological thought  
Was enough to make me believe.  
One small error,  
A miscalculation, misunderstanding, misguided intention.  
I was not good enough anymore.



## **An Everlasting Friendship**

Rochelle McElroy

# Painted Nails

Molly Herzog

Sitting on the couch looking at  
the bright polish as it captivates you,  
choosing one, you shake the bottle  
then twist the lid, the smell  
hits you like a gust of wind that's  
strong enough to mess up your hair.

Pull up the lid, revealing the brush,  
polish drips and you wipe the excess,  
as you lay out your hand like  
you intend to draw its outline.

Take the brush and paint your first  
nail, yell at your dog to stop sniffing  
you, move on to the next nail.

Now all your nails are freshly  
painted, as shiny as the metal  
on the nail clippers.

Until they dry, as dry as skin  
in the winter, don't touch  
anything, smudges are the  
enemy here, don't say I didn't  
warn you, in fact, just act  
as if you have no hands.



# Microscope Malfunction

Brady Milnes



## **Church, Reykjavik, Iceland**

Kaytlyn Worner

## **A Diamond for Clara Rose**

K. Jerome Schmidt

No matter how hard he tried Jimmy O'Toole couldn't yet grasp his hands on it. With all of the pressure he was feeling he was certain he finally had the diamond his girlfriend Clara Rose was dreaming of. It had been a year since the couple first discussed marriage and Jimmy trembled in joy at the thought of holding Clara Rose tight. Jimmy O'Toole had awakened extra early this morning so he could finish the chores the administrator had told him of the day before. Jimmy had told his administrator Alease Onour-Ownplace that today is going to be the day he goes down to the ol' pool to find the biggest diamond anyone in this area has ever seen. Doing so would prove to be a task for Jimmy O'Toole, since the mine that closed years before had started to flood. But today, was going to be THE DAY! Jimmy finished his chores and set down

the long path through the village, past the Melville Farm and Phil's Creek to the mine. The old sign was leaning on a section of corrugated metal bracing an adobe-style frame to the mine's entrance. Without hesitation, Jimmy stripped down to his underclothes and plunged into the mine. The water was far above his head so Jimmy O'Toole decided to get a large amount of air in his lungs to last until the next mine branch where the air pockets have been known to hang out and kick it. Jimmy was off! He swam like a trout through the underwater passage to the air pocket gathering place. And sure enough, there was an air pocket just waiting for him. Jimmy took one last huge breath and shot straight down into the abyss under the air pocket zone. It that a good term for where the air pockets hang out? I feel that they should have a place and they're likely in the zone so why not? So he shot down from what will now be referred to as the air pocket zone and deeper into darkness. Using only his hands to guide him he felt what he had been searching for to make sweet Clara Rose's day. He tugged and tore and scrapped away the dirt and stone in a frantic display. This probably had something to do with the great pressure he was feeling underground and underwater at the same time. Can you imagine? I mean, shit, that would be something I think. Jimmy surfaced with his favorite girl's treasure first in the air pocket zone and then journeyed back through the long corridor of aqua awesomeness in the dark. He came up out of that hole like a pig trying to get away. When Jimmy O'Toole found his best girl Clara Rose that evening he thought he would think of a smooth line to take Clara Rose by surprise. The best he could come up was blurting out I have a rock in my pants for you. You see, Jimmy had trouble containing secrets; a plague that had stayed with him from early adolescence when he and his friend Paul the Falconer would play in the boiler room at the Senior Citizen center nearby. Don't ask me why since then, I didn't get the details on that. Clara Rose being the offspring of well-to-do ruler salesman and his wife Faye did what any girl of privilege would do in that circumstance, she rode him for eighteen hours straight. Moral of the story? Say what you want, you may get laid anyway.

# Tree's Magnolia

Trina Crew

Magnolia

Life isn't like they told ya.

Well, then I'll get a cheetah,

Get close an it will eat ya.

Little

I'm stuck in the middle

So you are gonna settle?

Fine my shield is strong & metal.

Baby

The first one I'd ever held,

amazing.

I'm grown; I know; our times gone.

I'm changing.





## **Train Tracks, *Aushwitz/Birkenau***

Kaytlyn Worner



## **"Richard" Series**

Kendra Brown



## **"Richard" Series**

Kendra Brown

# Sadie

Kathleen Hammock

I can chuck a rock  
Smack dab on yur cheekbone  
And you ain't never gonna see me comin  
Mostly people don't  
See me that is  
Cause I was raised in the backwoods  
Rattlesnake Hollow along Black Bottom Creek.

Ain't nobody pays attention to a skinny white girl no how  
So I got to make um see me  
That's where the rocks come in.

Mama says I ought to be a lady  
And they don't chuck rocks  
They sew and stuff  
Hell fire and damnation  
If that don't sound just plain tiresome.

But it don't matter much anyways  
Folk don't come round here lookin for ladies  
If they come a'tall, they's comin fer trouble  
And it ain't mama's sewin they's lookin fer.

But that's ok  
Let um come  
Cause I'm a rock chuckin son of a gun.



## **"Mutual" Understanding**

Rochelle McElroy

# Dear Jean Stapleton

Trina Crew

Dear Jean Stapleton,  
I wish I knew Edith.  
Honest human not a myth.  
Archie knew he was lucky to be with.  
Edith.  
I sit here and sip  
A coffee I grip  
Edith has been good for me.  
A kind of mother I'd love to be.  
Yet life made me differently.  
My arms are jagged  
World let me have it.  
Red rage blocks open sight  
I prefer to die than lose a fight.  
Modern mad girl, nothing's yet been right.  
Fuck polite.  
She wasn't so much  
That she was.  
Jean is there a way?  
Actors act but can I portray?  
A better person than I am today.  
Meekness is rewarded,  
Lord make it worth it.  
And my word for that is sordid.

# Titania and Bottom

Kathleen Hammock

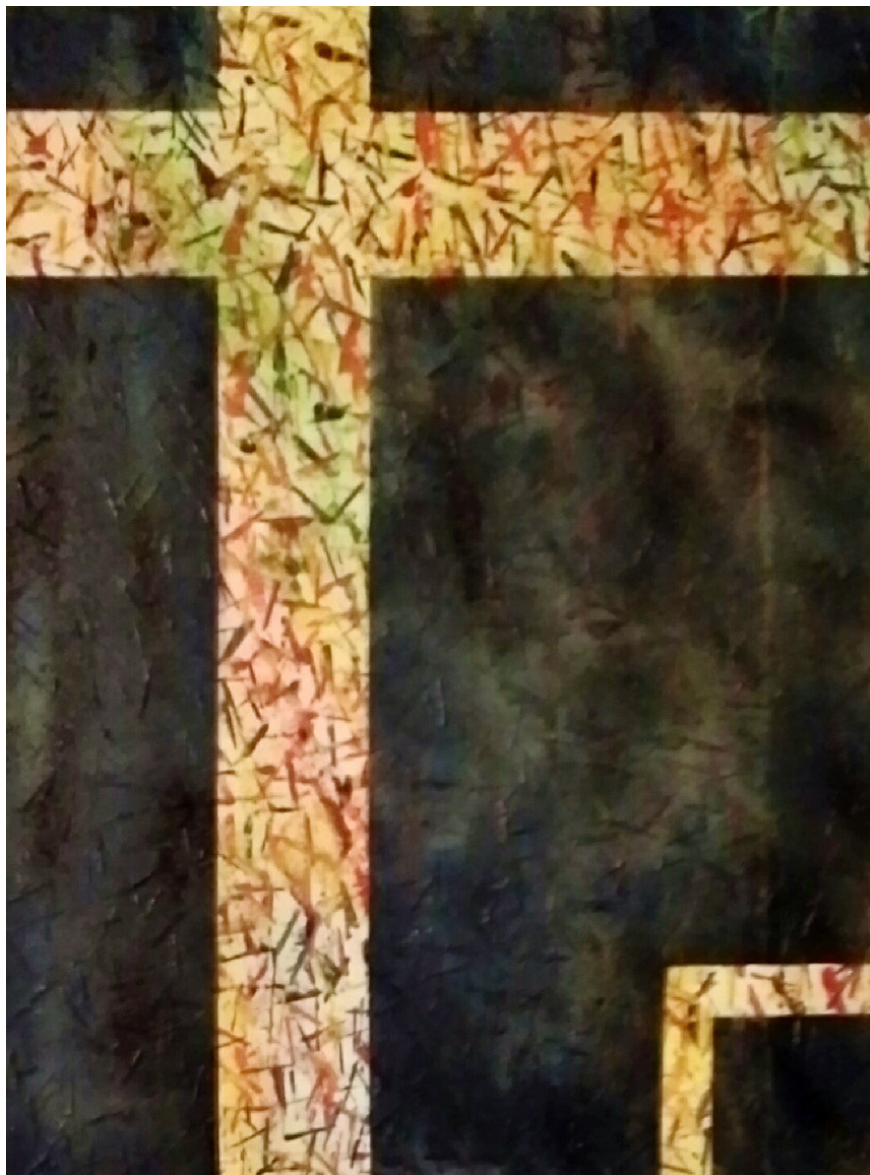
Brickdale's A Midsummer Night's Dream

How touching the scene of Titania and Bottom  
Their secret moments of love  
As seen in Brickdale's art  
Of Shakespeare's Dream,  
In a woodland glade  
Leaning against the trunk  
Under the apple blossoms,  
Surrounded in ferns of lush emerald green  
And the shimmer of a mushroom's fairy ring,  
Enchanted Titania, under the flower's magic drops  
Has fallen head over heels  
For a dullard called Bottom.

But it is not for Titania and Bottom  
To be counted among the world's great lovers  
The renown romances in history  
Or the great literature of passion,  
Not for them Paris and Helen's Trojan War  
Not for them Romeo and Juliet's embrace with death  
Nor Pyramus and Thisbe's bloody veil  
Or the story of Antony and Cleopatra  
Rome embracing Egypt

Limbs intertwined  
Until the serpent's kiss,  
Or the tragic tale of Tristan and Isolde  
The dreaded black sail  
And the broken heart,  
Not even to be remembered for their war of wits  
Like Scarlet and Rhett  
In their stormy love disguised as hate.

No, not for Midsummer Night's Titania and Bottom  
To be the romance plot of all time,  
Because the queen of the fairies  
By a sprite's naughty game  
Has fallen hopelessly in love  
With an ass-headed fool,  
Who would rather chew hay  
On this dreamy summer day  
Than make love to the queen  
In the grass where she lay.



## Cultural Cross-roads

Brady Milnes



# Felix Gonzalez-Torres, *Untitled*

Jessie Ligocki

At first glance one would see  
A heap of brightly colored cellophane,  
With assorted colors and assorted tastes,  
A childhood desire,  
Or a memoir of happier moments.  
Take one if you want.  
Enjoy candy from an everlasting pile.

At a second glance one might see  
Love and loss,  
Temporary but immortal.  
Sickness, detrimental to weight,  
Just like the diminishing pile of candy.  
Take one if you want.  
Celebrate the everlasting pile.

*This poem is written about a painting entitled "Untitled" by artist Felix Gonzalez-Torres in his Los Angeles exhibition "Portrait of Ross in L.A."*

# Old Witch

Kathleen Hammock

Beware!

There's an old witch down the street with an old witch broom, and an old witch hat. She has an old witch eyebrow, and an old witch cat, and old witch bottles full of old witch goo. There's another old witch around the corner with old witch boots, and an old witch toad. She has an old witch big toe, and an old witch limp, and an old witch closet full of old witch bones. I'm not sure which old witch is worse because there's another old witch up the hill with old witch boobs, and an old witch tooth. She has an old witch tree-house with an old witch tub, and old witch chairs stuffed with old witch hair. There are three old witches with old witch brooms old witch hats old witch eyebrows old witch cats old witch goo old witch boots old witch toads old witch big toes old witch limps old witch bones old witch boobs old witch teeth old witch tree-houses old witch tubs and old witch hair chairs. Don't worry, that's only if you go down the street . . . or around the corner . . . or up the hill. That's only if you visit us here at witch-ville.



## **"Richard" Series**

Kendra Brown

# Untitled 2

Jessie Ligocki

I am the beginning.  
I have come to take control.  
I will take what is mine  
and rid of the broken,  
the damned,  
the diseased.

All that you know  
will be extinguished.  
Combust into flames, along  
with the kingdom you terrorize.

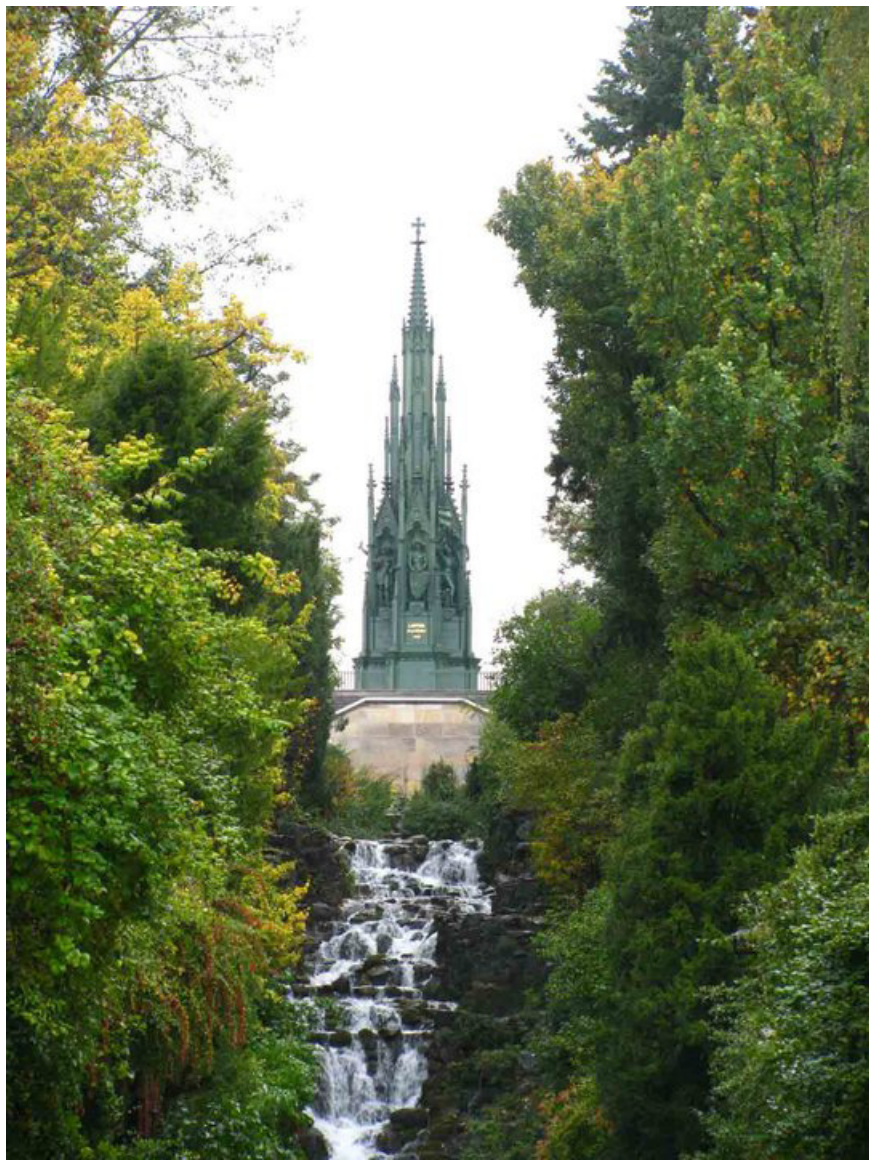
I am the end.  
I have come to take control,  
to take what is mine.  
To destroy this place of the sin,  
the weak minded.

I am the end of your existence.



## Frozen Wonderland

Rochelle McElroy



## **Tower, Berlin, Germany**

Kaytlyn Worner

# Dear Trixie

Molly Herzog

I have to tell you, I'm mad.

Furious.

I have never loathed someone so intensely  
in my life. She had no right.

Slithering her way in and erasing  
you from my eyes forever.

The thoughts of you, your presence  
still lingers of course. Memories  
just floating in the air for me to crash into.

I wish for closure.

Relief.

I'm hoping this goodbye will be more successful  
than all the pennies I've tossed in the fountain.

I love you dearly, and I hope you have  
the greenest grass on that side.

# Ready for Pickup

Jessie Ligocki

Is it a human or a car? Is it a bird? A plane? A building, maybe even a landmark? Maybe it's a park, home to laughing children, scrapes, broken bones, tetanus. Or a parking lot for the angst-ridden teens. It could be a cemetery or a home where the heart is, where words are unheard and actions unnoticed. Is it an animal, a carnivorous monster? Something so terrifying it could send you into cardiac arrest without hesitation. Maybe it's responsibility, that heart-stopping anxiety that follows an incessant to-do list. Fear? Snakes, spiders, needles, oh my. Or something even worse. A grieving loss, failure, painful death, burning hell. Maybe it's just imagination turning your surroundings into everything that horrifies you. "It's just the wind," you say. "My mind's playing tricks on me," you say. Your sorry attempts at reassurance and comfort won't help you here. Whatever it is, a plane, a home, or even your backyard. It can be your biggest nightmare.





## Faded Denim

Brady Milnes

# Witness

Kathleen Hammock

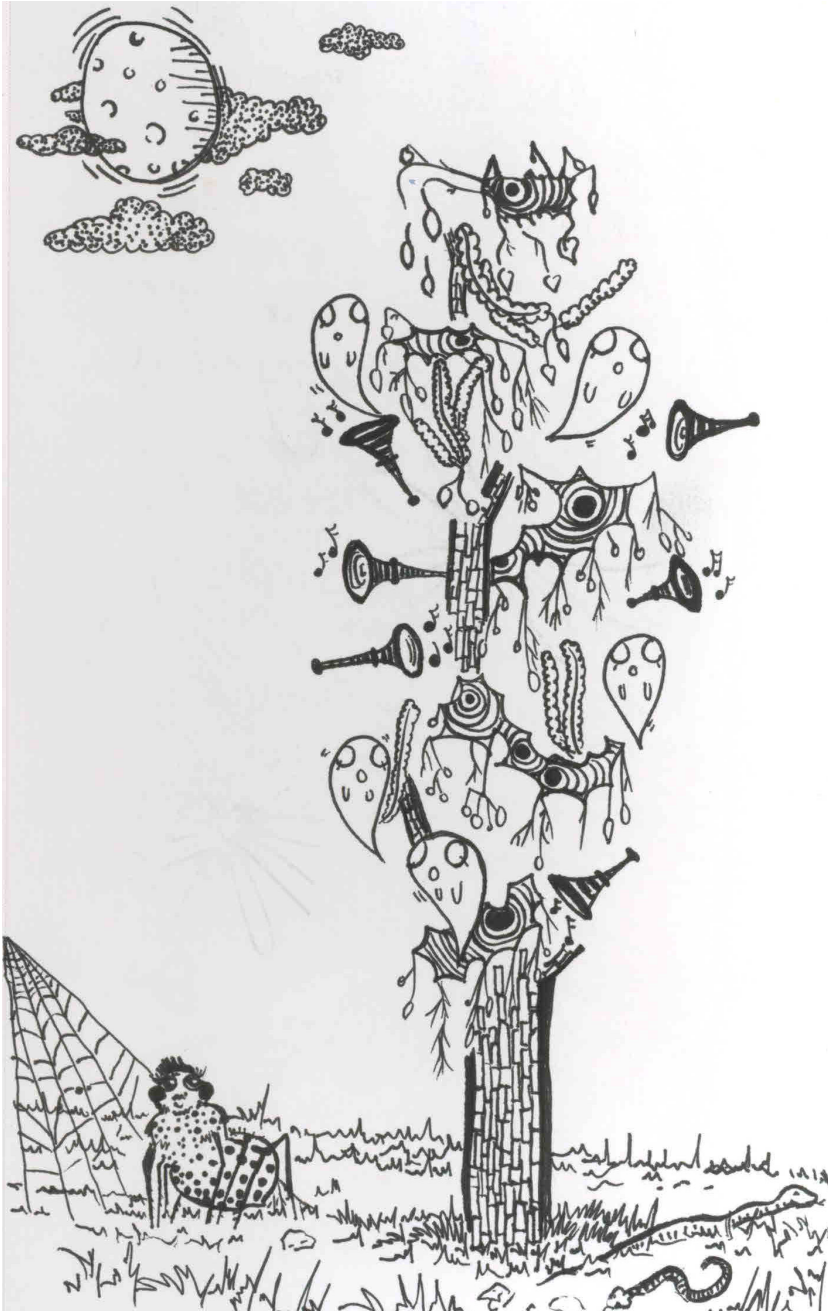
November 22, 1963

1616 Crescent Street isn't there anymore  
Just a crumbling rubble, a few dingy white boards to acknowledge  
its passing  
The pink hollyhocks that grew up near the fence are long since  
gone too  
The wire fence, twisted and rusted, still clings to a few splintered  
posts  
But the Mississippi, old muddy, hasn't failed  
Just down the hill and over the tracks it still winds  
And I can still sit on its sandy banks and remember

I was five years old then, and Jackie O in pink, smiled  
The black limo, so slow and smooth turned onto Main Street  
He waved and the crowd cheered, pushing forward to see him  
The limo reached Elm Street, but by then he was slumped over

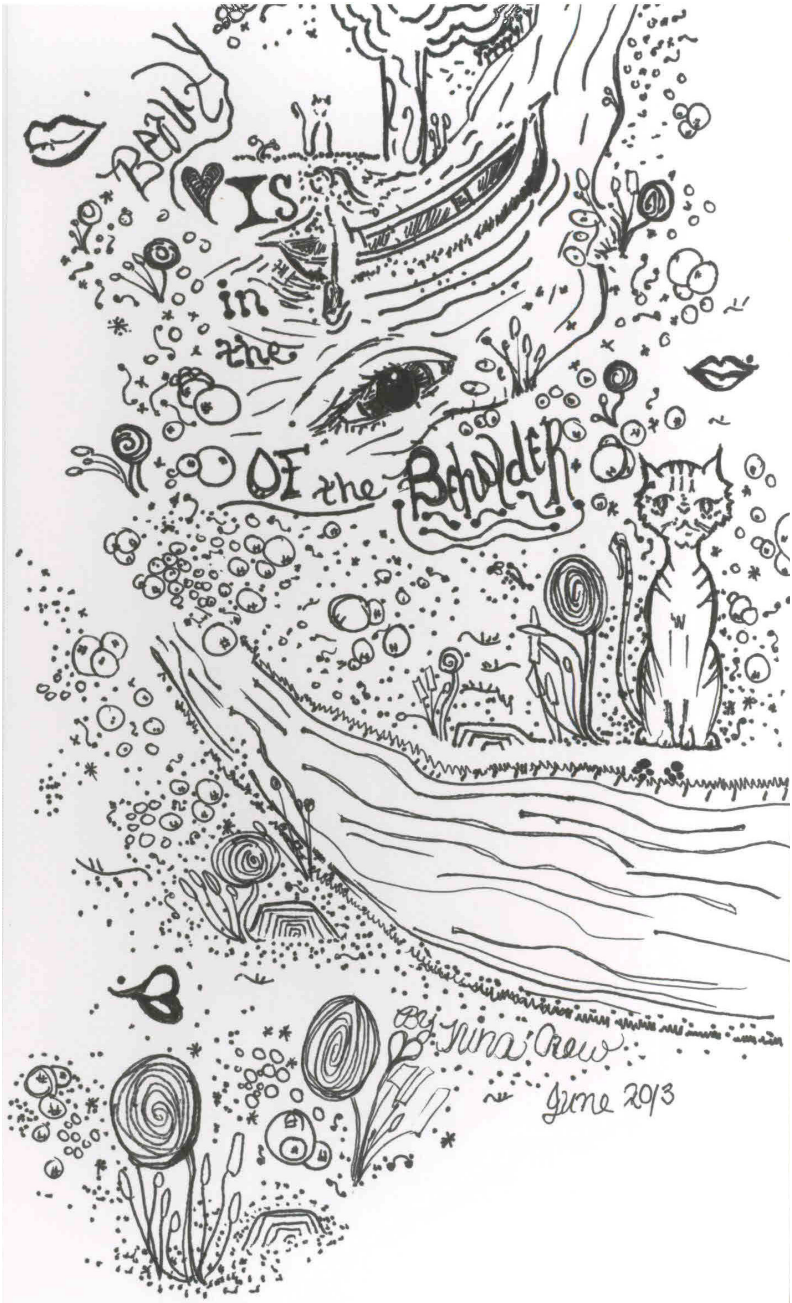
And Mom on the vinyl sofa, surrounded in green wall paper,  
began to cry  
The old black and white television buzzed too, in shock  
I sat down, and I cried too  
Because something horrible had just happened  
And things might never be the same at 1616 Crescent Street

Out the window I could see the pink hollyhocks  
They were splattered with blood



# The Ghostly Clarinets

Trina Crew



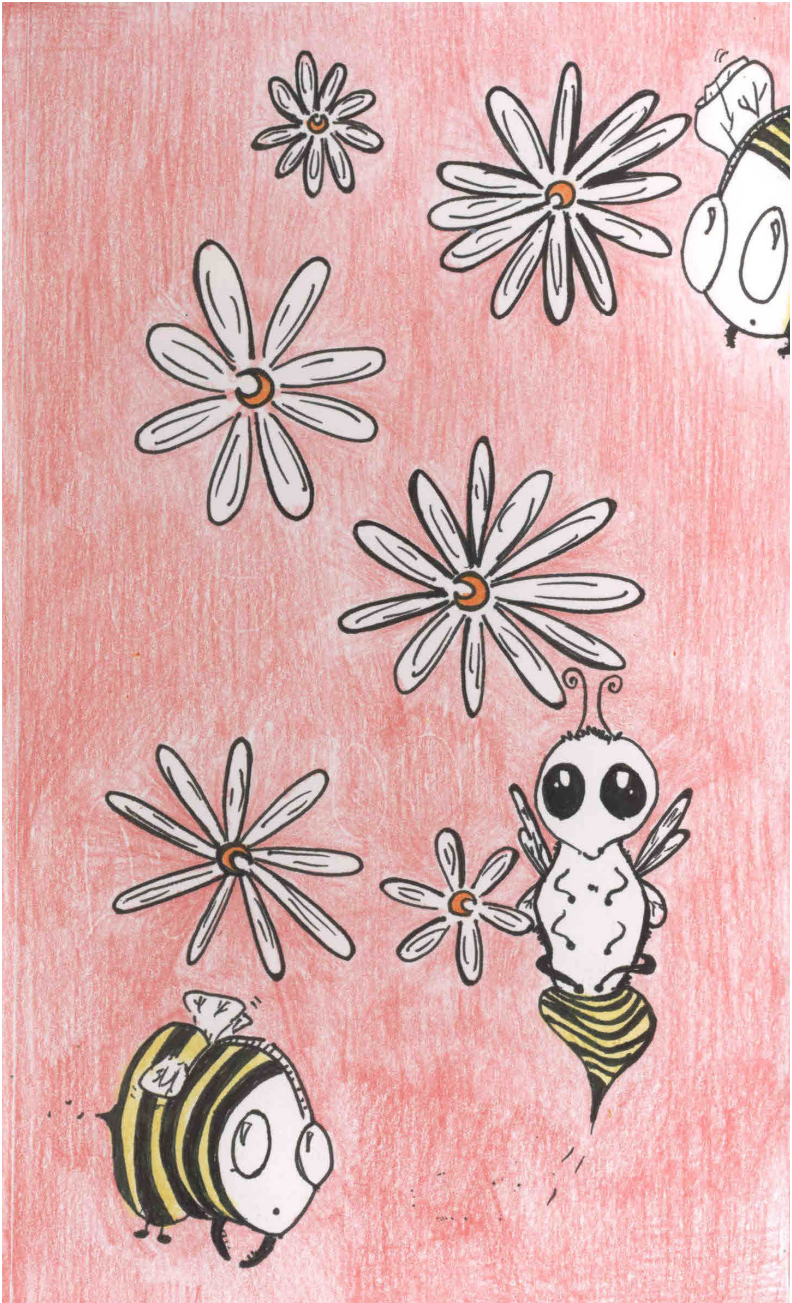
# The Beauty/Beholder

Trina Crew



## The Skull

Trina Crew



# The Bees

Trina Crew

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## Trina Crew

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