ASUN LITPUB

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT
LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION

FALL 2018 - SPRING 2019



POETRY
SHORT FICTION
PHOTOGRAPHY
VISUAL ARTS
LOCAL MUSIC
CULTURAL EVENTS

FEATURED COVER ARTIST: TAYLOR A. MOORE

BRINGING STUDENT AND COMMUNITY TALENT TO LIGHT

ASUN LIT PUB



PHOTOGRAPH BY MELISSA CHANCE

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

While we were gathering submissions and developing this project, the assistant editor, Tina Fuentes, and I began referring to the magazine as the "lit pub." We liked the idea that the abbreviation "lit" could stand for *literary* while also suggesting the light of knowledge or artistic inspiration.

When I ask students to interpret the lines in which the speaker of Langston Hughes's "Mother to Son" tells her son that on her ascent up the lifelong staircase of hardship, she has kept climbing, turning corners, reaching landings, "and sometimes, goin' in the dark where there ain't been no light," they often impress me with thoughtful interpretations and insights about darkness, the darkness that comes with the uncertainty, fear, despair, and loss that are universal to the human condition. After students read Dylan Thomas's "Do not go gentle into that good night," they discuss with fervor the lines in which the speaker insists that in the face of death, good men and grave men "rage against the dying of the light" and claim that so should we. It has been remarkable to hear and read students' solemn and compassionate reactions to Ernest Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" and the aging, nihilistic waiter's perspective that "it was all a nothing, and a man was a nothing, too," but as the narrator points out, "light was all it needed."

Emily Dickinson wrote,"we grow accustomed to the dark." I also have felt a sense of darkness that comes with fear of failure and loss of inspiration, but the varied perspectives and insights of students have provided a light for me in times of personal, professional, and creative darkness. Reading the thoughtful essays, careful research papers, and elegant pieces of creative writing by our most gifted and diligent students has inspired me to keep striving to give my best each day in order to help them realize their academic potential. Flannery O'Connor once wrote, "if I waited for inspiration, I'd still be waiting." When students yearn for inspiration, I encourage them to keep working anyway in hopes that the inspiration will eventually come. With this in mind, I began to imagine the publication as lit from within like a beacon for students seeking not only inspiration but also an outlet for and recognition of their creativity and talents. Because one of our goals is to highlight the work of our brightest students alongside the work of inspiring and successful community members, this light is also like the light of a fire, the works showcased here ablaze with creative passion. These ancient conceits of fire and light appeal to me because of the moments I have seen in students' eyes or in their words, the light of understanding and curiosity or the spark of a love of poetry, literature, and the arts developing into a fire they will carry with them long after we part.

Because the name of our literary and arts publication also carries the name of our school, we call it *ASUN Lit Pub*. Tina and I found it charming that the name, as well as the address to which students and contributors are invited to submit work, reads *asunlitpub*, as if the publication itself were lit by the sun like many of the images that appear on these pages are. It is our hope that *ASUN Lit Pub* will be a cultural light to students, faculty, contributors, and our community of readers.

Best regards,

Emily Pasmore Doyle

Executive Editor
Assistant Professor of English
Arkansas State University- Newport

INTRODUCTION

This inaugural issue of ASUN Lit Pub showcases creative submissions and contributions received during the 2018-2019 academic year at Arkansas State University-Newport. This literary and fine arts publication includes works of poetry, short fiction, narrative, literary research and criticism, as well as visual arts and cultural events on our three campuses and throughout our communities in Newport, Jonesboro, and Marked Tree. This project began with an idea for a student magazine or literary journal proposed by the Associate Dean of Liberal Arts, Anna K. Westman. With the support of the Chancellor, Dr. Sandra Massey and Dean of General Education, Joseph Campbell, members of the English and Humanities faculty developed this idea into a vision of a literary and fine arts publication that could bring to light not only the talents of students, but also the creative work of faculty, friends, and members of the communities we serve.

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ASUN LIT PUB
EDITORIAL STAFF

Emily Pasmore Doyle
Assistant Professor of English

Executive Editor

Tina Fuentes
Assistant Professor of English and Foreign Language

Assistant Editor

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Chloe Lane studies radiation therapy at the Newport campus and is active in student leadership, serving as one of the student ambassadors for Arkansas State University-Newport.



Lauren Dixon is a current student at Arkansas State University- Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She works as a library assistant and writing center tutor on the Newport campus. In her spare time, she enjoys reading, writing, and painting.

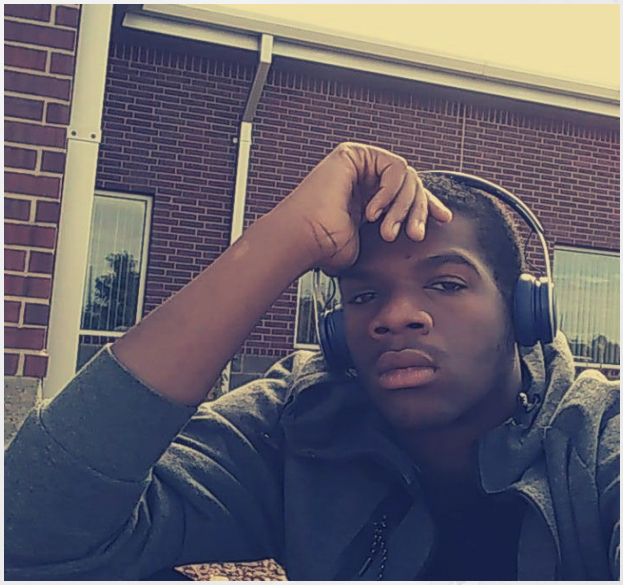




Zachary Grubb is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. He works as a barista at the Edge coffee house and enjoys creative writing and composing music in his spare time. Listen to his original music at https://soundcloud.com/bjornslader

Anna Hargrove is a member of the Arkansas State University-Newport nursing program's 2018 graduating class. She is a newlywed who has competed in several regional pageants and enjoys spending time with her husband, family, friends, and beloved cat, Hairy.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Justin Reeves is a student at Arkansas State University- Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. He works as a freelance writer and enjoys music and creative writing.



Madlyn Mross is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She works as an aesthetician in Jonesboro, Arkansas and enjoys creative writing.



Abigail Mason is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport. She was the assistant director for the Forum's production of *A Christmas Story* in the fall of 2018. In her spare time, she enjoys theatre, writing, and spending time with friends and family.



Kassie Davis is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys photography, reading, spending time with family, and attending concerts.

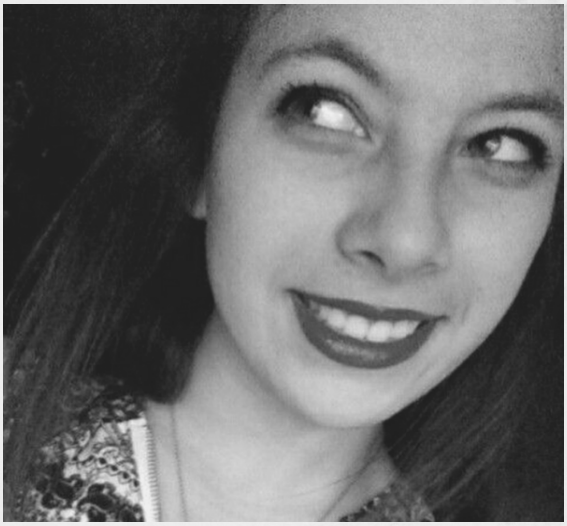
STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Cheyenne Mae Ray is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. In her spare time, she enjoys writing fiction, singing and songwriting.



Matt Dixon is a current student at Arkansas State University- Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. He is the creator and leader of the independent rock group, Shugar Pills and enjoys performing with his band and producing music from his home-studio.



Bessie Hatfield is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She enjoys painting and creative writing.



Chantell Terrell is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She enjoys spending time with her children and creative writing.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Jose Emiliano Rodriguez is a current student at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys poetry, music, and creative writing.



Ashlyn Griffin is a current student at Arkansas State University- Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. In her spare time, she enjoys creative writing.



Gracie Petty is a current student at Arkansas State University- Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts. Her interests include creative writing and theatre.

Not Pictured:

Zadee Williams- former student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Irene Hunt- current student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Jillian Wagner and Mary Catherine Nutt- graduates of Arkansas State University-Newport



ASUN MISSION

Arkansas State University-Newport provides an accessible, affordable, quality education that transforms the lives of our students, enriches our communities, and strengthens the regional economy.

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DEDICATION

to the memory of
John Wooldridge Pasmore

IX.II.MCMXXXIV - III.V.MMXIX

“Among other things, you'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them—if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry.”

— J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*

POETRY



CONTRIBUTING POETS:
SCOTT MCDANIEL
NICOLE SYLVIA
ZADEE WILLIAMS
ZACHARY GRUBB
CONSTANCE BURCH
JOELYN FOY
MADLYN MROSS
GRACIE PETTY
JOSE EMILIANO RODRIGUEZ
IRENE HUNT
ASHLYN GRIFFIN

POEMS CONTRIBUTED BY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT
STUDENTS, FACULTY, AND COMMUNITY MEMBERS

FLYING

JOELYN K. FOY

Data Analyst for Arkansas State University- Newport

You know how it is
The waiting, waiting, waiting
And finally the loading
By zones.
Designed to make sure
You know
That you couldn't
Didn't
Purchase First Class
Sky Class?
Diamonds?
And you are
Not at the back
Rarely at the back
But in the middle
Of the football field length
Jet
Not a puddle jumper
But a jet
With over thirty rows
And five across.
The window seat
Gives me a view
Of the Mighty Mississippi
On my right
As we fly South
Then the sweet red
Clayey hills of Georgia.
We are in the air
Forty-three minutes
And it is mid-morning
In Atlanta
But I ate breakfast
In Memphis
Before six a.m.
I am hungry and
I have a layover.
Links,
Fresh health market,
OR
Sweet Georgia's Juke Joint
You know who wins,
Don't you?
Because you know how much I love my meat
But you also know that
Shrimp don't grow
In Kansas
Or Arkansas
And grits is not on our menu at home.
Yes.
Shrimp and Garlic Parmesan Grits
Wins for lunch
But I'm thinking of a
Healthy, fresh smoothie
For dessert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELISSA CHANCE

DOUBLE THOUGHTS ON DIXIE

FIRST PUBLISHED IN *DEEP SOUTH MAGAZINE*

SCOTT MCDANIEL

Contributing Community Poet

I bet you do, Dixie. I bet you wanna
look away. Past Little Rock Central,
past Wallace and the Klan.
Past that flag your county fair t-shirt
insists is history, not hate.

Old times not forgotten?
Slavery, dogs and hoses - look away -
look away down south
past the past which didn't die
When Lee surrendered his sword
at Appomattox.

Dixie, you are your past
and your future. So don't fret.
I'm here to praise, not bury
and I'll never look away.
Not until Memphis stops rocking
and the Mississippi stops rolling.

See, I love
your drawl
your heat
your y'all
your space
wide open
like the mouths of 72,000 hog callers
or 102,455 Rocky Toppers.

Give me a flooded timber delta sunrise
with ducks circling the hole.
Give me a gravel road cut through cotton fields.
Give me a rack of dry-rubbed baby backs
with a side of Nascar's boogity, boogity, boogity.

Give me you, Dixie.
but don't tell me to look away.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

HONESTY

CONSTANCE BURCH

Contributing Community Poet

Four empty walls, closing in on Honesty.
That wall, the one right there. Yes, that one, full of bumps, bruises, a tooth lost on a table, a face marked with stitches, tears, Was there any laughter there? Yes, honestly, there was laughter, but the dark only shows the tears of a young man when a cow and a jester's hat seemed not to be enough, and a woman's ignorance kept the night from ending well.
When a mother's choice to protect one left another unwell, when nothing tried worked out well enough to tell.
Oh, I see that broken arm, lost pride, dreams unwound around…Honesty,
I know this Wall. OH, to be drawn to another, the loneliness of another wall. I feel the sway in this one. Its sways are masked with traditions and lies, untruths learned as the gospel was sounded, preached quietly over conversation, hidden in honesty.
Another one's truth, a dismal ringing at the end of a long road that was going somewhere, somewhere in his arms, his bed, his life, his truth… Where was it going? The wall is almost wavy there are so many curves. No one will ever see the curves. They will only see that the road didn't end where it was supposed to, where it needed to, but the curves are still there wrapped up in ties.
I like this wall. Can I stay here forever? No. That would be way too easy. This wall with the moments, the hopes, delusions, full of delusions. Ignorance is what they said it was. but it was good, good not knowing the truth, the honest to God truth. Santa Claus cared. He just got behind, Fathers love their little girls for more than what's hidden in the dark.
Clouds can bring hope, not just storms.
Thunder can soothe, and brothers are kind. Men love you, and all is good when you believe the lie and forgo Honesty…
Stay under the mushroom. Believe the story. Forget what you see. Stop fighting the dreams. Make life easy.
Stop making it so hard…
This wall too just doesn't work anymore…
I can't see the very last wall. It's tight around my chest, getting tighter as I speak, but that's okay. I can't feel the edges and cracks. I can't begin to understand what is left.
A beautiful moment, a laugh here and there, old and new, regrets… a few. History? Futures? Past intertwined.
What was is now what I will live, just to leave it behind after I forgive all that turned me upside down. There is nowhere to hide the truth anymore. There wasn't then, but can there be now? Yet live it willingly I must somehow?
This final wall is caving in. Honesty is not allowed,
and I am nowhere to be found.
Lost among these walls.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIN CURTIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

TO BE A LADY NICKNAMED DISPARAGEMENT

NICOLE SYLVIA

Contributing Community Poet

It appears to be wickedly alluring
But dominance requires
poise and manners
'Tis less often cordially persuasive
I caught a- yes girl, I hear ya!
Preteen girls in a frenzy over a boy
He cut me off!
She shouts over and over at two a.m.
Repeatedly
I caught a mirrored glimpse
akin to an unsophisticated sucker
such as myself-
For women young and old
are by nature pleasers
A conformable truth
is a void in desire

Wrapping up tight
pillow over my head-
I asked them politely to shut the hell up
Yes, I cursed at children -let me explain

After a dizzying time spent
being -a tailor-made novelty
To be malleable is dangerous.
An operation of the invariantly naïve
Trapped by delight for her features
Tickled pink
by the attention of a charming man
As if compliments are confessional

Charm is overrated!
An ability-
not an inherent personality feature!
Always a direct instrument
Women who seek it play it
Suffer from madness,
as soon as Romance
gives out a mental health day
I! -I want to live like
the Peggy Guggenheims
of the world
IN the world
Immersed in the matrons club
Hardened and focused- but
fondly detached
Open to cheeky honesty
Women of cocky poise
respond delightfully with
Revenge -in the form of success
In the company of Firm women
Queasy from obsessive romantic
Relationships
Appalled by poems and movies
starring floundering mysterious men-
Cool handedly sketching out
a new uniform of parallelism
Accessorized with a badge of self-worth
Worn, in the underbelly
where rejection is customary,
change is a scheme of consistency,
and malevolence is common sense
Self-understood, self-made.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANCHE LEMAY



IMAGE CREDIT: GHOST RIDER BY MIKE DEL MUNDO

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

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POETRY.FICTION.
ESSAYS. ILLUSTRATIONS.
COMICS. FILM. MUSIC.
DIGITAL MEDIA

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RUNNING AWAY

NICOLE SYLVIA

Contributing Community Poet

While waiting on a predatory person
To do the internal work on my behalf
I'd drafted a more congenial version

So, I tried to unpack doubt-
Into untidy boxes
Till they became germs

I wanted a visceral ledger
So I took my logbook of bribery,
Of blunder after binge

However, the movers were unable to stack
They stood around, shouting orders
About best time to react

I've never been successful
At possessing a mortal
That's a self-induced hallucination

But my own ingenious nature calls!
Pick every snaky charmer
Irresistible! It's the lack of long-term goals

Adding up glibness
Tanner in his suitcase
Yet- we're roaring apace

I realize as I step on the track
My notebook is all I have
nearly full but in deadlock;

So instead, I took the boxcar
Avoidant of conscious intention
Replaced with misunderstood fear

Hang my body off the side
With cryptic words
Hoping to spatter to the wise

- Warning-
dehydrating desert wind ahead
Placidly charming- definitely unsafe

But please, Wreck this train too
I, I'm going to
Write the General public

The Pages were begging
For a banner!
Draped out the window of a VW van

And there
My limitations scattered
Instead of a line in the sand



ROSE

ZACHARY GRUBB

Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

Hello. Good morning
Thank you

After all of these years,
all of this time, all of these
experiences, I've always held
pieces of you.

Our story has had its tragedy
and its relief.
You.
You live inside of me.
All of these years, it's been you.

Together we can live forever.
We've spent so much time away
from one another, experiencing
the type of gutter existence and
melancholy contention the
world has to offer.

Rose petals and thorns
Red eyes and cigarettes
I love every atom that makes up
what you are.

I am bad at talking
So I'm writing this in the car with
you while you sing your songs.
You Illuminate, unafraid to be
yourself.

Even if it doesn't work,
I know it wouldn't be a waste of
time.
And I hope that one day the
universe will bring us together
again, the same as it did at first
and now.

I'd wait for you.

Coffee and cigarettes
Hello and good morning



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE



QUILTED CLOUDS

MADLYN MROSS
Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

Time is a thief
We are robbed of time
There was once a bright, gold coin
shining in the sky
The clouds were erased
The clouds are now quilted over the sky
Tears fall out of the clouds
Clouds hovering over the ground

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

HAIKU

ZADEE WILLIAMS

Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

Identities lost
Followed by a fading light
Who have you become?

Leading shadowed lives
Beneath casts of those before
Darkness feeds the light

Stories of heroes
The role models for our own
Still legends untold

Becoming aware
Abandoned by the roadside
Buried redemption

Individuals
No longer our own saviors
What have we become?

Walk towards the crowd
Landing gazes that linger
Just a bit too long

He spoke, unholy,
"Fear me not, for I am Death.
Fear me for your sins."

I am not afraid
Fear does not lead me astray
Face them, understand

We tell truths and lies
But no one knows what to think
When we're gone for good

Secrets keep you safe
Honestly, it's all pretend
Faking at its best

In your heart and soul,
Deception is everywhere
You cannot escape

Take your final breath
Fill up your lungs, then deflate
Finally, set free



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

NOT YOUR LAND

NICOLE SYLVIA
Contributing Community Poet

Nausea sets in- the sharp curves
Along the blasted mountain highway
Fences wind- draped in purple flags
Equivocal electrical lines route
To a freshly paved private drive
Clearly marked restricted land
It's explicit- they'll shoot your legs off
Postmarked, backdated property taxes
Lucid mailbox replica of a rock home
Sick fish, Man-made lake
Crimson custom shutters
Planting a tedious garden
Fenced from the little critters
Doing their very best
To cover up the apathy
Off the grid - under a flag pole
Rainwater collection, damp clothes
On a line, leading to stability
Shelter themselves nicely -but It's not their land
You come back home
Fill the garage with recent history
Hand-picked Pavlovian memories
A landfill secluded downwind
A good old days store around the corner
Cashier knows your common names
Landlord, ringmaster,
Stepford dinner party hostess
Like a good Monopoly player
Control all the business
Of a certain color
Effectively bouqueted and forgoing fear
A protected flesh- home security system
Trim, fresh, green tree branches
Eradicate the vermin and evict the jobless
Stamp out their webs
Close the blinds
Chip in for a monument in town square
Tap in the code to the gun safe
Camouflage all the errors- But it's not your land

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

DIM LAMENT

IRENE HUNT

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Oh, faithless eyes, how you betray me.
Every day, in so many ways,
you fail.
I bathe you gently every evening,
I artfully seek to enlarge and enhance,
but do you smolder, do you twinkle,
do you even smile sweetly?
No, my dull, hazel friends,
fruitless efforts to coax you into enticing
loveliness go by the bleak wayside,
and piles of abandoned makeup
litter the landfills of my life.
So, if not lovely and enticing,
at least you could pilot me along the way, right?
You could bring sharp focus to confusion
and bold color to drab lifelessness,
but no, weak orbs,
you will not even give me easy sight.
I have sliced you open and poured gallons of
brightening drops into you.
I have covered you with shiny glass,
both clear and tinted green,
only to have you dim and blur
when what I most crave is sharp, true clarity.
Halos of brilliant, dazzling light shimmer and
distort my reality.
What do you want from me, you aging,
inconstant, feeble excuses for friends?
For what purpose were you created?
What earthly good are you?
Pointless questions, answers that do not satisfy.
I surrender, put on mascara and thick glasses,
and venture tentatively
into the landmine of my day.
I somehow scrape up gratitude.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY CATHERINE NUTT

DEATH, IS THAT YOU?

ASHLYN GRIFFIN

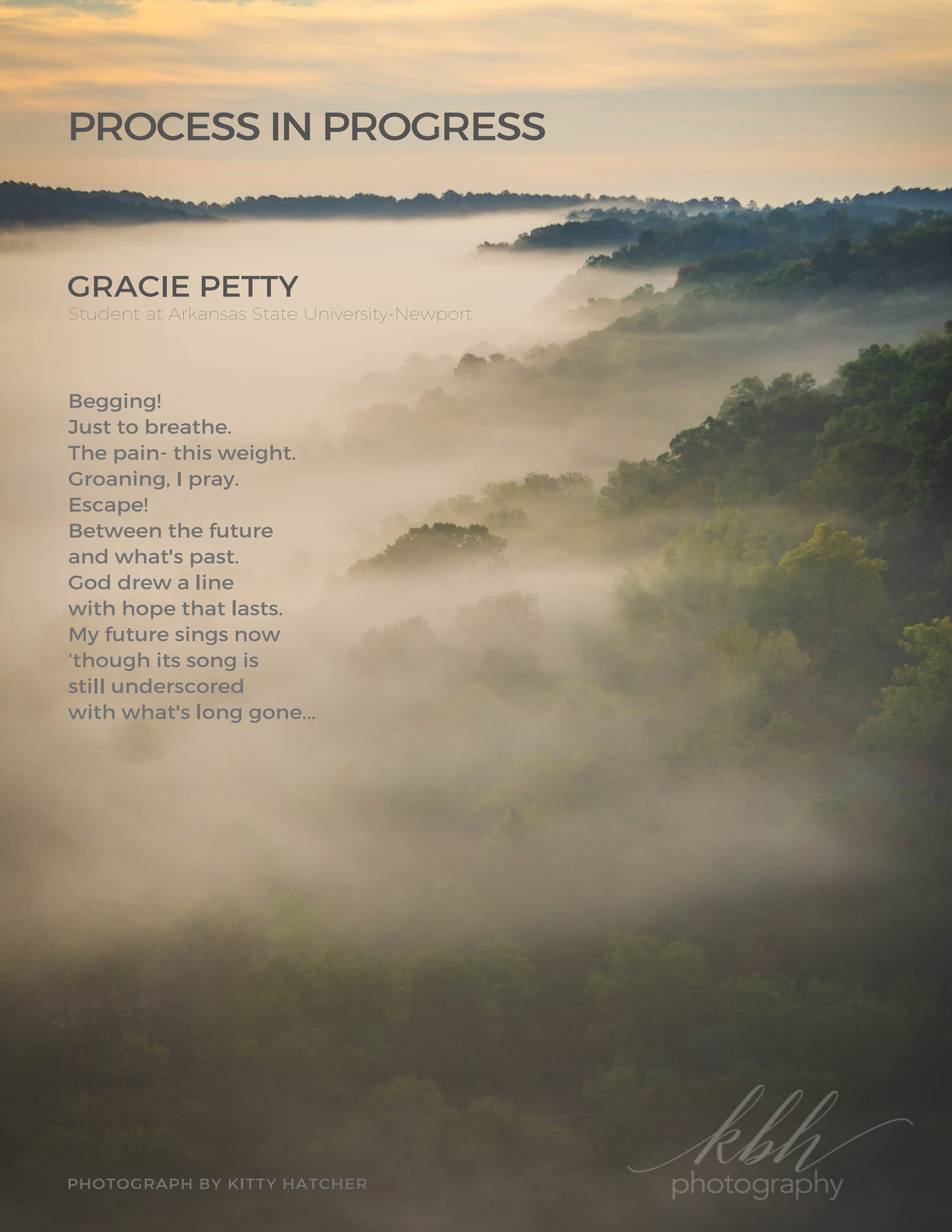
Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Death, is that you?
Why have you come again?
Your last visit was only a week ago.
Who are you to take this time?
Death, I'm so tired of your visits.
You always leave with someone close to me.
First, you take my father
before I could even have clear memories with him.
Then, you take my brother shortly after he wed.
After that, your greedy hand grasped my mother.
This time, you take one of my best friends.
This time, you will hurt so many.
She had a large family who gathered at her funeral.
She was only twenty-one.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KITTY HATCHER



PROCESS IN PROGRESS



GRACIE PETTY

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

Begging!
Just to breathe.
The pain- this weight.
Groaning, I pray.
Escape!
Between the future
and what's past.
God drew a line
with hope that lasts.
My future sings now
'though its song is
still underscored
with what's long gone...

PHOTOGRAPH BY KITTY HATCHER

kbh photography

UNTITLED

ZACHARY GRUBB

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

At the end of it all,
with quiet dust
settling down
to reveal what is left,
you'll find nothing.

It's a chamber of remembrance,
a torque string
stuck in time
to symbolize every word,
action,
accusation,
and forgotten memory
that is without depth of motive.

In the end,
it meant nothing.
In the end,
it didn't make a difference.
In the end,
it didn't matter,
and my stomach is in knots.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY CATHERINE NUTT

WHY DID I COME HERE ?

JOSE EMILIANO RODRIGUEZ
Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

The music too loud
People moving around
Lights everywhere
Oh, dear! Why did I come here?
I saw your presence around these walls
colored with magnificent colors
The lyrics still hurt my soul
Oh, dear! Why did I come here?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY CATHERINE NUTT



ON MEETING HER AT THE TAPROOM

FIRST PUBLISHED IN *MAD SWIRL*

SCOTT MCDANIEL
Contributing Community Poet

My church is lit by neon
not candles. My sermon

a drunken rant blanketed
by the singing of a jukebox.

There is wine, but expect no body
of Christ. There is only her body,

swaying and lip syncing on a bar stool
as she waits on the drinks.

Her hair is back-lit by the neon –
angelic as *The Archangel Leaving the Family of Tobias*

There is something sacred when a neon sign pierces
the melded incense of Marlboro and Camel smoke

sacred how it lights drunken, fumbling kisses
a sacrament that tastes like Jack and Coke.

Let there be neon!

Let there be dead bumpers
on a pool table with 50 cents stacked

on the rail. Let there be a bar back mirror,
stained by the smoke of spirits.

Let there be vinyl covered stools with holes,
picked and burned. Let there be a shake of bones

and the loser buys the next round.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

"Make up a story... For our sake and yours, forget your name in the street. Tell us what the world has been to you in the dark places and in the light."

-Toni Morrison



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

SHORT FICTION AND NARRATIVE

FEATURED STUDENT AUTHORS:
CHANTELL TERRELL
CHEYENNE RAY
JUSTIN REEVES
CHLOE LANE

MARY

CHANTELL TERRELL

Student at Arkansas State University-Newport

This is unbearable. I am doing all I can not to scream. I cannot remember ever feeling so much pain. Only a couple of times have I ever experienced this degree of anguish. I can recall a time when I was helping my great uncle at his sardine pickling stable. I burned the back of my arms reaching into a fire to retrieve a tool that I had dropped. The skin bubbled up, and no amount of ointment took away the burn. The pain was horrible. I also once had my foot stepped on by my father's ass while leading the animal to drink during the annual harvest festival. I could not walk for many days. I thought those experiences were terrible amounts of torture until now.

Moments of pain roll over my whole body. Like waves in the great sea, they come and go. They crest and subside. Before they crest is the worse part. This is when I feel that I can go on no longer. I lose my breath at times and cannot seem to find it. It causes panic within me. Panic is not something that is new to me at all. I panicked a little when I approached my family about the calling God had given me. My mother surprised me with her soft understanding eyes. My mother is very wise and close to God herself. She studies His word. My father also spends a great amount of time with men of faith and speaks of God's ways to his children. My story of the miraculous things that happened to me was believed by both my loving parents. Their support was necessary for me.

I feel like I am underwater. My ears ring. My sight leaves. I feel like I am no longer myself and never again will be. Right before I can bear no more, the pain subsides. The stench from the cavern burns my nose. The smells remind me of home. Even though the stench is pungent, it is nostalgic. If I close my eyes, I am back at home, working beside my sister in our father's stable. We would often giggle and spend countless hours dreaming of our futures. I would give anything, at this very moment, to be back there right now, free of pain.

How can this be what God wants? How can the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, the Son of God be brought forth into this world in such a place as this dirty stable? None of this makes sense to me. I am going on pure and blind faith in the love of God right now. I have never looked back or questioned this calling from God.

I hear the mice scurry across the damp floor. They carry their treasures with reckless abandon, toward the safety of the darkened walls. I watch them with real intent as I know what is to come in the next couple of minutes, except the pains come a little more quickly now. There is no time to think or really prepare for the next wave. My back is on fire. I shift my weight a little, trying to relieve the pressure. However, I cannot find a comfortable position at all. I feel the grainy dirt floor under my gown where the straw has been pushed aside by my trembling body. I am not sure what is worse, the grainy dirt or the prickly straw that cuts through my gown and sticks into my wet and sweaty skin.

I feel the light touch of my husband Joseph, as he tries to assist me in this excruciating process. I see a little fear in his eyes. He too is going into this on faith. We are on a journey not brought on by us alone. This started with the visit. I remember how uncertain I was in myself. Was I crazy? Could what I saw and heard really happen? How can this be true when I had never lain with a man? How will others believe me? How can I even believe this myself? I remember all that led up to this, so many questions, so many unknowns, so many miracles, and so many blessings. The smell of urine and feces remind me that we are not alone. The animals surrounding us in this confined space seem to know what is about to happen. They watch in silence and do not move.

The dark and damp room is lit by only one small candle. The pain once again crests, and I feel that I cannot go on much longer. Then it slowly subsides. I notice the dark shadows cast all around us from the small candle. They seem so happy dancing on the walls. They could dance all night long. They feel no pain. They are not scared or unsure. They seem to know their purpose. They are proud. They are shadows.

Another wave comes before I can fully catch my breath from the last one. I roll to my side, trying to escape from the stabbing pain. I feel an enormous amount of pressure. I know that it is getting close now, but do I have it in me to go on any longer? I realize that I have no choice. I cannot go back. I can only move forward, but forward to what exactly? I do not know. I do not know how this whole process works or what comes next. We tried to find others who would take us in and help me birth the babe, but the city is too full. Everyone is too busy for the likes of me.

My thoughts are sporadic. I am choosing now to turn them toward the babe I am bringing into this world. I am so nervous to meet this special child, although I do feel like I know him already. What a joy it has been having him grow inside me. It is almost like an intimate secret that nobody can hear except us. I know it is a son. I was told so. I do not know, however, what he will look like. I have not really seen the face of his father. Will he look at all like me? Will he have fingers and toes that are long and slender like mine? Or will they be shorter and thicker? Will he enjoy running through open fields the way I do? Or will he be still and thoughtful? Will he want sometimes to flee to a quiet place for solitude? Or will he enjoy being surrounded by many? Will he be more of a listener and sit back and take in all that is around him like me? Or will he be more vocal and assertive? Will he want to know the mysteries of the world or be content just to be in the world?

The pain comes again, but this time, it's a little different. I feel a ripping sensation and a pressure so enormous I cannot even consider the pain. All I want to do is push. I push and push and push some more. I feel a different kind of movement starting to happen. The burning is so intense. I feel as though I am on fire in all parts of my body. I grip my Joseph's hand so hard, and I see that it is causing him distress, but I cannot release my tight hold. I might just leave my body if I let go. He is anchoring me here.

My muscles tighten, and I do not want to push for fear of more pain. My body knows that this must be. The pain wins the battle against the muscles, and I push again. One more solid push, and I feel the pressure turn into to a warm, smooth liquid, a release of all pressure. A light brighter than the noon day surrounds me just for a moment, and then it disappears. Warm ecstasy follows. There is no sound. There is no movement. My breath will not release from the last inhale. Time stands still. I lock eyes with my husband. There is a cry, a perfect newborn cry. If Heaven has a sound, it would be what we are listening to now. Joseph cleans the babe and cuts the remaining tether. He is free of my body. I momentarily feel a wave of sadness at that thought. Joseph looks to me with his teary eyes and says, "Here is your son, Mary." He hands the warm bundle over ever so gently to me.

I accept the babe with shaking hands. The weight, even though small, is heavy in my exhausted limbs. I look down at his tiny, beautiful face and I can no longer hold in the tears. He has perfect facial features. Now I know what God looks like. I hold him up to my cheek and rub his soft, downy head against it. I pull back and gaze into his opened eyes. He is no longer crying. He looks straight into my soul. It pierces something deep inside me that is indescribable. I am forever his.

The babe gets restless, and when I kiss his soft cheek, he starts to root. He is hungry after such an ordeal. I tenderly pull him to my breast. It causes a slight pain as he suckles. I curl my toes at this new sensation. It is then that I know I will forever continue to bear any sort of pain for this child. I am a mother. It is a wonderful thing to have the power to nourish. I know that someday in the future, this babe will also nourish. However, He will be providing a different kind of nourishment, nourishment that will feed the souls of nations.

The world has been waiting in anticipation for so long now, for the coming of this little miracle. I am not exactly sure what the future holds for this infant. I know that many will not understand and will even deny who he really is. That saddens me and scares me a little. I know the power of prideful men. I know the punishments that can come from those who rule. Many babes have been taken from their mothers because of fearful rulers, but I know that God is bigger than any prideful man. God will always be with my son, guiding him to his destiny whatever that may be. I am so tired. My body can do no more. The babe snuggles against my chest and falls into a deep sleep. He is just as tired as I am from his hard work I am sure. What a wonderful night this has been for the both of us. The future is written, but I am in the dark. I sigh deeply and exhale all of the uncertainties, for I have the light of God to guide me.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

CHEYENNE RAY

Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

It was October 24, 1864 when I stumbled upon a dainty meadow with weeping willows swaying in the cool, crisp breeze. The burnt autumn leaves whispered as they crunched under my feet. “Winter is coming,” they murmured in a hushed tone. I could almost taste the change in the air. The war raged on, blood staining the lush, green grass of Virginia, and women waited sadly at home for word of their husbands' return. Mother sat in a wheat- colored rocking chair sewing, cooking, and cleaning, wasting the days away wishing that Father would waltz through the door covered in dirt, soot staining his rosy cheeks, and grime sunken deep into his wicked smile. I despised the uncertainty of our future in Virginia. It had been years since the war started, and we had only received one letter from Father. We were losing hope, and Mother was losing her will to live. She contracted pneumonia and the doctor said it would be a miracle if she lived another month. I am sad to say that I could not watch her suffer another minute. As an escape from the uncertain future we had there in Virginia, I was quite curious, curious enough to stumble upon something extraordinary.

I walked across this meadow to the endless line of tall, hearty pines sweeping across the orange horizon as the sun set this day. It was colder than normal, or maybe it was just the fear of what hid behind the trees. I entered with courage, anxious to see what treasures those dark, misty woods had to offer my journey and me. The pine needles were falling from the trees onto the damp blanket of dirt and crushed leaves. I picked one off the ground and touched its crunchy exterior, which had once been an arrangement of vibrant greens, but was left a dull copper. Traveling farther, under a gate of woven branches to the moat of muddy water streaming from the top of the small hill to my left, there was a foggy path calling, begging, and beckoning me to come and revel in its gifts. I gazed as the branches danced, twirling and guiding me toward this path. The hair stood up on the nape of my neck, sending shivers up my spine and a chill over my skin. My stomach was in tangles and the air was as thick as molasses. I could hardly breathe. The farther I traveled, the more uncertain I felt. I stopped, calming myself. It is just the woods. It is trees and leaves. I repeated it like a mantra over and over again until I looked to the heavens above me. The sun was sleeping, but the moon was wide awake. The sky was bright with lights as the stars sang, shining and glistening with every twinkle. Instantaneously, the path did not seem so frightening anymore.
I hurried into its sweet embrace only to find a fountain overflowing with opaque, murky water sitting in the center of the deep of the woods. With no trees hiding the sky, the moonlight shone over the dark shadowy water.
The pine needles surrounding the base were burnt black and the very dirt looked as if it would swallow someone whole. It was untouched by the elements. Its ink like maroon eyes darted towards me. My heart pumped faster, beating out of my chest. I was scared. The chilling sensation of a million eyes settled on me. The color in my cheeks drained, leaving my skin clammy and transparent. The temperature felt so cool I could not feel my limbs, only the urge to run. I turned quickly and sprinted through the woods, the branches grabbing me, raping me, slewing me one to the other, laughing and taunting as I cried and screamed for help. My voice broke in pain as if I were sucking in knives. I fought their grasp and managed to escape, running hysterically through the woods.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

Before I could even open my eyes once again, there were the weeping willows and the pretty meadow. I turned quickly and saw the black woods grin. To say I ran was an understatement. It is summer now, and the war ended in April. The men came home with death splattered upon their faces and the women with tear-streaked cheeks. Father never came home, and Mother passed on not long after. She now slumbers under the sweet, somber weeping willow in the beautiful meadow graced with a garden of white poppies.
I visit often with flowers and song. The black ink curls across the papers, each stroke meaning I love you. I rip the pages up and watch the pieces fly over the woods toward heaven. I look out at the horizon, to the never-ending line of pines and smile, shaking my finger toward it. “Ah-ah-ah! Not this time.” I giggle conspiring with myself, pressing the tips of my fingers to one another, laughing at the lonely wood as I walk into the village with a smile of sweet victory.

INFINIUM

JUSTIN REEVES

Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

My name is Matthew Meir. I would suppose this is where I should describe myself, but that would've been impossible then. I'd suffered from total blindness since birth and had always wondered what it was like to "see." When I awoke in the mornings to the smell of foods, I longed to appraise, both with my taste and my eyes, what I was consuming. Eggs for instance always tasted the same, a bit salty with the cheese adding another level of flavor, the faint spice from the pepper, mixed with the grease and fat from the bacon ensured it tasted good... but I still wanted to see it. I was very good at identifying things, but that wasn't enough for me. I tried to imagine the world, but couldn't as I had no reference point for imagining. I was, however, smart with comprehension skills that registered off the charts. My mom said it was because she'd play tapes while I was still in the womb. I lived on the outskirts of a city; down a long dirt road. Jonesboro was the type of place you go if you wanted to raise a family and get away from the city life, but still wanted to be near something. These were my parents' thoughts when they moved from the hustle and bustle of Chicago. My mother, one Laura Meir, was a successful self-help book writer, and my father, Reed Meir, was a truck driver who also owned a repair shop, Neo-Contrivances. When my mom announced that she'd gotten pregnant, my dad wasted no time making arrangements, managing to find a cheap house on the outskirts of the city. They had me five months after settling in, the doctors informing them of my affliction shortly after.

Neither could fathom how or why, and the doctors were just as baffled, but they took it in stride, silently promising themselves they wouldn't allow my ailment to overly affect my childhood. They read me stories every night and taught me braille as soon as I was ready to learn. They home schooled me, and I learned everything from Trigonometry to Spanish. I ended up taking the GED test early at the age of thirteen and passed. My parents, ecstatic about the success, took me to my favorite restaurant, Mama Tsangs, to celebrate. That is where my real story began. "We're so proud of you sweetie," Mom said, the emotion audible in her voice coming from the right of me. "You did really good today." Reed added. his voice deep and booming reverberating from the left. I sat in the middle of the back seat of our large vehicle. I assume the size from the climb it takes to get inside of it, and it sounded really mean when you cranked it. 101.7 played quietly on the radio snippets of whatever song was playing cutting in through the disc jockeys' words. The test was delivered via computer and microphone. It was hard to place the consultant's accent,, and at the time, I didn't really care; I just wanted out of that terrible chair and cold air. After two hours, the lady from the entrance brought in my parents, and after hearing my scores, my dad yelled and whooped louder than I'd ever heard before while my mother hugged and kissed me for what felt like forever. I was given the choice to go wherever I wanted for dinner, so Mama Tsangs it was.

While I should've felt accomplished for something of that nature, and my pops made sure to drill in how important this was, I didn't. At least I did something to make them happy. I often wonder what it's like for them to have to deal with a blind child and all the extra it entails. They told me they'd love me just as much sight or no sight. I found comfort in that then, but doubt was something I dealt with often. Regardless, I refused to allow my thoughts to bind me, so I smiled bright to their praise, masking my own internal conflict behind it. "It was actually kind of a fun challenge." I lied, knowing the entire experience was one of the most daunting and intimidating of my young life. "I'm ready to see what's thrown at me next." I didn't realize then what that would mean for me, but it sounded good at the time.

I suddenly lurched forward in my seat hearing a click that signified we were in park. I listened as they unfastened their seat belts while doing the same myself. "We're hereeee!" my mother said opening her door, my father following suit. I shimmied over to the right holding my white cane in my left hand. I opened the door, letting the cane out before I stepped down feeling the solidness of the earth beneath me. As soon as I stepped out of the vehicle, my senses were flooded. The smell of several different foods set my mouth watering while the rush of cars around me caused my palms to sweat a tad. A strong breeze ripped through my coat setting a chill over me and rifling my hair. "It's supposed to storm," Reed said grimly, his voice behind me. "Then let's get inside I don't want to be rained on," Mom said, her voice off to my left a tad. We began the walk toward the building with me tapping my cane to the left middle and right of me before bringing it back. It wasn't a long walk to the door, and with its opening came the smell of fine Japanese food and soy sauce. I collapsed my cane wrapping my arm around my mother's, the smell of her light perfume mingling nicely with the aroma of the restaurant.

"Reed, Laura, Cole how are you all today!" The voice of the familiar hostess called from in front of us. "Just fine, missus Tsang, and yourself?" My father responded throwing on his drawl as he does whenever we encounter... well anyone really. I think he just liked messing with people as he spoke normally when it was just us, but I never asked him about it. We frequented the restaurant often, so I had nearly everyone's voices memorized, and everyone knew us as well. We were quickly escorted to our seats. I did not release my mother till we arrived at the back booth. I slid in to the wall, my parents sitting across from me. They were given menus, signaled by the sounds of laminated paper sliding across the table, and after ordering our drinks, the hostess left us to our small talk. The restaurant was abuzz as usual; it was Friday after all. The smell of tantalizing food went nicely with the sizzling of a frying pan, and I could start to feel my stomach growling. We'd just arrived, and I already wondered where the food was. The workers all spoke in fluent Japanese, their heavily accented voices only barely heard over the sound of chatter that filled the packed restaurant. While I had only just started studying their language; I knew enough to know they were talking about a lady worker. The sound of chairs sliding out and back in notified me that the table adjacent to our booth was now occupied. It seemed like a typical evening at a typical restaurant, but the evening did not end in a typical way.

"And here are your drinks," our server said, setting the ice-cold drinks down in front of us. I gently grabbed the already damp glass taking a sip, savoring the flavor of the delicious sweet tea and swirling it around in my mouth before I finally allowed it to flow down my throat. Not a moment after the steps of the waitress could no longer be heard did my father's phone vibrate softly; the "tap tap" sounds of his keyboard now occupying the air. "Reed," my mother said in a light yet clipped tone, "Can you please put your phone away at the table?" She asked pleasantly, presumably for the sake of the restaurant, as she has been known to just fling it, yet he's never bought a new one to my knowledge.

"Well actually I gotta make a call," he replied calmly, standing, bringing his cup with him to take a parting drink. The ice jingled in his glass as he took an audible gulp, sat it down, and gave my mother a kiss, mumbling his affections and started on his way walking toward the door before he was drowned out in the commotion. "Well then," Mother said softly taking a sip of her own beverage. It wasn't unlike my father to have to make "important calls" or attend to "sudden matters" during family time. "Benefits of being the smartest man in the room," he once told me when I inquired about his distance. I tried not to take it to heart and attempted to understand, but to this day, it's hard. I sighed audibly, taking another drink allowing it to go down quickly this time. "Never mind him," My mother said, masking her obvious displeasure "Tonight is about you, my love. I am so proud of you, Matthew, and what you've accomplished today. This is a huge step toward both your future and your independence..." It was then that mom decided to launch her rather lengthy and stale lecture about the importance of education and the impact that my hard work would have in the long run. I, however, had checked out about that time.

My mind wandered to other things like what call could have been so important that my father had to leave during my victory dinner. Why couldn't, if only for the night, I have had his undivided attention and praise? Impressing my father has always been at the top of my list, but something I never seemed to be able to achieve. He was a very intelligent man, so I made every attempt to impress him through my own intellect (athletics wasn't in my realm of possibilities), but every attempt at pleasing him was rewarded in half praise and "good job, kid," and while you'd think that would be enough, it wasn't. I needed to astound him, to without a doubt impress him, but even passing the GED at the age of thirteen wasn't enough to pull him away from that damn phone. I sighed quietly at the same time my mother finished her speech. She was silent which I took to mean she was waiting on some type of response or acknowledgement from me. "Umm yea right gotta stay focused..." I said, my voice trailing off, my own thoughts finally getting the better of me for the first time that night. My mother sounded as if she was going to say something but thought against it, and I instead heard the slurping noise that signified and empty glass.

Luckily, what would have been a very awkward silence was quickly filled by the voice of our returning waitress. I heard two platters set before us and knew that one contained a Titanic sushi roll and the other a Hello Kitty. "Refills?" She asked, and my mother of course approved. The waitress left promising to return momentarily with a pitcher of tea. I decided to take this opportunity to excuse myself. "Just going to the bathroom," I assured her, extending my white cane in front of myself tapping in a half circle in front of me. "Of course sweetie, just be careful" She said, her usual nervousness whenever I ventured off on my own apparent.Mama Tsangs was my favorite restaurant, and we frequented the place so much I had come to know it like I did my own home. I ventured off to the left, already knowing where I was in relation to the place as we made sure we were seated in or near the same place every time. I caught whispers as I traveled and could feel people's eyes on me.

It had always bothered me, the way people treated me, as if a blind person or anyone with a disability were some sort of marvel. I could feel my cheeks getting hot as I passed what I assumed was a group of teenagers who were sniggering and the voice of a mother chiding her child with an all too common "don't stare." The noise of the place helped me to push them out along with the count I had to keep in my own head. Once I hit my twentieth step and the smell of fresh cooked food was so close I could taste it, I pushed my cane out to my left a bit farther than I would tap, and upon not feeling the wall, I turned left and immediately right before continuing straight. I counted ten more steps before feeling out directly at eye level and felt the word "men" etched upon the sign in braille. I headed in and turned left, knowing that directly in front of me was a wash basin. I leaned my cane against the sink and took a deep breath before releasing it and turning on the faucet. Tonight had been a cross between a success and a failure, something I should've been used to at this point but still weighed heavy on my conscience all the same. It was then that I noticed something curious. Silence. I shut off the faucet with a shaky hand and listened carefully, closing my eyelids tighter in doing so underneath my shades. Silence.

The once rambunctious and lively establishment was now layered with a palpable level of silence. Even in acknowledging the fact that I was behind a closed door, it still shouldn't have been as quiet as it was. Then a noise cut through the air that made my blood run cold. A single gunshot followed by the scream of a feminine voice threw the whole place into chaos. The once silent atmosphere was quickly replaced by one of panic and disorder; gunshots and screams and jeers from the aggressors sent my heart beating. I quickly reached for my cane when I was met with my next surprise, but this one was more disturbing than the last. It was no longer there and after reaching forward to steady my dizzy mind on the sink I realized it wasn't there anymore either. The sounds of terror rose to a crescendo as I reached around in every direction wanting to feel something solid, but there was nothing. Then another thought occurred to me. Why had no one tried to reach the bathrooms. Attacker or otherwise, no one in the restaurant had bothered to come to the bathrooms. Just as this thought crossed my mind, I heard another noise just beneath me. This noise was the hardest to describe but it sounded like... moving tiles. It was a clinking noise as the tiles chipped and moved against one another. I quickly got on one knee and felt what I had already been thinking confirmed. The tiles were moving; spinning as they separated and moved outward.

Then I felt the gap and my mind quickly deduced what was happening. The tiles were spreading apart leaving a small hole which would quickly become a large one. The noise of the spreading floor became louder, masking, but not blocking, the disorder outside as I quickly rose and turned, preparing to run toward where the bathroom door should be. At least the madness outside the wash area was within my scope of reality. I took my first step forward and felt my white cane roll underneath my foot as I crashed to the floor, landing on my arm as an earsplitting crack rippled through the air, louder than the now amplified noise of the moving tile. My shades cracked as my head slammed against the cold expanding tile. I screamed as the pain quickly spread from my now broken arm to the rest of my body tasting the blood as it filled my mouth. I didn't have long to dwell on my injuries, however, as when I rolled over off my broken appendage, whimpering with tears flowing, I could feel my feet dip into the now rather large hole. I could taste the salt of my tears as it mixed with the metallic taste of my blood, and as I opened my mouth to scream one last time, I dropped, now free falling into the chasm which had appeared in the middle of my favorite eatery. My voice caught in my throat as I felt wind rushing around me, my shades flying off my face as I continued to plummet. I was sure I was going to die. In fact, I thought I was dead, and this was my express ticket to hell.

I could hear the sounds of panic and terror that had filled Mama Tsangs earlier mixed with the grinding and clinking of the moving tile. It was torture, and what may have lasted a few moments felt like it dragged on and on before I finally landed. I was equally astounded both that I could say I survived, but also at what I felt on impact. I felt what I could only describe as gelatin form and heard a loud pop noise as the substance seemed to envelope me instantly on impact. I immediately opened my mouth in search of air. The impact didn't hurt me anymore than I was already hurt. It did knock the wind out of me. I quickly felt my mouth fill with the substance and it wasted no time working its way to the back of my mouth and down my throat. I tried to wiggle around but the substance held me tight in place, completely restricting my movement. The fire in my arm was at its peak now, the rest of my body aching not quite as badly, but agonizing enough all the same. Suddenly I felt myself growing tired, my mind going dark, my body numb and tingling, and just like that, I couldn't feel anymore.

ONE LAST FISHING TRIP

CHLOE LANE

Student Ambassador at Arkansas State University- Newport

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELISSA CHANCE



Spending long summers with my grandparents in Jacksonport were the highlights of my childhood. I spent hours in the creek with my cousins, aunts, and uncles and anyone else who decided to come and hang out in that warm creek. Covered with trees, hidden in the backyard, that creek was the first place my grandfather taught me how to fish, even though I thought the worms and crickets were gross. As years passed by, and a many fishing trips went on, I started to take him for granted in my life. Waking up early one warm summer Saturday, feeling the morning sun shine on my face through the window was the first thing I remember when my grandfather came and woke me up to go on what I did not know at the time would be our last fishing trip. Rushing to get on the road, I kissed my Nana goodbye and grabbed our sack lunches that she had made for us the night before and headed out the door.

After a drive that seemed to last a lifetime, we finally made it to our own little paradise. When we arrived at the dock, I slipped my flip flops off and felt the warm, rough wood on my feet as I made a dash for the boat. The boat itself wasn't the most magnificent, but it got the job done. It was a long, hunter green jon boat with a million dings and scratches, treasured by my grandfather. When we finally hit the water, I could hear woodpeckers knocking away, cicadas humming, and bass flopping out of the water. It seemed like the perfect day. While my grandfather was busy baiting hooks, I was looking down at the murky river water by our boat where I saw minnows and carp. When my barbie fishing pole was baited, I reared back as far as my little arms would let me and let that cricket fly into the water.

After what felt like years had gone by, there was the slightest tug on my line. I almost fell out of my boat chair with excitement as my grandfather grabbed my hands to help me keep still. I started to reel in what I thought would be the biggest fish of my life. I tugged, and I fought like a warrior in battle against this fish for what was probably about five minutes. When we finally got this monster on the boat, it was only a little three-pound carp, but my Papa acted like I just won him the Bass Fishing Championship he was so excited.

When we had finally had enough fishing and sun for one day, we started our trip back to the dock. Half way home, our boat motor decided to give out on us which resulted in us calling in backup, Jimmy Riley, the funniest old man who ever existed. He dragged us out of the back canal without a worry in the world. Feeling the cool air of the night start to hit my face and watching the sky turn pink as the sun lay down to rest, I thought about how lucky I was to have someone who cared enough about me to take me out on the weekends after a hard week at work. When we finally got to the dock, I stopped and gave my Papa a kiss on the cheek and felt his five o'clock shadow prickle my little lips. When we finally got out of the canal, sunburned and exhausted, I dragged myself to the Bronco with the red and navy-blue seats to try to get comfortable enough to get a little bit of rest.

Before I knew it, I woke up back at Virginia Ave. My Papa poked and prodded for me to get out and help him carry in the very vintage red and white fish cooler that had our catch of the day that was ready to be cleaned. Getting the cooler to the shop was harder than I imagined, but when we finally scaled every fish and even had some in our hair, my Nana came out and informed us that dinner was ready, and it was time to go in and eat. I washed my hands before dinner, but they still smelled like old fish for about a week.

During childhood, you never realize how much someone affects your life until they are no longer in it. That was one of the hardest lessons I had to learn at a younger age than I would have liked to learn it. Memories stay with you after loved ones are gone. That is all I have to hold on to at this point, but that was one memory and one fishing trip that will last me a lifetime.

IRON LIONS

ANONYMOUS

For the last eight years of my life, I could not get out of bed if I knew I did not have something to help me get up. That alone was truly miserable and stressful, what seemed like endless amounts of phone calls, searching for what I wanted, no... needed. The worst was the waiting. It seemed like I was always waiting, waiting on that phone call, waiting in a stranger's dark driveway, waiting under the dim, flickering street lights in parking lots. When I wasn't waiting, the world around me was so chaotic and moving so fast. Sometimes, I tried to slow it down with more self-medication. Life was ever-changing for me. Inconsistency seemed constant, but the only thing that remained the same was the colossal disappointment I was to myself and others.

My ex-husband's house was large and spacious. There were lights that lined the driveway to the empty fountain in the courtyard that no longer pumped any water. The fog covered the ground as I walked past the iron lions that were on each side of the walkway. They did not look like kings to me the way they once had. Now they were covered with moss, and one had been kicked over on its side. The inside of the house was dirty with dishes piled in the kitchen sink, mold in the refrigerator, and dust that covered all the once nice and shiny objects carefully placed on the shelves. We went to our favorite place which was the bathroom. It was large and white and bright. Together we stood underneath the vent. We lit the glass bowl as we had so many times before. I felt the surge go straight to my brain as I inhaled deeply, and I could taste the familiar tang that I had grown to love to hate. I smacked my mouth together and tried to make my tongue wet as it should be, but my mouth was a desert. I took three hits from the pipe and could feel my brain vibrating, so I sat down on the toilet to try to gather my thoughts.

Why did I always want to talk about things so complex and overwhelming when I got this way? My thoughts were so loud and large I was overcome. I could never cry when I was high, but boy, could I think. I decided to walk outside to the pool area. I sat down on a wicker chair and stared into the empty pool for a long time. I became jealous of the dead frogs that lay there at the bottom. The iron gates that surrounded me could not contain my thoughts, and my body could not contain my emotions. I stood up, and without blinking went straight to my bottle of sleeping medicine and muscle relaxers. I took everything I had left and then sat down again, waiting patiently. I thought in God's eyes I probably looked no better than those dead frogs.

I do not remember if my thoughts ever slowed down before succumbing to deep sleep. Inside, on my way down to the floor, I hit my head on a coffee table. I do not know how long I was lying on the carpet before my ex-husband discovered me. Frantically, he tried to wake me, but I was lifeless. He and his brother stripped me down and carried me into the shower, screaming and hitting me to try and wake me, but to no avail. He finally called 911, and an ambulance got there quickly. They put four of the ammonia casings on my face to try to wake me up, but I lay there expressionless. I was taken to the emergency room and placed in critical care.

The next day, I woke up in a hospital room. It was large and white and bright. The world was still fuzzy and not much different from what I was used to seeing. I had so desperately wanted to be alone, and now that I had finally gotten what I wanted, I had no one to turn to anymore. I wondered why my life was spared and where I was going to go from there. I answered a series of questions from a psychiatrist. This process was not new to me. I knew the drill. You overdose, show them you are crazy, and they confirm that you are crazy, and try to give you some new meds to try. "Just let me go home," I pleaded with the man. "I'm tired." He was reluctant but did discharge me from his care. I was dismissed from the hospital and drove myself home to my empty house. It was cold and dark, and the silence there was the loudest I had ever experienced.

I decided to stand up, shout, fight, and mean it this time. The choices that I had been making for myself were hurting so many people around me. I was the center of my own world, and I thought that I was only hurting myself when that was so far from the truth. I knew at that moment I would no longer be getting high. I decided that I cared enough about others and even cared enough about myself no longer to be on a path of self-destruction. This decision alone would reconcile people and things to me that I thought were long gone. Life is to be experienced to its fullest, and there is just no way one can experience that while being controlled.

That was the most significant moment of my life because that was the moment I decided to stand up to this enormous, frightening monster of a bully my addiction had become. I was willing to do whatever it took to restore what had been lost, to repair what had been broken at my hands. The silence, and the cold and dark, brought me to my knees, and I could feel a physical pain where my heart was, but it was the first time in so long I was not in a haze, and I could see so clearly.

LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

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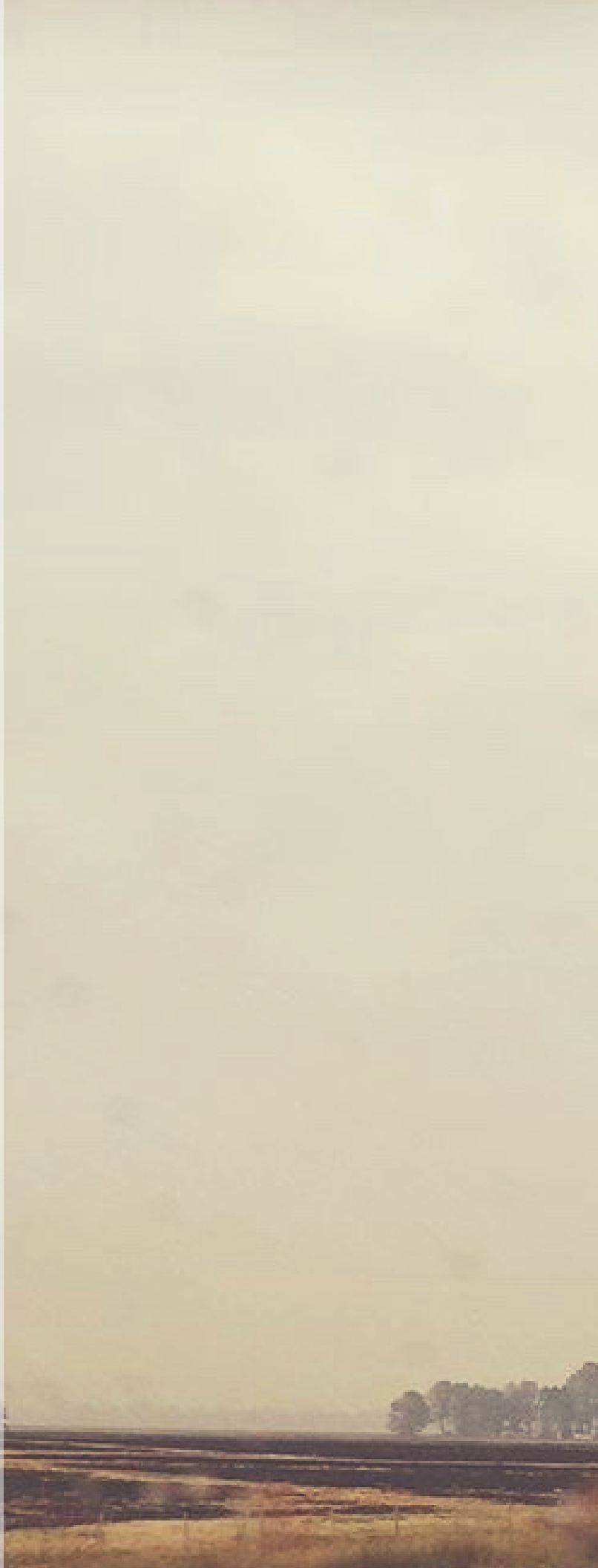
PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE



POETRY REVIEW:

ROBERT FROST'S "NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY"

JILLIAN WAGNER

Graduate of Arkansas State University-Newport

A memorable poem is one that paints a fascinating picture, leaving room for interpretation, while possessing layers of meaning that take the reader on a journey through analysis and reflection. Robert Frost effectively uses poetic devices such as metaphors and similes when comparing human life to the four seasons, adding depth to the poem that makes it unforgettable. A poem describing the advancement of the seasons on the surface is additionally about humanity's inability to escape change and hold on to anything permanently. In Robert Frost's brief and thoughtful "Nothing Gold Can Stay," he uses figurative language and symbols from nature to compare the changing seasons to the cycle of human life in order to communicate to readers the inevitability of change.

Frost employs several forms of figurative language to depict the cycle of change, beginning with the newness of spring. Frost uses a strong metaphor in the first line, "Nature's first green is gold." He compares the first sprouts of life to a precious metal. He does not literally mean that the first leaf to grow is gold, but carefully chooses this wording to express how precious the beginning of anything new can be. Frost also personifies nature by giving "her" human qualities like attempting to "hold" on to her color. This transforms the subject of the poem from the changing seasons to a much deeper concept that readers can understand symbolically.

In her article "Symbolic Landscape in Frost's 'Nothing Gold Can Stay'," Bernetta Quinn describes the impact of the imagery as "the importance of the human consciousness within a landscape." As the seasons change, so do the colors of the leaves. As people age, they are also unable to hold on to their beauty. When the speaker says that her flower only lasts an "hour," he reiterates how this splendor lasts only for a short time. In the last line, "Nothing gold can stay," this powerful metaphor emphasizes Frost's point that even when beauty is exceptional, it is fleeting.

Frost uses imagery of nature to depict the mutability of life. He uses the progression of the four seasons as a model and compares it to the cycle of human life. He begins the poem in spring, and compares the first growth to precious gold. He chooses to call it "gold" to remind readers of the temporal objects and qualities they value. The beginning of life is a beautiful stage, and when the flower buds, this is the peak of its beauty. It is lovely but quickly fades. Frost expands this sort of imagery with the line that states, "Then leaf subsides to leaf." The leaves sink to the ground, just like an individual's strength and beauty dwindle over time. He adds to this the image of sinking, the idea that "Eden sank to grief," as if the leaves subsiding were not enough, and reminds readers of the garden of Eden. Quinn explains in her article how Frost has often "involved allusions to the Fall of Man" in his work. Quinn claims that he does this in order to demonstrate the certainty of change, that it is in God's design that even perfection cannot last. The line "As dawn goes down to day" can be interpreted that Frost preferred dawn to day because as the day goes on, it gets closer to its ending. The last line is the same as the title, placed there to remind readers that nothing beautiful lasts forever.

No matter the value one places on something material, it cannot be held forever. No matter how breathtaking something is, it is impossible for it to stay that way. Reading this poem is like coming to this age old realization all over again. However, Frost implies that beauty without transience could not be truly appreciated. "Frost's poem is not one of sadness but of triumph," Quinn remarks. Things change, and nothing lasts forever, but at least there is much beauty to be found along the way. The wonderful truth about this cycle of change is that when one beautiful life or process comes to an end, another can begin.

With metaphors comparing the beginning of life to something as precious as gold, and fleeting human life to that of a flower, Frost gives readers a visual of just how impermanent beauty is. The symbols of nature Frost uses in this poem display for the reader a cycle of change that is relatable to one's own existence. Life is short but also beautiful, just like this poem is. In "Nothing Gold Can Stay," Robert Frost paints a bittersweet picture of change through images found in nature and his many uses of figurative language to highlight the impermanence of all beautiful things.

Frost, Robert. "Nothing Gold Can Stay." The Poetry of Robert Frost. N.p.: Connery Lathery, 1969. N. pag. Print.

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SHORT STORY REVIEW

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S "A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE"

ABIGAIL MASON

Student at Arkansas State university- Newport

Ernest Hemingway introduces three main characters in his story “A Clean, Well-Lighted Place.” The drunken old man and the older waiter are similar in that they both like to stay late at the clean and bright café which is a sort of haven for their lonely souls. However, the younger waiter is impatient every night, ready to leave and go home to his wife. He is annoyed that the two old men find the place so comforting. The theme of the story is apparent in the contrast between the young and the old, as well as the differences in their confidence and despair, apathy and compassion, small-mindedness and patience. In “A Clean, Well-Lighted Place,” Hemingway depicts the needs of the drunken old man and the older waiter to escape their lonely lives by finding comfort in the café, and the confidence and impatience of the younger waiter, in order to demonstrate the theme that a kind word, a drink, or even a clean, welcoming place can not only brighten someone’s day but could also give momentary meaning to the lives of the lonely.

In an article entitled, “The Search for the Absolute in Hemingway’s ‘A Clean, Well-Lighted Place’ and ‘The Snows of Kilimanjaro’,” Sam Bluefarb analyzes the three characters explaining, “there is a split between an older waiter and a young waiter. This gap is catalyzed by the presence of an eighty- year-old patron of the café who wants to stay late into the night so that he might have, if we are to believe the older waiter, a ‘clean, well-lighted place’ for the night.” The drunken old man and the old waiter have many similarities in that they both find more comfort in staying out late than going home at a reasonable hour, they both appear to have little human companionship, and they both like the atmosphere of the clean, well-lighted café.

The first two similarities between the two men provide insight into a third; both gentlemen view the café as somewhat of a haven, a place they do not have to be alone but can stay away from the clutter and unfriendly atmosphere of the bars and bodegas that are open all night. The café is clean and peaceful, and it gives the two older gentlemen a place to go, or stay, to avoid their empty homes and escape the loneliness of their lives without the people they once loved. In an article entitled “Character, Irony, and Resolution in ‘A Clean, Well-Lighted Place’,” Warren Bennett points out that “the old man's severe despair, and the serious despair of the older waiter, are not caused by something, and are not about anything. Despair is a negation, a lack.”

The two waiters, however, are extremely different from one another. While the older waiter is content to stay at the café as long as required when there are people there who need it, the younger waiter is hurried. He wants to be able to close up and go home and not wait around for one old man. It seems the young man has a wife and a good home. The older waiter tells him “you have youth, confidence, and a job – you have everything.” In contrast, the older waiter sees himself as having nothing but work, and that is why he is never in a hurry to leave the café, because it is all he has in life.

The older waiter is more sympathetic to many readers because he is patient and understanding of the drunken old man, while the younger waiter is rude to him and callously tells him he should have killed himself. The older waiter shows compassion, where the younger waiter shows annoyance and ignorance. In his article, “Confusion in ‘A Clean, Well-Lighted Place’,” William E. Colburn addresses the questions surrounding Hemingway’s choice not to specifically assign the lines of dialogue to each waiter, claiming “most readers probably will agree that the younger waiter should be the one with a completely materialistic attitude toward life.” However, Bennett proposes in his article that the older waiter is actually “a materialist and [that] beyond the material there is ‘nothing’.”

While the older waiter does show compassion, he allows the younger waiter to mistreat the old man, and he does not seem to have a positive or healthy outlook on his own life. He ultimately believes that his mundane life is meaningless and is tormented by a nothingness or “nada,” as he puts it, while reciting the Lord’s prayer. His is a life in which all enjoyment and comfort are gone, except for the cleanliness, light, and friendly atmosphere of the café. His perspective on life appears to carry over into his attitude toward faith and religion. Because he views his life as nothing, he also views any religious solace as nothing.

The older waiter wants to let the old man stay in the café as long as he likes because he has compassion toward him. The younger waiter, however, wants the old man to leave because he thinks the man's habit of staying until the early hours of the morning unreasonable and in turn thinks the older waiter unreasonable. What the young waiter does not yet understand is that the older waiter is compassionate because he can relate to what the old man's life is like, and he knows that he would be going home to nothing. This also shows the similarity between the older waiter and the old man. As Bennett puts it, the old man has nothing to live for any longer. Bluefarb also claims that, "the older waiter, while believing in nothing, or nada, still desperately longs for a perfect something even though he patently despairs of finding it."

The lesson that readers can learn from this story is that sometimes all a person needs is a pleasant place to go when there seems to be no one around, no one to talk to, no one who cares if that person is lonely. Light can be shared through kindness, generosity, and a place to belong. A single gesture of kindness can bring a light into someone's life that they view as meaningless, and if moments build on moments, nights build on nights, and kindness spreads from one person to another, it is not only one person's life that could be changed but many.

The three main characters Ernest Hemingway presents in his story "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" demonstrate an important contrast. The old man and the older waiter both prefer staying until the early hours of the morning at the café which they view as a refuge in times of loneliness. The younger waiter, however, is always anxious to go home every night and gets impatient when the two old men linger in the place where they find comfort. The story displays the disparities between acceptance and impatience, anguish and confidence, and the kindness and indifference of the old and the young. In Ernest Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," the solace the drunken old man and the older waiter find in staying late at the café displays the theme that if given the opportunity, those who have everything should be willing to let the lonely have a little light, even if it is just for a night or even a moment.

Bennett, Warren. "Character, Irony, and Resolution in 'A Clean, Well-Lighted Place.'" American Literature, vol. 42, no. 1, Mar. 1970, pp. 70–79, Duke University Press.
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Hemingway, Ernest. "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place." Scribner's Magazine, 1933.

"I’m interested only in expressing basic human emotions — tragedy, ecstasy, doom"

-Mark Rothko

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BESSIE HATFIELD
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CINDY SCHRADER
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ABSTRACT CHAIR



LA CHUTE D'EAU

LAUREN DIXON

Student at Arkansas State University- Newport

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

TAYLOR A. MOORE



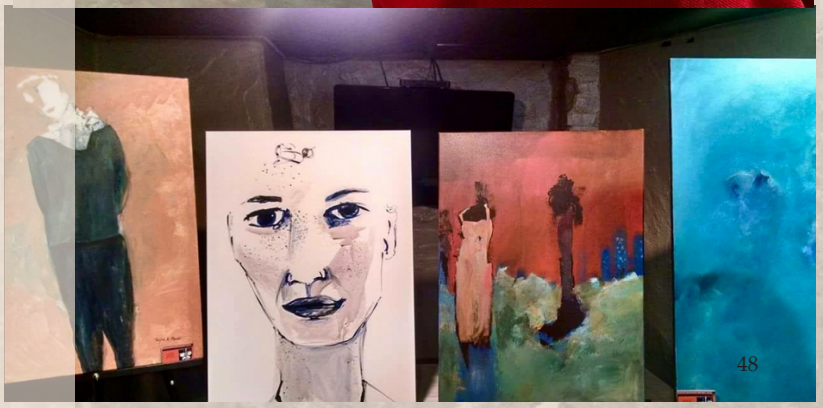


A former student of Arkansas State University-Newport, Taylor A. Moore, is an award-winning abstract expressionist painter, classical singer, and jazz enthusiast. He is an active member of the Northeast Arkansas Visual Arts League and placed in the November juried exhibition held by the Jonesboro Sun Gallery. In his paintings, he aims to use his knowledge of light, composition, and design principles to create atmospheres, narratives, and distinct focal points that provoke thought and evoke emotion in the ways music does. Part of Moore's creative process is listening to Verdi, Fitzgerald, Puccini, Getz, Gilberto, Holiday, Coltrane, and other jazz and opera masters to influence the movements of line and moods of color palettes. Moore's work is included in private collections in San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta, and Montreal. In January 2019, he will have a solo exhibition and give an artist talk for the University of Arkansas. In February 2019, he will be a featured artist for the Chocolate Fantasy Ball for the Ronald McDonald House Charities at the Little Rock Statehouse Convention Center, and in March 2019, he will be collaborating with a Chicago-based choreographer on an innovative ballet production for the Richmond, Virginia Ballet, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts.



Artist Statement:

Because I am a classically trained singer, I want my paintings to reflect musical qualities that I find most beautiful in song. I am also deeply inspired by fashion. Through my inspirations of luxury and niche fashion, both vintage and new, I strive to produce within my works the level of quality one would find in couture garments. Using the highest grade paints, creating distinct blacks for vibrancy, and emphasizing the importance of structure within a composition enhances its beauty and narrative.



"Music makes me want to stay alive."

-Andrew W.K.

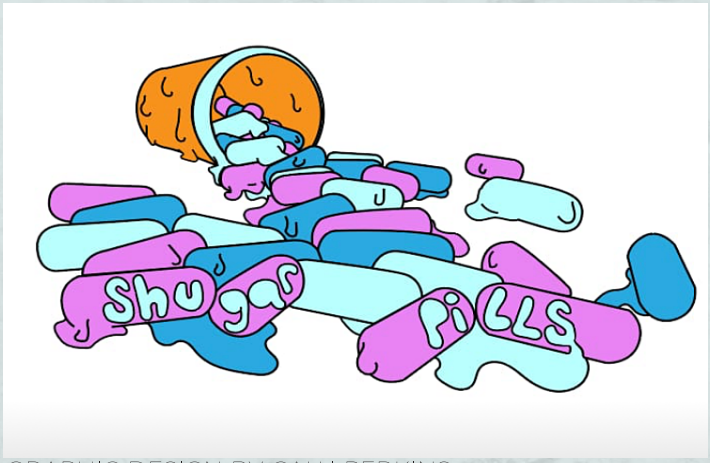
LOCAL MUSIC

FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIANS
PERFORMING IN THE REGION AND RELEASING ORIGINAL MUSIC

SHUGAR PILLS



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MATT DIXON



GRAPHIC DESIGN BY CALLI PERKINS

SOUR LHUV

LISTEN TO THE EP RELEASED JUNE 8TH, 2018
AND STREAM THE LATEST TRACKS :

WWW.SHUGARPILLS.COM
HTTPS://SHUGARPILLS.BANDCAMP.COM/
ALSO AVAILABLE FOR STREAMING ON SPOTIFY

SHUGAR PILLS

is an independent rock group with R&B influences whose sound has what band leader, Matt Dixon calls, "a very DIY spirit because I make it all in my grandma's basement." The group was formed in 2017 by Dixon, "your friendly, neighborhood ShugarDaddy," who is a full-time student at the Jonesboro campus of Arkansas State University-Newport, and Calvin Rawlins. Dixon writes and records in his home-studio and has produced recordings for several local bands including Tiny Towns, Over The Weather, New Days, and The Infinite Power. Shugar Pills perform regularly in the Jonesboro area and throughout the Northeast Arkansas region. On June 8th, 2018, the group released an EP entitled, *Sour Lhuv, which is* available for streaming and download on Spotify and several major music platforms.



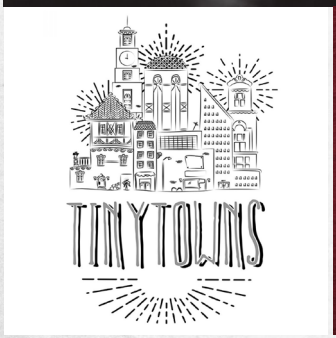
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANDLER STARLING

LOCAL MUSIC

FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIANS
PERFORMING IN THE REGION AND RELEASING ORIGINAL MUSIC

TINY TOWNS







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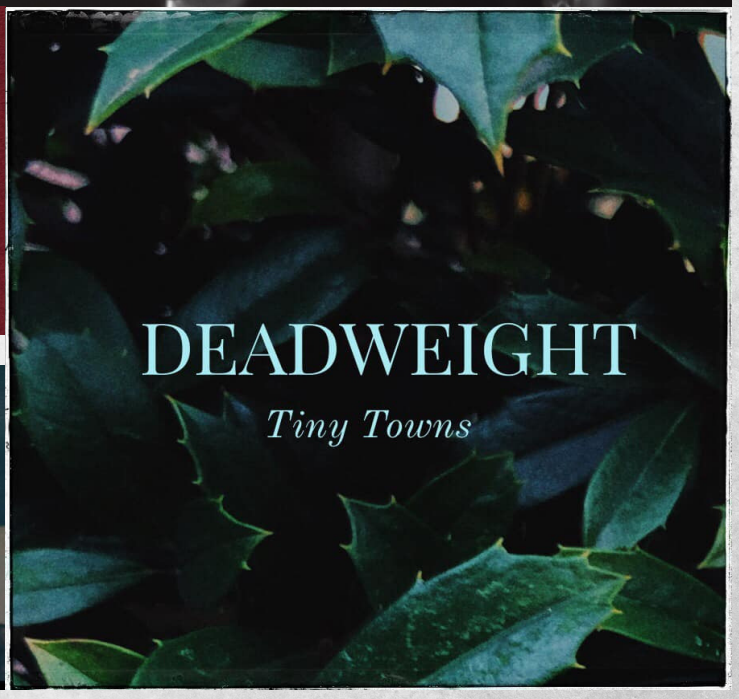


DEADWEIGHT

FULL-LENGTH ALBUM, RELEASED 1/1/19, AVAILABLE ON ALL MUSIC PLATFORMS

TINY TOWNS

is an independent alternative fusion band formed in 2016 by band leader, Blayne Pillow and drummer, Jacob Brumley, both of Jonesboro.



In 2017, guitarist, Trent Duff and bassist, Christian Lee Kitterman joined the group, and in the summer of 2018, they released their first self-titled EP including the tracks, "Settle," "XI," and "Anything but Me." The band enjoys a loyal following in Jonesboro and performs regularly throughout the Delta region. Tiny Towns was named best new artist of 2018 by *Shindigmusic*, and in January of 2019, they released their first full-length album entitled, *Deadweight,* along with a music video for the single, "Ottawa." The EP, *Tiny Towns*, and the album, *Deadweight*, are available for streaming and download on all major music platforms.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHELSEA DUFF, BRADLEY ALSUP, AND CRYSTAL CASON

LOCAL MUSIC

FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIANS
PERFORMING IN THE REGION AND RELEASING ORIGINAL MUSIC

WILDLIFE



LISTEN ONLINE: HTTPS://WILDLIFE.BANDCAMP.COM/

WILDLIFE is an independent post-hardcore band from Jonesboro, Arkansas formed in 2016 by singer, guitarist, and band leader, Darrell Sykes, bassist, Derek Doyle, guitarist, Trent Duff, and drummer, Jacob Brumley. They began as a rock band and have released three singles, "Open Your Eyes," "All I've Ever Known Is Today," and "Torchbearer," which are available on *Bandcamp*. Wildlife perform regularly throughout Northeast Arkansas and the Delta region and enjoy a loyal following in Jonesboro. They expect to release their first full-length album in 2019.

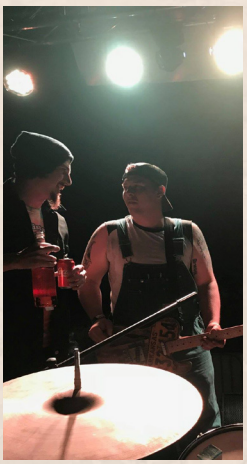




LOCAL MUSIC

FEATURED COMMUNITY MUSICIANS
PERFORMING IN THE REGION AND RELEASING ORIGINAL MUSIC

DAMN RANDYS









DAMN RANDYS

are an independent folk punk band from Jonesboro, Arkansas whose sound has "a perspective of rock and roll founded on folk, Kentucky bourbon, and cigarettes." The band was formed in 2016 by Zack Smock, a graduate of Arkansas State University-Newport. Other band members include drummer, Sarah Cullison, guitarist, Jake Hawkins, and bassist, Matt Bounds. Damn Randys perform regularly throughout Northeast Arkansas and released a self-titled EP in 2017. They have performed on several music festival stages including Show Me Dega at the Talladega Superspeedway and have received international radio play. Their EP is available for streaming and download on all major music platforms, and they expect to release a full-length album in 2019. Their mothers think they are cool and are very proud of them.



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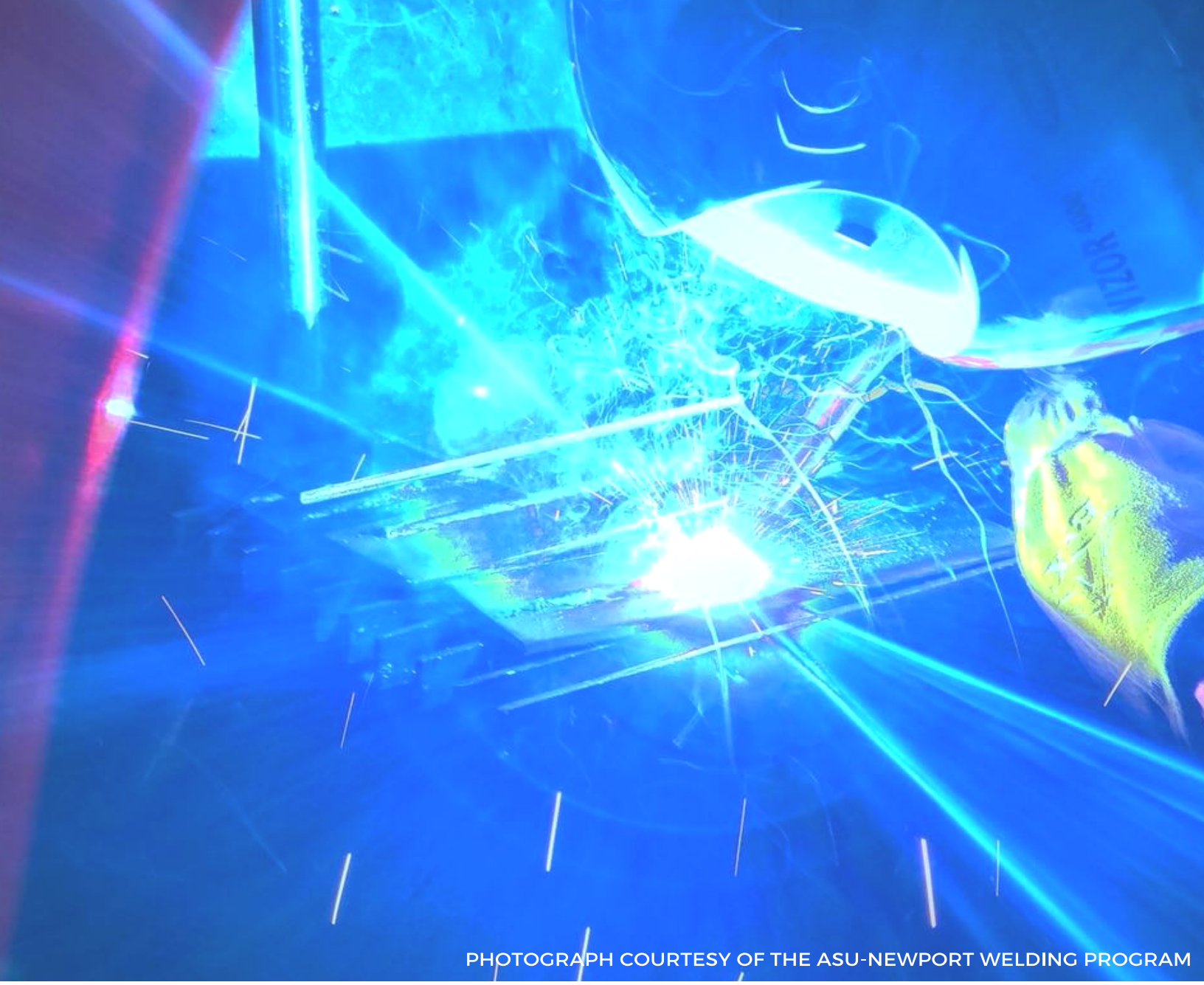
-Andy Warhol



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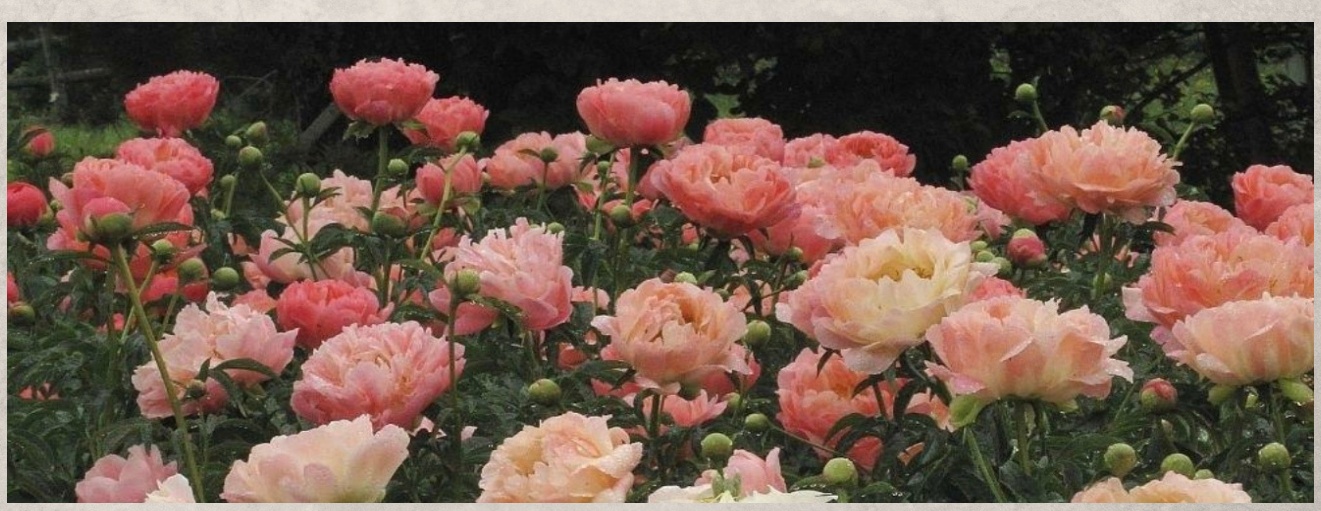

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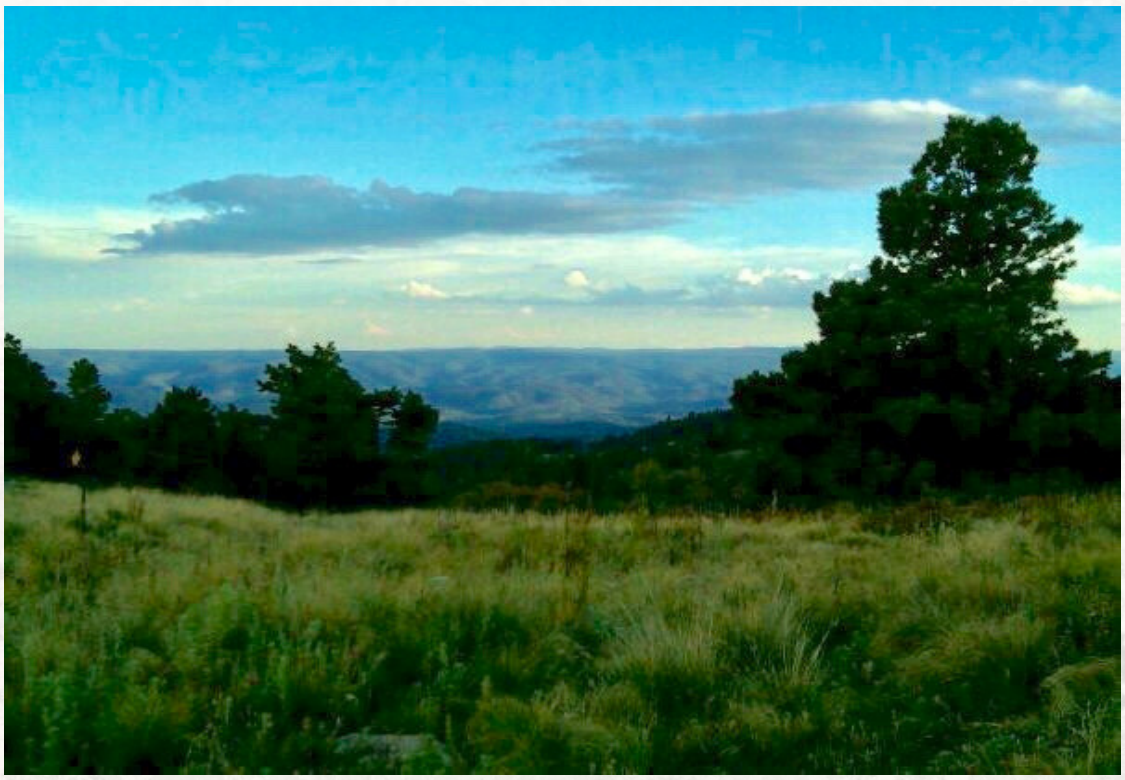

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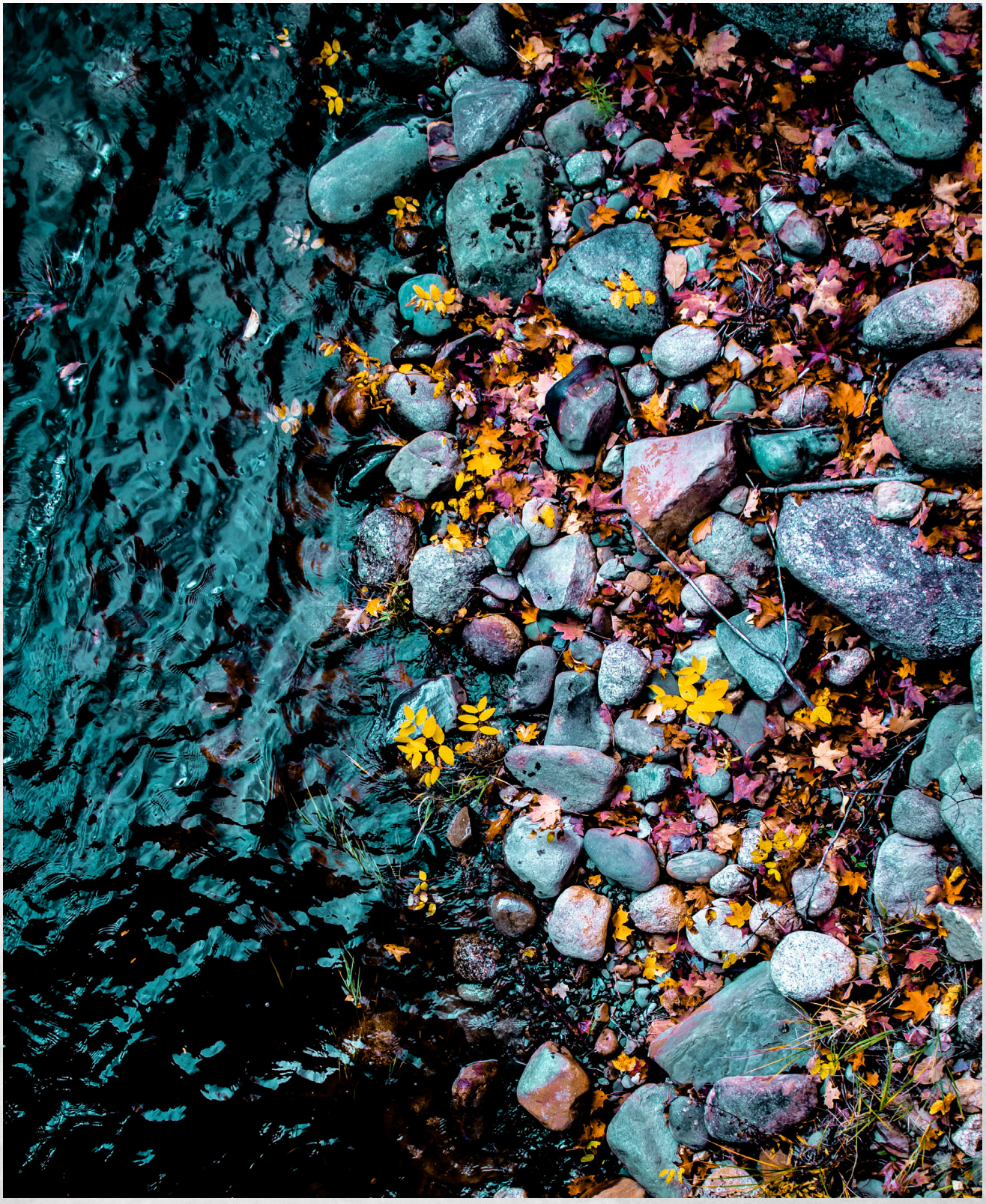

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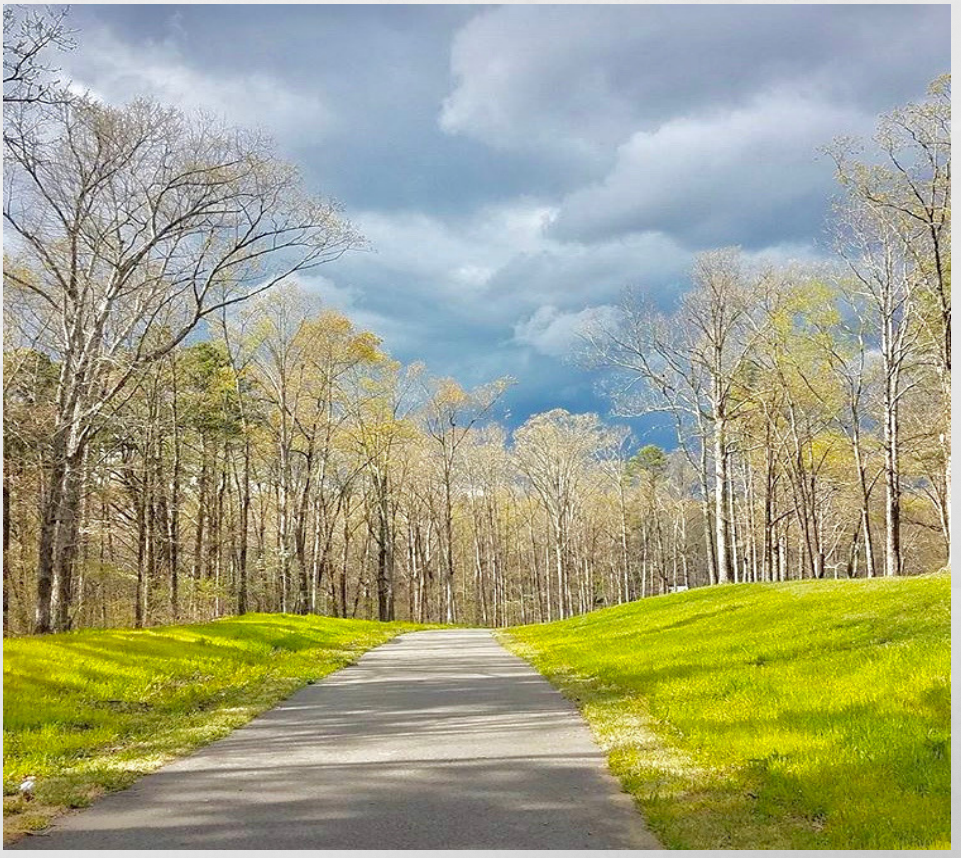

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Arkansas State University-Newport

Please send photography submissions to asunlitpub@asun.edu



CAMPUS CULTURAL EVENTS

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT
FALL 2018-SPRING 2019

MOVIES IN THE PARK
ACE THE AVIATOR MASCOT REVEAL
COFFEE HOUSE EVENTS
PATRON CONCERT SERIES
FALL FESTIVAL
SCARY STORY HOUR
MULTICULTURAL FOOD TASTINGS
HOLIDAY DOOR DISPLAY CONTEST
BLACK HISTORY MONTH LIBRARY DISPLAYS
CAMPUS DOCUMENTARY VIEWING
UPCOMING SPRING AVIATION THEME ART SHOW

Arkansas State University- Newport

MOVIES IN THE PARK











SPRING AND SUMMER MOVIE SERIES

PRESENTED BY ASU-NEWPORT

Monthly Community Movie Nights April-September 2018

JOIN US FOR FUTURE EVENTS!

ASUN
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY - NEWPORT
NEWPORT • JONESBORO • MARKED TREE







September 2018

MASCOT REVEAL

ACE

ASUN Welcomes Ace the Aviator

Thank you community members, faculty, staff and students, for joining us for our mascot reveal celebration. Ace is officially a member of the ASU-Newport family!







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October 25th

ROOTS AND BOOTS

2018

part of the Arkansas State University-Newport

Patron Concert Series



Aaron Tippin



Sammy Kershaw



Collin Raye

COFFEE HOUSE EVENTS AT ASUN











Presented by Bruce Smock

Hosted by ASU-Newport Hospitality Services

HALLOWEEN WEEK AT ASUN

















Events included the Fall Festival,
Campus Costume Contest, and Scary Story Hour

Photographs by Tina Fuentes, Ashley Tallant, Emily Pasmore Doyle, and the ASU-Newport Social Media Team



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Photographs provided by the ASU-Newport Social Media Team







CULINARY ARTS

Fall 2018

Hospitality Students Highlight Arkansas Cuisine, Prepare Food Tastings, and Host Multi-Cultural Holiday Events

ASUN's hospitality students were pleased to host representatives from Arkansas State University, ASU Mid-South, ASU-Mountain Home, and the ASU System Office at ASUN-Jonesboro for a multicultural, four-course lunch in November, 2018. In December of 2018, hospitality students researched regional cuisine for their Arkansas Foods project. Students prepared and served dishes indigenous to Arkansas and presented their research on the history of their dishes at the tasting. Hospitality services also prepared and hosted the campus holiday party with cuisines from around the globe.

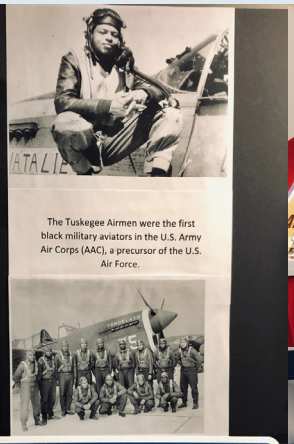




CULTURAL SHOWCASES PRESENTED BY ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT LIBRARY STAFF



The Newport Campus Library Staff led a multicultural holiday door decor contest during the fall semester. The winner of the contest was the door display featuring the Thai holiday, Loi Krathong.

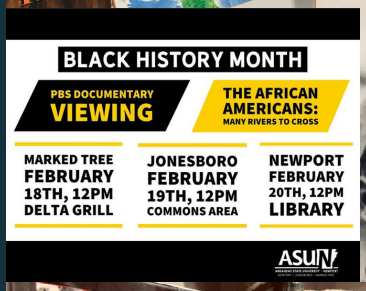
















In February of 2019, all three campuses hosted viewings of the cultural documentary, The African Americans. The Newport library staff also created several impressive and informative displays and showcases as part of the campus celebration of Black History Month.

Cultural Documentary Viewings hosted by the Newport, Jonesboro, and Marked Tree Campuses



ARTWORK BY FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST TAYLOR A. MOORE

COMMUNITY ARTS AND CULTURAL EVENTS

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE FALL EXHIBITION
NORTHEAST ARKANSAS ARTIST COLLECTIVE SPRING SHOW
NOAH REEVES BENEFIT CONCERT
DOWNTOWN SLAM
UPCOMING DELTA RIDGE VISUAL ARTS SHOW

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY

MYRA DEACON



Raven, First Place



TAYLOR A. MOORE



PENNY JO PAUSCH

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY



CHERYL M. PASMORE

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY



SARA BARRIGA



SANDRA ROHRBACH

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY



CINDY SCHRADER



PENNY JO PAUSCH

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY



DONNA DILLIN

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS VISUAL ARTS LEAGUE

JURIED EXHIBITION NOVEMBER 2018
JONESBORO SUN GALLERY



CINDY SCHRADER

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS ARTIST COLLECTIVE

SPRING SHOWCASE HELD MARCH 7TH AT THE GARAGE IN JONESBORO



ARTWORK CREDIT: LOVE BIRDS BY STEVE MCARTHUR



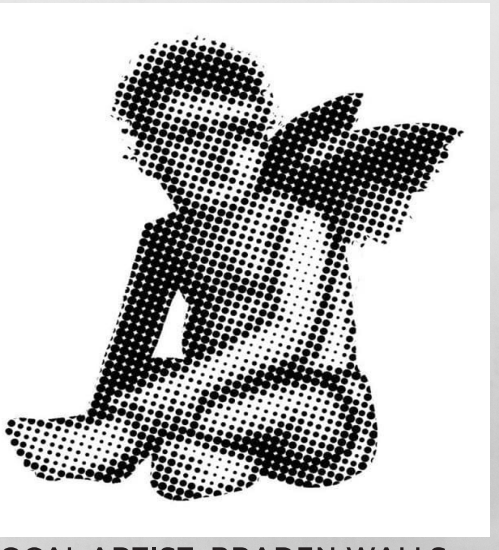
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NORTHEAST ARKANSAS ARTIST COLLECTIVE

NORTHEAST ARKANSAS ARTIST COLLECTIVE

Founded by local artists, Calli Perkins and Shannon Lamb, the Northeast Arkansas Artist Collective is a supportive community of artists and artisans from the Arkansas Delta. The group is committed to promoting, supporting, and expanding the diverse art scene in Jonesboro and throughout the region, and the artists in the collective have hosted several successful events and showcases since the group was formed in 2018. Many local artists and artisans have enjoyed increased career opportunities and growing interest in their work thanks to the exposure and support provided by the founders, local patrons, and their fellow artists.

bradenwalls.com





ORIGINAL GRAPHIC DESIGN "READY TO FLY" BY FEATURED LOCAL ARTIST, BRADEN WALLS



JOSHUAHUDSONSTUDIOS.COM



JOSHUA HUDSON



@DESHAWNSTUDIOS





DARIAN DESHAWN

SPRING SHOWCASE MARCH, 2019

On March 7th, 2019, the Northeast Arkansas Artist Collective hosted an exciting showcase at the Garage in Downtown Jonesboro, Arkansas. The show featured the work of several local artists, including Braden Walls, Joshua Hudson, and Darian Deshawn. The artists in the collective are always looking for new members as well as diverse local business spaces for future events. To inquire about joining, hosting a show at your local business, or for more information about the collective and their future events, contact Calli Perkins or visit their Facebook page.

@NEAARTISTCOLLECTIVE

NOAH REEVES BENEFIT CONCERT

#NOAHSTRONG









THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH

Cregeen's hosted a benefit concert to show support for Noah Reeves, a senior at Jonesboro High School who was the winner of the Computer Networking Technology and Troubleshooting Contest held on the Marked Tree Campus and received a scholarship to Arkansas State University-Newport. The family-friendly community event was open to music lovers of all ages, and attendees of the fundraiser enjoyed a silent auction, raffle prizes, and

PERFORMANCES BY LOCAL MUSICIANS INCLUDING:

Surface and Breathe, Wildlife,
Erik Edwards, Brian Nobles, and Sleuthfoot



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELISSA DONNER AND BEN ADKINS



Nicole Sylvia

JONESBORO DOWNTOWN ASSOCIATION
AND THE RECOVERY ROOM PRESENT

DOWNTOWN SLAM

In recent months, the Downtown Slam, presented by the Jonesboro Downtown Association and hosted by Cody Moore, has become a popular showcase for community talent. Readings by community poets and performances by local musicians were held Tuesday, November 27th, 2018. Poetry and music enthusiasts enjoyed the first Downtown Slam of 2019 on January 15th and a special Valentine's edition February 12th. Performances are welcome. Visit www.therecoveryroomjonesboro.com for information about future events.



Shekinah Graham



Matt Brown



Scott McDaniel

COLOPHON

ASUNLitPub showcases literary and fine arts submissions and contributions gathered from students and members of the communities the campuses of Arkansas State University-Newport serve in Newport, Jonesboro, and Marked Tree. The publication was curated and edited by assistant editor Tina Fuentes and executive editor, Emily Pasmore Doyle. The layout was designed by Emily Pasmore Doyle, using Adobe InDesign, Adobe Creative Suite, and the design applications, Phonto and Canva. The magazine was printed by Short Run Printing, Ltd. in April of 2019.

ASUN LIT PUB

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