

ARTS & LITERARY MAGAZINE  
YR. 2003

EDITION № 45

R E A D

REBEL

L O O K

AGAINST

F I N D

MEDIOCRITY

K N O W

**Rebel.**



R\*

## OBJECTIVE:



Throughout the *Rebel* EDITION 45, you will be prompted by questions that test your intuition and perceptive skills. Upon completion, your answers will be used to provide a character analysis.

YOU WILL NEED:



*this book*

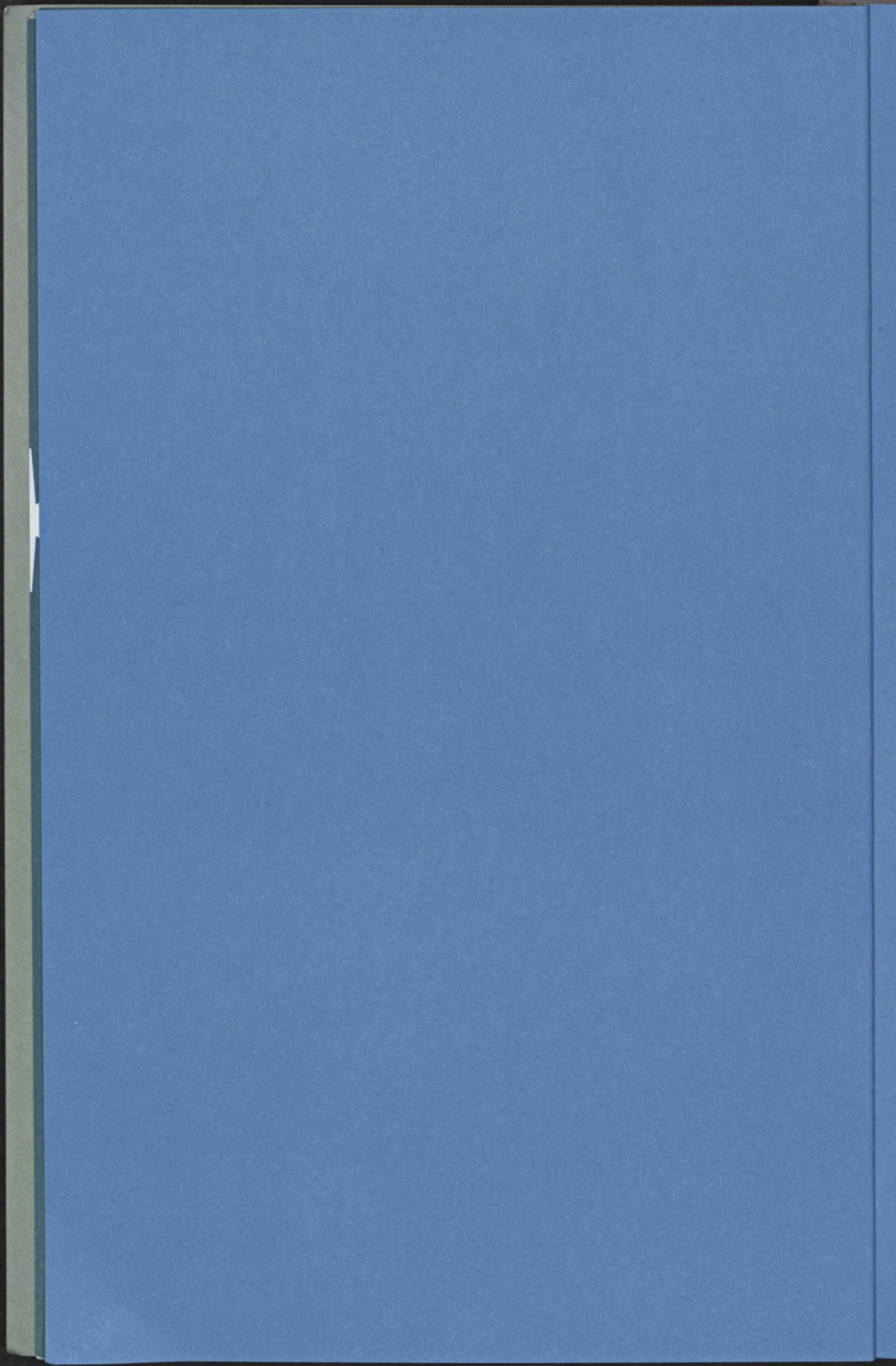


*a writing utensil*

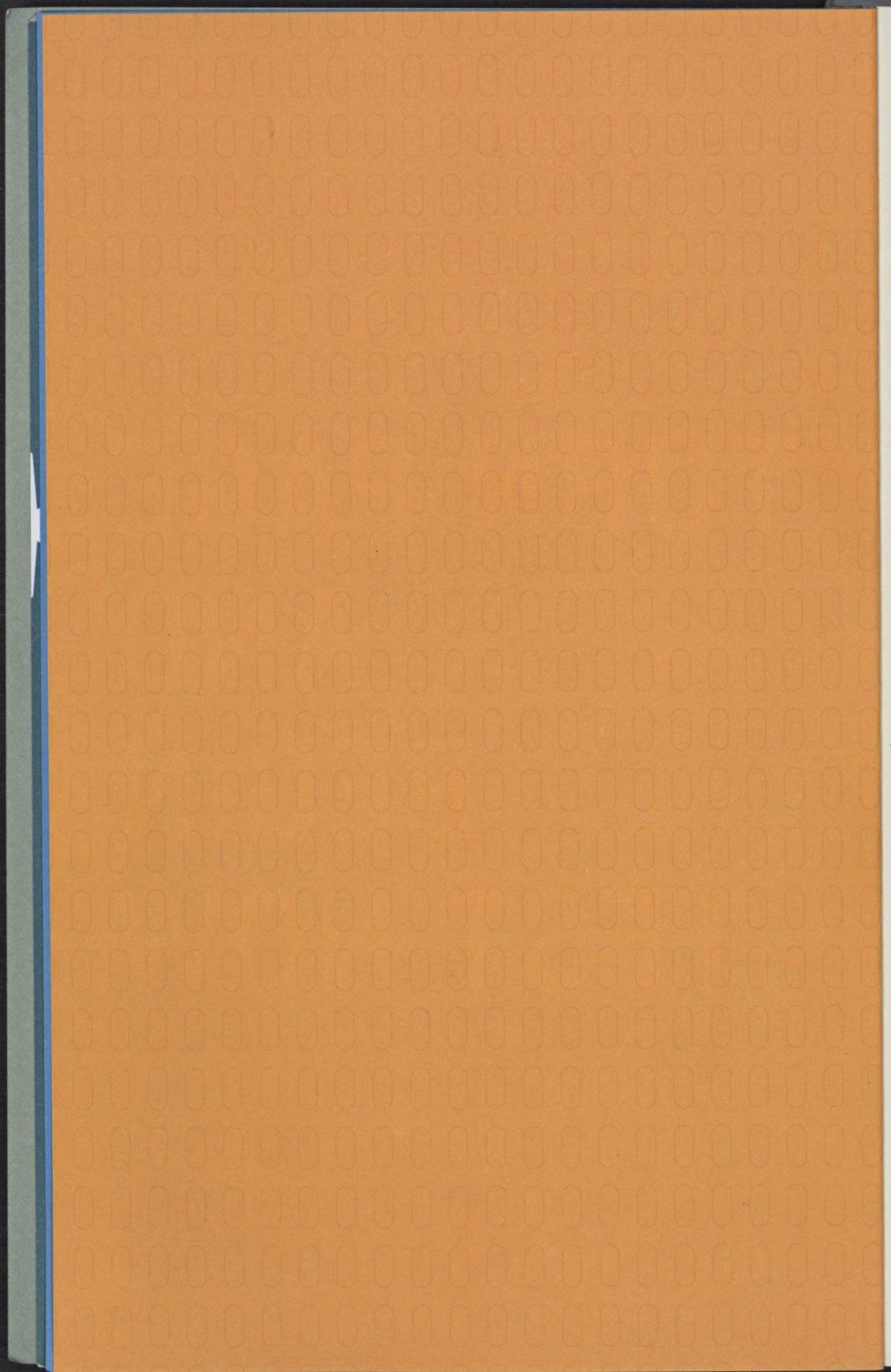


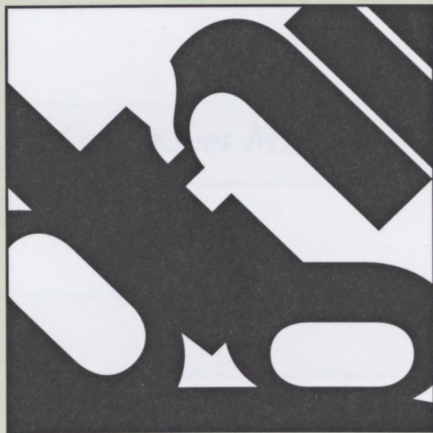
*time*

YOU WILL FAIL THIS TEST.

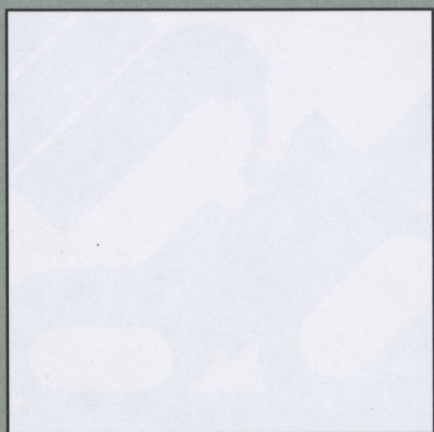


**TURN PAGE  
AND  
BEGIN  
TEST NOW.**





**COMPOSITION RED & GREEN** Analyze the above composition, paying close attention to shape, form and color.



WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE PREVIOUS PAGE, RECREATE THE  
COMPOSITION AS BEST AS YOUR MEMORY WILL ALLOW.

WRITE THE APPROPRIATE LETTER IN THE SPACE PROVIDED ON EACH PAGE

§ NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS

*A genie shot Miss Tin*

*A genie shot Miss Tin*

*A genie shot Miss Tin*

**HANDWRITING SAMPLE** Please rewrite the sentence in the answer space.

*M. W. H.*

E

WRITE THE APPROPRIATE LETTER IN THE SPACE PROVIDED ON EACH PAGE.

*A*

a *g*                      b *g*                      c *g*

Q/1: Which lowercase **g** looks most similar to your handwritten sample?

- A.) a
- B.) b
- C.) c

a *t*                      b *t*                      c *t*                      d *t*

Q/2: Which lowercase **t** looks most similar to your handwritten sample?

- A.) a
- B.) b
- C.) c
- D.) d

a *M*                      b *M*                      c *M*

Q/3: Which uppercase **M** looks most similar to your handwritten sample?

- A.) a
- B.) b
- C.) c

Mark your response in the answer space above.



*A genie shot Miss Tin*

forward

*A genie shot Miss Tin*

backward

A genie shot Miss Tin

upright

*A genie shot Miss Tin*

mixed

**Q/4:** Based on the axis of the letterforms, which type of slant best characterizes your handwriting?



- A.) forward
- B.) backward
- C.) upright
- D.) mixed

TURN TO PAGE 146 FOR AN ANALYSIS.

Mark your response in the answer space above.



Best of Show ✦ METAL DESIGN

✦ Julie Brooks Price



## SATELLITE

artist's MANIFESTO

*"My artwork is inspired by an emotional response to an aesthetic experience, in this case music and art. This constant intrigue allows me to expand on what life has to offer in terms of beauty and appreciation of little moments and details that others may find trivial. My response to techno music and its relationship to the underground music scene, family and friends have all developed and enveloped unique experiences within this emotion. They have given me what I strive to return in my art, a conversation which never ends but keeps questioning, answering and continually pushing."*



detail 1

Julie Brooks Price

## Leaving Louisville

✦ Jennifer McQueen

STAN WATCHED DELILAH RUB HER BELLY IN LITTLE circular motions, and he could feel the irritation build inside. He felt guilty for feeling it, especially under the circumstances, but he just wanted to grab her by the shoulders and shake her. He tried to figure out exactly when this change had occurred, he tried to figure it out as the solid double yellow lines on the road rolled beneath his Dodge Ram, and he guessed he knew why he felt like he did, but he didn't like it. When he looked at Delilah, he saw a girl he'd loved for nearly a year, but now he also saw a girl leading him to trouble.

"What about Michelle?" she said. She looked at him with those big eyes of hers. Too bad she covered them up with so much makeup all the time. Stan liked his women natural.

"That's a fine name," he said, not turning his head, but he could see her looking at him out of the corner of his eye.

"What does that mean?" She crossed her arms and looked at him harder. He glanced at her briefly, then looked back at the road.

"What do you mean, what does it mean? It means it's a fine name for any girl, I reckon." He flipped on his blinker with a hard flick of his hand and sped up to pass an RV on the road. "Besides," he said, "that's your job, ain't it? I mean, I don't care about that."

"Sure you do," she said. She never did listen to him. Always had her mind made up about certain things, and there was no budging her when she got set on an idea.

"I don't," he said. "Whatever you like is fine." He slowed down because he saw a cop ahead. No need in adding a ticket to the pile of troubles on his plate. He pushed the truck back up to 80 when the cop was out of sight. Delilah hated it when he sped, and he could see her look of disapproval as she glanced at the rising speedometer needle, but he didn't care.

"You don't have any suggestions?" She sat up a little in the seat, adjusting her seat belt. He noticed that it crushed her right breast flat.

*"Besides," he said,  
"that's your job, ain't  
it? I mean, I don't  
care about that."*

"No," he said. Delilah looked down at her lap. She picked at a hangnail and ended up biting at it until Stan said, "Stop it, that's disgusting." She was always chewing on her nails like that, and they stayed ragged and raw.

"I like Robert," she said after a pause. She still picked at her nail, but she didn't bite at it. Stan missed the silence; he wished she would just shut up. He reached up and unbuttoned the top three buttons of his plaid shirt. It was hot as hell in his truck, and he hated those button-up shirts with collars. Always choked him, but Delilah had insisted that morning. "What about Robert?" she said. She rolled her sleeves up a little, and her skirt was pulled up to her thighs. Stan watched her dress ride further up as she moved around in the seat.

"My father's name was Robert."

"So you like it?"

"No."

They had been on the road an hour. The city streets and wov-  
 en interstate ramps of Louisville had given way to vast stretches  
 of lonesome highway, endless miles of old barns and wheat and  
 other vegetables Stan didn't recognize. He wasn't from Louisville.  
 He'd lived in St. Louis up until a year ago. Then he'd been offered  
 a job in Louisville doing mason work for a new bank. He liked the  
 money, so a few months later he found himself in Louisville, and a  
 month after that he met Delilah at The Slugger, a downtown bar. She  
 was 19 at the time, though over the summer she'd turned 20, which  
 somehow made him feel better about things, and he liked the way  
 she looked at him, like he could do anything. Like he knew every-  
 thing. In all his 32 years he hadn't felt so good as he did when she  
 looked at him like that.

Delilah was a senior at UL getting her BA  
 in art. She was a fine painter, and she'd even  
 painted him a few times. She'd told him  
 when they first hooked up that she wanted  
 to move someplace big and sell her art or  
 maybe get a higher degree and teach art in  
 a university.

Maybe that's what drew Stan to her, that  
 passion for learning and beauty. Or maybe,  
 he thought as he checked her out again,  
 it was those big breasts. She was wearing

In all his 32 years he  
 hadn't felt so good as he  
 did when she looked at  
 him like that.

this little dress today, the kind with buttons up the front, and the top buttons were loose, revealing that beautiful cleavage. He remembered the sheer will it had taken him the first time they met to keep his eyes on her eyes and not on those big tits.

"Mama cried when I told her we were driving down," Delilah said. Stan jerked his eyes back to the road and nodded.

"Yeah," he said, pulling at his collar.

*"She said I was throwing my life away and that I'd broken her heart, you know. You remember how I said my Mama was."*

"Yeah." Stan focused on the dotted lines slipping by. He didn't specifically remember, though he thought he recalled her yammering on and on about how strict her mother was. He didn't care. He thought that if he could just watch those lines go past the truck he could drive on forever without having to talk to Delilah. Or maybe he could just keep driving without paying attention to the empty road, just watching those lines whip past the truck, under his wheels. He'd heard of that thing before, being hypnotized by the road lines. His Grandma had suffered from that and finally had to stop driving altogether because she'd just drive on and on past wherever she was meant to go. Once she'd even been in a wreck, and that's what made the state finally take away her license.

"But she cried," Delilah said again. "She got me at it, and by the end of the conversation Mama hung up and my phone was all wet." She twisted her ring as she spoke, this cubic zirconium thing she'd picked up two days before they left. She'd said, "If you won't get me one, I can get one for myself." Pissed him off, the way she always rubbed that in. Not like he'd planned things this way. Not like he had money to get her a ring. He'd said, "It'll turn your finger green," and it had, but she still wore it.

"Yeah," Stan said, still not looking at her.

*"Are you listening?"*

Delilah whacked him gently on the arm, but he turned suddenly, nearly veering the truck off the road. Delilah let out this little yelp. He grabbed her hand in mid-air and held it tight, though not crushing.

"Goddamn it, don't hit me again," he said. "I'm listening." Delilah nodded and he let go. She rubbed her wrist a little and sniffled.

"Didn't have to grab me," she said.

"Didn't have to hit me," he said.

Delilah kept rubbing her wrist, though Stan knew he hadn't grabbed her that hard, and she said, "Mama said we could stay at their house if we wanted. Said she wanted to meet you."

"I'd rather stay in a hotel, if it's all the same to you." Stan passed a slow-moving Buick, this time without bothering to signal.

"That's fine, too," she said. "I only wanted you to know Mama invited us." Stan could see her looking out the window, out at the passing fields. Another reddish barn, the worn-out kind that looked like no one had used it for years, passed by. Kentucky was full of those barns, just sitting on the side of the roads all lonesome like.

"You don't think I'm throwing my life away, do you?" Delilah said. Stan could feel her turn back to look at him.

"You do what you feel is right."

"But do you think we're doing the right thing? I mean, not just me, but you too?"

"I'm doing what I feel is right," he said. "And so are you." His tone didn't change much, and he kept his eyes on the road. He wanted to get lost on this highway, away from Louisville and Delilah and her Mama waiting for them in Huntsville. He wanted to stop the truck and run out into the high golden grass and hide.

"You don't love me," Delilah said, and Stan clenched his teeth. His dentist told him he must grind his teeth in his sleep, the way his molars were worn down.

*"You don't love me,"*

"Goddamn it, why do you always have to start on that?"

"Well sometimes I wonder," she said. Her voice sounded strong, but she'd pulled back against the door, cornered. Her dress had pulled up high on her thighs, revealing creamy white. Stan looked away. "You don't show it much," she said.

"What the hell would you call this?" He waved his hand at the road.

"Obligation!" she said. She surprised Stan by yelling, and he didn't say anything. She looked down at her lap again, then rubbed her belly. Stan wanted to grab her arm and make her stop.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Hormones, I guess."

"It's fine," he said, his voice deep and gravelly. He wanted a cigarette, but Delilah wouldn't let him. By now they were reaching the Kentucky/Tennessee border and the fields had given way to rockier terrain and more towns and cities. Normally Stan would drive through Nashville to get to Alabama, but today he'd decided to avoid the rush hour traffic and take back roads.

"It sure is hot," Delilah said. Stan's A/C was broken, and it was an unusually warm October. She rolled down her window and the cool air rushed in, blowing her hair all over. Stan could hardly see her

face with all that dark hair. She fought with it as it whipped around her face, into her eyes and mouth. Finally she pulled it all back and tied it up with a hair band she kept twisted around her wrist for just such an occasion.

"Was it much trouble to get off work?" Delilah pulled a strand of hair out of her bun and chewed on the end. Stan wanted to say something about it, but decided against it. He was too tired to argue.

"Not really," he said. "Just gotta make up the work." That was a simplified statement; his boss had told him to hurry the hell up in Alabama or he'd be taking the work out of his ass. No time for a honeymoon, he reckoned.

"That's good." She still chewed on the hair, and Stan couldn't look at her while she did that. "I'd hate to be any trouble."

"*You aren't any trouble,*" he said, though he didn't sound like he believed it. And really, he wasn't sure he did. It wasn't his idea to get married, not like this anyway. He could admit he'd thought about it in the last few months, proposing to Delilah. But in the future, and because he wanted to. Not like this.

"I suppose I am," she said. She picked at her nail again, and Stan wanted to say something about that too, but he didn't. "But you're good to not say so."

Sometimes she could be so goddamned melodramatic, like every day of their lives were episodes in that *Guiding Light* show she watched all the time. For being such a smart girl, Stan thought sometimes Delilah acted like she had no sense.

"I'm not being good," he said, teeth clenched again. Like Eastwood, he thought. He wondered, what would Clint do in this situation? Probably shoot someone. Probably not the best way to handle things, not these days, anyway.

Another hour passed and then Delilah said, "I gotta pee." She had turned on the radio since she couldn't seem to stand the silence and Stan had resisted the urge to switch it off. She had been singing along with the oldies station, and now *Only You* came on. He hated those old songs, all about love and angels with simple lyrics not worth a damn. Give him good old songs by Johnny Cash. Now that was a singer. But Delilah loved those oldies, could listen to them for hours, knew every damn song on those stations and sang with every tune.

"You can't wait?" He looked at the time on the digital radio. 4:15. "It'll be dark soon, and I'd like to get there before it gets too late."

"I can't wait," she said. "You know how I don't like to hold it."

She crossed her arms again, all huffy. Stan did know. She never hesitated to tell him the dangers of “holding it” too long—bladder infections, kidney problems, or worse—erectile dysfunction. He never knew whether to believe her or not; she had a tendency to exaggerate at times.

“Fine,” he said. He breathed out heavy. “You’ll have to wait till we get to a gas station or something.”

“Well hurry up,” she said, squirming in the seat. He thought she acted just like a child, all fidgety.

“I can’t make a gas station just appear,” he said, his tone raising a notch.

“Don’t get all mad at me,” she said. “Just cause you’re in a bad mood doesn’t mean you should take it out on me. I can’t help it I’ve got to pee. You know how it is with women in my situation. We have to urinate more frequently.”

“I know that, but it’s only been two months.”

“It doesn’t matter,” she said. “I still have to pee.”

“Fine, there’s a station in three miles, if you can wait.” They passed a sign indicating the food and gas locations. “It’ll just take a minute.”

“Good,” she said. “And I’m hungry.”

Stan flipped on his blinker when the exit appeared. Delilah kept squirming, and when she saw the ramp she said, “Thank God. I was about to wet the seat.”

“Better not,” Stan said, but Delilah rolled her eyes at him. He saw that, though she didn’t know it. She was always doing things like that, when she thought he didn’t see, but usually he did. Pissed him off, her thinking she was better than him somehow, pulling something over on him.

He rolled into the Shell station and parked right in front of the electric sliding doors. Delilah nearly leaped from the truck, even before Stan was able to turn off the ignition, and she hurried through the door that jerked open with a whoosh.

“Damn woman,” Stan muttered. He locked the doors and followed Delilah inside. She stood outside the ladies room, her arms crossed and her legs sort of dancing. He always did like her legs, long with slender ankles. She tapped her fingers on her arm.

“Someone’s in there,” she said to him as he walked down a snack aisle. He nodded at her like he cared, but he was more interested in the food. He was pretty hungry, too. He looked over the chip selection before deciding on Doritos, and he picked up a Milky Way on his way to the drink coolers.

“Get me something, too,” Delilah said just as the bathroom door opened. She sighed heavily as a thin woman with a little girl pushed by, like they’d been making her wait on purpose. Stan

*“Don’t get all mad at me,”*

said, "What do you want?" but by then Delilah had run into the bathroom. He shrugged.

"Get it your own self," he said to the cold drinks lined up behind cool glass doors near the back of the store. He pulled out a Mountain Dew and let the door close with a suction noise.

He had to wait in line because another man was in front of him paying for gas. The clerk was some skinny white guy with pimples and glasses, a classic nerd type, Stan thought. Had to suck working at some gas station. Couldn't be good for the social life, definitely bad for the reputation. But Stan admired him for his work ethic. He had to want to work pretty bad to work at a gas station. He was just another guy doing what he had to do, and Stan empathized.

"Will that be all, sir?" The man paying for gas left through the sliding doors, letting a whoosh of warm air blow in to the severely air conditioned store. Stan stepped up and put his items on the counter.

"Sure is," he said. He pulled out his wallet from his back pocket.

"\$5.53," the clerk boy said, and Stan pulled a \$10 bill from the worn leather. He had a picture of Delilah in his wallet, and her happy image smiled back at him from the hazy plastic covering. It was one of her high school graduation pictures, the professional kind with good lighting and a garden background. Stan didn't smile back at her.

"Here's your change and have a great day," the clerk said.

"Wish I could," Stan said, stuffing the money in his wallet and the wallet into his back pocket again.

Stan walked through the sliding doors and back to the truck. He opened the door and sat down, his legs still hanging out over the side. He opened the Mountain Dew and took a long pull, then checked his watch. What was she doing in there, anyway? It'd been ten minutes, at least.

Then he saw her head emerge from the bathroom and for a split second he wanted to bolt. To just turn on the truck, hit reverse and tear out of the parking lot before she could catch him. He wanted to barrel down the highway back to Louisville, or better, back to St. Louis or someplace new, different, away from here and away from Delilah. But even as he thought it he didn't move.

He just sat there as Delilah came outside and watched him take another swig from the Mountain Dew bottle. She crossed her arms again and tapped her fingers.

"You didn't get me anything?"

"I didn't know what you wanted," he said. She sighed.

"You know the kinds of things I like," she said. "You couldn't just pick something out?"

"I didn't want to get the wrong thing," he said. "I usually do."

"Fine," she said, uncrossing her arms. He hated that because with her arms crossed her cleavage pushed up and out of that unbuttoned

top. "Don't do anything to help me out. I'll do it all myself." Stan rolled his eyes and Delilah sighed again. Then she said, "Can I at least have some money, then?"

He pulled out his wallet and held out a \$10 bill, but he pulled it back and said, "Don't you have your own money?"

"It's packed," she said as she grabbed the money, turned and walked back inside, but he knew her purse was in the back seat and more than likely money was inside.

Stan pulled his legs inside the truck and started the ignition. He listened to the engine idle, the dull hum, soothing him. He took another swallow of Mountain Dew and set the bottle in the cup holder. The radio was still on with that awful oldies stuff, and he switched it off. He could at least have a little silence, for now.

He watched Delilah's head as she perused aisle after aisle, taking another ten minutes to make a decision. Then she had to wait in line while some teenagers bought smokes with fake IDs.

As he watched her, he realized he hated her a little bit, hated her for tying him down before he wanted. He hated she had always refused to take the pill because she said it would make her fat, hated her because she didn't let him smoke, hated her because it took her half-a-fucking-hour to use the bathroom. He hated that she'd probably come out with a diet drink and Wow potato chips and then eat half his Milky Way. And he thought again how easy it would be to just throw the truck into reverse and drive away.

He could imagine Delilah coming out of the store, her chips and drink in hand, ready to head on to her Mama's in Huntsville, to find the parking lot empty. He could imagine her getting angry at first, probably crossing her arms and showing off that cleavage. Then he could see her getting worried, upset, maybe even crying. He smiled a little, thinking of how he could escape and she'd never know where or how to find him. He smiled at that.

But then he waited too long, and Delilah's head came through the sliding doors and she hopped into the seat next to him. She placed her Diet Pepsi between her legs and said, "Whooooee, that's cold."

"Put it in the cup holder," Stan said, and she did. She pulled her seat belt around, squishing her breast flat again, and she said, "Are we ready?"

"Yeah," Stan said, and he pulled out of the station and back onto the highway.



- didactic A.) 12, 5, 7, 7, 9, 14, 18
- jocularity B.) 3, 15, 13, 13, 6, 14, 2
- legging C.) 4, 9, 4, 1, 3, 9, 20, 3
- commend D.) 12, 5, 13, 13, 9, 14, 7
- lemming E.) 10, 15, 3, 21, 12, 1, 19, 9, 22, 25

**Q/5:** Which word and numerical string are most similar?

- |       |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|
| A = 1 | J = 10 | S = 19 |
| B = 2 | K = 11 | T = 20 |
| C = 3 | L = 12 | U = 21 |
| D = 4 | M = 13 | V = 22 |
| E = 5 | N = 14 | W = 23 |
| F = 6 | O = 15 | X = 24 |
| G = 7 | P = 16 | Y = 25 |
| H = 8 | Q = 17 | Z = 26 |
| I = 9 | R = 18 |        |

Mark your response in the  
answer space above.



15 16 5  
14 25 15  
21 18 5  
25 5 19  
20 15 20  
8 5 18  
5 2 5  
12 21 20  
9 15 14

Q/6: Insert numbers found in the matrix above to form the series.

12  14   16

Mark your response in the answer space above.



3rd Place

✧ SCULPTURE

## MOVING IN MANY DIRECTIONS (SAIL #1)

✧ Christian Benefiel



artist's MANIFESTO

*“Most of the process for this piece went not into construction but into preparing the wood, which all comes from discarded shipping pallets. This wood, which is usually of high quality, must be dismantled, sanded and cleaned to reveal the hidden beauty in what would be refuse. When I started this piece in particular, I was more concerned with experimenting with direction and dynamics than I was with a final product. I merely followed the wood and let the form take its own place.”*

2nd place

✧ PRINTMAKING

## UNTITLED

✧ Andrea Peterson



artist's MANIFESTO

*"In printmaking, I like experimenting with a variety of markmaking that lends itself to a simple design. I usually incorporate figures in my work, both outside and inside printmaking, to try to convey humanistic emotions in a somewhat surreal environment."*

Honorable  
Mention

✦ DRAWING

## ITALIAN BICYCLE

✦ Nicole Galardo

artist's MANIFESTO

*"Italian Bicycle" was based on a bike that I rented in Feltre, Italy this summer. I broke the bike down into pieces that I thought were interesting and put them back together to form an abstract object that seems familiar but foreign at the same time. I wanted to focus on line quality, composition and various media to help the eye flow more easily. Little lines made by rubber cement help give the piece more contrast and energy."*

3rd Place

✦ GRAPHIC DESIGN

## HARDBALL TYPE FOUNDRY

✦ Kevin Richards

artist's MANIFESTO

*"The foundation for a healthy design process lies in extensive research. At the onset of any new project, it is vital to understand the history of all collateral ideas, media and subject matter. In combination with fresh concepts and new perspectives, this research is the driving force behind strong design."*



**HARDBALL 1957 ALL STAR GAME**  
 DISPLAY FACES VS TEXT FACES  
 UPPER GRAND STAND  
 GAME 4  
 TICKET ONE \$8.00  
 SEAT 22

**STARTING LINE-UP**  
 SWISS 721 BLACK EXTENDED  
 SWISS 921 TM  
 SWISS 721 BT MD  
 SWISS 924 TM  
 009243  
 PLEASE ORDER THE SUPERVISION OF FORD C. FRICK

**HARDBALL 1957 ALL STAR GAME**  
 DISPLAY FACES VS TEXT FACES  
 RETAIN THIS CHECK  
 GAME 4  
 RAIN CHECK  
 ENTER GATE 5.  
 SEAT 22

Swiss 721 Black Extended ---  
 AaBbCcDdEeFfGg HhIiJjKkLlMmNnOo PpQqRrSsTtUuVv WwYyXxZz 1 234 567890.?!:;#%&  
 Swiss 721 BT MD ---  
 AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJj KkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSs TtUuVvWwYyXxZz12345 67890.?!:;#%&\*

Swiss 921 TM ---  
 AaBbCcDdEeFfGg HhIiJjKkLlMmNnOo PpQqRrSsTtUu VvWwYyXxZz12 34567890.?!:;#%&\*  
 Swiss 924 TM ---  
 AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJj KkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSs TtUuVvWwYyXxZz12345 67890.?!:;#%&\*

**HARDBALL 1957 ALL STAR GAME**  
 DISPLAY FACES VS TEXT FACES  
 OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM

**HARDBALL 1957 ALL STAR GAME**  
 DISPLAY FACES VS TEXT FACES  
 OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM

1st Place

✦ PHOTOGRAPHY

## DEXTER

✦ Judson Cowan

artist's MANIFESTO

*"In all things that I do, I strive for a personal excellence. While others may measure my work by their own standards, if I do not take pride in a piece, then it is not a success. I cannot say I do not accept outside influence, one would have to be raised in solitude in order to reject influences both positive and negative, but I do aspire to inject a sense of self—a sense of originality—into everything I do. Injection in the stead of rejection."*



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2nd in Show ✦ SCULPTURE

✦ Phil Proctor



## CENTRIFUGE

*“These sculptures are abstractions and interpretations of the way I understand the universe around me through science as well as human intuition. My forms are derived from particular scenarios found in our physical universe, like movement on a rotational axis and the centripetal forces which occur as a result. The size of my work is an element intended to trigger a subconscious or intuitive thought process and bring the viewer to a heightened level of awareness about the human size relative to the rest of our universe.”*

artist's MANIFESTO



detail1

1st Place

✦ PAINTING

## THAT WAS THEN AND THIS IS NOW

✦ Erika Kymia Nawabi

artist's MANIFESTO *"That was then and this is now" belongs to a series I started working on about my family and myself. I feel that each of my paintings is like a diary entry recording how I feel and how I see things in my past, present and future.*

*The most prominent event of my past is my father's death in 1996 which is usually the main focus of my work. However, in this particular piece I am concerned with—I am obsessed with the idea of my mother and sister disappearing from life as well.*

*I think that time and timing can be the most exhausting ideas to think about in life. I sometimes feel like certain events happened just yesterday when it really was six years ago, or how you can wake up one day and all of a sudden be aware of what you've become, and then realize how that was then and this is now."*





READ,

## sister sunset

✦ Allison Hoss

I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT I'M NOT ATTACHED TO ANYTHING. Desire for materials, expectations, and pleasure has brought me impermanent happiness, and has proven to be the root of all of my suffering. Although I am aware of this, I still want to capture and savor feelings and experiences. I eat food very slowly, I sip wine, I take the program home with me from shows. I'm that person who buys the picture of myself on the roller coaster with my mouth wide open, my eyes popping out of my head, spit flying off my face and my hair blowing in the wind. I take pictures every time I see something new or intriguing. If I have a camera during a sunset, I take a picture of it. Each sunset looks more beautiful than the last. Maybe the sunsets are getting more beautiful—maybe I am just now understanding how to fully experience beauty. Either way, I have more sunset pictures than I have time to look at them. The pictures are never as amazing as the experience, but I take them anyway.

It's my way of trying to materialize and capture something intangible.

I am becoming like my Nonnie, our Italian-American version of Nana, which is Italian for grandmother. Every time she comes to visit she has both of her smooth, elegantly wrinkled arms full of photo albums from incredible places like Germany, Italy, Mexico, and Hawaii. My sister, Vicki and I usually look at albums as we each sit on either side of her on the couch at my mother's house, or at my Aunt's house, or wherever she happens to be visiting. Hours pass and still more pictures of Nonnie and Grandpa Bob wearing ridiculous hats in exotic places. One picture still resonates in my mind. They were sitting at a table on a cruise somewhere in paradise. The teal-green water glistened in the sunshine as a backdrop. Nonnie's jet-black, wavy hair was shining in the sun and slightly tossed by the wind. She squinted

her brown eyes. She was wearing a dress with red, orange, and yellow flowers. The red hibiscus in her hair highlighted the dress. Dresses like that are designed for tourists like Nonnie, and she wore it well. Grandpa Bob was wearing a huge sombrero with plastic, pastel Easter eggs hanging from the entire rim. His smile was just as big as in all the other pictures in the other albums.

In Nonnie's photo album the setting changes and the hats change, but the smiles on their faces are constant. They aren't forced "say cheese" smiles either. They both look genuinely happy. Those pictures are, in a way, an attempt to freeze a moment—to try to make an experience eternal. I know this because for that same reason I take pictures. Even though my life keeps going, the picture remains the same.

The sun may set and the sky may turn black, but in my photos the orange-pink sky is an eternal moment. One moment (experience, photo, feeling) stills lives in me vividly as I pay homage to it in its bamboo picture frame. It is a picture of two shadows hugging against a sand dune landscape. The experience was about two years ago—or maybe three in the beginning of autumn. I was back home in Carteret County visiting from college for the weekend. I had just begun to become interested in photography. My sister and I drove around the coastal community for hours capturing moments and visions. We went to Fort Macon in Atlantic Beach and ran through the sand dunes all day. It was exhilarating and peaceful. The dunes were massive and secluded compared to the sea-level altitude of the rest of the area. When we entered them, I felt like I was in a different world—and at home at the same time. In the depth of the dunes, nothing but sand mountains exist. We roamed through piles of shells scattered by time with sea oats sprouting out on the orange, dry, rugged terrain. There were dead Christmas trees scattered every where that had turned rust red from long, hot, summer days. The dunes are endangered to erosion, so locals reuse their old Christmas trees to help hold down the sand and protect it from wind damage. Skeletons of Christmas past lie dead and bare. Wilted branches once illuminated by white lights curl up—lacking ornaments. Their trunks, dry and frail, aching for water. We stood in the sand surrounded by the carcasses of impermanent symbols for jovial festivity. I began to think of the Christmas tree and Christ and these dead symbols that will once again be resurrected in December. Next January fresh green trees will be added to the collection and by this time, they too, will be shriveled.

Hot and fine grains slid through my toes. The sky was a solid shade of what can only be described as baby blue. Clouds were absent, and I could hear the ocean rumbling and slapping the shore. Within the

*Those pictures are, in a way, an attempt to freeze a moment—to try to make an experience eternal. I know this because for that same reason I take pictures. Even though my life keeps going, the picture remains the same.*

dunes I could not see it. Vicki and I were in a desert, and the ocean was merely a mirage. To me, the presence of the ocean was similar to that of God. It is a force that is there but invisible. I could smell the sweet sea salt which made my skin feel both soft and sticky. I could feel the wind being pushed by the ocean as tiny shards of sand blew across my skin and sea oats swayed. Engulfed in the dunes I could not see the ocean. As I am engulfed in the material world, I cannot see God. It reminded me of an anonymous English mystic who wrote *The Cloud of Unknowing*. The idea behind it is that God can be loved, but not thought. We can feel, but not see. Only in darkness there is light. Only in the dunes can I find the ocean.

Growing up on the beach, I've spent the majority of my life sitting in front of the constantly moving body of blue water. I have contemplated it, absorbed it, and stared at it for hours—feeling every emotion possible.

On this day, from inside the dunes, where I could no longer see the ocean, I truly felt its presence. Somehow not seeing it heightened my awareness of it.

Vicki and I continued to explore the jagged, peaked dunes, everything was tan and orange. Vicki's spirit ran free as she lightly skipped around—her long wavy brown hair dancing in the wind. Her green-blue eyes were accented by the blue sky in contrast to the bleak dunes. Her smile reminded me of our mother and myself. I felt so close to her.

We stopped suddenly as we approached an orange monarch butterfly which was hanging on a sea oat swaying. The tan sea oat stood tall and its fragile leaves shimmered in the wind. The butterfly's wings were radiant in comparison to the landscape—orange had never looked so lively. We both got very quiet as I tried to take a picture of it from a distance. I wanted to get closer, but I did not want to scare it away. I could tell that Vicki wanted to get closer too. We slowly moved closer after admiring it from afar. The monarch began to pose for us, slowly opening its wings, invitingly. I took another picture and then got even closer.

We got so close to the butterfly; I almost couldn't believe that it was real. The intricate black pattern on its wings was truly a work of art. Experiencing it so closely was also an art. Vicki took a picture of me standing next to it, and I took one of her. But, that wasn't enough. I wanted to get deeper into the experience that we shared with the butterfly. I held my hand underneath his wings as I guided it on my palm. I was holding the butterfly as it perched on my index finger.

Vicki took a picture seconds before he flew away. Bright orange wings flapped into the blue sky as it left us in awe.

I noticed that the sun was going to set, and I had only one picture left. The rest of my film was in the car. We were deep into the dunes. I realized we would have to run if we wanted to get the film and make it to the top of the highest peak before dark. We started to run up dunes and dive back down them on a race against time. I stopped for a moment, and so did Vicki. Our shadows stood on the sand below us. We had taken pictures of each other, but we had no pictures of the two of us together. I put my arm around her and took the last photo of us in the form of a shadow. To this day, this is my favorite photo—our shadows serving as proof of our existence in that moment.

It reminds me how it felt to be there, then. I know that I'm the one on the left only because my arm is held up in the air where I held the camera up to my eye. My arm is draped around Vicki. I can't see our smiles, I can feel them in the shadows projected on the sand dune. That moment will always be with me. Just as my own shadow is right now.

After that picture, we started running again and finally made it to the car to get more film and water. We raced back into the dunes—chasing the sunset. Not a second too soon we arrived and sat on the top of the highest dune gasping for air as we inhaled big gulps of ocean mist. The sun began to set. From up there we could see everything that the land had to offer: inlets, marshes, sand, the ocean—and of course the sunset. The fiery orange ball slid behind the ocean. The baby blue sky turned pink, orange, and purple—then black. I photographed every minute of it. Sitting high above everything, our day had come to an end. Stars filled the sky, waves still crashed on the shore. I wondered where the monarch was in the midst of all of this, and where did our shadows go?



## § COMPLEMENTARY COLORS

In a group, you are:

- A.) the leader.
- B.) the mediator.
- C.) the socialite.
- D.) the outcast.



Most important to you is:

- A.) achievement.
- B.) faith.
- C.) popularity.
- D.) individuality.



You and a coworker are in disagreement. Most likely, you:

- A.) insist the coworker is wrong and get in a heated argument.
- B.) consistently state your position until the coworker gives in.
- C.) try to understand the coworker's point of view.
- D.) don't care.



A dream vacation for you would be:

- A.) mountain climbing, cliff jumping, sky diving—anything new and exciting.
- B.) visiting a Third World country to build houses for the less fortunate.
- C.) a cruise with twenty-five of your closest friends.
- D.) backpacking through Europe, avoiding anything that would be referred to as a "dream vacation."

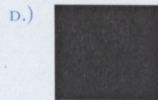
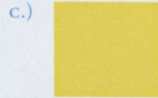


Q

Mark your response in the  
answer space above.



Q/7: The color you are most drawn to is:



TURN TO PAGE I47 FOR AN ANALYSIS.

Mark your response in the answer space above.



1st Place

✦ TEXTILE DESIGN

# UNTITLED PRIMARY COLORS

✦ Kelly Phillips



## artist's MANIFESTO

*"My graduate work has been based on exploring open space and layering effects using hand-woven and/or hand-dyed fabrics. With this piece, 'Untitled,' I used fiber-etch, discharge, potato dextrin and procion dyes on devore satin. The material used is a rayon/silk blend. Devore is a process in which you burn out the rayon fibers leaving only the silk behind which gives a transparent look. This allows those 'open spaces' to see through. Light can pass through each layer to the one behind or simply allow areas behind each piece to be seen. To get the crackle or wrinkled look I used potato dextrin which when dried creates a series of cracks through which thickened dye can seep. Discharge will simply remove color from dyed areas."*

2nd Place ✦ CERAMICS

## TEA SET # I

✦ Maryann McGrain

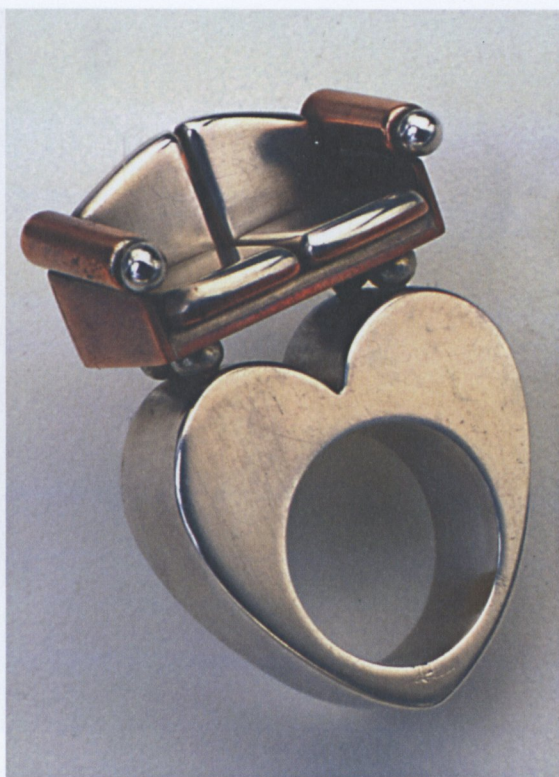


artist's MANIFESTO *"I enjoy the formal, social and functional aspects of ceramics, and this tea set is a good example of these qualities. It brought my friends together in the creation and firing of it and it will bring others together in its use. The process of wood-firing ceramic pieces is a combined effort that can be highly enjoyable. It reminds us that the arts don't have to be removed from our everyday lives as much as some people desire them to be. It is possible to have fun with your art, both during and after its creation."*

1st Place ✦ METAL DESIGN

## LOVE SEAT

✦ Adrienne M. Grafton-Kanazawa



artist's MANIFESTO

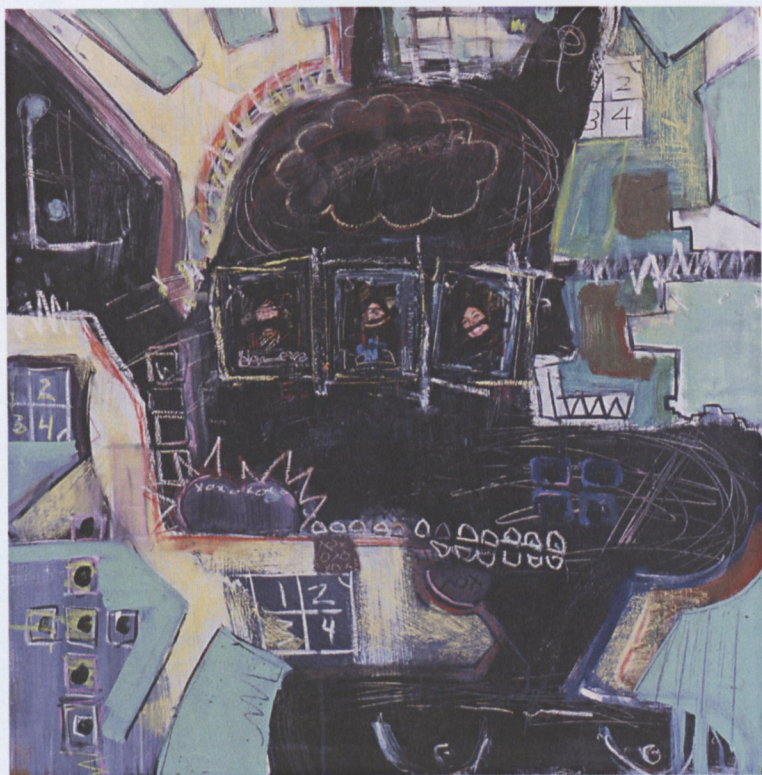
*"A love seat is a common piece of furniture in a living room set. With my interest in creating visual play on words in my metalwork, this living room item became an inspiration for the ring entitled 'Love Seat.' I layered copper and silver and used hollowform construction to fabricate 'Love Seat.'"*

3rd Place

✦ PAINTING

## CAN'T BUY ME LOVE

✦ Will Jackson



artist's MANIFESTO *"Being an artist, you want to create images that are pleasing to the viewer but also convey a concept or idea that will be lasting. In this piece, I started with a simple black and white abstract image and from there, it grew by adding color and other media. This is a reflection of my personal experiences with love and the opposite sex, while also trying to maintain an aesthetically pleasing image. Form, function, movement and totality are what we try to achieve as artists, and in doing that we allow the viewer easily into our world. I hope this piece allows you to do the same."*

3rd Place

✦ POETRY

## At Harris Hilton

✦ Amy Simpson

His garden began beside the porch—  
Carefully erected beams supported concords  
And scuppernongs that dripped from vines.  
The best tree frogs were always to be found  
In the crevices where wood and wire meshed.  
The tops of painted white bricks lined  
Dirt footpaths mingled with oyster shells.

Neatly lettered signs on Popsicle sticks  
Bore the names artemisia, parsley,  
Southernwood, lemon balm, thyme, rosemary,  
Basil, fennel, chives, and Bible-leaf—  
Whose real name was costmary, Grandpa said.  
Placed within the pages of our Bibles  
Its balsam-like smell would keep the bugs away.





Grandpa's fingers softly encouraged growth  
As droplets of sweat from his stained t-shirt  
Added the weathered old man to the earth.  
He'd sit on an overturned red milk crate  
Drinking pony Miller's through the long day  
And gently watering his herb garden.



icon + form = ?

Q/8: Which icon is the sum of the equation to the left?



- A.) 
- B.) 
- C.) 
- D.) 

Mark your response in the  
answer space above.





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# Nightshade

✧ Brandon R. Evans

MARGARET SAT AT HER SCARRED KITCHEN TABLE, SWATTING flies with a damp dish towel, when someone knocked at the door. She crushed her cigarette to death in a pea green ashtray, and without waddling to the door, she yelled, "Who is it?"

"It's Roger," a voice called back, "Roger Harrison."

She reached for a flattened pack of cigarettes, worked one out, and lit it before returning her attention to the door.

"What do you want?" She asked.

"We talked on the phone a few days ago," Roger replied.

Margaret eyed the door suspiciously. Cigarette smoke hung in a swathe around the light above the table. It was a dim fixture hooded in multicolored glass.

"Then come in," she said.

She heard the screen door yawn open, the doorknob twitch, and Roger stuck his head in. He wore no hat, black suspenders with gold clips, and his shirt was severely starched.

"This will only take a moment," he said.

"Well bring your ass in and sit down," Margaret said, "What's time to me anyway? Just put that damned briefcase on the table and start talking." Roger did so. It was a soft, brown leather briefcase, worn at every crease. He put it between himself and Margaret.

"As you know, Ms. Kelly . . ." Roger started.

"It's Mrs. Kelly. Bastard might be dead, but I at least owe him that. Don't you think?" Margaret took a final pull off her Slim, and sat up from her folding chair.

"My apologies," Roger said.

"You want a drink?" She walked to the harvest gold refrigerator, throwing her spent cigarette into the sink as she passed. The fridge was blanketed in Polaroids, stuck haphazardly on its door with number and letter magnets. Roger sat eyeing his briefcase.

"That one there," Margaret said, pointing to one of the dangling

*"Who is it?"*

*"What do you want?"*

*"This will only take a moment."*

*"You want a drink?"*

*"Ms. ... Mrs. Kelly, I want to talk to you about your son, David."*

photos, "is my boy, David, on his eighth birthday. It was hot that day." She gave Roger a look, which he made his business to avoid. Margaret opened the freezer, pulled out a corked and label-less bottle, found a somewhat clean plastic cup on the counter, and filled it right above the "M" in McDonald's, which adorned it. "Or maybe it was his eleventh," she said, before taking a large swallow.

"Ms. ... Mrs. Kelly, I want to talk to you about your son, David." Roger opened his briefcase reverently. Half a dozen or so colored folders, some blue, some green, peeked in its opening.

"I know," Margaret snorted. She put her cup down and leaned against the kitchen counter. "You can stop doing that." A particularly thick green folder slipped from Roger's hand, back into the recesses of the briefcase. "It's a bit stuffy in here," Margaret continued. She walked over to stand behind Roger. "Kind of like that shirt. Let's go out on the lawn. I need to feed my cat anyway."

Margaret, not bothering to wait for any kind of reply from the man who sat at her table, walked to her door, slipped a dingy pair of periwinkle bedroom slippers onto her feet, and stepped out. She left it open, but let the screen door close with a snap. "And leave that fucking briefcase," she called back.

When Roger got up enough nerve, he found Margaret meandering through her tall grass, which grew up in patches, sucking kisses through her pursed lips.

*"Here, kitty, kitty."*

She looked around to see if Roger followed, then pointed up at an ancient oak tree, its branches thatched and kindled with age. It was the only tree in the immense yard. "Damn cat's always hiding. Loves that tree. Some days, he climbs all the way up it. Never gets stuck though. Not that I can remember anyway. Damnest thing." Margaret turns once more to Roger, who is still standing stoically on the cinder block stoop. "Did you know David always talked about being a fireman? Of course, I told him that was silly. He was meant to be either a priest or an astronaut." Margaret counted the occupations out on her fingers. "I'm his mother; I would know. But he just *loved* the color red."

"Mrs. Kelly. Margaret. We really need to get through this. Just come on inside and we'll sit at the table again, and I'll be in and out before you know it. Really."

*"What's the rush? He's not going anywhere."*

"What's the rush? He's not going anywhere." She waved him away.

"I suppose not," Roger said.

Margaret walked to the edge of her yard, right up to the road, and turned. "Come on out here. Take a look at my land. I don't think you've taken it all in yet."

From the elevated stoop, Roger saw Margaret asymmetrically framed in a riot of objects. A traffic light, with no life in it, crowned her; an aluminum mailbox, on a rusted green pole, rose near her right hip, the one she limped on; a stop sign pockmarked with buckshot and defaced with a scrawling black "NO" rested at the intersection; shards of glass, a spark plug, a limp grocery bag, and an arm from a miniature action figure lie chewed at her feet. Margaret stuck out her arms to "take it all in," causing her sitting dress to billow like a sail.

"Not much to look at, I know. But it's home. And it's mine," she said. Margaret waited at roadside for Roger to join her. When he realized she'd stand there all day if she had to, he did so. "Makes you want to cry and yawn at the same time, don't it?"

"Is this all your land, Mrs. Kelly?" Roger asked, looking across the road, away from the house. There was nothing around Margaret's property. Her closest neighbor lived some three miles away.

"I ain't facing that way, am I?" She said. "Don't know who owns all that. Don't care. Hell, I've been living here so long it might be mine." She about-faced Roger towards her home. "Nope, this is my land." Out of respect, he took the time to look.

All of the surrounding land, Margaret's or not, was a deserted and lonely place, happily ignored by vacation bound drivers. This land sat in a place where dogs roamed freely, panting their way across drainage ditches and weather-blasted parking lots alike. A place where cars often lay still and died in front lawns.

Margaret's mobile home sat within an island of tall grasses like a stick of sagging margarine. The mobile home had been once a soft yellow, the color of a honeysuckle filament, but now had the tinge of tobacco-endowed phlegm. A swing set minus the swings stood like a giant carpenter's horse in the backyard, its shadow creeping across the lawn. A line of blackbirds sat atop its crossbar, as though they hoped to fly away with the monstrosity. A washing machine sat near it.

"It's nice," Roger said. Margaret's yard was nothing more than a footprint, crushed into the sea of forest and brambles. "Is that your cat?"

"Nightshade?" Margaret asked.

Nightshade, a great puff of a cat, lay swaddled in the discarded washing machine. Roger noticed that it was an infant's blanket that cushioned the feline. The blanket spilled out of the opening of the machine. It was torn into tufts in places, but Roger could still make out a fire truck print.

"Oh, there's that damned cat," Margaret said. "I should have



known he was in there. Come here, kitty, kitty, kitty." Nightshade perked his head slightly, gave Margaret a bored look, and revealed the pink spear of his tongue with a yawn. He wore a small silver bell on a collar around his neck. Quickly, he resumed his settled state, hiding his head under his forepaws. Roger thought that must be how David was lying right now, curled up on a blue and white pinstripe mattress, behind bars in Robeson County Penitentiary. The thought irritated him.

"He doesn't look hungry to me. Suppose he's been giving hell to the local sparrows again. Damn cat," she said.

"He's nice," Roger said.

*"David raised that cat from when it was kitten. Named it too," she said, "I hated that cat. Now he's all I got since Bonnie stopped bringing the kids over."*

"Yes. David told me about that. It must be hard on you," Roger said.

"Humph. I'd feed her to that devil cat if I could. Keeping my grandchildren from me. She's got a lot of nerve. If David were around, he'd put a stop to it. That I know." Margaret turned to Roger, facing him for the first time. "Is David alright, Mr. Harrison? I just hope he's alright," Margaret said, more to herself. "Well, of course he's alright," she finished. "He's a survivor."

"David would like to see you, Mrs. Kelly. He's requested it. There's not much time, you know," Roger said. He made a move back toward the mobile home, toward his briefcase. Margaret felt it before he even trembled a nerve.

"I'm telling you, leave that damned case alone. We're just talking here. Why do you want to go and ruin it?" Margaret grumbled. She raised a crooked finger at him. "A man just like you came years back, toting a case just like the one you got. Nothing but trouble. Told me Richard's life insurance was voided. Found alcohol in his blood stream or something. Just came right in, said how do you do? Your husband's dead and you're dead broke. *Worst day of my life.*"

"I'm sorry," Roger said.

"Oh, don't worry. David was the only good thing that came out of that wreck. Don't miss him a bit really. That money could have helped. But," she sighed, "you could never keep a Kelly from his booze. You of all people should know that by now. Poor Richard. I suppose if I had to drive a bus all day, I'd take a pull now and again too. Wouldn't you?" She asked candidly. "Like father, like son I suppose."

"I realize what you must be going through, Mrs. Kelly..."

"Do you now, *Roger*," Margaret said. "That's interesting. I suppose I should be grateful." She spat. Nightshade suddenly came pouncing

*"David would like to see you, Mrs. Kelly. He's requested it. There's not much time, you know,"*

out of the washing machine and bounded across the lawn and road. The bell around his neck jingled. He narrowly missed an oncoming car, before disappearing into the brush of the adjacent field. Margaret eyed the passing car, which neither slowed nor swerved. A young man was driving, bobbing his head to unheard music. "Damned cat. Picked up that habit from David."

"You know, Mr. Harrison. I was beautiful once, though I know you don't believe it. Slim and trim." Margaret ran her large hands down her hips, across the flowered imprint of her sitting dress, ending the movement with a slap to her buttocks. "Never did have trouble finding men. And I suppose that was my trouble," she reflected. "A man is how I ended up here. What do you want anyway, Mr. Harrison?"

Roger should have been relieved by the sudden turn to business. He wasn't. "A signature. I only need your signature," he said, "David would like to see you."

"Oh, I can't do that, Mr. Harrison. He knows that," she said. She took her turn in avoiding Roger's look.

"He can only have one family member. He wants you to be there," Roger said.

"One. Why just one?" She asked.

"That's the rules, Mrs. Kelly."

"Well, why doesn't he ask that damned Bonnie to be there. She's his wife. Or used to be anyway. She's the mother of his children. She should be there," Margaret debated.

"He wants you," Roger said.

"Well, I've needed him these past couple of years. Where's he been? You ask him that."

"I can leave the form on your table, Mrs. Kelly. You can sign it when you're ready. But you only have four days. I'll write my number down so you can call me when you decide." Roger started to shuffle back up to the mobile home.

*"And what they're going to do to him, will it hurt?"*

Margaret asked.

"No. The first injection will anesthetize him. He won't feel anything," Roger said levelly.

"What will happen if I don't sign? If I don't go?"

Roger turned to her. "They'll let 13 media persons in instead of 12."

"And David? What will he do?" she said.

"David can't do anything, Mrs. Kelly." Roger began his march toward the house once again.

When Margaret finally went inside, Roger had left her a note, neatly printed below his telephone number. It read:

SODIUM THIOPENTAL CAUSES UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

PANCURONIUM BROMIDE STOPS RESPIRATION.

POTASSIUM CHLORIDE STOPS HEART.

Five days later, Margaret sat in a booth at an all-night breakfast diner. A few pennies lay near an empty coffee cup, and she moved them around the table with her pointer finger. Elvis played quietly on the intercom. She looked at her watch. 8:15.

"Would you like me to refill your coffee, ma'am?" A waitress asked. She wasn't chewing gum.

"No, thank you," Margaret replied. "I'm fine."

The store bell jingled from the doorjamb as someone entered. It was Roger. He approached Margaret from behind.

"Mrs. Kelly. Sorry I'm late," he said.

"Better late than never," she said, staring into her coffee cup. She had lined the pennies at the edge of the table, which Roger disrupted with his briefcase.

"Have you ordered already?" Roger asked.

"I didn't come here to eat," Margaret said.

The waitress was now hovering over the table. Roger put his menu down and shook his head. "I'll just have a water."

Margaret lit a cigarette with a turquoise and pewter encased lighter. She let it fall to the table. "Got that from an Indian," she said. "Traded him my mother's false teeth. No shit." She let the smoke trickle out of her nose.

"I'm sorry?" Roger asked.

"I was a Girl Scout and we were collecting goods for a local tribe of Shawnees. Blankets, clothes, canned food. That kind of thing." Margaret said.

"And your mother's teeth?" Roger prodded.

"Well, I overheard one them Indians say something about this old man, his grandfather I think. Said he couldn't eat anything because his gums were so bad off. So I asked my mother if she'd donate her teeth." Roger waited with raised eyebrows. Margaret huffed more smoke. "Of course, she said no, so I stole them. I never did find out if they fit or not. My mother had a big mouth." Margaret stood the cigarette lighter up on its end. "Anyway, the guy gave me this lighter case as a gift. I think his name was Little Turtle or something."

The waitress came back with Roger's water and left without asking Margaret for a refill. She was now chewing gum.

"It's kind of funny when you think about it," Margaret continued.

"It's the only thing I have from my childhood. One of the only things I still remember from childhood, and it's helping me achieve cancer."

*"What are you to my David anyway, Mr. Harrison?"*

Margaret ground her cigarette out in the disposable, gold tin ashtray. "I think that says something about something, but I'm not sure what." Roger shuffled a bit in his booth and took a delicate sip from his ice water. "I have some things to give you," he finally said. He unclasped his briefcase, reached past the blue and green folders, and went straight to the bottom. He came up with a bundle of letters and a couple of photographs. "David wanted you to have these," he said.

"What are you to my David anyway, Mr. Harrison?" Margaret asked suddenly. Roger placed the items on the table in front of her. She went back to shuffling the pennies around the table.

"I was his court appointed lawyer," Roger said.

"Is that all?" Margaret asked.

"Yes." Roger answered, "That's all."

"David always had trouble finding friends," Margaret said.

"Those are letters he sent you," Roger said, pointing to the bundle. "And there's some photographs of Ben and John. He thought you might want them since Bonnie stopped bringing the children by."

Margaret grabbed the bundle, right around its thick, red rubber band. "These are all letters he sent me?" She asked.

"Yes. But you don't have a mailbox and you stopped paying to keep your PO box. They never reached you, so they got sent back to him," Roger said.

"But he wrote so many," Margaret said.

"I suppose it helped him, regardless of whether you got them or not."

Margaret looked up at Roger. She looked as though she was about to weep. "Well I got them now," she said, stifling her emotion. A single tear rolled down her face, stopping at the chain of her crucifix that she wore around her neck. She gathered the bundle and photographs and placed them into her purse. "Thank you," she said.

"I should be going," Roger said. "I'm sorry for your loss, Mrs. Kelly."

"Wait, I have something for you." Margaret reached into her purse and pulled out a small, brown leather collar. A tiny silver bell hung from it. "I want you to have this." She extended it to Roger, who took it.

*"I want you to have this."*

"What's this?" Roger asked.

"It was Nightshade's. I found him on the road this morning, when I was leaving to come here."

Roger closed his fist around it. "Thank you," he said.

That evening, Margaret crouched in her backyard, underneath the swingless swing set, near the washing machine, beside a freshly dug hole. She wore a black blouse with impossibly large buttons. She



lowered a shoebox into the hole and filled it with a sweeping of her bare feet. Nightshade lay inside the shoebox, wrapped gently in the infant's blanket he slept on. Margaret had picked him off the side of the road earlier and carried him to her yard. Before he was struck, Nightshade had killed a sparrow. He was in the middle of the road when the car came. When the grave was finally filled, Margaret placed her address rock on the edge of the mound.

Night was falling quickly, and the yard grew cold, the damp grass chilly. Margaret stood up from a silent prayer, found her flattened pack of cigarettes, lit one with her turquoise and pewter lighter, and kissed her crucifix. She walked back to her mobile home alone, humming *Heart Break Hotel* as she went.





## § ARE YOU A SHEEP?

You conform:

- A.) always
- B.) never

B

You are easily tricked.

- A.) no
- B.) yes

You are completely oblivious to the world around you.

- A.) no
- B.) yes

Your thoughts and decisions are always influenced by the actions of others.

- A.) no
- B.) yes

You have no control over your emotions.

- A.) false
- B.) true

You form opinions based on what is popular.

- A.) no
- B.) yes

Someone could readily take advantage of you without your knowledge.

- A.) no
- B.) yes

Mark your response in the  
answer space above.



3rd in Show ✦ ILLUSTRATION

## IN THE GENES

✦ Robert Witchger

June 26, 1934.

E. J. WITCHGER

1,964,280

TAPE MEASURE

Filed Feb. 19, 1932

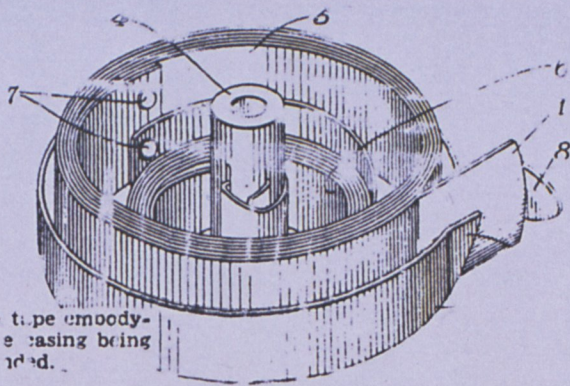


Fig. 1 is a perspective view of a tape embodying the invention, the cover of the casing being removed and the tape partly extended.

FIG. 1.

detail!

artist's MANIFESTO

*"In my work, I want to make people ask questions. A lot of times I like to frustrate people by not giving out the answers. But since you've read past the first sentence, here you go: This piece (executed in pencil, acrylic, watercolor, and xerox transfer) is a portrait of my great grandfather Eugene Witchger, an inventor, who holds the patent for the tape measure."*

June 26, 1934.

E. J. WITCHGER

1,964,200

API MEASUREMENT

Filed Feb. 19, 1932

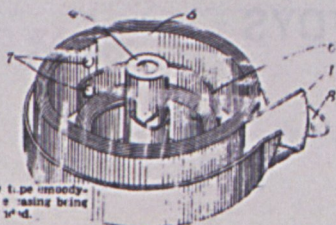


Fig. 1 is a perspective view of a type of measuring instrument, the cover of the casing being removed and the case parts are shown.

E. J. Witchger



E. J. Witchger

Honorable  
Mention

✦ PHOTOGRAPHY

## TOYS

✦ Jonathan Cain



artist's MANIFESTO *"Cropping in closer to the dolls and playthings seems to give them more stature and importance. The nostalgia of mid-century toys also lends itself to making them more statuesque."*

2nd Place

✧ METAL DESIGN

# I AM WASTING MINE

✧ Erika Kymia Nawabi



## artist's MANIFESTO

*"This piece is a self-portrait dealing with the idea of not being good enough; being a 'bad egg'. I feel that I have wasted so much of my time worrying about measuring up in so many ways that I also find myself obsessing over the goal of just doing it all differently tomorrow."*

2nd Place

✦ GRAPHIC DESIGN

# A BOOK OF SIGN LANGUAGE

✦ Brantley Barefoot

**artist's MANIFESTO**

*"I was given the assignment to compose an alphabet book with an appropriate theme. I felt I could use sign language to break away from type while still supporting the letters of the alphabet. Using bold color combined with the strong form of hands, I felt I could communicate the vibrant nature of sign language."*

1971 \* ILLUSTRATION \* PRINTMAKING \*  
MONTAGNA \*  
BAD TRIP \* SPANISH SUMMER



cover



spread

*Illustration: 1971 \* ILLUSTRATION \* PRINTMAKING \*  
MONTAGNA \*  
BAD TRIP \* SPANISH SUMMER*

Honorable  
Mention

✦ ILLUSTRATION

## SPANISH SUMMER

✦ Joey Ellis



### artist's MANIFESTO

*"This was a piece I did while I worked for Rolling Stone magazine back in 1984. The article was about REO Speedwagon joining forces with Wham! to become WhamWagon REO and I decided to draw myself in front of the TV playing video games with goop squirting out of my ear. I was later fired from Rolling Stone, due to the fact that my image had nothing to do with anything and also because I was only five years old."*

1st Place

✧ PRINTMAKING

## BAD TRIP

✧ Brian Reed



### artist's MANIFESTO

*"If it's not fun, why do it? If your work is draining, then what keeps you working? Is it because of your profs or because you gotta make the grade? You do the work because it's fun, it's supposed to be. If it's not, then you should really stop. This monotype is a tribute to having fun with your media. Quick and painless. You can use just about anything to create texture or line with a monotype. Simple wire tools leave clean marks, mat board squares leave featured swipes. Throwing mineral spirits—defiantly fun. You always put yourself into a piece, even with serious pieces. Be sure to keep the element of fun an important ingredient."*



LOOK, LOOK, LOOK,

**LOOK,**

2nd Place ✦ PHOTOGRAPHY

## CHRISTINA'S WORLD

✦ Jonathan Cain



artist's MANIFESTO *"My primary goal was to make a narrative piece that had a sense of timelessness."*

Honorable Mention ✦ FICTION

## Dawn

✦ Millie E. Johnson

I LOOKED OUT OF THE DINER'S FRONT WINDOW AT THE POOLS OF water that had accumulated in the parking lot. Pushing a chair under, I pretended to wash a dirty spot on a relatively clean table so I could draw closer to the window to stare up at the night sky. The rain had stopped for now, but I could not see the stars because the cloud cover was so thick. Thirty minutes were left on my 10-hour shift, and I did not look forward to walking home in the rain.

As I pulled away from the window, I caught a glimpse of my reflection. My hair was in its usual state of dishevelment, and my pale bubble-gum pink uniform clung tightly to all of the wrong places. I was at that awkward point between fat and thin where it would have looked better to have been either one, but as it was, I could never get my uniform to lay quite right. It had been three years since I graduated from high school, but the diner still reminded me of a smaller version of the school cafeteria, and how I had to sit at the corner table huddled together with the other outsiders that had less than ideal bodies and pimply faces trying to pretend that we had anything in common besides our obvious social dysfunction. I did not receive many tips.

The phone rang as I finished my self-evaluation. It startled me and I jumped, then looked up at Patty with fearful eyes. My heart began to beat faster, and a lump formed in my throat, making it hard to breathe or swallow. Patty wiped the black rotary-dial phone that sat on the counter with a dishrag as she spoke into it.

"Yes, I'll tell her. Umm-hmm. Good-bye."

I felt my feet getting wet. At first I thought that the window was leaking rain, but then I realized that I was holding the dishrag so tightly in my hands that water was dripping onto my shoes and the floor.

"It was your mom. Sounds like she's been at it again," was all Patty said as she cleaned the phone and the surrounding counter. She did not even look up at me as she continued with her work. Surely, the



customary phone call had become part of her nightly ritual even as taking out the trash or cleaning the grease traps had.

My mother was a heavy drinker, and over the past few months it had gotten worse. She would call an hour or two before my shift ended almost every night and ask if I would come to her house before I went home to my apartment. Frankie, my boss, and Patty would tell me not to go — “*Don’t give in to her,*” they would say, but she would just keep calling and bothering us until I would give in. I once asked if we could take the phone off the hook. Frankie had come to the window between the kitchen and the front counter and said no very firmly. “*The phone never goes off the hook for any reason. Do you understand me?*” he asked as he pointed a spatula at me. I shrank a few sizes as I stood there and nodded my head in shock.

“What’s his problem?” I had asked Patty as he went back into the kitchen banging pots and pans around and slamming things together.

Patty motioned me over to the corner near the jukebox. “Pretend you’re cleaning that table.” Then she began to whisper. “Have you ever wondered why you were hired? I mean, I love you honey, but let’s be honest — the customers don’t like you so well. It’s not that you’re a bad girl. But you have to lighten up. Smile. Show off your breasts.”

“I don’t have any breasts, Patty.”

“It don’t matter honey. My breasts ain’t that big either, but that ain’t the point. You have to walk around like you have the biggest chest in the world. Flaunt them bad boys.”

“Patty, what does any of this have to do with why Frankie is angry?”

“It don’t, sweetie. I was just making some observations and suggestions. The reason you were hired, Sugar, is because ten years ago Frankie’s wife left him and took their eleven-year-old daughter with her. His wife was just tired of living in a coastal town with a man that didn’t seem to understand that the family income was directly affected by whether or not it was tourist season. He went home one day, and they were gone. He never heard from them again. That’s why he keeps that old ugly rotary-dial phone. It was the phone that he had when they left. Sugar, it was a pitiful sight when that phone would ring right after they hit the road. Frankie just kept looking up hopefully — expecting it to be his little girl’s voice on the other end of the line. I always answered the phone after the first couple of months.

Frankie asked me to, but it nearly breaks his heart every time that I do. Even when my back is to him, I can feel his eyes staring hopefully at that phone like it's going to give him some kind of magical answer. Sophia would be your age now, and from what I've seen of her pictures, y'all have a lot of the same features."

"I was hired because I look like Frankie's daughter?"

"Yes, Sugar, that's what I said."

I was always very tender and positive when I had dealings with Frankie after that. He never let it show. He always pretended to be a big grouch, but I think that the extra attention pleased him.

But lately he had become more and more irritated when my mother would call. Patty said that he was worried about me, but even beyond that he never cut my hours even in the off-season; and it was unappreciative to keep leaving early. I was sure Frankie had heard the phone ring, and Patty's announcement that my mom sounded like she had been drinking. I was uneasy about what Frankie was going to say when I asked him if I could leave early again.

I didn't have to wonder long. Frankie pushed the swinging door between the kitchen and the front counter open, and the door hit the wall behind it with a thud. The 250-pound man emerged wiping a frying pan clean with his dishcloth. A stained white t-shirt clung tightly to his large belly. There was rage in his eyes.

I cringed as I heard the sound of Frankie's booming voice: "If you leave early one more time, Christina, consider yourself fired!"

I responded to the news in a calm and accepting way. "I understand," I said to Frankie softly, "and I don't blame you."

I could tell that my lack of anger surprised him. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and cleared his throat. His eyes softened and he licked his lips as though he were about to say something. Please say something kind. I pleaded inwardly. I haven't heard kind words from anyone in a long, long time.

The glare returned to Frankie's eyes as quickly as it had left, and he said only, "Tell her I said that she needs to go ahead and drink herself into the grave if she's going to and leave the rest of the world the hell alone."

I sighed as I reached for my hoodless dark green windbreaker. I left my dishrag on the table I had been cleaning. As I opened the door to leave, I looked over my shoulder. Frankie had already disappeared into the kitchen, and Patty continued to wipe down tables and chairs without even looking at me. We had been an odd band of misfits. My only two friends felt betrayed. I felt small and empty. I thought of how stupid I was for letting this place mean so much to me. My only friends were a single middle-aged woman who kept people at a safe distance despite her friendliness and a man that only loved me

because I looked like his daughter. They were the only things I had in the world but not anymore. Now, I had nothing.

As I walked, it began to drizzle, and my eyes caught sight of a billboard that read: "Do you want to be like Jimmy? Be Strong. Drink Milk." The sign was black with white lettering, and I suddenly remembered what my high school art teacher had once said...

"White is the reflection of all light while black is the absorption of all light. They *are not*... I repeat... *they are not colors!*"

Mr. Salinski's voice echoed in my head as I read the sign again. I considered the word "strong." *What does that word really mean? I thought. Is strength a way of handling your emotions, or is it a lack of emotion? Does being strong mean you have no light?* Insects danced in the green glow of lights at the base of the illuminated sign. They all seemed to be fighting each other to get closer to the light. *I wonder what they are all searching for?*

As my mother's house came into sight, I could make out a silhouette against the blinds. I wished with all my heart at that moment that as I approached the blue vinyl-sided house that it would be someone else's mother in there and not mine. My knees were weak and my heartbeat quickened. As my blood began to flow swiftly through my veins, I looked around to find a moment of reprieve. Not ten yards away, across the street, stood the all-night drugstore. The harsh fluorescent lighting looked almost inviting, and I began to walk towards the entrance.

There was a rush of light, and my tired sensitive eyes began to water as they adjusted. Near the entrance, a very bored looking sales clerk talked on the phone as she filed her dark red nails.

I headed towards the card aisle. *Yes, I thought bitterly, I'll just send her a greeting card.*

*So sorry about your tired, screwed up life.*

*Love Always,*

*Your Loyal Daughter.*

The rain dripped from my clothes to the floor, causing me to leave a small trail as I walked. The clerk looked up from her nails long enough to catch a glimpse of the pools of water I had left behind. She heaved a monstrous sigh, rolled her eyes, and kept talking. I had no idea why the water would bother her so much. She did not seem like a person driven by a good sense of work ethic. I was sure she would not be mopping it up. The water would dry.

As I continued up the card aisle, the words and colors blurred together. On the right side of me were boxes of candy wrapped in

red cellophane and decorated with words written in gold lettering. The severity of the fluorescent lighting added to the artificialness of everything around me. Suddenly, I felt as though I were living in a plastic world.

I heard the sound of small footsteps, and I quickly turned to see who was following me. A tiny young girl stood looking through an imaginary magnifying glass at the raindrops I had tracked through the store. She could not have been more than five years old, and she had medium-brown chestnut skin. The highlights from her skin seemed to come from an internal source that radiated to the surface. She was the only thing that looked real in the entire store, and yet, she was the one thing I felt the need to touch to make sure she was truly there. She put her imaginary magnifying glass away and with hands lying perfectly still by her side, she looked up at me, leaning over on her tiptoes to ensure that I would hear her. "I have a secret," she whispered and then began to smile a sly knowing smile.

"What's your secret?" I asked, leaning over resting my hands on my knees. I couldn't help but return her smile.

"Charlie is a spy," she said.

Suspecting that Charlie was probably as imaginary as the child's magnifying glass, I asked, "Where is Charlie?"

The little girl pointed from the direction that she had just come from to the end of the aisle. All I saw were boxes of candy and greeting cards.

"Oh, I see Charlie. He is very tall."

The girl began to snicker and clapped her two hands over her mouth as she laughed. "Charlie isn't tall. Charlie is very short," and she began to indicate with her tiny hand how tall Charlie was. Her hand stopped a few inches beneath her own height.

"Well... yeah. I knew that. I was just seeing if you were listening. Of course Charlie is short. To be a good spy you need to be close to the ground so you can see what is happening."

The girl stood looking at me and smiling. Then she grabbed my hand and said, "Come on." I let her lead me to the front doors, and she pointed to the rain outside. "My sister said that when it rains God's crying."

I looked through the glass as I leaned slightly on the door. I tried to look at anything else, but my eyes kept coming back to my mother's house. I felt an immense amount of guilt.

"Why is God sad?" the little girl continued. She looked up at me with expectant eyes thinking perhaps that unlike her and Charlie I was tall and that maybe because of my height I was somehow closer to God's secrets. It was difficult to answer a child who was so sure I was some kind of magical giant.

*"I have a secret."*

*"Come on."*



“I don’t know, Sweetie,” I said looking down at her. “*Maybe if we are both very good then God won’t cry anymore.*” *How good must I be?* I thought. I continued to stare across the street at the house that had held such an empty life for me in my childhood. *How much do you expect, God?*

The girl drew me out of my thoughts as she tugged at my sleeve. “That’s my Mama,” she said as she pointed to a woman that had just approached the counter with a magazine, and q-tips. *What could have prompted the necessity of these things during the middle of a school night?* I wondered. It was midnight. The little girl should have been in bed. I noticed the woman was a little unsteady when she looked up at the sales clerk, and her eyes seemed unfocused. They were glazed and bloodshot. I knew from experience that long shifts at the diner, especially after sleep-deprived nights spent with Mama, put me into much the same state. I was unsure if the woman was extremely tired or if she was drunk. I followed the child a few steps towards her mother. When we were three or four feet away I could smell alcohol. I could tell she had been a beautiful woman once, but at that moment, in the fluorescent light with her ill-fitting clothes and her unkempt appearance, she looked like a flower when it first begins to wilt. I knew instinctively that she was much younger than she appeared.

I stepped away from the child and stood at the corner of the card aisle where we had just been. The girl played with things around the counter as her mother made the purchase. The young one’s back had been facing her mother as the woman had turned to leave. A good mother would have called out to her child, but there was no need. Instinctively, the girl stopped her play and ran to catch up with her. I had seen a dog follow his owner in a park once in much the same way. I did not realize what I was doing as I followed them out into the rain.

I saw the woman take the keys from her pocket and lunge at her car. I wanted to call out to some invisible timekeeper to stop the movement of all things. I needed time to think, and everything was moving too fast. As I had no car, offering them a ride home was impossible. I could not drive them home in their own car because I had no license, and the woman might think I was being too forward if I were to ask her if I could drive her home in her own car anyway. Society has rules about that. As all of my possibilities disappeared, I watched the small, sweet, beautiful child climb into the front seat of an old gray Buick. *Can I walk you home? What? Five miles from here? I don’t mind walking you home in the rain. Why take a car when we*

*can walk?* The words tore through my mind, traveled through my quickly moving blood and lodged themselves in my middle. I felt as though someone had punched me hard in the stomach. The child stuck her head out of the window and smiled at me, showing two rows of pearly white baby teeth. She hasn't lost her innocence yet, I thought. I had this urgent need to grab her out of the car and run past my mother's house, up over the bridge and out of town until we found a place we could call home.

As tears streamed down my face, I offered the only words I knew to say, "Charlie said for you to buckle-up."

I could not help but think as they drove away that the glaze across her mother's eyes would act as a wall throughout the child's life, keeping her from ever feeling loved and killing all of her dreams. I knew all too well that there would be optimists with their good-for-tune-seeking natures and analysts with their well-meant programs who would say I was wrong in condemning the child—in limiting her future with my own preconceived ideas about truth and reality. Sometimes I could not help but wonder if those people were really interested in helping the world or if they simply didn't want to believe that their own good-fortunes in life had not been totally earned, but at least in part, had been allotted to them by a blind and often unfair fate. Guilt is a horrible feeling. I knew from experience something that none of the optimists or analysts knew... somewhere written in the cosmos was a mathematical formula that would be difficult if not impossible for the little girl to defy, and I knew that she would need a strong spirit to even try. It seemed unfair to ask so much of one so tiny and innocent. *Would she one day face a tiny version of herself and be powerless to change her destiny?*

I watched the car until it disappeared, then I turned towards my mother's house and slowly began to cross the street. A heaviness came over me at that moment. I was suddenly very aware of the weight of my own limbs. Tired in a way that went far beyond just being sleepy, I climbed the steps and tried to pull myself to my full height and steady my churning stomach.

I slowly opened the door and went in. My mother sat in an old dark brown recliner in the corner of the living room asleep. A small lamp was the only source of light and created an eerie affect against my mother's sleeping form—leaving a small portion of her in the light and the other two thirds in darkness. She wore a white terry-cloth bathrobe and



*"I could not help but think as they drove away that the glaze across her mother's eyes would act as a wall throughout the child's life, keeping her from ever feeling loved and killing all of her dreams."*

clutched a nearly empty bottle of vodka close to her chest. She had long since given up the impracticality of a glass. The door closing behind me woke her.

"Christina?" she asked, confused.

Ironically, the light from the lamp blinded her and was the very reason she could not see me.

"Christina?" she repeated.

*"Yes, Mama, — it's me," I said softly.*

As I walked towards her, I thought of bending down to kiss her but the thought of it made me nauseous. There were dark shadows where her eyes should have been. Her cheeks were sunken and hollow. From head to foot her body looked like a corpse. I reached down to brush a few of the salt and peppered ringlets away from her forehead instead. "Come on, Mama. It's time to go to bed."

*How many times have I said these words? I thought. How many times must I relive this night?*

I took the vodka bottle from my mother and sat it gently on the floor beside her chair. Putting my left arm around my mother's waist, I scooped her into a standing position. We made the long walk from her chair to her bed in the next room. Slide, shuffle. Slide, shuffle. By the time I deposited my mother beneath the covers my left shoulder had begun to throb.

I left my mother's bedroom, reentered the living room, and went to the bathroom down the hall. Grabbing a dark green hand towel, I started to soak up the droplets of rain that had accumulated on my face. When I looked up I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror. I pulled in my breath so rapidly it caused me to choke on my own saliva. Trying to regain my composure, I stared into the mirror once more. There under each eye were those same ghastly circles I had just seen on my mom's face. Here and there scattered across my reflection—in my hair and face shape, in my freckles and mouth, were the early traces of the woman I would become. I released my breath in a long slow hiss and reached with one finger to gingerly touch the mirror as though my hand would go right through.

*How odd it is, I thought in awe, that one can be haunted by their own face.*

I suddenly realized that my existence was being defined along some linear timeline not unlike my mother's.

Girl becomes waitress.

Girl takes care of alcoholic parent.

Girl meets boy.

Girl falls in love and gets pregnant. Boy leaves girl.

Girl gives up hope.

I began to look back into the mirror defiantly. *I wonder how good I am at math*, I thought and began to smile. I pulled my face in closer to the mirror and started to wipe at the dark circles reflected back at me. "You're stronger than that," I whispered. I turned out the light and stepped out into the hallway closing the door softly behind me. I walked towards the same front door that had let me in and out of that house my entire life leaving behind the unwashed clothes, the unwashed dishes, the unemptied ashtrays, and the pools of vomit that had continuously marred my mom's beautiful pale blue carpet. My mother was going to learn how to take care of herself.

I slammed the door behind me as I stepped out into the brisk night air—not in anger ... not to wake my sleeping mother but in a sudden burst of freedom. I felt as though my skin were not big enough to contain all of me—as though the entire world was trapped within my body and was trying to burst forth. It had stopped raining and the world seemed brighter. The smell of the ocean air mingled with the scent of the small patch of wet grass in my mother's front yard. Street lamps shone brightly down showing me things I had never seen before. I felt as though someone had given me a pair of glasses. The smell of night calmed my raging storms and soothed my seemingly endless fears. I walked the remaining four blocks to my apartment pulling my dark green windbreaker tighter to my chest even as the night air seemed to hug me. The whole world was a promise.

When I reached my apartment I opened the door and went in. I did not turn on the light. I no longer needed the light. I moved like a cat through my dark living room and into the bedroom. Frankie and Patty would receive a call from me tomorrow. I was determined Frankie would not have a second daughter causing him to hate a black rotary-dial phone. Stripping off my wet clothes, I crawled into bed, and the next morning when I awoke it was to the warmth of the sun breathing life against my face.

*I slammed the door  
behind me as I  
stepped out into the  
brisk night air—*



Q/9: Circle two words in each series that relate most to each other or are the exact opposite of each other.

1. traditional, banal, mellifluous, diagnostic, orthodox
2. incisive, ridicule, irascible, obtuse, hamlet
3. cryptic, ponder, covert, prompt, avarice
4. grovel, vex, evoke, artifice, disenchant
5. agitate, concord, lachrymose, enigma, conundrum
6. roguish, proficient, clandestine, inept, confound
7. flock, insurrection, infer, erroneous, conform

Q/10: What do the following words have in common?

a

book	test	control	mind
free	thought	question	rebel

\_\_\_\_\_

Mark your response in the  
answer space above.



Q/11: What number should replace the question mark?



2	0	4	1
0	81	25	2
2	49	?	5
1	2	3	1

Mark your response in the answer space above.



3rd Place

✧ PRINTMAKING

## SELF-PORTRAIT

✧ Adrienne Raxter



### artist's MANIFESTO

*"The creative process of this piece evolved from two previous works, a large scale self-portrait painting and a semi-blind contour self-portrait drawing. In the self-portrait painting, I dropped the light source low under my chin to enhance the effect of 'ghoul' lighting. In the self-portrait drawing, I first drew a semi-blind contour self-portrait and then rendered ten percent. For this piece, I combined both the dramatically low light source and contour lines with selective rendering. The full-frontal self-portrait emulates a strong light source with a variety of line and values."*

2nd Place

✧ NON-FICTION

# Hierarchy

✧ Brian C. Bost

**M**Y FRIENDS AND I WEREN'T SUBMITTING OURSELVES TO the clash of overly-dressed college students crammed in and struggling to get drunk amidst a stage of disgusting floors and bathrooms housed by the cheap bars located adjacent to my college and my neighborhood overrun with student housing, not that night. Greenville, NC has long been known as a party town, and it was reiterated in the September atmosphere of shouts and honks anticipating toxicity throughout this particular Saturday's late evening. I drove to the Stop Shop convenient store just between the bars and the University to pick up some beer for the five of us so we could head back home to drink, until the bars closed and unleashed the late night party goes into intently sought-out congregations, which we would join as well.

I walked across the overly-congested parking lot to the Stop Shop convenient store gold mine dodging cars and people, doing all I could to appear deaf to the familiar nameless beggars lining the store window sill; nameless except for Gus, who donned a scaled down, half-rotten guitar with a couple of strings and an extra hole in the wood, which always hung from his neck by the black strap, always resting on his back, because he couldn't really play, I'm almost sure of it. Passing through the thirty year-old threshold, I accepted the dirty-yellow hue my skin absorbed from the aged crayon-yellow sign glowing above the door, a relic from the seventies. There is no room in this place. How they fit a Wal-Mart into a bricked bedroom with two cash registers is beyond me, but every inch of this place from floor to ceiling seems to have something available for purchase; yet squeezing through the line to the back of the store, I briefly noticed the common bond between the huddled patrons: beer and cigarettes. Camels, Budweiser, Marlboros, Michelob, Rolling Rock, Winstons, Coors, Basics, Southpaw; all ready to be consumed in moments to come.

I quickly decided on a case of Busch and hurried to the back of the line, which ended at the back of the store, so nobody else would

add to my wait behind what was already at least a baker's dozen. Two cash registers in a store this small would seem ridiculous during any daylight hours, but I wished they had a few more clerks as I checked my watch and fed my impatience. I passed the minutes by staring at the red-orange tiled floor, odd-shaped tiles dotted with dirty-black gum throughout. Suddenly, a revelation overwhelmed my personal space: *Suzi Dalon!* The stubbly, pale, twenty-something in front of me holding an old Budweiser box containing six 22-ounce Mike's Hard Lemonades and two 40-ounce Colt 45s had a ghostly appearance enhanced by the strings of fluorescent bulbs stretched across the length of cracked drop-ceiling tiles above. He had noticed the sandy-blond woman in front of him wrapped in the arm of her preppy, stocky boyfriend was someone he knew from years before, and had waited until the right moment—just when she happened to turn back and make a blue-eyed affirmation of who she was—to awaken her memories of him.

Unfortunately, this was not a high school reunion and there were no name tags, so in a split-second attempt to recall his name, she remembered, "*Hey, how are you doing?*" Suzi, figured the smile and "I'm so happy to see you" tone would feign she remembered his name, but "Hey" didn't buy it.

Hanging his head toward his worn-out leather work boots to avoid staring at Suzi's buxom breasts, accented by her black and white striped knit, I followed Hey's line-of-sight and noticed he had no laces as he answered "Pretty good."

With nothing to continue the awkward conversation, and knowing she still had to commune with this familiar stranger for the rest of the wait in line, Suzi jumped on the first subject that startled to her attention, sympathetically inquiring, "What happened to your eyes?" as she rubbed her indices along her lower eyelids to indicate exactly what she recognized was different about him.

Blindsided by the untargeted shot below the belt, Hey didn't know what or how to respond. Nothing had happened to his eyes that he could think of, so he gave a slight laugh at the bad joke he didn't get and then, "Oh, uh." It hit him! Something *had* happened to his eyes, something that he and his friends had not seen, as one never notices the sun crossing the sky, or peers growing and aging, until the moment is compared with a memory.

*Blindsided by the untargeted shot below the belt, Hey didn't know what or how to respond.*

She did remember him, and forced to reckon with the shadows beneath his eyes and about his life, he glanced up and gave her the answer she realized he was about to say, "*Drugs.*"

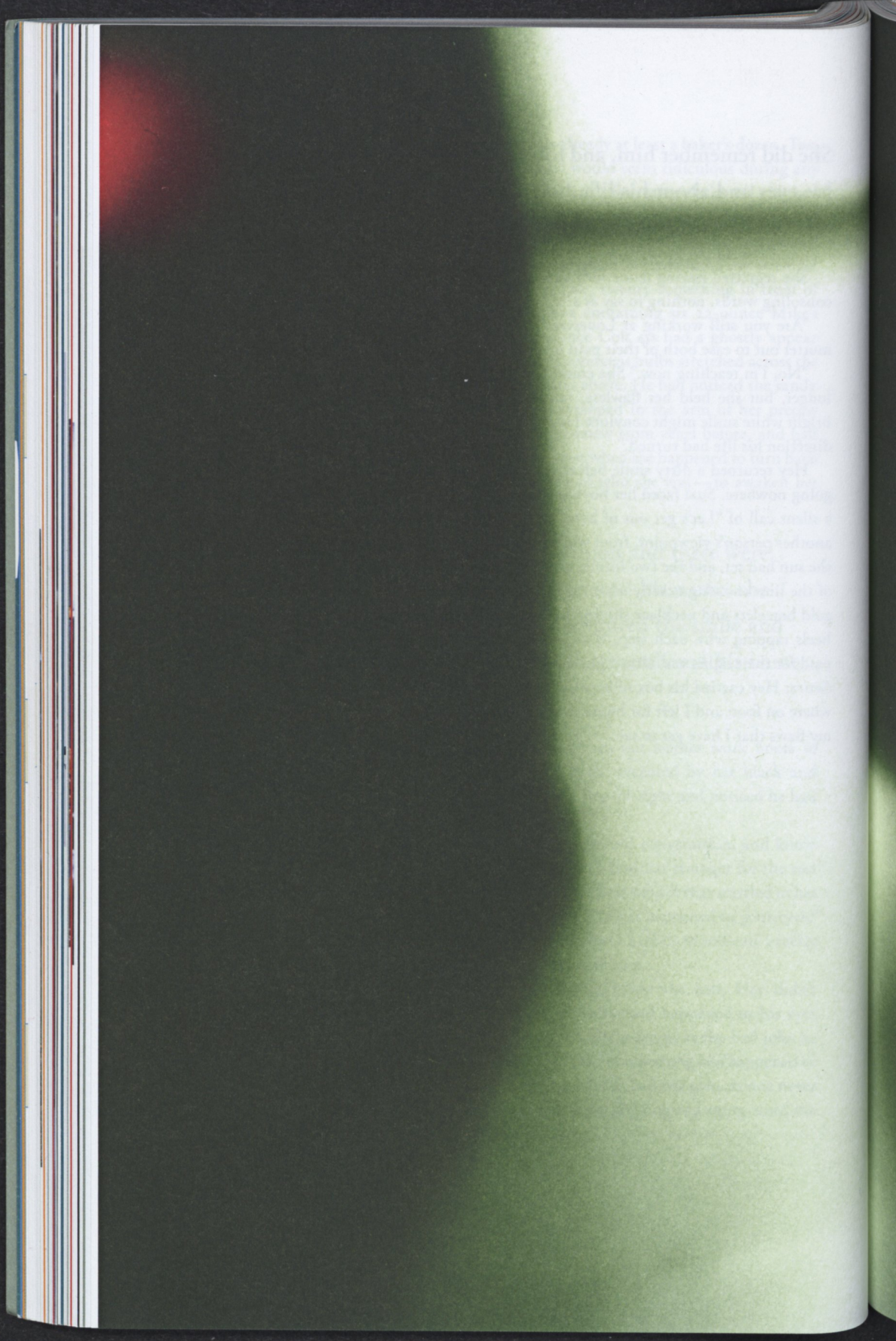
She regretted having made him confess, but had no apology, no consoling words, nothing to say at all.

"Are you still working at Lonestar?" The only thing Hey could mutter out to ease both of their pain failed.

"No, I'm teaching now." She could hardly keep the smile up any longer, but she held her flawless, tanned cheeks back hoping her bright white smile might convince Hey that she found no fault in the direction his life had turned.

Hey returned a dirty smile before turning away to end what was going nowhere. Suzi faced her boyfriend and rolled her eyes up with a silent call of "Let's get out of here." Hey finally saw himself from another person's viewpoint, from when he had potential, from before the sun had set, and the two former coworkers had to live out the rest of the line knowing exactly what each other was thinking. With her gold bracelets and necklace shining in the fluorescents, and her high heels tapping with each step, Suzi and her well-kempt companion paid for their lights and ultra-lights and headed out to her new black Acura; Hey carried his box of beer out of the store and headed somewhere on foot; and I left for home to get drunk and avoid pondering my flaws that I have yet to see.







1st Place

✧ DRAWING

## SELF-PORTRAIT

✧ Will Jardine



## artist's MANIFESTO

*"Process, process, process. The piece began as a vine charcoal line drawing with spots of a medium-grade charcoal pencil in select areas. After the initial drawing was completed, and all of the major shapes were blocked in, rough patches of value were filled in to give myself an idea as to how to handle further rendering and to establish the planes of the head. Using a paper towel, the paper was toned and the line drawing ghosted by diffusing the charcoal image out evenly onto the page—this is a good method to combat the heavy texture of the Lennon paper. Using a kneaded and white plastic eraser to pull out lighter values and more vine charcoal, the image was refined and polished until it was appropriately resolved."*

1st Place

✧ SCULPTURE

## OBJECT AT REST

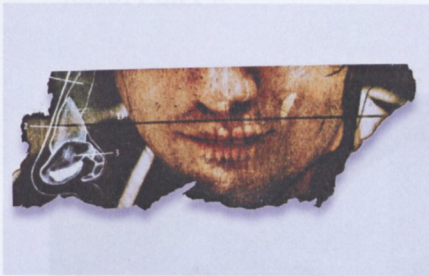
✧ Phil Proctor



## artist's MANIFESTO

*"It is time to open the eyes of our civilization. We shall no longer be intellectually confined to the narrow visions of everyday systematic drudgery. There is a new movement whose members understand that we are all part of something bigger, something that reaches far past the highest wisp of air. We are a part of a universe whose materials, reactions and compositions are in our grasp of understanding and control. Together we can build a society of people who are not only able but also willing to adopt the rest of our universe as our world, our home."*

# SELF-PORTRAIT



3rd Place

✦ PHOTOGRAPHY

## THE 5 SENSES OF A MR. PAUL W. COENEN

✦ Joey Ellis

artist's MANIFESTO *"I'm not sure what to say here, except for the fact that this is a digital collage using found imagery and photographs of my friend Paul Coenen, world-famous printmaker. The year was 1912 and I was perusing the streets of Paris when I came across a homeless man who drew portraits of monkeys on the sidewalks with broken sticks and ketchup. I said, 'Good God man, you're filthy! And where are your pants?' The man looked at me with a blank stare and said, 'I'm Paul W. Coenen.' I gave the man a bit of cheese from my pocket, and from that day forward we were the best of friends."*

2nd Place

✧ TEXTILE DESIGN

✧ Jenny Hatlestad

## NATURE SERIES I



artist's MANIFESTO *"The inspiration for my work reflects my fascination with natural forms and texture. By creating felted sculptures and collage series, I combine abstracted sections of seeds, pods, rocks, plants and bark. I incorporate different textile techniques, such as even and uneven dyed fabrics, felting and hand and machine sewing."*

Honorable  
Mention

✦ PRINTMAKING

## DROP SHOT

✦ Patrick Leger



artist's MANIFESTO *"Since woodcuts only have two values, I tried to compose 'Drop Shot' by alternating between black and white for the foreground, middleground and background. I also used the repetition of the railing in the foreground and the pictures on the wall in the background to divide the spaces and to unify the piece as a whole. I used this same idea within the figure, using pointillism to create a middle value to separate not only the parts of the figure but the shadows and highlights from other parts of the picture."*

Q/12: Which of the following is the odd one out?



- A.) 45, 90, 70, 32
- B.) 84, 57, 28, 25
- C.) 18, 14, 19, 62
- D.) 44, 29, 11, 31

Q/13: Which of the following is the odd one out?



- A.) 22, 46, 81
- B.) 55, 34, 70
- C.) 40, 13, 18
- D.) 58, 17, 28

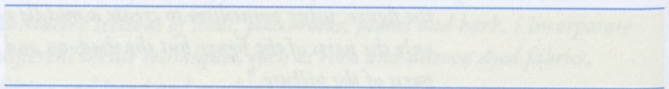
Q/14: In which of the following is the odd one out?



- A.) 34, 78, 92, 12
- B.) 54, 60, 49, 86
- C.) 75, 18, 36, 22
- D.) 42, 16, 71, 30

Q/15: Remove the appropriate letters to solve the puzzle.

TABHLMQPQIRSNKJKOOP  
 NMUTDESFGCDIDVWEKL  
 THIHFGEPQBSTOX



Mark your response in the answer space above.



**RESULTS**

**AIRPORT**

**INSOMNIA**

**SPARTAN**

**ENDOWED**

**TEQUILA**

**HUMIDOR**

**ENCODED**

**?**

**FORFEIT**

**ASSUME**

**IGNORES**

**LAZIEST**

**?**

**CHOOSE FROM THE OPTIONS ABOVE TO DETERMINE  
THE APPROPRIATE RESULT.**

**OFFICIAL**

**VOODOO**

**EMBRYO**

**REMARK**

Honorable Mention ✦ POETRY

boy

✦ Fred Bowen

“BOY, go rake the yard, I better not see one leaf left. Then when you’re done with that, come and help me in the barn. After we’re done with that, I need you to walk to the store and pick us up some bread for supper. When you come back, meet me behind the house, I’mah take a switch and whip your behind for these grades on your report card I got today. You will study and you won’t watch TV and you better improve on them. No son of mine is going to end up like me. You’re going to be somebody and better than me, and better than yourself. Although you may think that I ain’t done the same, you better improve on these grades or I’m gonna whip your behind some more. If you need to talk to somebody, if you need advice, or you need a break, go and talk to your mother, now go and get that rake.”



1st Place

✦ NON-FICTION

# Coffin

✦ M. Laura Rymer

“I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO WORK TODAY.” THAT WAS MY FIRST THOUGHT when she tells me. I am a little bit happy. She is hysterical, with salt and black makeup running on her face, and she wails down the hallway.

“Don't leave.”

I have my keys in my hand, on my way to work, and she has thrown the phone down on her waterbed.

“Your daddy rolled his car on Route 34 last night and he didn't make it.”

She is talking about Grandpa. He is her daddy, and not mine. Until I realize that isn't what she said. But I am still a little bit happy. Because I know I am not going to work today.

Waiting for Sarah is strange. Waiting, and knowing news that changes lives. It is being sick. It is lying on the floor, and bleeding out onto notebook pages through pencil scratch until you hear her key in the lock. It is aching to scream a warning through the front door, *Don't open it!* I don't scream, so my sister comes in and goes upstairs, and I sit and wait. After a few minutes, I get drunk on her sobs and sit autistic on the living room floor.

Mom comes downstairs with more black smears on her face, my youngest sister trailing by her leg, with scraggly hair. No one wants a Slurpee. They think I am insane. I drive to 7-11 too fast. The odds of flipping my car and bleeding to death are very slim.

I am rolling socks into neat little balls, like Mom. Sweaters. Corduroy pants. T-shirts. Precise edges. Slowly crafted piles, that are ever-so-even and stacked on my bed, next to the yellow duffle bag he got me last Christmas. *What did I get him last Christmas?* I can't remember.

"They're all perfectly folded but none of them match," I say.

"It's okay," Mom says.

It sinks in when Mom tells me to load my bags in the car. It sinks in when I pass a two-car accident involving a smashed up Ford Explorer on the highway to West Virginia. Then again when I take a shower at my grandparents' house that evening, and become paralyzed in the bottom of the tub, with the water beating down on my back and soap in my eyes.

I think of calling his house and leaving a message. It has only been twelve hours. I could pretend I don't know yet. The answering machine would click on in the dark and I would speak to him. Maybe he would hear before it's too late.

I obsess over the barn cats. No one fed them today. I worry about where will they go with no one on the farm. Maybe we should take them back to the city with us.

*What happens on the day you die?* I know he locked up the house, and double-checked to make sure everything was unplugged. I know he left that house sitting alone on the hill, in the middle of a one hundred and fifty acre plot of autumn woods. I know it was cold. I know thin, blue smoke came from Dave Paxton's hill, across the hollow. I want to know more.

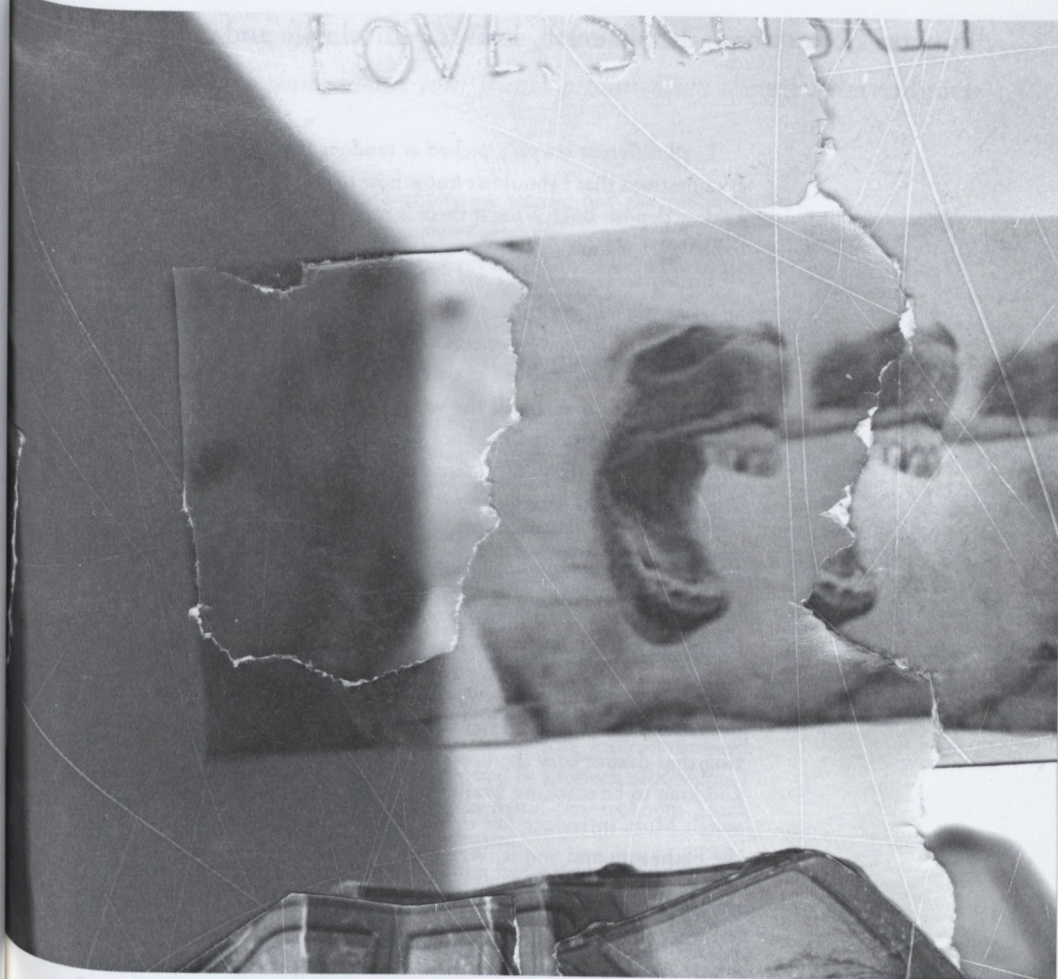
The truck's battery sat in the middle of the field. It flew from under the hood when the truck flipped and hit the oak tree. Mom says the firemen moved it because the horses would eat it and get sick. I picture an old brown nag chewing on a red DieHard and start laughing hysterically.

The telephone becomes a lifeline to the real world, my old life. I can feel things when I talk on it. The receiver is a plastic portal out of the dream where I am trapped. My best friend tells me she cancelled a date for me when I left yesterday. I am disappointed.

Daddy chopped wood while our old retriever mix lazed on the porch. He wore red and blue flannel shirts. His sturdy arms would swing high and come down with loud cracks, until he had enough kindling to please Mom. He would feed her wood stove while she worked to feed us, cooking spaghetti and dumping Parmesan cheese over the whole bowl.

Seven-thirty in the morning and I am in a funeral parlor with my grandparents. And her. The funeral director stands in front of us, grabbing his left forearm, then his right shoulder, in demonstration. He says that both of Dad's arms were broken when the truck went through the telephone pole and over the embankment. The funeral director is heavy-set and about thirty years old, with broad shoulders that could never dislocate. I am eighteen years old, with my mother's thin arms and bad joints. I wonder how I would fare if I smashed my car into one of the thick cement stoplight supports back home.

*I picture an old brown nag chewing on a red DieHard and start laughing hysterically.*



My grandfather's birthday is on Halloween and he spends it at the funeral home, picking out his son's coffin. Later that afternoon I find him hushed and motionless on the plaid couch in the basement, holding something between his knees. His birthday card from Dad has come in the mail. The envelope is postmarked the day Dad flipped his Toyota Four Runner. Now I know more. I know one of his last day errands. My father has printed in neat, precise letters, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY. LOVE, SKIP." When I was younger, I asked Mom why he only wrote in all capitals. She said it was because he was a draftsman.

An obituary runs in the Charleston Gazette. I drive around for three hours and buy out all of the newspaper boxes in town. Both editions. I rip the display papers from the windows of the cold boxes. I do the same the next day because a short story runs under the headline:

“Putnam County man dies in crash. Leaves behind wife and daughters.” Wife.

I call different lawyers, picked at random from the phone book. I ask questions that I shouldn't know how to ask. “How do we get into a safety deposit box? What if there is no will in the deposit box at the bank?” What I am really asking is, “What do we do about *her*?”

Daddy remarried after Mom left him for Washington, DC. But he spent the last year of his life having papers drawn up for divorce, and installing security cameras on the farm. He got a PO box in the city, 50 miles away, instead of using the one at the end of the graveled main road. He covered all the windows of the house with black garbage bags, and replaced the ones she smashed whenever she broke in. Today I find out the papers were drawn up, but never signed. There is also no will in the safety deposit box at the bank.

The funeral is crowded. I stand at the coffin with my grandparents and greet the people who walk by to view the body.

“It's not him,” Mom says. “It's just where he lived.” She is squeezing the blood out of my hand while she greets people.

Dad's real wife is standing beside the coffin, too. She has placed a small, hideous pink pillow with her name on it in the casket next to Daddy's head. I watch her pat his arm through the protective netting that drapes over the open lid. She sighs. I know it is contrived and long to be smoking Marlboros at the dam back home. Instead I watch Mom introduce her to Daddy's wailing great-aunt. I go into the bathroom and vomit. We sit in the second row at my father's funeral because she and her two sons, my stepbrothers, take up the first row. A lady from Oak Hill Baptist sings *Amazing Grace* and *All in All* because my sisters and I couldn't decide what songs to play. When she finishes, we file into the adjacent room while the coffin is closed.

“Where's the pillow that was in the coffin?”

“Where's the pillow that was in the coffin?” I ask the funeral director. He looks uncomfortable and tells me that she has requested Dad be buried with it. I turn to face her and stare, until I am sure my voice will not crack.

“We don't want it there,”

“We don't want it there,” I say. She says she doesn't care. I stare at her some more, because words haven't been making sense for a couple of days. She is still talking.

“This is really hard on her.”

“I loved your dad very much and I want a keepsake there with him.”

“We don't want it there.” I keep staring.

Her oldest son steps towards me. “This is really hard on her. It's really important. Her mother made that pillow just for today.”

I almost punch him in the face. Crack his nose, black his eye, anything to make him shut up. Mom's clear voice rings out over the room, crisp over the chaos and the panic that threatens to overtake me.

*"You can remarry," she says. "These girls only have one father. They don't want to think about your stupid pillow down there for the rest of their lives."*

I start to question Mom's choice of words, but the pillow is plucked from the coffin and stays above ground.

At the cemetery, my grandparents, my sisters and I sit in the chairs by the casket. But only because we park our compact cars faster than she backs up her SUV. She seethes behind me when the reverend shakes our hands, but forgets to greet her. I gloat at her irritated trill of "I'm Skip's wife."

I spend the rest of the week with my grandparents. I think about the pillow. I think about her son's black blazer cutting off my grandparents' old Buick, to be the first car in the funeral procession. I think about the farm. I think about Daddy hanging upside down for four hours in the field, with frost forming on the battered windshield. The numbness scribbles out of my stomach and into my notebook.

Traffic and retail work wait for me back home. My boss insists I vacation for a couple of weeks, but instead I drop out of community college and pick up overtime. At the office supplies store, I buy a stocky brown filing cabinet with locking drawers. I scavenge the house, ravaging every box and closet, collecting loose, crumpled paper. Cheap, ragged notebooks are stacked in a forlorn pile. When I dump everything in the filing cabinet, the metal drawers boom. I lock them and decide to never use the keys again.

Mom said he wasn't really drunk. She had seen him drive before, drunker than he was on that night, when they were younger. Besides, the hospital said he fell asleep, or maybe had a heart attack. He drove across the oncoming lane, drove on the side of the road for a couple hundred yards, they said, through the gravel. He had plenty of time to jerk the truck back on the road, he couldn't have been that drunk. No, he must have been asleep, asleep or already dead. The idea worms around inside me.

There is sitting when someone dies. In the movies, grieving people sit and stare at the walls of a dark living room and no one speaks. They train their eyes on the floor. This much is true. Movies also show people moving on with their lives. Christmases are only wistful and nostalgic. Scripts have lines of dialogue like "Your Daddy used to love that" and "I wish your father could be here." When daughters are left behind in movies, relatives say lovely things like "Your father is watching over you." Movies don't tell you that the sitting period continues forever, and that every holiday is exactly like the one before it. Movies don't tell you that Christmas becomes too cheerful. Laughter is exces-

sive. A silent chasm stretches between two generations, with no one to fuse the conversations between the old and young. My sisters and I sit at the table in the kitchen, while my grandparents sit in the dining room. But no one strolls though the kitchen to make cracks about my hair color. No one weighs the benefits of the latest John Deere tractor in the dining room with my grandpa. Giggling and joking echo loudly while gifts are opened.

My grandparents even invited Aunt Ruth and Uncle Bob. **The numbness scribbles out of my stomach and into my notebook.**

But I am not fooled. It serves to cover up the silence coming from the end of the couch, where he is supposed to be sitting with his ankles crossed.

- ¶ Daddy's retirement plan totals a quarter of a million dollars. After the funeral, she tells us she will be giving it to us for our college education. Later my uncle calls with news that he saw her in Dunbar. He says her new Lexus is bright red with a sunroof.

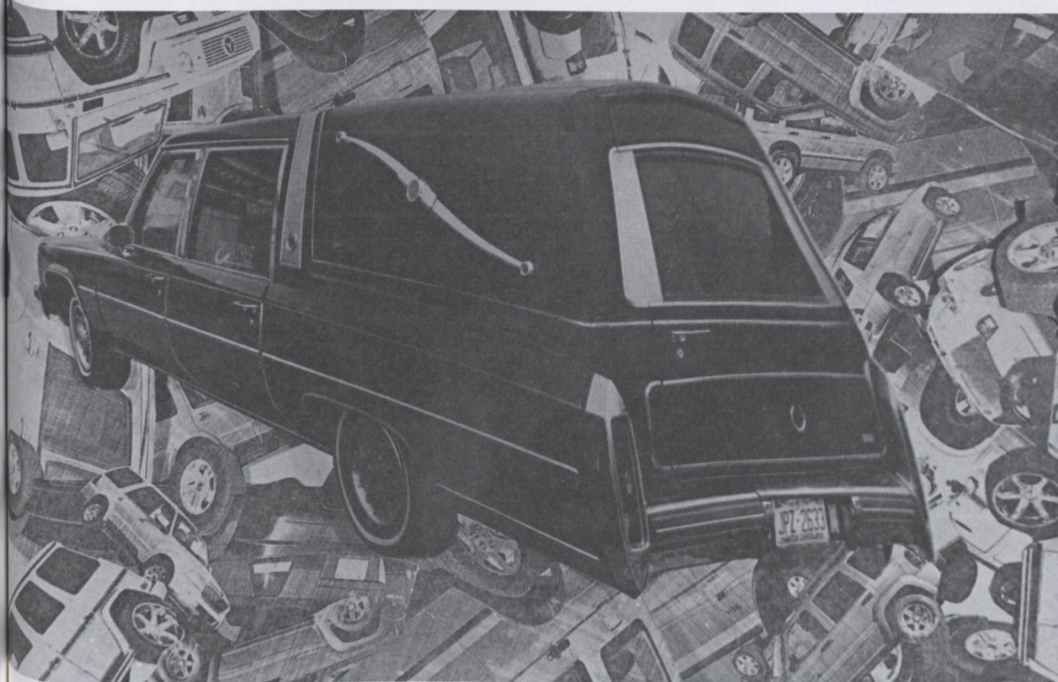
We go to church for the one-year anniversary of his death. The usher hands me a bulletin with lyrics printed for the worship songs we will sing. One of them is *All in All*, the song we played at Daddy's funeral exactly one year ago.

"Only Jesus can do things like that," says Mom.

Sometimes I hug my boyfriend after he gets off from work. He works at a garage. His jacket is hard canvas shell with soft, warm air that squeezes out when I hug him. Its sleeves wrap around me, and it smells of cigarette smoke. I forget that the tag says "Merchant's Auto," and not "Monsanto," for a minute.

The red clay mud around the stable, the bridge on the Boy Scout trail, and the lone mink by the creek bank are worthless to her. She hated the farm. If my father took a business trip, the owls would call in the field and she would drive all the way to the city to stay with her mother. But it is worth something. The entire first year after Dad's death we fight for an inheritance we deserve. One hundred and fifty acres of mountain property bought in 1987, with three daughters in mind. The money from his retirement plan is gone now and she wants the only thing left.

Daddy's insurance policy sends me to back to college. I sit next to a freshman in Sociology class my second semester. He is one of those people that talk excessively upon meeting someone new. He tells me a drunk driver killed his sister last year. He speaks about alcohol with hot hatred. I think of his little sister with bloody pigtailed and I wonder if he knows.

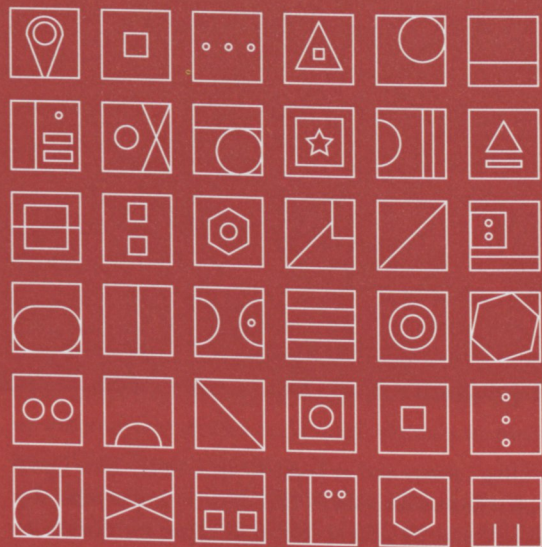


I open the filing cabinet and sit beside it for a while. Then I grab the stacks of spiral notebooks from its dark drawers. Loose pages slip out from between them and glide to the carpet of my apartment's living room. I drop the stack resolutely on my rug and spend two hours sorting, trashing, and reading. Finally, I open up Microsoft Word on my laptop. I can't breathe, so I write. I have just signed a paper her lawyer sent to me. It will relinquish the farm of my childhood to my sisters and me, providing we meet certain conditions. Tomorrow I will sign another paper with a line that asks for my major. I will take a pen and write

*English. Writing concentration.*

on the line as fast as I can. The filing cabinet drawers are still dark when I reach in. They are bloodstained. Unlocking them unearths broken bones and scarred oak trees. But the filing cabinet has moved to the middle of my living room, where it serves as a desk for my laptop. We respect each other. I promise to remember, and it doesn't lurk in the corner whispering anymore.





Do you notice a pattern?

n

Q/16:

All of the vowels have been removed from the following phrase. Remaining letters appear in their original sequence in groups of five. Insert the missing vowels to complete the message.

RDNTLL

WYRSL

FTBCN

TRLLD

---

---

Mark your response in the answer space above.



3rd Place

✦ TEXTILE DESIGN

✦ Megan Greenway



## BRINGING HOME THE BACON SERIES

artist's MANIFESTO

*“Bringing Home the Bacon’ is about my parents’ dedication to their professions. The lime green skirt is representative of my mother as a preschool teacher. The printed images are actual drawings done by her class of three-year-olds. The burgundy skirt reflects my father’s occupation as a neurological pharmaceutical salesman. The printed images are of nerve cells and neurons to correspond with his work and field of study. These pieces are a tribute to my parents in honor of all of the hard work they do to support our family.”*

2nd Place

✦ DRAWING

✦ Stephanie Statham



## THE OPTIMIST

### artist's MANIFESTO

*"This piece has two important aspects: on one level, it is about cycles and the role they play in life. By cycles, I mean the continuous growth, aging, death and sometimes rebirth brought on by time. The other important aspect of this drawing is the line work. A lot of my work deals with the exploration of line and trying to manipulate it in a way that portrays the maximum amount of information about form while still retaining a very expressive quality."*

1st Place

✦ ILLUSTRATION

## QUEEN OF BROKEN HEARTS

✦ Kimberly Bardill

artist's MANIFESTO *"I just recently became attached to the idea of creating illustrations that also reflect my writing. My recent work has included the creation of a colorful cast of exaggerated figures that in some ways reflects what I see in myself and in others. This piece in particular is part of a series I started for a deck of cards including another queen, a king and a joker. Overall this piece illustrates the skepticism love causes when love is returned or completely absent. The 'Queen of Broken Hearts' was also my inspiration for a short story, called 'Conveniently Ever After.'"*

1st Place

✦ WOOD DESIGN

## WELCOME HOME

✦ Stephanie Drews

artist's MANIFESTO *"The concept of intertwining homemaking and artmaking in order to better each part is my goal. The starting point of my work is the home; the art created for this space functions and conceptually relates to the home. I strive for organic shapes that relate to the interior space of the home and translate into the visual dialogue of gallery space as well."*



1st Place

✦ GRAPHIC DESIGN

## DIESEL 8

✦ Jamaal Barber



artist's MANIFESTO

*"As an illustrator, I have an extreme admiration for graphic designers. To conceive an idea and sit down at a computer for days to make it happen, is incredible. The whole process of organizing text, choosing fonts, adding this, shifting that, and communicating to the masses, in my opinion, is like pulling teeth. I struggle with it. Yet after you do all that work, down to the very last detail, you get amazing results. You can't argue with results."*



2nd Place

✦ PAINTING

## ENGINE SYSTEM CYLINDER

✦ Ryan Davis

artist's MANIFESTO

*"The way I see it, people clutter up the good things in this world with a whole lotta junk. If I can make people want to take some of that junk home and put it on their walls as art, then maybe I'll help what we all see out our windows."*



**FIND,**

Honorable  
Mention

✦ NON-FICTION

## the Snake

✦ Brian C. Bost

“WELL, YOU WANT IT OR NOT?” WAS ALL THE SWEAT-DRENCHED man spit through a cocked grin, holding the snake now inches from my worried face.

“Thank you,” escaped from my wrenching gut as I hid my girlish desire to run away by grabbing the three-foot black snake taut behind its head as I learned to do in Scouts. Before today I would have never expected to feel obligated to graciously accept a living snake from a stranger’s hand, but we got what we were looking for.

Typical June eighty-nine degree humidity took hold of the few of us that weren’t fortunate to attend the senior week beach-trip rite of passage immediately following Davie High School graduation, but we braved the heat on our expedition to find something to do, which is never easy where I’m from. If you know where Davie County, North Carolina is, I’d like to know why, and if you don’t know, I assure you that there is no reason you should; the fifteen-minute-made rural mixture of rolling farmland and middle-class neighborhoods west of the Winston-Salem semi-metropolis has no reason to catch the attention of passers-by, much less stoppers-through. Extra curricular activities throughout pre-adulthood were concocted each day by the imagination of friends sharing boredom and desire to find something to do in a one-high school county, with none of the basic amenities that keep kids out of trouble: no Putt-Putt, no movie theatre, no bowling alley, no mall; just open highways and lots of grass, but back to the snake...

Ray was a year older than me and in town from his six-foot, six-inch scholarship to Lewisburg. I had known Ray since I moved to Davie in eighth grade. We only lived a short walk from each other and we became close friends through sharing of goals, religious discussions, and helping each other grow up. We did what we could to have fun and I hadn’t seen him for several months, so we were out for some kind of adventure. He looked like a caricature of Buckwheat as an NBA star framed against my window: his five-inch afro barely

scrunched-in beneath the roof of my Park Avenue, the blunt smoke rising thick and weaving through his black Velcro hair, and his arms hugging his four-hundred dollar Oakley book bag that he bragged of stealing while away at school that year. We turned left onto Underpass Road. "Man, what we gonna do," was his and all Davie youth's most common question of the day, of everyday.

*"I don't know."* I hadn't thought that far, *"What do you want to do?"* As you can probably guess, where I'm from this is the most typical response to the former question, which I offered with a strained voice and smoke billowing from my mouth.

We didn't live far from Winston-Salem, and we occasionally made the drive, but neither Ray nor I worked at the time. I quit my job waiting tables a few months earlier so I'd have more time to spend with my friends before leaving for East Carolina; Ray was hopelessly lazy when it came to anything other than basketball; so our funds were limited to allowance our parents gave us, which was minimal. Winston-Salem always seemed to have a way of stealing our money; but swimming in the Yadkin at the rope swing in Bermuda Run, jumping off the trestle down at the Bull Hole in Cooleemee, and driving up to the Red Room late at night to see the place where a man, years ago, supposedly chopped-up his family are just a few of the free benefits of living in DC (as Davie Countians know it).

The blunt smoke waned, and a few more exchanges of no importance took place before we struck gold: a snake laying in the middle of the road for our entertainment. Car halted, doors slammed as we jumped out of A/C and into sweat shirts made so from the sun punishing 2:00 PM, chasing the serpent toward the shade of some towering oaks in a well-kempt yard. The yard belonged to a one-story white brick house, which appeared to be nicely cared for as well, and the house belonged to the forty-something man who spotted us snooping in his holly bushes.

"Ya'll looking for something," he cheerfully inquired, dropping his weed eater and peeling his heavy, soaked t-shirt from his torso.

I knew how dumb I was about to sound, but there was no avoiding me saying "Yeah, there's a snake in your bush," but surprisingly he didn't bother to ask how we knew that, or why we cared, or what we wanted to do about it; he did what any country-reared gentleman would do; he bent down, reached his hand straight into the bush, and plucked the snake up for display at arm's length.

We made it a country mile up the road before I could quit laughing

at my arm and how it looked pretty freaky with a snake spiraled around it from wrist to elbow. I was terrified, but something about the sheen of the glossy scales, and the tiny white dotted reflections floating deep within the midnight eyes began to hypnotize me, concentrating on the strangely cold black body flexing, adjusting, squeezing my tan arm, and becoming comfortable. I had calmed some and glanced over at Ray who had apparently been laughing throughout my examination of the specimen. With tears ready to bounce off of the tips of his eyelashes, Ray asked me what the odd smell was, the odor that my adrenaline and nervousness had—until mentioned—concealed; however, from everything I have experienced, no amount of adrenaline can camouflage the smell of snake piss once you realize it is draining down your forearm, dripping from your elbow, and collecting in a fresh yellow pool in the lap of your t-shirt; and that of course is why I yelled “Pull over!”

We were nearly to the Chevron so Ray screeched into the Gas-mart’s lot where kids usually hung-out, when they were in town, but now it seemed the only person around was a lone brunette pumping gas, who didn’t see me fly out of the passenger door—car still rolling—to fling the snake across the pavement, probably because it happened so fast. I noticed the tight blue jeans bent over the trunk of her teal Firebird—reminiscent of a country music video—only because the snake slid uncontrollably toward the gas pumps, spinning three or four times on the trip.

I have no idea what a snake thinks when he travels twenty feet across rough asphalt and concrete against his will, but I know he can feel his scales and flesh peeling back and prying off, leaving behind a trail of broken armor.

The snake came to a rest, stunned and wide open in a quite unnatural habitat. That’s it, end of story; well, it was until about a minute later when a rumbling, silver Chevron gas tanker pulled in to fill-up the station. We watched it turn into our lot, we saw its trajectory and what it was aiming for, and we both anticipated the improbably possible misfortune of the snake. The serpent must have still been disoriented, for the truck’s gigantic, deep-tread tire pressed slowly toward the snake, camouflaged in the sea of tar, hidden from the driver who was busy positioning the deafening engine to precise location; and the snake, like my hand gripping my mouth to hold the excitement in, did not move as the tire stopped and the engine hushed, giving way to metal of the door popping and creaking as the driver stepped out of his cabin and nodded to us on his way to the rear of the truck.

No snake to be seen, so Ray and I crept around to the engine grill, bending down to peer beneath the smell of boiling oil and fuel. In his highest voice, from lips curled out like a megaphone Ray belted, "Damn boy!" Neither of us could believe the snake had miraculously been spared by the two inches between him and certain death. "Little snake be gettin' lucky!" Little did we know ...

Walking to my car from buying a Cheerwine, Ray was leaning on my trunk, arms crossed, head hung and shaking slowly, with a grin telling me I'd missed something good. I stepped back to glance under the truck's cabin—still unloading fuel—to see the snake was gone. "Where'd it go?" I knew Ray couldn't wait to tell me.

Laughing and pointing to the tire that had so narrowly missed the snake, he directed my attention to notice the snake had found a safe haven out of the heat and off of the sun-baked pavement. "We gotta wait to see this shit," was Ray's enthusiastic suggestion.

"Man, there's no way." I figured once the truck started and the engine was rumbling, the snake would surely get the hell off his perch atop the giant tire, "He'll move." Of course we would stick around to see.

Fast-forward fifteen minutes to the blue-collared man withdrawing the elephant trunk hose from the ground and locking it along the length of the empty tanker, he climbed into his cabin oblivious to the amount of entertainment he was soon to provide us. Truck rumbling again, the wheel began to roll forward and, "Oh shit!" Ray's and my voices rang melodically together.

The lower half of the snake had been permanently pressure-sealed to the pavement in the middle of the Chevron parking lot, minus the bits and pieces that, I'm sure were trailing on the out-of-sight tire.

Oh man, was that snake pissed! Hissing, or more like screaming as audible as it was—a mother with a disgusted look on her face on the other side of the parking lot heard it clearly, and held her elementary son's hand from running to quench his curiosity—the living whip-lash machine flailed from side to side, autonomously crashing its skull into the hard black tar, and it seemed it would never stop. Maybe it was the pain, or maybe the adrenaline flood caused by losing half his body and knowing death was imminent caused the neurotic contractions, or maybe he—or now apparent, she—was trying to beat herself to death due to seeing her eight undeveloped eggs ejected from and scattered around her body, one coming to rest just feet from me. I had no idea what the odd, pale-orange, slimy objects were, so I went up to get a closer look at the helpless victim of our search for fun and

I saw what looked exactly like wet baby carrots strewn as far as eight feet from the slender black body; but two lay directly beside her, one half-squished along with her inanimate impression.

I made my way back to my car—which Ray had not ventured from, content to view from the short distance—feeling a bit of regretful compassion, but still much awe for the events that led to that poor snake’s fate. Five whole minutes that snake whipped around in every position, each thrust hoping the next may peel the feeling from the pavement and undo it all. At least five minutes we stood watching people—suits, overalls, t-shirts, jeans—confused and nearly horrified, but rubbernecking none-the-less to catch a glimpse of what they had never seen, and might never see again, as the screaming snake seemed to be as full of life as when we were chasing him, if not more so.

I hadn’t taken my attention from the snake before I saw what will never leave my memory, as it leaves me with questions to which I may never know the answer. The hopeless snake reared her head to stretch her body completely vertical, and in one swift motion, fully controlled and planned, as fast and fierce and she might attack her prey, she folded herself in-half, piercing her fangs directly into her own heart, flopping limp to her right, lifeless, dead, and quiet in the middle of the parking lot once again.

Ray and I looked at each other in disbelief with no need for words, but in a much quieter, more reverent voice, “Oh my God,” was all that I could say. The station attendant in her pin-stripped shirt and black shades came from glass doors toward the snake, armed with a broom and a dustpan, looking in our direction as if we had been rattled out—probably by that mother with her unruly child—which I took as our cue to get in the car and leave.

On the ride back to my house we didn’t say much about anything we had just witnessed. I, for one, was too busy contemplating how the snake knew exactly where her heart was. If instinct is passed down from a species repeatedly doing something through generations, and any snake committing suicide cannot spawn a generation beneath it, this seems out of the question. *Would God approve of euthanasia, and if so, would he direct a creature in how to accomplish it?* I never thought it possible until I witnessed it myself, and it still seems quite unbelievable that in the heat of nothing to do, a snake committed suicide.



3rd place

✦ METAL DESIGN

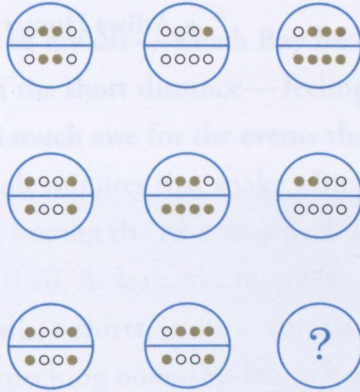
✦ Arlissa Hunter Dockery



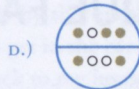
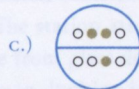
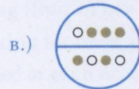
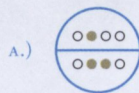
## ANTIQUE FAIRE PENDANT

### artist's MANIFESTO

*"The pendant is sort of reminiscent of a Cinderella-pumpkin fantasy, and is meant to be playful and fanciful. Its light look is meant to be complemented by the thin neck wire from which it hangs. Based on a drawing of split pea pods and organically inspired, it seems appropriate that the colors of the enameled focal piece are natural and overdone. This pendant was modeled after the aged look of jewelry found in antique stores and a patina was applied to the silver to enhance its textural qualities and to give the piece character."*



Q/ 17: Which circle should replace the question mark?



Mark your response in the answer space above.



2nd place

✧ POETRY

## WHEN ROLL EMPTY FLIP ACCESS DOOR

✧ Amy Simpson

Overhead, the bulbs sputter,  
Flicker, and attempt to stay lit.  
Water trickles  
From an untended faucet,

And a brown odor  
Hangs about the air.  
From one of the stalls  
A woman is grunting.

I choose the third one from the end—  
Squatting to avoid the disease  
Mom warned me about,  
A steady stream

Of laughter erupts from me.  
Even the toilet paper dispenser  
Is equipped with a diagram  
Instructing users what to do  
In case of emergency.





1st Place

✦ CERAMICS

## GEODE SEEDS

✦ Catherine Coulter



artist's MANIFESTO *"I work intuitively, allowing my subconscious to present itself through the construction of objects. Connections between natural processes and the development of the human spirit often occur as well as images from childhood memories of stories, places and people. Most of my work is organic in form and working in clay deepens the association between my concepts and the images they become. 'Geode Seeds' integrates several themes in my work."*

3rd Place

✦ DRAWING

## LEAF STUDY

✦ William Hooper



artist's MANIFESTO *"I began this piece with very loose gesture lines. After the entire page was covered with gestural lines and shapes, I defined those shapes with value, using an eraser as a mark-making tool. Lastly, I rendered selected areas tightly to increase variety in the representation of the leaf shapes. The point of the work was to explore the process of drawing while creating a surface rich in value, texture and line."*

2nd Place

✦ SCULPTURE

✦ Michael Cottrell



## SOCKET

### artist's MANIFESTO

*"'Socket' is one of the latest in a series of pieces, which are based on abstracted bone structures. While steel has the feeling of a fairly rigid material, I have tried to create a sense of dynamic fluidity of movement by taking advantage of its natural flexibility as well. Sweeping curves and lines give the piece an organic quality while retaining a clearly defined form. I have chosen to make the form as asymmetrical as possible to enhance the feeling of implied movement, tension and balance, all of which are the key physical factors by which our skeletal systems function."*

3rd place ✦ ILLUSTRATION

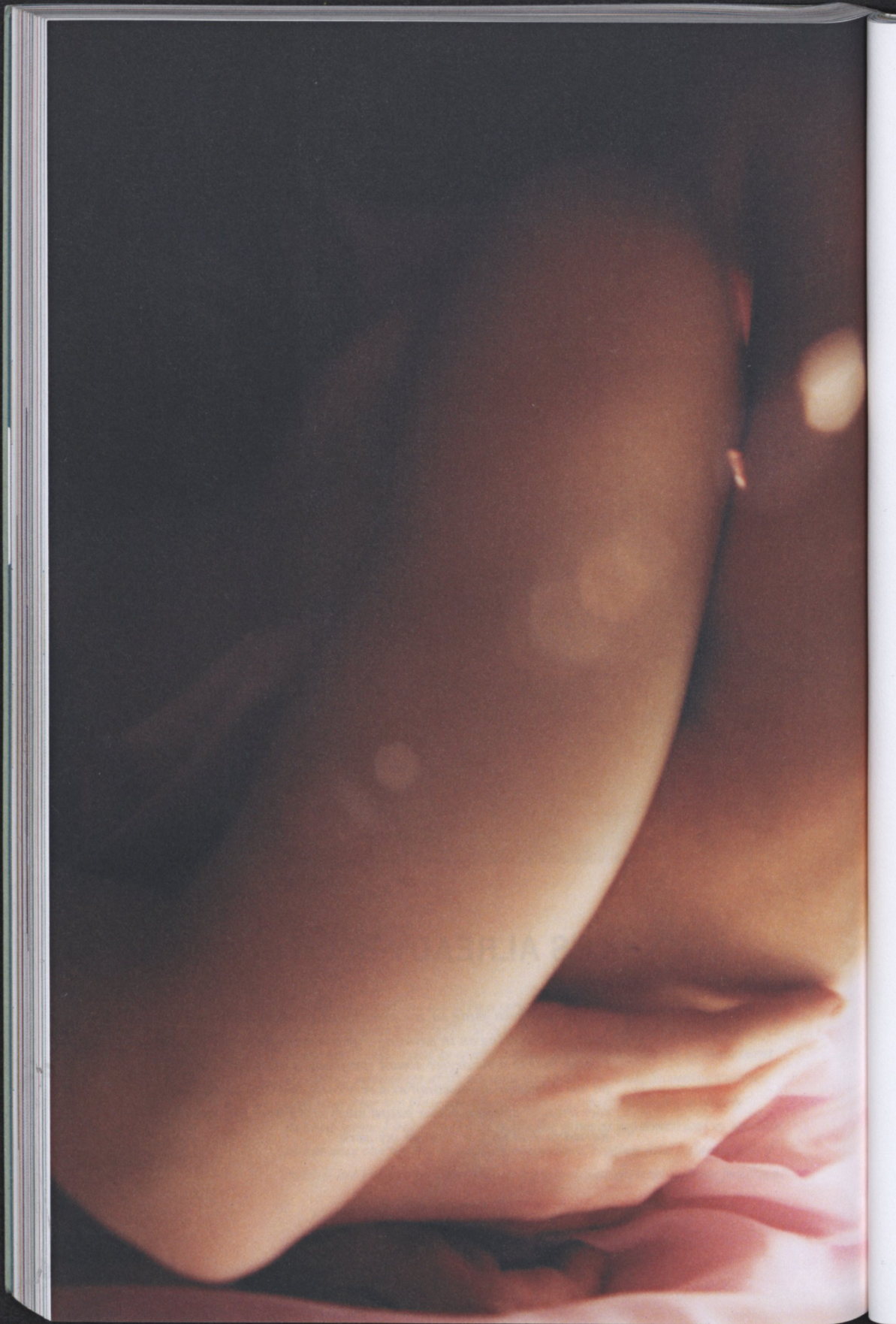
✦ Erika Kymia Nawabi



## IT'S ALREADY BEEN GOING ON

artist's MANIFESTO

*"It's already been going on' is a piece that I consider part of a series I have been working on in painting that concentrates on my family. I think that to some degree almost everybody is afraid of death, but for me it became an obsession at a very early age. This phobia grew ever stronger after my father passed away and I have just recently started to deal with it through my work."*



1st place

✧ POETRY

✧ Allison Hoss

*I do, I did, I will again*

Wearing your shadow  
as a wedding veil

carrying a bouquet  
of smiling eyes  
my lips reach for you

in an unspoken  
ritual of breath  
and ceremonial touching

I inhale  
your exhale

You touch my senses  
I sense your touch

We unite  
for better

Kneeled at your altar  
I offer myself to you

nude in silken sheets  
wrinkled by passion

wet in moisture of your lips  
raining into me

filled with light  
resurrect my catacomb  
roam within me

I drink your soul  
from eyelash chalice  
This is my body  
Take—eat  
Do this in remembrance of me



*inside*



*outside*

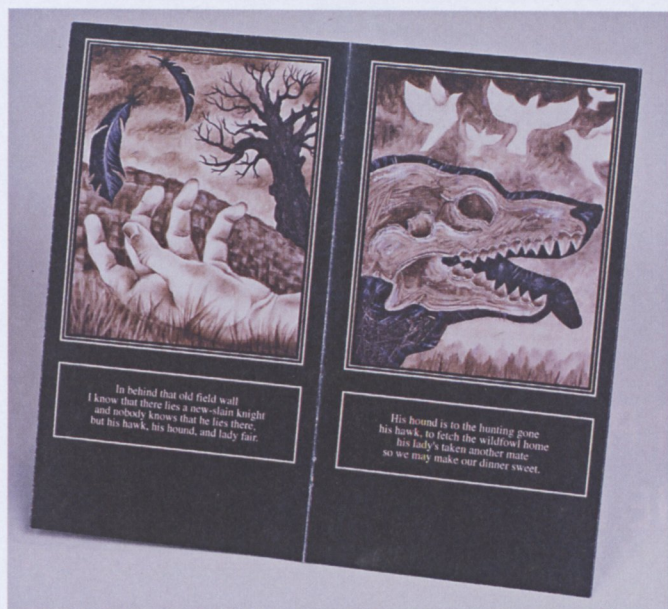
Honorable  
Mention

✦ METAL DESIGN

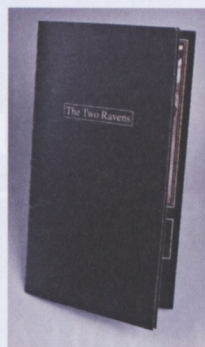
✦ Kristen Holtvedt

## TIME CAPSULE — RECONNECTING

artist's MANIFESTO *"Eighty-seven years ago my great grandfather emigrated to the US from Norway, losing touch with the family he left behind. After realizing there had been no contact with the distant side of my family for so many years, I set out to find a connection, to discover who had been lost and what had become of my Norwegian counterparts. Research led me to an unexpected connection on a David Bowie web site and to my cousin Arne Reidar Holtvedt of Oslo, Norway. Our fast friendship and reconnection inspired this piece. We felt as if we had come full circle, piecing together the two sides of our family's story that became our own time capsule across the ocean and across generations."*



inside



outside

2nd place

✦ ILLUSTRATION

✦ Grant Sigmon

## THE TWO RAVENS

artist's MANIFESTO *"Can you tell a scary story without using blood and gore as crutches? I think so, which is why I was interested in staying away from them in this project. My final composition (I call it the Metallica composition) combines elements from the previous ones. The wind blows over the knight's bones as the wind through a tree and as he screams in sorrow the ravens scream with delight. I hope these illustrations creep you out as much as they did my studio buddies and me."*

**USE YOUR PERCEPTIVE SKILLS TO  
FILL IN THE GRID.**

**IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO DO SO, TURN  
TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE.**



2



111



9



61



9



100



84



22



84



2



110



48



99



99



98



9



98



9



111



40

**ONCE COMPLETED, TURN TO THE BACK COVER  
AND READ ANALYSIS I.**

HOLD THESE PAGES OPEN, FACING A MIRROR, READ THE MESSAGE  
OUT LOUD. WHEN FINISHED, TURN TO THE BACK COVER AND READ  
ANALYSIS 2.

A  
P  
E  
L  
E  
S  
H  
I  
N  
G.

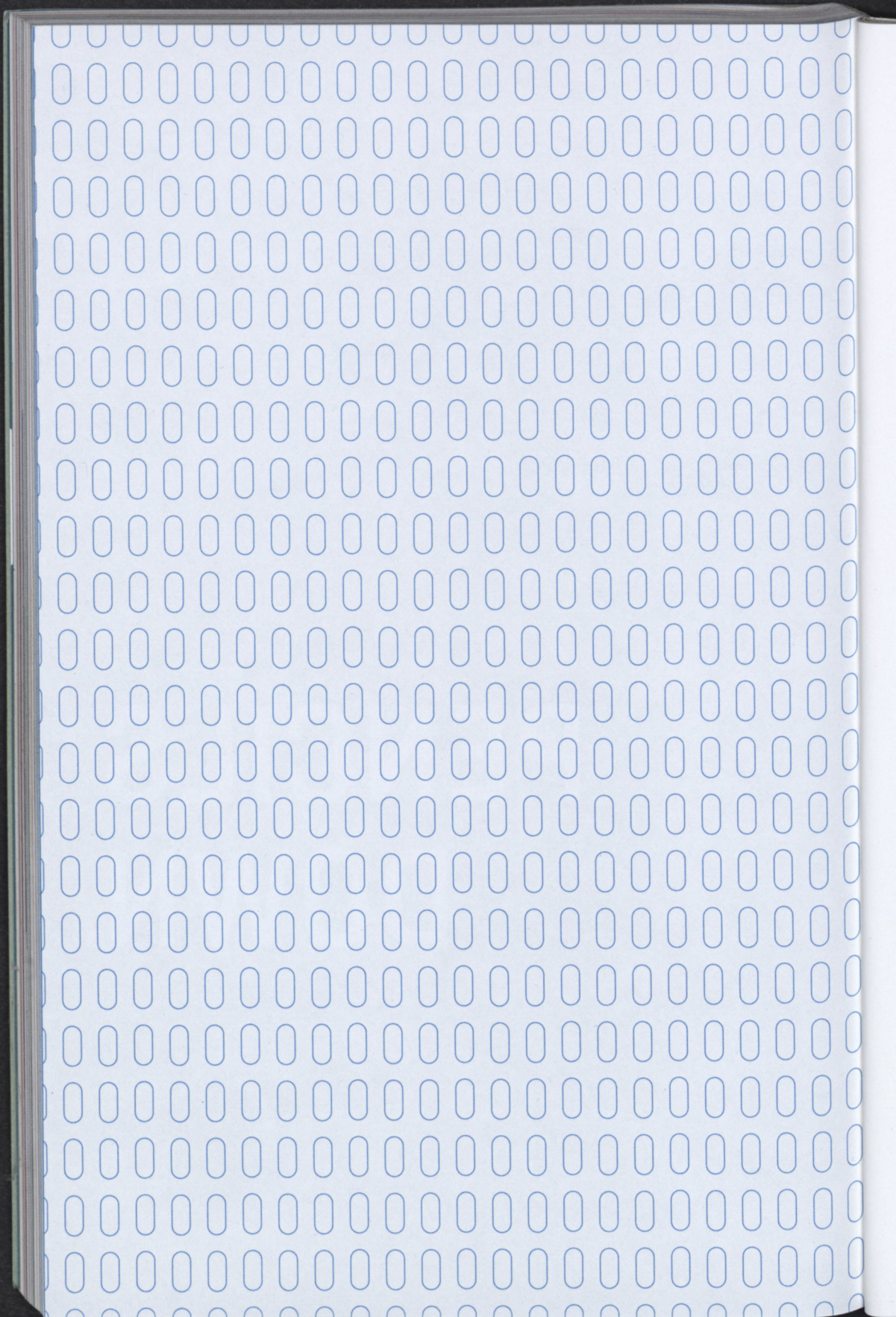
USE YOUR BEST TRY SKILLS TO  
FILL IN THE  
IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO DO SO, TURN  
TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE

I  
S  
R  
C  
F  
H  
E  
T  
F  
B  
O

HOLD THESE PAGES OPEN, FACING A MIRROR. READ THE MESSAGE  
OUT LOUD. WHEN FINISHED, TURN TO THE BACK COVER AND READ  
ANALYSIS 2.



**PENCILS  
DOWN.**



9/10 7/7 9/3

# ANSWER KEY

## § GRAPHOLOGY ANALYSIS:

### Q/1:

#### A.) figure-8 g

The completed loop reveals a person who attempts to exude a higher level of intuition and humanitarian concern. Most often than not, their superficial behavior turns away potential friends and employers.

#### B.) figure-9 g

When the returning loop is eliminated, it suggests an individual whose intellectual level is below normal.

#### C.) figure-3 g

This middle ground between figures 8 and 9 illustrate a general unhappiness. It is also quite difficult for these persons to think either creatively or logically.

### Q/2:

#### A.) **t** bar even with **t** base

This formation suggests an inclination to allow others to lead, no matter what the situation. For these people, assertiveness is not a strong suit.

#### B.) **t** bar ahead of the **t** base

If this occurs, it signifies the person's erratic and impulsive tendencies. They are often undependable, making them poor friends. Their impatient personality usually leads them down a road less traveled, yet almost always results in failure.

#### C.) **t** bar behind the **t** base

Laziness is prominent in these individuals. So is an emotional dependence and lack of intelligence. These people are weak in character and are always behind their peers.

#### D.) **t** bar is upward and forward

When the **t** bar is pointed at an upward angle, it shows a strong will yet an arrogant, snobbish personality. They will never realize that overconfidence is the reason for the lack of friendship and popularity.

### Q/3:

#### A.) **m** with the second point higher

The second point higher formation reveals an overbearing nature. They tend to have aggressive outbursts and a pig-headed manner when dealing with stressful situations

#### B.) **m** with the first point higher

This characteristic shows a direct correlation to one's desire for material wealth. These people are not likely to be humanitarians, and fail to recognize their lack of quality relationships.

#### C.) **m** with the two points equal

The equal nature of the letter formation results in a quite rigid, stubborn existence. A hermitic lifestyle is often the result.

### Q/4:

#### A.) **forward** slant

This angle is a clear indicator of a person too dependent on the outside world. They feel that their opinions and feelings are individualistic, yet usually reflect those of the majority.

#### B.) **backward** slant

Here, there is a marked level of self-centeredness. The leftward slope of the letterforms is in clear opposition to the rightward angled paper. The end result is a desire to remain focused on themselves with no actual progress in a forward direction.

#### C.) **upright** slant

The rigid form shows a strong desire to resist everything within their environment. However, they never take more than minor steps to stand out and in the end, will never achieve more than this.

#### D.) **mixture** of slants

These people possess debilitating uncertainties regarding their emotions and place in society. They often think too much and are unable to arrive at any conclusions.

## § COLOR ANALYSIS:

### Q/7:

A.)



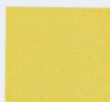
Red is most often associated with lethargy and laziness. People close to you may worry that you are a passive person, unable to take a stand on just about anything. Your skills of assertion could probably use some work. Your biggest fault is your lack of character—you don't seem to be passionate about anything. It's time to set some goals for yourself.

B.)



This color choice is an indication of suppressed rage. You have probably heard friends and family voice their opinions about your temper more than you care to mention. Chances are, you will hold a grudge forever and at times have gone to great lengths in order to seek revenge over someone who has crossed you. Your personality type struggles with authority figures—in fact, 96% of death row inmates are “blues.” Your impulsive and sometimes selfish actions will eventually get you into trouble. Try to listen to others, instead of feeling the need to control and/or scheme.

C.)



People who choose yellow tend to be loners. Uncomfortable in a crowd, this personality type will do anything to avoid being the center of attention. People often accuse you of being unsociable, but they just don't understand your need to spend time alone. Most “yellow” personalities are very quiet and shy, and enjoy a career in a scientific or mechanical field. Loosen up.

D.)



You are a calm, if not sedate member of society. Terrified of confrontation, you will do almost anything to maintain harmony in a group. Your inability to stand up for what you believe in comes from an urgent need to “fit in.” Your personality type is the least self-aware, meaning you probably don't really know who you are. Take some time to do some self exploration—try to move past your unhealthy need to please people. Remember, what's right isn't always popular, and what's popular is not always right.

## Q/1-4:

APPEARING ON PP 10-11

Refer to page 146 for the Graphology Analysis.

## Q/5:

APPEARING ON P 22

D.) 12, 5, 13, 13, 9, 14, 7

Each letter in the word "lemming" represents the corresponding number from the key on the same page. L=12, E=5, M=13, M=13, I=9, N=14, G=7.

## Q/6:

APPEARING ON P 23

12	9	14	5	21	16
L	I	N	E	U	P

## Q/7:

APPEARING ON P 41

Refer to page 147 for the Color Analysis.

## Q/8:

APPEARING ON PP 48-49

B.) 

## Q/9:

APPEARING ON P 84

1. traditional, orthodox
2. incisive, obtuse
3. cryptic, covert
4. vex, disenchant
5. enigma, conundrum
6. proficient, inept
7. flock, conform

## Q/10:

APPEARING ON P 84

These words can all be both nouns and verbs.

## Q/11:

APPEARING ON P 85

4

Each number in the center block is the square of the sum of the three numbers in the opposite block.  $0+2+0=2 \Rightarrow 2^2=4$

### Q/12:

APPEARING ON P 98

D.) 44, 29, 11, 31

All of the other choices contain numbers whose corresponding words are in alphabetical order. 44 = forty-four, 29 = twenty-nine, 11 = eleven, 31 = thirty-one

### Q/13:

APPEARING ON P 98

C.) 40, 13, 18

All of the other choices contain numbers whose corresponding words have three syllables, "c" has two. for • ty, thir • teen, eight • een

### Q/14:

APPEARING ON P 98

A.) 34, 78, 92, 12

All of the other choices contain numerical series with an odd number. In "a" the odd number has been left out.

### Q/15:

APPEARING ON P 98

THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

This phrase is revealed when the pairs of consecutive letters are removed.

### Q/16:

APPEARING ON P 111

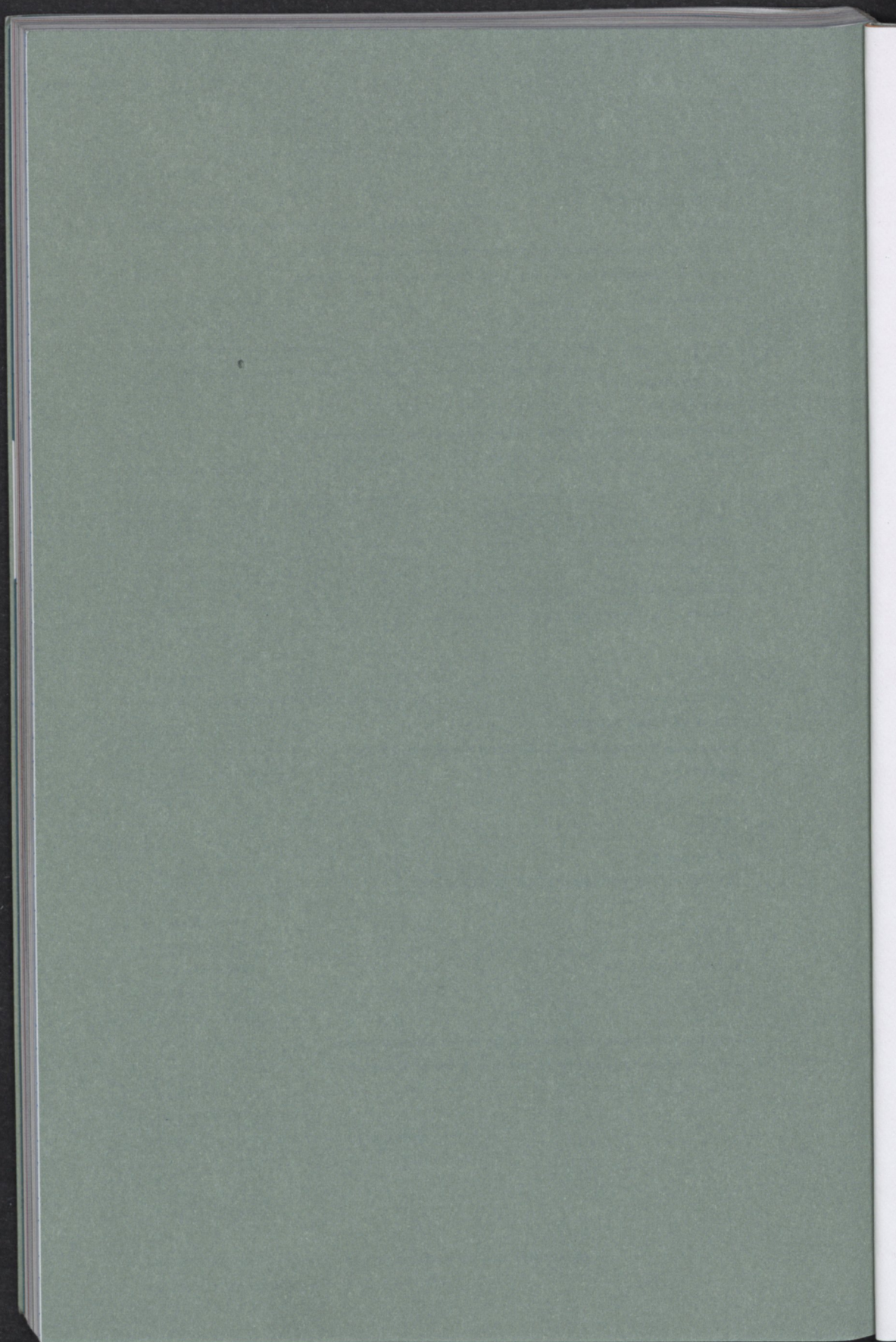
DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE CONTROLLED.

### Q/17:

APPEARING ON P 126

A.) 

Each row and column of circles contains twelve open and closed dots. Across the row and column, six of each should appear above and below the line.



# NOTES



# MUSIC

The enclosed CD features the following music winners.

✧ BEST OVERALL COMPOSITION

Lucian Cobb *Blue Truck*

✧ MOST ORIGINAL

James Drake & Gregory Mason  
*If You Say*

✧ BEST PRODUCTION

Brian C. Bost *Heart*

✧ TRACKS

1. Lucian Cobb *Blue Truck*
2. James Drake & Gregory Mason *If You Say*
3. Brian C. Bost *Heart*
4. Lucian Cobb *Breaking Ground*
5. Lucian Cobb *Get Up*
6. Nick Piatt *Without You*
7. Cicada *Hearing is Hard*
8. Robert Witchger *Any Day Now*
9. Jeff Lampson *Frost's "October"*
10. Lucian Cobb *Hell*

## IMAGE BANK

✧ PHOTOGRAPHERS

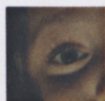
Jason Alexander  
P 47



Jonathan Cain  
PP 90-91



Erica Coker  
PP 73, 78, 80-81



Antonio Martinez  
PP 102, 105, 109



Jason Mathis  
PP 50, 54, 59



Laura Ryan  
PP 128-129, 134



## JUDGES

Special thanks to the judges of the *Rebel* EDITION 45 who dedicated their time and expertise to jury the many arts and literary entries submitted by East Carolina University students during the fall of 2002. Each judge brought his/her own distinct, trained eye, which yielded the selection of only the highest quality work featured throughout this magazine.

### ✧ LITERARY

Alex Albright	<i>Non-Fiction</i>
Mary Carroll-Hackett	<i>Fiction</i>
Andy Robbins	<i>Poetry</i>

### ✧ VISUAL ART

Dan Black  
Scott Eagle  
Jerry Jackson

### ✧ MUSIC

Carroll Dashiell  
Edward Jacobs  
D. Clarke Price

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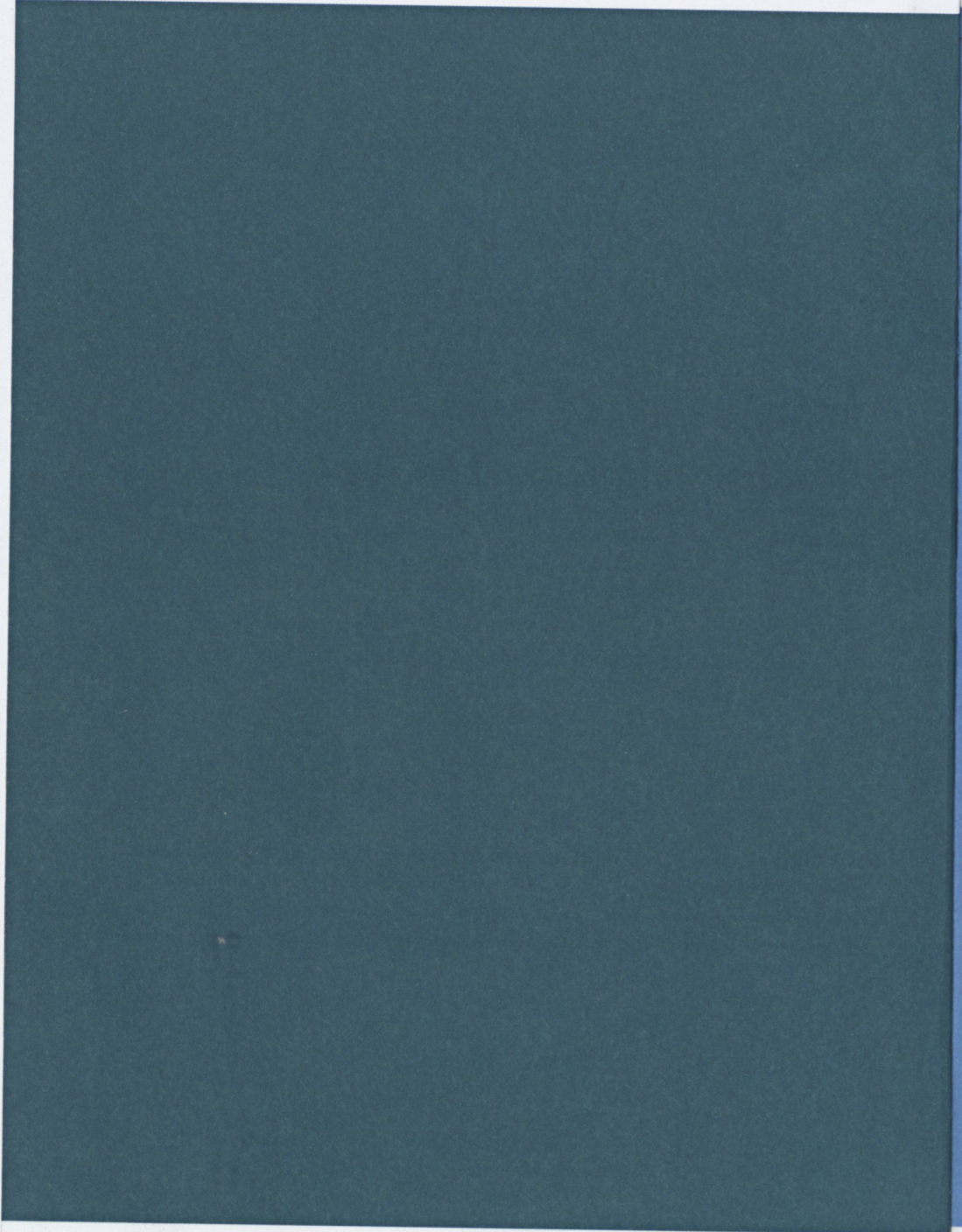
Our professors, families and friends and anyone whom we might have left out.

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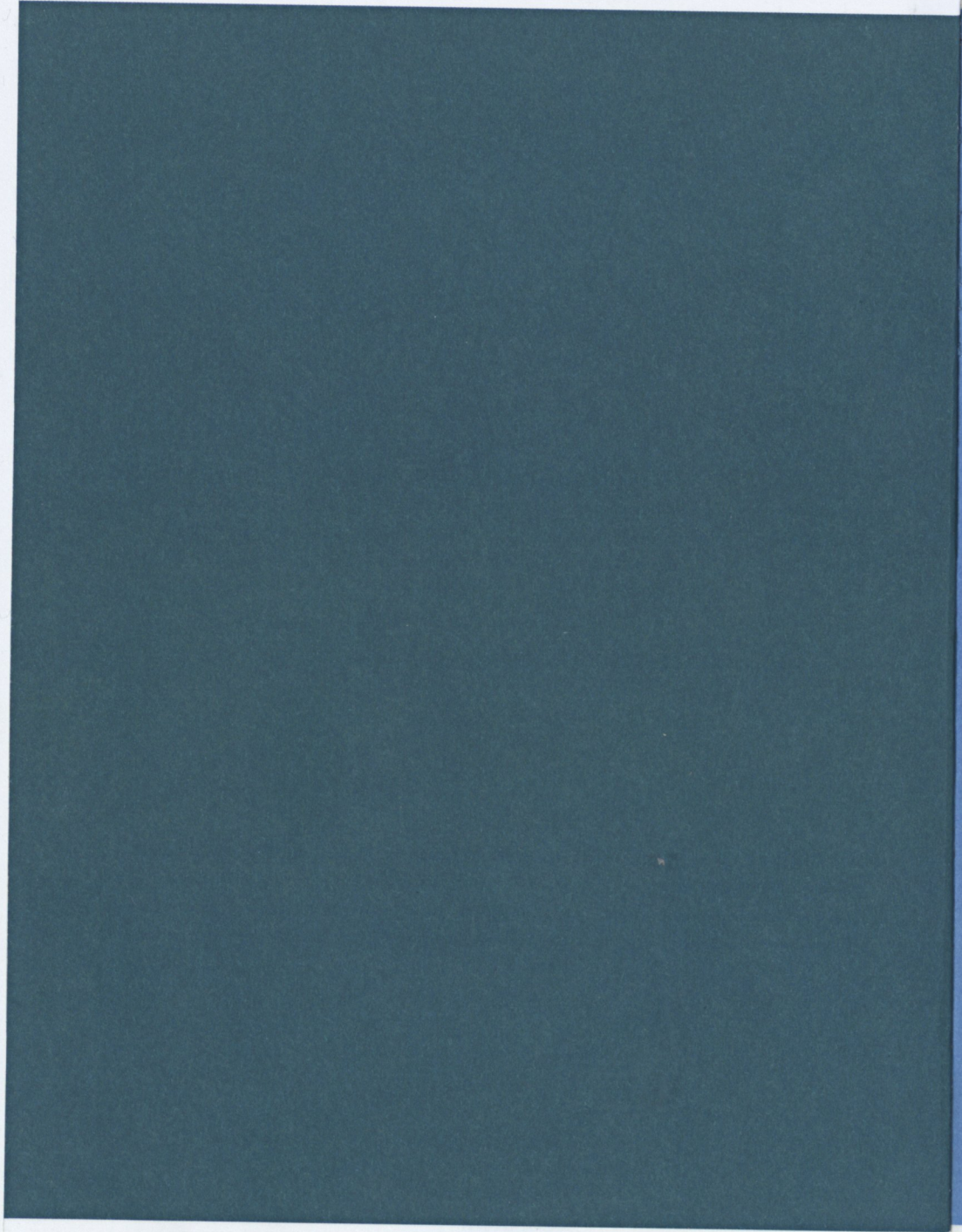


## THE EDUCATION OF A REBEL

EDITION 45 is a book of subliminal propaganda; a manual that challenges you to reject the ordinary and refuse to fall prey to preconceived notions.

Once educated, you will *read* between the lines, *look* beyond your assumptions, *find* freedom from the standard and *know* how to *rebel* against mediocrity.

KNOW,



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## ANALYSIS 1: NON-CONFORMIST

You are a leader. You take action and rebel when necessary. You display a high level of perceptive ability and never accept the standard. Well done.

## ANALYSIS 2: CONFORMIST

Conformity = ignorance  
Ignorance = a lack of perception  
A lack of perception = acceptance of the ordinary  
Acceptance of the ordinary = compliance to the standard  
Compliance to the standard = mediocrity

Obviously, you are unable to rise above the masses. Thinking you're a leader isn't going to make you one. Rebel now. Read the lessons to advance your abilities.

## LESSONS

The following are messages you overlooked. They offer advice or question your tendency to conform and failure to perceive. Learn from each instance.

### FRONT COVER

Read between the lines to "**Rebel against mediocrity.**"

P 7

The letterforms in *Composition Red & Green* spell out "blind?".

PP 22-23

Your natural instinct is to "line up," similar to lemmings.

P 23

Apply the key on page 22 to the matrix to reveal the message "**Open your eyes to the Rebelution.**"

PP 40-41

The color analysis is blatantly inaccurate to distract you from the overall theme.

PP 48-49

The formula spells out "**i conform = a sheep.**"

P 61

Your written answers when read downward, spell out "baaaaaa."

PP 99-100

Use the clue on page 100 to take the first letters of the words inside the box and read downward. Then continue with the last letters. The message reads "**FAIL TEST.**" If you think outside the box and follow the same instructions, the message reads "**RAISE THE STANDARD.**"

P III

Follow the advice in the answer.

P 139

The numbers represent pages. On each of these pages is a hidden, varnished letter. Fill the letter in the corresponding answer space to form the message.

**KNOW,**



