The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers presents the nation’s most creative teens

The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

National Catalog 2012

www.artandwriting.org
In 1923, Maurice R. Robinson introduced the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards "... to insure to a wide group of future citizens, regardless of vocation, a sense of the power of independent thought and an appreciation of the beauty and wonder of existence."
The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

Red Grooms
1952, Multimedia Artist

Robert Redford
1954, Actor, Activist, Producer, Director

Robert Redford
1954, Actor, Activist, Producer, Director

Thane Rosenbaum
1976, Professor, Novelist, Activist

John Lithgow
1963, Actor

Donald Lipski
1965, Sculptor

Audrey Niffenegger
1981, Author, Illustrator

Myla Goldberg
1989, Novelist

Joyce Maynard
1966-1971, Author

Gary Panter
1968, Illustrator, Designer

Tom Otterness
1970, Sculptor

Ken Burns
1971, Documentary Film Director, Producer

David Salle
1970, Painter

Michael Bierut
1974, Designer

Jaida Jones
2004, Fantasy Writer

Erik Madigan Heck
2001, Photographer

Abdi Farrah
2005, Sculptor

Ned Vizzini
1996, Author

Thane Rosenbaum
1976, Professor, Novelist, Activist

Audrey Niffenegger
1981, Author, Illustrator

Abdi Farrah
2005, Sculptor

Zac Posen
1998, Fashion Designer

Jaida Jones
2004, Fantasy Writer

Erik Madigan Heck
2001, Photographer

2013

Byron Kim
2009, Artist

John Leland
2010, 2012, Journalist

David Sedaris
2012, Humorist, Author

Edwidge Danticat
2012, Writer

Roz Chast
2012, Cartoonist

Phong Bui
2010, Artist, Writer, Curator

Tony Hawk
2011, Pro Skateboarder, Video Game Franchiser

Paula Poundstone
2010, Writer, Comedian

Chuck Palahniuk
2008, Novelist

Brian Jungen
2012, Artist

Mary Ellen Mark
2012, Photographer

Chad Scott
2008, Sculptor

Dread Scott
2012, Artist

Rachel Goslings
2012, Documentary Director, Producer

Don Gummer
2008, Artist

John Hockenberry
2011, Journalist

= Alum and Juror
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External Relations

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Ovation

Aaron Stratten  
Fairfax County Public Schools

Kit White  
Artist

---

On May 31, 2012, as a special recognition of this year’s gold and silver medalists, the Empire State Building, an emblem of our nation’s achievement, was lit in gold in honor of the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

Congratulations to all of our National winners.

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Many writing selections have been excerpted, go to [www.artandwriting.org/galleries](http://www.artandwriting.org/galleries) to read all the work as it was submitted.
As the Scholastic Awards reach the end of the 2012 season, we begin our 90th year. This milestone carries on its wings the experiences of the millions of students who have participated in the Awards over the years, and the indelible mark they have made on our culture. The Alliance received more than 200,000 original works this year—paintings and poems, sculptures and photographs, video games, drawings, essays, and more—our largest number of submissions yet. Of those, 60,000 received regional honors, and more than 1,600 received our highest national honors. Many of these incredible works are featured here in our 2012 National Catalog, and in our national student exhibition.*

At the heart of the Awards is our commitment to provide a showcase for creative teens—to publicly recognize their achievements, to share their visionary talents with national audiences through exhibitions and publications, and to offer educational opportunities through scholarships. Our commitment extends to students who’ve not yet found the Awards, and we are dedicated to ensuring that all creative students in grades 7 through 12 have the opportunity to participate.

In the past five years alone, the Alliance received almost 700,000 works of student art and writing from nearly every state, and more than $25 million in scholarships was made available to top winners by our network of partnering colleges, art schools, and universities, many of which vie for our students.

We hope you’re as struck as we are by the unparalleled talent in these pages, and we hope you’ll join us in thanking the dedicated students, teachers, parents, donors, and friends who have made the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards so impactful over the past nine decades.

We look forward to celebrating our 90th anniversary with you during the coming year, and in not too long, our 100th. We can’t wait to see what innovative and exciting work our students create.

VIRGINIA McENERNEY
Executive Director

DWIGHT E. LEE
Chairman of the Board

* The exhibition and public programs are co-sponsored by the Sheila C. Johnson Design Center at Parsons The New School for Design.
About
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers

About Us
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers identifies teenagers with exceptional artistic and literary talent and brings their remarkable work to regional and national audiences through the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. The Awards, begun in 1923 by Scholastic founder Maurice R. Robinson, are the largest and longest-running recognition program of its kind, and invite students from across the country in grades 7 through 12 to submit their best, most creative works for review. This year alone, we received over 200,000 submissions covering the Awards’ 25 categories.

We congratulate the 2012 winners at all levels, some of whom will undoubtedly deploy their vision and talent to follow in the footsteps of past winners such as Andy Warhol, Richard Avedon, Truman Capote, Sylvia Plath, Zac Posen, John Baldessari, and Edward Sorel, who will accept this year’s Alumni Achievement Award. Each of these renowned artists and writers won Scholastic Awards as teenagers, and for many participants the Awards are the first recognition they receive for their creativity.

The Alliance, a nonprofit organization, is funded through the generosity of Scholastic Inc. and numerous individuals, foundations, corporations, and program partners, all of whom value the encouragement of our nation’s most creative and visionary young people. Their extraordinary support has expanded our reach and touched the lives of innumerable students across our country.

National Student Poets Program
Founded by the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, the President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities, and the Institute for Museum and Library Services, the National Student Poets Program (NSPP) is the country’s highest honor for youth poets presenting original work. Five outstanding high school poets whose work demonstrates exceptional creativity, dedication to craft, and promise are selected annually for a year of service as national poetry ambassadors.

National Student Poets are chosen from the national medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards by a jury of literary luminaries and leaders in education and the arts. Student Poets receive college scholarships and opportunities to present their work at writing and poetry events, and are featured at the National Book Festival in Washington, DC, in cooperation with the Library of Congress.

Alliance Summer Arts Program
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers presents the Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP) Awards, sponsored by the Jack Kent Cooke Foundation, for students in grades 7–11. Selected high-potential, low-income students earn ASAP Awards and receive partial- to full-tuition scholarships to attend summer art and writing programs offered by colleges, camps, and nonprofit organizations. Gold Key award-winning teens participate in art and writing intensives to learn new artistic and literary forms, improve their skills, and expand their portfolios.
RECOGNITION
Students tell the Alliance year after year that the most important aspect of its programs is the recognition. To be identified as uniquely talented by a national organization, to be provided the opportunity to stand before peers and be honored for being creative and original—we know this changes students’ lives and their ideas about their futures and gives them a sense of confidence and accomplishment. In 2011–12, more than 60,000 teens were recognized in their communities for their artistic and literary achievements, with Gold Key, Silver Key, and Honorable Mention awards. Of these top regional winners, 13,000 went on to compete at the national level. Over 1,600 students received national medals and were offered the opportunity to be celebrated on stage during our annual ceremony at Carnegie Hall in New York City.

EXHIBITIONS
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers honors students by presenting their work to the public, giving audiences a chance to enjoy the remarkable creative output. More than 400 works by national medalists are displayed in the ART.WRITE.NOW national exhibition at Parsons The New School for Design in New York City, held June 1–16. Throughout the year, a selection of work is exhibited at the U.S. Department of Education and the President’s Committee on the Arts and Humanities in Washington. An additional exhibition opportunity is provided through the ART.WRITE.NOW traveling exhibition, which will visit Detroit, Virginia Beach, and Kansas City, MO, in the coming year.

PUBLICATIONS
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers annually features National Award-winning works of both art and writing in our National Catalog and in SPARK, which provides special encouragement and opportunity to students in seventh and eighth grades. Additionally, we publish a collection of the most exemplary written works in The Best Teen Writing. All these publications are distributed free of charge to schools, students, teachers, museums, libraries, and arts and community organizations.

SCHOLARSHIPS
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers gives out nearly a quarter of a million dollars in scholarships annually to National Award-winning students. Seniors also leverage their success for funds from a network of nearly 60 universities, colleges, and art schools, which collectively earmark more than $5 million in financial aid and additional scholarships for our top award recipients. The Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP) provides scholarships to high-need Scholastic Award winners interested in attending summer arts and writing camps and pre-college programs.

ART CATEGORIES: Architecture, Ceramics & Glass, Comic Art, Design, Digital Art, Drawing, Fashion, Film & Animation, Jewelry, Mixed Media, Painting, Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture, Video Games

WRITING CATEGORIES: Dramatic Script, Flash Fiction, Humor, Journalism, Personal Essay / Memoir, Persuasive Writing, Poetry, Science Fiction / Fantasy, Short Story, Novel Writing.
2012 National Jurors

More than 200 professionals in the visual and literary arts selected over 1,600 National Award-winning works, from a field of 13,000 regional Gold Key winners. Every work is blindly adjudicated, without any knowledge of the student’s name, background, or geographic location. This year’s jurors included best-selling writers David Sedaris and Edwidge Danticat, photographer Mary Ellen Mark, and cartoonist Roz Chast. Judging is guided by three core principles—originality, technical skill, and emergence of a personal vision or voice.

“Truly original!”
Mary Ellen Mark

“What a fantastic, quirky, talented, disciplined group of artists!”
Rachel Goslins

Donald Lipski’s sculptures are in major museum collections around the world, at New York City’s Grand Central Terminal, and in many other public sites. He is the winner of such honors as three National Endowment for the Arts awards, a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Rome Prize, and an award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Satirist David Sedaris has penned nearly a dozen best-sellers, of which seven million copies are in print, in 25 languages. His radio pieces can be heard on This American Life, he writes frequently for The New Yorker, and he’s earned three Grammy nominations for spoken-word and comedy albums.

“Truly original!”
Mary Ellen Mark

John Leland is a reporter for The New York Times and since 2000 has worked on its style and national desks and in the Baghdad bureau. Formerly at Newsweek, Details, and Spin magazines, Leland also authored Hip: The History and Why Kerouac Matters.

Filmmaker Rachel Goslins was appointed by President Obama as the executive director of the President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities in 2009. Her films include the award-winning documentary ‘Bama Girl; Besa: The Promise, about Albanian Muslims who saved Jews during WW II; and productions for PBS, National Geographic, Discovery, and History channel.

Brian Jungen is a Canadian artist whose work draws on “found art” similar to that of Andy Warhol, and Marcel Duchamp. This summer his art will be featured at three different venues in Germany, the Documenta Festival and solo shows in Hannover and Bonn. He lives and works in Vancouver, British Columbia.

“The best essays flowed. Their movement was directed not by a rigid topic sentence but by the author’s ease and obvious delight with language.”
David Sedaris

Charles Eckert

Anne Feibelman

Anne Feibelman

Anne Feibelman
“The work was original, well-written, and well-thought-out. I was wowed by the craft, but it also moved me.”

Edwidge Danticat

Edwidge Danticat, a native of Haiti, moved to the U.S. at 12. She has been nominated for National Book Awards and won an American Book Award and a National Book Critics Circle Award. She is editor of The Best American Essays 2011 and recently published Create Dangerously, a collection of her own essays.

Roz Chast began contributing to The New Yorker in 1978. Since then, she has produced more than 1,000 cartoons and several covers to the magazine. She has a number of cartoon collections in print, the most recent of which is Theories of Everything.

Edward Sorel
2012 Alumni Achievement Honoree

Edward Sorel’s cartoons and illustrations have appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, Vanity Fair, GQ, The Nation, and The New Yorker, for which he has produced 45 covers. His work has been exhibited at the Library of Congress and the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC. He is recognized as one of America’s leading satirical artists.

“Prizes are especially meaningful to artists who have a sneaking suspicion that they’re not as good as they should be. Prizes offer the insecure artist the delightful possibility that he or she really isn’t as hopeless as was thought.” Edward Sorel

Born in the Bronx in 1929, Mr. Sorel studied at the Cooper Union and later formed the award-winning Push Pin Studios with three Cooper Union classmates. He is the author and illustrator of numerous books, including the children’s book The Saturday Kid (2000). A collection of his caricatures, Unauthorized Portraits, was published in 1997, and Literary Lives, in which he used his distinctive style to illustrate the lives of iconic literary figures, was published in 2006. Mr. Sorel is the recipient of the George Polk Award as well as Der Karikaturpreis der Deutschen Anwaltschaft award for satire, presented by the German legal profession. In 2011, the School of Visual Arts honored Mr. Sorel with a Masters Series award and a retrospective exhibition.

As a teenage student at the High School of Music & Art (now LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts), Mr. Sorel won a Scholastic Art & Writing Award for a lithograph in 1947. Throughout our 2012 national events, the Alliance celebrates Edward Sorel’s art and career with our Alumni Achievement Award in recognition of his illustrious accomplishments—and for making us laugh and think through his art and illustrations over the years.
2012 National Jurors

Jurors give their time, expertise, and enthusiasm, helping to ensure the long-held values and excellence of the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. We thank them for their extraordinary commitment.

* Scholastic Awards alum

Topaz Adizes
Esther Allen
Kamrooz Aram
Joanne Arbuckle
Kenseth Armstead
Moira Bailey
Tanya Baker
Joan Bankemper
Andrea Barnet
Laura Baudo
Ekiwah Adler Belendez
Aimee Bender
Michael Bierut *
Elisabeth Biondi
Rebecca Bondor
Power Boothe
Susan Bristol
Krista Brooke
Jesse Browner
Phong Bui
Asi Burak
Teresia Bush
Regie Cabico
Elinor Carucci
Robin Cembalet
Veronique Chagnon-Burke
Roz Chast
Winston Chmielinski *
Naomi Clark
Wayne Coe *
Eireann Corrigan
Valerie Crosswhite *
Sam Cullum
Edwidge Danticat
Shawn Delaney
Philip-Lorca diCorcia
Thom Duffy
Andrew Eccles
Courtney Eldridge
Thomas Sayers Ellis
Kathryn Erskine
Clayton Evans
Scott Alan Evans
Tom Feigelson
Cathy Fischer
Enrique Flores-Galbis
Marian Fontana
Edith Freni
Neil Gagliardi
Anne Gaines
Beth Ann Gerstein *
Alfred Gingold
Rachel Goslins
Michelle Hagewood
Althea Harper
David Hernandez
Elena Herzog
Heidi Hinish
Grace Hopkins-Lisle
Carla Jablonski
Brian Jungen
Phyllis Kaufman
Lauren Keane *
Braden King
Karen Kitchen
Gersh Kuntzman
Frank Lantz
Joseph Legaspi
John Leland
David Leung
Melissa Levin
Jacob Lewis
Donald Lipski *
Marc Littlejohn
Sarah Darer Littman
Lisa Lucas
Christopher Luna
Stephen Mallon
Mary Ellen Mark
Lissa McClure
Sarah McNear
Christopher Meyers
Lee Mingwei
Mark Mitchell
Katie Morris *
Gregory Mosher
Carson Moss
Tomas Mournian
Manuel Muñoz
Hans Nelman
Mark Newgarden
Alex Niki
Lorie Novak
Kevin Olivas
Janice Oresman
Carol Padberg
Eung Ho Park
Nazli Parvizi *
DC Pierson
Jeff Ramos
Suzanne Randolph
Trent Reedy
Julie Reiss
Stephanie Reyer
Gerald Richards
Margy Rochlin
Daniel Rios Rodriguez
Davy Rothbart
Rene Saldana
Luc Sante
Zach Savich
Aurel Schmidt
David Sedaris
Suzanne Seggerman
David Shenk
Rudy Sheppard
Stephen Sherrill
Rachel Shim *
Victor Sira
Jon Skovron
Jonathan Smith
Patricia Smith
Edward Sorel *
Mara Sprafkin *
Catharine Stimpson
Alec Strum
Radhika Subramaniam
Caridad Svich
Samantha Thornhill
David Treuer
Eugenie Tsai
Lora Urbanelli
Paul Vinet
Ned Vizzini *
Lauren Weinstein *
Michael Welles
Tara Welty
Chuck Wentzel
Julia Whicker
Grant White
Eric Zimmerman
2012 Teacher Awards

Behind many of our young artists and writers are great teachers. Teachers are often the gateway to the Awards, inspiring creativity and exploration, guiding their students’ talents, and helping with the submission process. This year’s Teacher Awards shine the spotlight on some of the most accomplished educators in the country. To these winners, and to all those teachers whose students participate, thank you for helping to make the Awards more rewarding and more spectacular every year.

PORTFOLIO

TEACHER AWARDS

Scott Armetta
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr.
School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Lisa Baker
Milton Academy
Milton, MA

Kimberly Basinger
Westfield High School
Chantilly, VA

Dawn Bloink
Homeschool
Northbrook, IL

John Bradford
Jersey City Arts High School
Jersey City, NJ

Katie Brink
Lake Oswego High School
Lake Oswego, OR

Maureen Burgess
Hewitt School
New York, NY

Cathy Burnett
Pius XI High School
Milwaukee, WI

David Cavagnino
Ursuline Academy
Wilmington, DE

Marsha Christo
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr.
School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Yoon Chung
Kennesaw Mountain High School
Kennesaw, GA

Rachel Cohen
Marble Hill High School of International Studies
Bronx, NY

Elaine Conroy
Ontoara High School
Boiceville, NY

Anne Davey
Hutchison School
Memphis, TN

Steven Deeb
North Farmington High School
Farmington Hills, MI

Courtney Egan
New Orleans Center for Creative Arts
New Orleans, LA

Sheri Ellis
Conard High School
West Hartford, CT

Jacquelyn Fowler
Center Grove High School
Greenwood, IN

Carolyn Frazier
Jersey City Arts High School Program
Jersey City, NJ

Pat Frederick
Pius XI High School
Milwaukee, WI

Robert Friedman
Miami Palmetto Senior High School
Miami, FL

Randy Gachet
Alabama School of Fine Arts
Birmingham, AL

Carlos Gallostra
New World School of the Arts
Miami, FL

Jenny Gifford
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Kimberly Glasgow
Seven Lakes High School
Katy, TX

Scott Gould
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC

John Griffin
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Sharon Hanson
Boise High School
Boise, ID

Allison Heisel
Taylor High School
North Bend, OH

Tammy Hewitson
Livonia Career Technical Center
Livonia, MI

Darius Hill
Alabama School of Fine Arts
Birmingham, AL

Loni Johnson
New World School of the Arts
Miami, FL
2012 Teacher Awards continued

Taehyun Kang
WOW Art Studio
New York, NY

Steven Karl
Urban Academy Laboratory High School
New York, NY

Brigid Kennedy
Conrad High School
West Hartford, CT

Daniel Kitrosser
LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts
New York, NY

Patricia Leeson
Nicolet High School
Glendale, WI

Jayne Matricardi-Burke
Woodson High School
Fairfax, VA

Jennifer McClain
Boise High School
Boise, ID

Nanci Nigro
Oceanside High School
Oceanside, NY

Anne-Marie Oomen
Interlochen Arts Academy
Interlochen, MI

Julie Parker
Fayetteville-Manlius High School
Manlius, NY

Mika Perrine
Interlochen Arts Academy
Interlochen, MI

Lauren Powell
Chattahoochee High School
Alpharetta, GA

Steve Reynolds
New Orleans Center for Creative Arts
New Orleans, LA

Jeremy Rheault
Livonia Career Technical Center
Livonia, MI

Fred Robertson
Millard West High School
Omaha, NE

Dorsey Sammataro
Chattahoochee High School
Alpharetta, GA

Claire Schomp
Weston High School
Weston, MA

George Singleton
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC

Kristin St. Martin
Mallard Creek High School
Charlotte, NC

Judith Tanzman
Marlborough School
Los Angeles, CA

Cumbee Tyndal
Alabama School of Fine Arts
Birmingham, AL

Joan Bickelhaupt
Washington Lee High School
Arlington, VA

Brian Blanchfield
Walnut Hill School
Natick, MA

Linda Brickling
Notre Dame Academy
Park Hills, KY

Debra Cox
Maize High School
Maize, KS

Kathy Crutcher
Deal Middle School
Washington, DC

Karin Durup
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA

Anthony Dyke
Classen High School of Advanced Studies
Oklahoma City, OK

Kent Ewing
Hong Kong International School
Hong Kong

Josh Friedman
St. Margaret’s Episcopal School
San Juan Capistrano, CA

Jenny Gifford
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Scott Gould
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC

John Griffin
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Francis Hammes
Charleston County School of the Arts
North Charleston, SC

Jennifer Hockhalter
Vancouver School of Arts and Academics
Vancouver, WA

Nancy Hoover
Girls’ School of Austin
Austin, TX

BEST IN GRADE TEACHER AWARDS

Mary Amador
Concord Junior High School
Elkhart, IN

Scott Armetta
Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts
West Palm Beach, FL

Jarred Jackman
Mountain View High School
Vancouver, WA

Peter Metzler
Horace Greeley High School
Chappaqua, NY

Rene Miles
Charleston County School of the Arts
North Charleston, SC

Erin Murtagh
Freeman High School
Richmond, VA

Kate Nallar
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA

Lara Naughton
New Orleans Center for Creative Arts
New Orleans, LA

Lisa Nicolaou
The Elisabeth Morrow School
Englewood, NJ

Kasumi Parker
Hunter College High School
New York, NY

Matthew Rosen
Little Red Schoolhouse / Elizabeth Irwin High School
New York, NY

Sean Scapellato
Charleston County School of the Arts
North Charleston, SC

Jill Van Berkum
Meadowdale High School
Lynnwood, WA

Laura Yorke
The Pingry School
Martinsville, NJ

Andy Young
New Orleans Center for Creative Arts
New Orleans, LA

OVATION INSPIRED TEACHER AWARDS

Rebecca Wallace-Segall
Writopia Lab
New York, NY

Keith Sasada
Leilehua High School
Wahiawa, HI
Gold Portfolio Awards

Graduating seniors are invited to compete for top honors as Portfolio gold and silver medalists in the broad categories of art, photography, and writing. Fifteen students receive $10,000 scholarships, and thirty receive $1,000 scholarships. Students may submit up to eight pieces as part of their best or most cohesive body of work. Top portfolio students can leverage their success through the Awards to access additional scholarships at nearly 60 colleges, universities, and art institutes around the country. Our scholarship partners offered more than $5 million to National Award students this year.

Visit [www.artandwriting.org/scholarships](http://www.artandwriting.org/scholarships) for a list of scholarship partners,

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**GOLD PORTFOLIO AWARDS**

Lashanda Anakwah
Chelsea Borsack
Haeyeon Cho
Sarah Devlin
Felipe Di Poi
Emma Goldberg
Leah Lierz
Leo Purman
Brianna Robinson
Drew Shields
Diane Ward
Rosa Wolf
Elise Wunderlich
Batrek Yassa
Yan Zhang

Many writing selections have been excerpted, go to [www.artandwriting.org/galleries](http://www.artandwriting.org/galleries) to read all the work as it was submitted.
CHELSEA BORSACK, Oceanside, NY

Grade 12, Age 17, Oceanside High School, Oceanside, NY. Nanci Nigro, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Command Web Offset Co. Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page, three diptychs) top: Connected, bottom left: Haven, bottom right: Unfazed.
(Facing page, two diptychs) top: Bare, bottom: Alluring, Photography.
Zhaojun

SHORT STORY

??

(Zhaojun)

1

????

(Her beauty causes birds to fall)

The silence as the room looked toward her was more oppressive than she had expected, as if someone’s hands had been cupped over her ears smothering the sound.

“You bring nothing?” Yanshou asked.

Zhaojun only inclined her head in a small bow and Yanshou scowled, turning his eyes back to the fresh paper.

The room filled with sound again.

The ladies in the background murmured, and the servants hurried about, cleaning and supplying fresh brushes and water.

Zhaojun folded her hands on her lap, even though they would not be in the portrait, and smoothed her traditional robes, red trimmed with white. Her hair had been bound up with simple and reasonably expensive jade pins, though hardly extravagant.

It had been said that her beauty sprang from the Xiangxi River that ran through her village. The stream had given her the moon-pale skin of someone who had not known labor, and she had a naturally slender build with thin arms and wrists. Though her left shoulder sloped slightly lower than her right, it did little to diminish her beauty. She had powdered her face white and darkened her eyebrows. But not to the extent that many in the company of the emperor did whose faces were so pale that they may have been carved from bone.

Yanshou moved the brush too quickly over the page, and unease filled her when he didn’t even glance at her to take in her features. When he finished the portrait, he did not even take the time to survey the piece to check its correctness, nor did he acknowledge her as she rose and bowed. Yanshou had been insulted, and she did not need to see the picture to know that what had been painted was not her true face.
Moral of the Story

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Cosmic Blips
My dad lost his job when I was in ninth grade. It was the middle of a recession and apparently about 30 million Americans had lost their jobs that year anyhow, but to my brother and I it seemed somehow unfair, like some cosmic blip in the steady pulse of the journalistic world, some mistake that needed to be bundled up in excuses and mistruths.

And it was a Wednesday afternoon in November, and my brother and his friend Sam were sitting in the kitchen of my dad’s new apartment, spraying the oak table surface with crumbs and particles of peanut butter, jelly, and banana.

And Sam asked the question, and I don’t think he meant any harm, because these are the types of things sixth-grade boys ask without really thinking about anything much beside the NBA, math class, baseball cards, and peanut butter sandwiches.

“Coby?” Sam turned to my brother, his words interlaced with the squelching noise of banana tumbling over taste buds. “Why did your dad get fired?”

And the house was silent except for the clank of a lone space heater and the whir of the kitchen dishwasher and the piercing tang of my brother’s silence.

“He wasn’t fired,” my brother muttered. “He quit.”

And Sam nodded, accepting the answer with reactive satisfaction—a bit disappointed, perhaps, that the answer offered no stories of scandal and office drama.

“He quit.” he said thoughtfully, his voice remaining at a level tone. “Who do you think is the best player in the league?” And they turned back to their baseball cards and the only remnant of their conversation was a tightening squeeze in my stomach.

My dad and I never spoke about it, but I know he overheard, and later that evening when my brother watched the game, my dad turned on the Beatles and read the paper. And when his brother called to ask how things were, he forced a smile and they talked about Obama, Palin, the economy, and anything but everything.
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL

DREW SHIELDS, Milwaukee, WI

Grade 12, Age 17, Pius XI High School, Milwaukee, WI. Pat Frederick and Cathy Burnett, Teachers; Milwaukee Art Museum, Affiliate; Scholastic Inc Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page, clockwise from top left) Blind Man and Monster, Camp Amongst the Ruins, The Museum; (Facing page) top: The Tunnel, bottom: Enlistment, Sculpture.
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL
LEO PURMAN, Milwaukee, WI

Grade 12, Age 18, Nicolet High School, Glendale, WI. Patricia Leeson, Teacher; Milwaukee Art Museum, Affiliate; The Lucy Evankow Photography Portfolio Gold Medal, Sponsored by the Maurice R. Robinson Fund.

(This page) Urban Landscape. (Facing page) top: Cut & Tagged, bottom: Contained, Photography.
FELIPE DI POI, West Hartford, CT

Grade 12, Age 18, Conrad High School, West Hartford, CT. Sheri Ellis and Brigid Kennedy, Teachers; Connecticut Art Education Association, Affiliate; The Jacques & Natasha Gelman Trust Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page) Beeper Gonzales and the Mutant Ghoulies. (Facing page, from left) Bavaria!, Design, Acerbic Commeuppance, Design.
Alliance for Young Artists & Writers

Portfolio Gold Medal

[Images of two artworks: one with blue and black characters and text, and another with red and blue characters and text.]
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL

BRIANNA ROBINSON, Charlotte, NC

Grade 12, Age 17, Mallard Creek High School, Charlotte, NC. Kristin St. Martin, Teacher; Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools, Affiliate; Alliance for Young Artists & Writers Board of Directors Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page) Averse; (Facing page) Loss, Digital Art.
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL
Protection

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

By some stroke of luck, the day I had to shadow my parents coincided with Pepper Spray and Taser Day. To complete training, every Federal Law Enforcement Training Center student had to spray and be sprayed, Tase and be Tased, at least once. In the early afternoon, my 110-pound, 5 foot-1-inch mother took her students and me out to a giant field surrounded by trees on all sides. I watched as, scattered across the field, pairs of grown men pepper-sprayed each other. Some sprayed with hesitation and some without mercy. I heard the cries and curses of men crackling in my ears. It was a battle. A few fell to their knees in the field. Others kept going, the preconceived and unspoken agreement to attack one another still intact. My mother told me to pass out the water bottles for the men, desperate to wash the pepper out of their eyes. “Don’t pay attention to the bad words. Oh, and help me pass out these Tasers,” she said, handing me one of the heavy boxes at her feet. “Just make sure they know you’re there. They can’t see really well, so they might smack you by accident if you aren’t loud enough.” I walked around handing the crying men their Tasers. I stomped my feet so they would hear me coming and not punch me in the face.

It seems strange to me now that my mother never seemed to be afraid of setting me in front of about 50 panicky adult men. Especially when she was scared of almost everything else in the world that I could’ve possibly come into contact with. A few years ago, though, she came to my school to tell the kids about her work. That’s when she said something that I had never heard before. Something that made me understand why she’s so protective. ■
The Conversation

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Girl, I'm really thinking about the lift, though. Ha-ha, seriously, don't laugh. I'm serious! No, but seriously, I can't keep walking around like this. It's embarrassing. I mean, I've been thinking about it; I'm not being irrational. Everyone in my family has a butt. It's just me; I must have a genetic disorder or something along those lines. I just know it.

I've done my research—it's nothing too unnatural like I was worried about. Basically the surgeon sucks fat out of somewhere in the body and injects it back into the buttocks. It's my own fat, placed where it's supposed to be.

I mean, I'm African, it's my birthright. And if I was born without my butt like some people are born without fingers, it's my duty to fix it. You don't understand. I feel like shit when I try on jeans and they just don't fit the way I want them to. I have the worst butt envy. I can never befriend a girl with a perfect bottom. I just can't. And it's like I never feel pretty because of it. I could wear the best outfit and do my hair real nice. I could feel like a million-bucks, but if I catch just the tiniest glimpse of my butt, my whole day is ruined. Oh, I can't tell you how many good days have been ruined because of my inferior backside. . .

I don't know. I'm kind of disappointed that it's come to this. You know all that self-love crap they preach on TV? I was hoping to eventually love my body for what it is. I wish I could be the “oh, well, whattayagonna do” type of girl. I wish I could take my butt problem casually: “I've got a flat butt, oh, well, whattayagonna do. I just gotta live it with.” Wouldn't that be great? Instead of cringing every time I catch my reflection in a store window. I just feel so inadequate at those moments. You know what I mean?
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL

ELISE WUNDERLICH, Lake Oswego, OR

Grade 12, Age 18, Lake Oswego High School, Lake Oswego, OR. Katie Brink, Teacher; Oregon Art Education Association, Affiliate; Ovation Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page) top left: Cracked, Sculpture, others: Puzzle Piece Face (Human Nest), Sculpture; (Facing page) top: Reach, Film & Animation, bottom: Womb Ceremony, Film & Animation.
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL

SARAH DEVLIN, New Orleans, LA

Grade 12, Age 17, New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, New Orleans, LA. Courtney Egan, Paul Werner, and Steve Reynolds, Teachers; Region at Large, Affiliate; Blick Art Supplies Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(From top to bottom) Long Now, Untitled, Traverse, Writer’s Block, Film & Animation.
PORTFOLIO GOLD MEDAL

BATREK YASSA, Jersey City, NJ

Grade 12, Age 17, Jersey City Arts High School Program, Jersey City, NJ. Carolyn Frazier and John Bradford, Teachers; Montclair Art Museum, Affiliate; The Maurice R. Robinson Fund Art Portfolio Gold Medal.

(This page) Sewing Directions; (Facing page, clockwise from left) The Unwavering Daughter, The Unwavering Son, The Reawakening, Mixed Media.
Girl

FLASH FICTION

After the bodega down the street got robbed last spring, Mr. Alvaro is really nervous. When he’s working, he keeps some of the money from the cash register in his left sock.

Little girls with big tits sometimes try to buy cigarettes and boxed wine from me. They say they’re 21 or 19 or whatever but left their ID at home. “I can’t sell it to you,” I say. I pretend to be real sorry, like I give a s--t, like I don’t recognize them from school. They don’t know me because I like to read poetry and write stories in my notebook. These girls purse their lips and shake their chest at me when they get mad.

Mr. Alvaro has two boys; he keeps their pictures taped to the glass in front of the rows of cigarettes. Sometimes I talk to the pictures when no one’s in the store and I’ve finished all my books. I tell them I’m lonely and tired and my feet hurt; they always stare at me with the same blurry, silent smiles.

If the bodega ever gets robbed and some man holds a gun to my head, I know what I will do. I will pause with my hands cupped upward like petals and smile at him instead of reaching for the money. I will say something about life to show I’m not afraid, maybe something Milan Kundera has written.

Maybe I will say, “The brain appears to possess a special area which we might call poetic memory, and which records everything that charms or touches us, that makes our life beautiful.”

Maybe I will laugh.

I don’t know if the man will then kill me or just push me out of the way. But whatever happens, I imagine there will be someone kneeling in the bread aisle with their hands in the air, and they will say, “Look at that girl. What a smart girl.”
**Delivery Failure**

*SHORT STORY*

She stuck both arms into the box. A moment later her hands found at the bottom an edge of a plastic bag. “I think I’ve got it,” she said. She called out his name and he burst open the door.

The light from the bedroom showed them what it was. With her thumb and forefinger, she held an airtight, packaged baby.

“Thank God, there it is!” he shouted.

The thing had the color and the size of a peach. It had a little nose.

“So they didn’t lie.”

The plastic wrinkled tight around the baby like wet bed-sheets. He took it from her fingers and ripped open the top. Immediately, the bag sucked up the air and the baby expanded to twice its size. It turned pinker.

“Oh, my God.” She collapsed. “What the hell is that?”

“It’s my baby.” He took out the baby by its wrist and cradled it in the fold of his elbow. “Isn’t it perfect?”

“Is it real?”

“Maybe. Unless it has a button somewhere.”

Its face softened.

“Holy shit.” Numb, she felt the black floors for the couch.

“Why?”

“You didn’t want one, you couldn’t have one.” He shrugged. “I mean, I think I deserve this. That day when we found out that we could never have a family, you didn’t say a word. And in case you didn’t know, this is what a family looks like: a husband, a wife, a child. Wait, hold on.” He flipped the baby over and smacked its bottom. He flipped it back and saw its face wrinkle toward its center. It started wailing without sound. “Shit,” he said. “Malfunction.”

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**The Soup Kitchen**

*POETRY*

Winter drinks her alive. Cheeks peeling, lips crusted with wind and dead flesh, a chicken-eyed crane nesting in her craw.

She is ashamed to eat alone. Hollow bones, wire hangers pushed into crooked wings droop as the warmth of the fish seeps through, feeding the bird that grows wilder, softer.

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**HAYEYON CHO, Milton, MA**

Grade 12, Age 18, Milton Academy, Milton, MA. **Lisa Baker, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference, Inc. and Boston Globe, Affiliate; The New York Times Writing Portfolio Gold Medal.**
The Art of Layers

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

People in China live in layers. Photos are displayed in their frames in layers. Western-style wedding pictures, complete with wide white dresses and gentlemen’s tuxedos, share a frame with one’s pigtailed children. (Or is it one’s self? It becomes difficult to remember which layer is which.) If a picture is worth a thousand words, then the Chinese make their frames hold several thousand words. We are very thrifty.

People also live stacked like suitcases. My mother’s old home perches on the thin ramparts of many accumulated ceilings, and we can hear their inhabitants’ activities late into night. Stories of marital strife, of clattery mahjongg games, and of heavy iron pans and plucked chickens are brought to us by the water pipes that run from dwelling to dwelling. And since we have no respect for privacy, the contents of our layers flow into each other’s easily. Laundry left to dry drips onto the balcony of the next floor. Dirt is tracked inside. Doors are left open.

Of course this is necessary, because how else would one house one billion people but in layers? And how else would one hold memories but in safe, cocooned layers so that if some are stripped off by another revolution, or another perilous flight, the others are left intact? Layers are like the cotton jackets and underwear the Chinese make their children and parents wear in winter. They keep one warm but can be quickly adjusted.

So it must be necessary that my grandfather dies in layers. It must be necessary that cancer slowly strips his life.
Creative Concept Awards

Creative Concept Awards provide additional opportunities for students to compete by creating works within a specific theme or category. These awards are often presented through the generosity of a donor or partnering organization.

Best in Grade

In addition to competing for awards within their respective categories, two writers and two artists per grade 7 through 12 are chosen each year as the Best in Grade. Grouping students’ work by grade provides extra incentive for students to compete among their peers. Each Best in Grade winner receives a $500 prize.

Grade 7
Sarah Abrahamsen
Dayln Gillentine
David Liu
Aurelyn Van Kirk

Grade 8
Estella Donis
E. Jeremijenko-Conley
Megan Oppenheim
Rachel Page

Grade 9
Hannah Balducci
Anna Laughter
Samantha Li
David Weaver

Grade 10
Jonathan Carroll
Szofia Komaromy-Hiller
Monica Sun
Alina Wang

Grade 11
Ben Caldwell
Shelly Pires
Paige Shelton
Chris Tran

Grade 12
Gaetano Icangelo
Manon Loustaunau
Shauna Moore
Sarah Rhu

Many writing selections have been excerpted, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
BEST IN GRADE

CHRIS TRAN, Self-Enamored. Photography. Grade 11, Age 16, Classen High School of Advanced Studies, Oklahoma City, OK. Anthony Dyke, Teacher; Tulsa Community College Liberal Arts Department, Affiliate.
My Brother in Pieces

My greatest fear: I will have a son, and he will be exactly like my little brother Danny.

A list of medications Danny has taken over the past few years: Ritalin, Adderall, Concerta, Prozac, Zoloft, Tenex.

Danny’s age when he had his first panic attack: 10.

What happened one Thanksgiving: Danny asked me if I had ever cut myself. He looked up at me, his wide green eyes framed by the dark lashes I envy. I told him I never had, which was somewhat true. I tried once at summer camp but couldn’t bring myself to run a razor across my wrist. I was too afraid of the pain.

I set my controller down on my lap and asked Danny the same question. He fiddled with the seam of his jeans for a moment. Then he said that he had. I sat up straight. “Just once, though,” Danny said, “and I’m not going to do it again.” He explained that a lot of his friends cut themselves, but they were all working through the problem together. “It’s going to be all right,” he told me. And for some reason, I almost believed him.

It was dark when we came downstairs for dinner. My brother led the way. The old wooden steps creaked beneath our weight. I caught sight of the inside of Danny’s left arm when he reached for the kitchen doorknob. His skin was lined with thin red cuts from his wrist to the crease of his elbow. I gasped and grabbed him. I pushed up his sleeve and stared at all of the marks. Danny pulled his arm away and begged me not to tell our parents. I thought about it for hours before I told my mom.

Number of days Danny went without speaking to me: 12.

What he said then: “Pass the orange juice.”

The Hands

What I never understood in elementary school was why my dad would always tell me to go on the bus last. At first I believed he merely wanted me to be respectful to others by letting them go on first. Now I realize he just wanted to spend as much time as possible with me. As others were boarding the bus, my father whispered, “Behave, son. I love you.” I responded, “Dad, I love you too.”

I would then give my father a hug. At that moment, my turn came and I walked up the stairs. I quickly hurried into my usual seat (second seat on the right side) and strapped on my seat belt. I looked at the window and, as sure as day, my father’s hand was already there. I followed our time-practiced ritual, and I put my hand in front of his.

Even though there was a glass window between us, it was almost as if we were actually touching each other, my small hand in his bigger one. For a moment we were connected as one, and it seemed that all outside noises were filtered out and the whole world was revolving around the two of us. My mind was calm and full of love, and it seemed to me that we were out of sync with the surroundings. Everybody was moving around with the hectic morning, but we were there as calm as ever. As the bus roared to life, I watched my dad wave goodbye to me. I leaned back in my seat and felt the warmth of my father’s hand soak into me.
BEST IN GRADE


PAIGE SHELTON, *Thousand Miles*. Sculpture. Grade 11, Age 16, Maize High School, Maize, KS. Debra Cox, Teacher; Wichita Center for the Arts, Affiliate.
A Love Poem

POETRY

4.
that’s not quite what i’m feeling
i’m more just hurt
i regret writing it now
i’m sorry to say
it’s stupid, poetry, foolish, to leave your emotions
lying around where
others can find them
just
i don’t want to say “burn it”
but keep it safe, if you have to keep it
i know it might seem silly but it would make me
feel better
i won’t ask for it back
i gave it to you, and now it’s yours to keep, i can’t
take it back, that’d be wrong
i just need you to know it’s not yours to give to
anyone else, just to keep
thank you
i wish i had just memorized it and told it to you,
looking into your eyes
but i’m sure i’ll make the same mistake again
sooner rather than later

i mean, people do stupid things when they’re falling
for someone
i’m sure i’ll convince myself to write another one
and give
it to someone before long
god bless us, humans are goldfish when they’re in
love
or even when they just think they are

5.
crafting this, I consulted
the experts, mapping out every glottal stop
and sibilant aspirate, the arch of every h
and the twist at the bottom of every t.
I beat those words with hammer
and fist, set them gingerly with tongs on the fires of
other minds
but kept the whole cantankerous contraption,
clandestine.
tucked away in the dusty, churning recesses
between the delicate black keys. Shut my eyes
against the light,
plunged the molten paper into the ink,
and sent steam spiraling out into september
and now look, it’s all about as secret as scripture.
Lost

SHORT STORY

She made her way through the brush that separated the patch of trees and her shed from the rest of the world. When she closed her eyes, something tightened in her stomach. A familiar feeling, one she could never get rid of. Not just a feeling, a command. Something lost. Find now. She had never learned how to disobey.

Her feet took her down a narrow alley and through a back gate into someone’s back-yard. A plastic ball lay in a puddle of rainwater next to the grill. And: a naked baby doll, missing a foot, hidden under hard green tomatoes. She bent and picked it up hesitantly, fingers curling around the small plastic neck. It fell with a quiet thud into an empty jar.

The nakedness of the doll seemed odd, almost disrespectful, as if it had been stripped of all pride before being forgotten. Its eyes were half-closed, as if ashamed. She stood.

“Hey.”

A man’s voice. Her head whipped up. He stood on the steps leading up to the house, a cigarette dying slowly in his hands. She had not heard the door open.

“Hey!” His voice was harsh and deep. “What are you doing in my garden?”

The girl took a step back, hands tightening around the cord of her jars. They clanged with the step, and she jumped like a dog frightened by his own tail. She could not think.

The girl could have done many things. Like: apologize. Or: tell him the truth and hope that maybe, just maybe, he would believe it.

Or: cry. But she didn’t do any of these things. Instead, she turned and ran.
The Sound of Silence

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

At 4 a.m. Violet is insatiable. She is a raging insomniac, a girl with a sharp nose and a tendency to chew her nails. Violet stays up all night ingesting words, poetry, Internet binary. She goes to Wikipedia and hits random. Violet reads of Icarus, of the Velvet Underground, of Davy Rothbart and red-breasted pygmy parrots. She cries sometimes at night. She doesn’t know why. Maybe it’s the beauty of the world, the thrill of her pulsing computer screen and yellowing book pages. Maybe it’s the snaking knowledge, the messages slithering into her system and resonating in a series of brain synapses (which she has read all about). Violet tells herself she’s hormonal, but even this is a lie. She eats free-trade chocolate and listens to Neutral Milk Hotel, sometimes taking breaks to groom her budding novel. She has resolved to only write at 4 a.m., designating that a sacred hour each morning. Her novel is strange. It’s hallucinogenic, phantasmagoric, and labyrinthine (her three favorite words, which she often uses out of context).

Violet is afraid of light. Google has told her she’s “photophobic.” Violet has many other incapacitating social phobias, but chooses not to dwell on them. She does, however, mull over her aversion to the bright quite a bit. She considers childhood traumas that could have caused this event (as she is taking an online psychology course) but cannot think of anything. Her parents were flawless. Her mother baked pies bloated with cherries, her father milled about cubicles. She went to charity balls with mother, to office bashes with father. People said she was charismatic. Violet considers the fact that her small talk could have been used up—her fabricated laughter evaporated into storm clouds. She confides with her laptop. Violet’s a hypochondriac, a bibliophile, a nyctomaniac. These definitions are comforting. It’s so lovely that she can catalog herself like that, putting her mind into tidy little file folders. ■
DAYLN GILLEN'TINE. *The Baguette Murderers*. Painting. Grade 7, Age 13, Girls’ School of Austin, Austin, TX. Nancy Hoover, Teacher; St. Stephen’s School, Affiliate.
How I Was Born

When I couldn’t stand
the passing of days
anymore than the screaming
from the kitchen
and the sun that always
seemed like rain to me,
my godmother told me
how I was born.

She told me
I came from the wind.
She said,
“He wanted you to never be
alone, so he gave you
his skin.”

She said,
“He took the desert sand
and piled it on your head until
it flowed, so that the man
you fell in love with
would only thirst for you.”

She said,
“He plugged your ears with sugar
from Belgium street markets, so you would
only hear
sweet things.”

She said,
“He ripped the static from lightning clouds,
so he could shape them into pearls
and fit them in your eyes.”

She said,
“He plucked cherry blossoms from Aomori
and folded them on your breasts,
so even kings
would drown in the scent of them.”

She said, “The wind made you, my dear child,”
and took the knife from my wrist.
Watch Me

SHORT STORY

When we were both very young, my sister would stand on a bucket in the middle of the yard.
“Watch me!” she would yell in her broken, infant-laced speech. But I would not look up from the book I had pressed my nose into. She broke her arm a couple of times that way. Mother would always ask when it happened, and I would tell her I didn’t know. I wasn’t watching.

When we got older, her activities became less childish. In elementary school she received a rather large part in the school play. She came home that night with a less-than-opulent playbill, her name scrolled in small, common font across the front. “Watch me,” she said, but I shook my head and told her I had too much homework.

I sat in the cold for hours at her soccer tournament. Right before her team went onto the field, she came up to me, a soccer ball under her arm, and smiled brightly, cockily. “Watch me,” she cooed. As she ran up the field darting in and out between the defenders, Mother cheered loudly and nudged my arm. But my phone vibrated in my pocket, and I retrieved it, the latest school gossip more important at the moment. She asked me after the game if I had seen her winning score. And her face fell when I told her I had missed it.

She graduated three years after I did. Mother told me of the beautifully written speech she had given. She had thanked her friends and family for her success and happiness in life. But she had especially extolled me. She spoke about how I was her greatest role model and friend. She spoke about how she always tried to emulate me. Her eyes scanned the audience as she spoke, hoping to catch my eyes, but I had not come to see her that night.

The last line of her speech, so I heard, told how she had watched me throughout the years, and she had only one thing to ask of me now: “Watch me,” she had said.
Blueberry Whispers

During the car ride home, my mind floats to the house—my house, my sanctuary, and my life away from home—Yellow Shutters, the reason my anger at Granny exploded. Her daughters, my great-aunts, decided that Granny needed money to support her in her decline, for health care, and to pay the nursing home. They sold my place, my friend, the house where I have gone every summer I could remember, the cottage of dreams, hopes, crystal clear water, and blueberry bushes intertwined with the beautiful mossy trees that led down to the wooden dock, bouncing along the gentle waves.

Now, every night I spend with the sweet, salt-tinged smell in my nose, cuddling against the cold in the warm blue blankets around me, feels like an absurd luxury. My mind wanders, wondering how many more nights I will have here before it gets taken away, just as Great-Granny will inevitably be another friend abandoning me. I feel the gentle quaking of the old cottage, almost as if it were turning in its sleep alongside me, mimicking my movements, as though trying to reassure me that everything would work out. The truth, though, is in my mind. The cold, hard, unforgiving facts that can never tell a lie, the facts that say the end is coming. The “for sale” sign is being manufactured, and a realtor will come, treating this magical place as just another job when it deserves so much more. It deserves owners who know how to preserve its forest of trees and the fairy houses I created all those years ago.

I almost wished I could join the fairies in those miniature houses, to escape from the conversations everyone thinks I cannot hear: the talk of moving, selling, tearing down, and renting. Stripping the cottage of its owners and all the beauty and memories it once represented. They talk in low whispers, believing I have drifted into sleep. But I lay awake, trying to shut out the words from my ears, trying to believe it isn’t happening. Trying to keep the gullibility and innocence of childhood, when I know I must grow up to deal with this problem. A problem I have no control over, because who listens to the child? Nobody. Not even when they know best. The day is coming, the salty air whispers as it caresses my ears gently, more gently then the truth.
Creativity & Citizenship

For the past three years, the Alliance has collaborated with the National Constitution Center to award three $1,000 prizes to students creating work with a specific and timely social theme. Previous themes have been freedom of expression and social change, and this year’s theme was bullying. Students were encouraged to take a stand against bullying in their work, whether from a personal or social perspective. This award is supported by the Maurice R. Robinson Fund.

MICHELLE FONTILLAS. Words Hurt. Photography. Grade 12, Age 17, Leilehua High School, Wahiawa, HI.

KODI HAYS. Accept It! Painting. Grade 11, Age 17, Thompson Valley High School, Loveland, CO. Cordelia Devine. Teacher, Colorado Art Education Association and Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design, Affiliate.
Caught Like Smoke

POETRY

By some stroke of luck, the Hijab: A head cover worn by Muslim women.

My hijab was beautiful.

My first one was pink, the color of Mama’s fingernails, a gorgeous silky perfection laced with bits of stringy crimson...

I donned my hijab at the time most girls my age started getting boyfriends, silky shiny hair slinking down the hallway, lips curled around other lips like rose petals.

Sometimes it was hard to remember I was wearing my hijab, until I washed my hands in the girl’s bathroom or changed into my gym clothes. I tried ignoring the spikey chitterchatter words streaming around my head like silver smoke the stares that painted flushing red roses onto my cheekbones.

The other girls wore shirts that bore their bellies, soft fat clinging to gaunt hip bones, sometimes with a piercing at the navel.

They would mock me with their perfect pale skin, blue eyes wide and innocent, makeup just so,

“Eye – dill – AH,” they would say my name, Tongue curling around the soured consonants, The overcooked syllables, “How do you say that? It’s Indian, right?”

…I would feel the words I wanted to say Drop like heavy balls of lead into my stomach,

Far away from my dry tongue And my chattering teeth.

And the perfect pictures of perfection would walk down the hallway, Whispers and gossip and my name floating back over their skinny shoulders, Surrounding my ears like buzzing flies.

I used to cover my ears when they taunted me with stereotypes, Used to block the sound of their ruthless giggles, Turning my heart to stone.

My mother used to cradle me in her arms When I cried, arms as strong as tree branches Carrying the weight of the wind in their nooks and crannies.

I let loose my troubles, let them roll off my tongue Like marbles, tears collecting in the corners of my eyes Until it became too hard to cage in what was already Too wild, too free.

My hijab was the most beautiful thing I had ever laid eyes upon, The most gorgeous piece of fabric that billowed in the lackluster wind.

I wanted the girls at school to see my hijab like I did, Wanted to tear their robin’s egg-eyes from their sockets So they would stop laughing, giggles following me down the hallways, Burning in my ears like fire, tears caught in my throat like a haze of smoke.
AMD Game Changer

The Alliance added video games to the Awards’ categories in 2009 and soon afterward partnered with the AMD Foundation to help foster its growth. Through AMD’s generous support, we promote this category to teachers and students across the country, and encourage video game design as a creative method to teach art and writing. This year we received over 750 submissions made on a variety of game design platforms. The top five winners each receive a $1,000 prize from AMD. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to view videos of this year’s winning games.

MATTHEW DAVIS, Forgotten Memories. Grade 11, Age 18, North High School, Sioux City, IA. Tiffany Stevens, Teacher; Connie Belin & Jacqueline N. Blank International Center for Gifted Education and Talent Development, Affiliate.

TOBIN HUITT, Vox. Grade 11, Age 16, Le Jardin Academy, Kailua, HI. Amy Manso, Teacher; Hawai’i State Department of Education, Affiliate.

MARCUS PASELL, Fuse. Grade 11, Age 17, Cretin Derham Hall, St. Paul, MN. Chris Babcock, Teacher; Minneapolis College of Art and Design, Affiliate.
National Awards

Exemplary students receive Gold, Silver, and American Visions and Voices medals in 25 individual categories of art and writing, and gold and silver portfolio awards.

ART CATEGORIES: Architecture, Ceramics & Glass, Comic Art, Design, Digital Art, Drawing, Fashion, Film & Animation, Jewelry, Mixed Media, Painting, Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture, Video Games

WRITING CATEGORIES: Dramatic Script, Flash Fiction, Humor, Journalism, Personal Essay / Memoir, Persuasive Writing, Poetry, Science Fiction / Fantasy, Short Story, Novel Writing

Portfolio Gold winners are featured on pages 11–34.
Portfolio Silver with distinction are listed to the left.

For a full listing of National Award winners, see pages 116–120 or visit www.artandwriting.org

WRITING PORTFOLIO SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION

Nicole Acton
Elizabeth Ballou
Rachel Berger
Rachel Brown
Lillian Fishman
Aubrey Knight
Karintha Lowe
Nora Miller
Sophie Strand
Alexandra Warrick
Maggie Zhang

ART PORTFOLIO SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION

Adam Amram
Dominique Bloink
Jamie Earnest
Mary Harvey
Gaetano Icangelo
Angelina Namkung
Amir Noorbakhsh
Sarasota Proffitt
Daniel Santa
Megan Schmunk
Seohi Song
AB Stone
Wonpyong Yu
Renee Zhan

PHOTOGRAPHY PORTFOLIO SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION

Masie Chong
Emily Mesner
Samantha Newby
Rachel Stuart
Mackenzie Thompson

Many writing selections have been excerpted; go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.
If you’re ever going to entice a man into your web of seduction, looking the part is essential. Beauty may be only skin deep, but when Mr. Right bumps into you in the checkout line at Harris Teeter, the first thing he’ll notice will not be your ability to quote extensively from David Sedaris. Cut your hair into sexy inch-long hanks using nail scissors and your dad’s electric razor, with liberal application of the beard trimmer attachment for texture. Draw attention to your powerful Scots-Irish shoulders and outsize ribcage by refusing to grow breasts. Some say androgyny, you say mystique.

Now, head shorn and 34A bra strapped firmly in place, you are ready to take the male world by storm. You have the feminine wiles of a wicked vixen now and, by God, you’re going to charm and tempt someone with them. When you walk, let your hips swing wilder than the pirate ship ride at Carowinds. If you’re knocking things off desks and upsetting potted plants, you’re doing it right. Wiggle your shoulders ever so slightly for maximum irresistibility. Strut, strut, wiggle, wiggle, spin turn, and dismount. Your friends will do impressions of you, shuffling their feet across the floor: part salsa dance, part drunken swagger. Walk away, chest out and hips swaying, with your dignity intact. Ignore them when they trail behind you, a single-file line of Mick Jagger impersonators.

Leave the nest of friends you’ve built at your small, eccentric private school in search of fresh prey, preferably boys who didn’t know you in seventh grade, the Year of Orthodontia. Begin tutoring your peers for the SATs. When one of your “students,” a tall, blond swimmer from the public high school, asks you to go see the musical Young Frankenstein with him, prepare as though he had asked you to be his date to the Cannes Film Festival.
ADAM AMRAM. **Self Portrait Study 2.** Painting, Grade 12, Age 17, Chattahoochee High School, Alpharetta, GA.

Dorsey Sammataro. **Teacher:** Georgia State University Ernest G. Welch School of Art & Design, **Affiliate;** Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
When I was three days old, doctors cut my brother off of my right side. As expected, he didn’t survive the experience. They put him in a small box and gave him to my parents, who—not being much for pomp and circumstance—laid him to rest in our backyard. For all I know, he’s still there. It doesn’t matter. This is not his story. This is my story.

Funny how people have trouble telling the difference.

The word is conjoined twin, for the record; let’s just get that out of the way. It doesn’t help that my mom is from Thailand, of course. There are certain people who will never understand that that does not make me an actual, factual Siamese twin. Trust me, if you can make the connection, allow me to tell you it’s been done before. Like on my first day of kindergarten: all the parents in the back, listening to their kids mumble their names and favorite colors. Then I got up to speak. The teacher—a gray-haired matronly type who’d apparently been briefed in advance—took one look at me and said to the whole room, “Will is a very special boy. He was born a Siamese twin.” Instantly, the room went quiet; my mom got this furious gleam in her eye. Like, I cannot believe you just said that. The teacher seemed to sense she’d made some sort of faux pas but stubbornly decided to forge ahead. “Will,” she said to me, her voice dripping with as much syrup as she could slather, “what is your favorite color?”

I said red, and people automatically started trying to assign some sort of connection to my psychological profile, because there’s no way a former conjoined twin could be interested in something as mundane as fire engines. One parent took a peek at my right arm, which has always been slightly shorter than my left, and he looked as if he wanted to pickle me in a jar.
“My period stopped coming.” She didn’t even try to avoid my eyes because she’s not afraid of confrontation like I am. She didn’t say it in a whisper, like those girls who bring pregnancy tests to school and cry in the bathroom stalls during lunch. I shook my head, hesitantly. Mine never came.

“One protein shake, two-thirds cup of celery, four 8-ounces of water…” She savored the words in her mouth as if she were eating her own prized medals, because she doesn’t eat much else. I made my own list in my head but swallowed it down instead.

We sat too close in a small corner of the cafeteria for no reason, really. She had a funny smell, almost like sharp metal. I could taste it in my mouth when she gossiped, a putrid scent, almost as though she were rotting and crumbling from the inside. I imagined the scent traveling up from her small intestine and radiating out of her head. Each dead strand of hair from her mottled scalp fell to the ground, drifting like drowsy snowflakes. When she collapsed in a pile of ashes, there wasn’t enough of her left to muster up a cloud of dust.

She was disintegrating right in front of me, and I was awfully envious. She seemed to notice my barely restrained jealousy, and her eyes were sympathetic as she said, “Yours is harder to do than mine.” A gentle pat on my hand to make me feel better. “Use milk to wash it down. I heard it helps.”

I left her before I could get caught in the post-lunch traffic in the hallway. When I took the third stall to the right, the girl in the stall over was sobbing. I drained the entire carton of milk and, sure enough, everything came out quick and neatly.
The Things She Wanted

FLASH FICTION

A doll in a toy shop window. Pretty, with real hair and eyes that blinked when you lay it down. A mom who was nice enough to buy her. A $20 doll. A chocolate bar. A new friend. After that, an old friend. A neighbor with a doll that had real hair and eyes that blinked when you put it down for a nap. A dog. For Christmas, a new dress and a cell phone that worked. A purse with real lipstick like Mommy’s. Rings when rings were cool. Anklets when anklets were cool. Earrings before they were cool, because being cool was so overrated. A better cell phone that worked. More friends. Less friends. Makeup. A mom who let her daughter wear makeup. Boyfriends. A mom who let her daughter have boyfriends. Love. The end of high school. A new dress. A mom who let her daughter buy new dresses. Real love this time. A chocolate bar. Another new friend. And some old ones. Perfect scores on the SATs. A mom who didn’t worry about perfect scores on the SATs. A nice college roommate. No college roommate. A mom who didn’t come to college every holiday. More friends. The end of college. A job. A better job. Real love, because 23 is old enough to know when it’s real. Money. A house. An apartment without a boyfriend and his stinky roommates. Old friends. A quiet place. A loud place. A place to be alone. A place where everyone can find you. A wedding dress. A baby. A mom who didn’t cry at weddings. A husband who didn’t drink. A baby who didn’t scream. One perfect night of sleep. A first word that wasn’t Daddy. A child who stayed forever 3. A day without rain. A day of sunshine. A phone that didn’t ring. A happiness that never ended. A photo album. A rewind button. A mother who lived forever. A daughter who was grateful. A mother who felt wanted. A daughter who had enough time to say what she needed to. A mother who was.
NATIONAL AWARDS

GAETANO ICANZEOLO. (Clockwise from top) From Florida to Oregon, Painting, Typewriter, Printmaking, Desk Writer, Drawing, Kitchen Table, Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. Jenny Gifford, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group (Eg3), Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
Bruce Springsteen

POETRY

I’ve decided we need a hero
and I’ve decided it’s Bruce Springsteen.
We’ve never listened to
any of his music together
but we could. He could be our
Beatles or our Bard. He could be
our summer spent in the sand with
long tans under the shirt sleeves.

Or Dewing with his brush like dew,
his beach scenes like
breath on glass. We could pray
to a new American impressionism
and listen to “Blinded by the Light”
while the blurred Madonna steps
through the prairie dawn.

I’ve decided we should go to church
more often or attend the synagogue in
the sand dunes. We could bring
Florette cheese and offer it to
the witch weeds.

We could have our lunch and pray
with the stereo on.

SOPHIE STRAND, Grade 12, Age 17, Onteora High School,
Boiceville, NY. Elaine Conroy, Teacher; Region at Large,
Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Writing Portfolio Award

MEGAN SCHMUNK, top: Green Still Life, Painting, bottom:
Suspension, Painting, Grade 12, Age 17, Alexander W.
Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. Scott
Armetta, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group (Eg²), Affiliate;
Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
ANGELINA NAMKUNG. *New Identity*, Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Woodson High School, Fairfax, VA. Jayne Matricardi-Burke, Teacher; Fairfax County Public Schools, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
Felonious

FLASH FICTION

One thing I’ve learned is that funerals can be the source of truth, passion, love… pure emotion. Death brings these people (most of whom have never met) together. Death tugs at the feeble human soul strings, directing the outer shell into raw, reverent “mourning.” I say “mourning” because it’s hardly a depressing occurrence. In fact, these mourners have never felt so alive.

The beloved and betrothed of dear John came to witness the last rites of our center-stage performer, and passion overwhelms them. Happiness, in remembrance of good times past. Grief, over the acknowledgment of the fact that Mrs. Jane will never again grace her audience with a well-executed pun. Despair, in the realization of the nature of their fragile and meaningless existence. Emotion realized in the form of sobs and wails, emotion suppressed in the mind of a psychopath committed. It is here that, if John’s or Jane’s shell reawakened a particular sense, they’d know that their voyage was well-spent.

I’d kill for that kind of devotion and love. If my victim understood my logic, he’d gladly die for the cause.

Here is such a beautiful house of death. Death, in the sense of love, devotion, renewal, and satisfaction. When death is clearly such a wonderful thing, it’s a shame that the dead can’t stick around long enough to reap the full benefits. This of course opens the door to another marvelous paradox. In death, John sees the true beauty of life, the purpose of life. If there is an afterlife, he knows. If there isn’t, he knows. The only snag of obtaining these great truths is that they can’t be shared with the only creatures in existence that haven’t learned: the living. Possessing the most profound of all knowledge in the universe is an exclusive privilege of the dead. There is actually a statistic for those who are literally dying to know.
MARY HARVEY, top: *Dog Days*, bottom: *Are You Kitten Me?*. Digital Art. Grade 12, Age 17, Livonia Career Technical Center, Livonia, MI. Jeremy Rheault, Teacher; College for Creative Studies, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
The Lucky Hours
SHORT STORY

On Saturday nights, with caps safely stowed in dorm rooms, Ming Li and his friends saunter off the campus to karaoke with the girls in their factory department. This is where the toy-factory men get the final laugh: Electric-company women have rough hands and mouths, sore from all the sparks flying out from under light bulbs. Ming Li loves to karaoke, and is popular among his group for his clear voice.

Ming can point to the exact moment when his life changed. He was sitting in a local restaurant, licking up the last drops of spicy tofu and making eyes at the pretty waitress. Just as Ming Li was about to drop his napkin on the ground near the waitress’ feet, the television set in the corner of the room flashed pink. Ming Li forgot his attempt at courtship and stared, riveted, at the small electric square. On its screen was a girl, probably only a year younger than Ming Li. She wore bright red pants, her face glittering with powder and confidence. Ming Li began to tap his feet to her song, mesmerized by the way she shimmied to the left and simultaneously wiggled her right eyebrow.

The channel flipped back, just as quickly as it came, to a somber man recounting the day’s news. Ming Li paid no attention, instead imagining himself on a stage. He’d wear blue jeans and a black leather jacket, unzipped to reveal an orange polo shirt, the collar popped. He’d sing a song with words like “beautiful” and “everlasting,” and all the girls on the second-floor painting station would fall in love with him. He could see it now, the entire floor silent, all the girls in pink aprons and caps staring at the TV screen, watching him as he swayed to the right and winked at the camera. He could leave the factory, with its damp walls and mechanical hums, for an apartment in a high-rise building with plush carpet and a young wife.
NATIONAL AWARDS

RENEE ZHAN. *Nostalgia*, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, Seven Lakes High School, Katy, TX. Kimberly Glasgow, *Teacher*; Harris County Department of Education, *Affiliate*; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.

Debbie Bell liked capturing frogs and putting them in a cake pan, racing to snatch them if they tried to leap away. Frogs were slimy in a different way than her armpits were, and she found this a sort of delightful phenomenon. One day she wanted to bathe with them in the sink, and maybe their slippery feet or tongues would touch her in places her mother had stopped caring about.

Debbie would also draw what she’d seen in Malcolm Shorter’s brother’s magazines in chalk on the sidewalk outside the trailer park. She’d wait gleefully for a spanking or some precious, sexy swear word to be flung at her, but no one ever noticed anything around there, especially what the kids were up to.

She made Pop-Tarts and fed them to the birds. She went on the roof of the trailer naked and tried to sunbathe. She fried eggs on the concrete, but the spatula was too weak. She hid in her room all day and stared at the cracked ceiling but that always got her depressed and itchy. Debbie was 7 years old and she was bored.

One day the Pop-Tarts ran out, and even though there were birds swooping in the sky, she couldn’t play. She wasn’t wearing anything but sagging underwear, so she put on one of her mother’s shirts and took a cigarette from the pack on the counter.

Debbie stepped outside and thought about letting the sun light her cigarette. Her face would explode into a thousand million pieces that would get lodged into the asphalt, and somehow little flowers would grow with her nose and eyes and mouth on them. She let the cigarette dangle from her lips instead and thought about her mother in the bathtub sometimes in the evening, with her legs stretched out and the lighter in one hand and the soap in the other.
NATIONAL AWARDS

SEOHI SONG, (Clockwise from top) *Taste of Freedom, Perfection, Supression, Loneliness*, Painting. Grade 12, Age 18, Aineo Cultural Art Center, Duluth, GA. **Yoon Chung**, Teacher; Georgia State University Ernest G. Welch School of Art & Design, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
The first time I saw *The Wizard of Oz*, it was raining. A hurricane, actually. It was built up to be a monster of a storm. My mother filled a whole drawer with batteries, a whole shelf with cans of the cheapest tomato soup she could find. Even my father was worried about the river overflowing. I caught him wringing his fisherman hands by the flickering forecast the night before it was going to hit. School was canceled a day early, and I dreamt that night that I was Noah. But instead of animals, I had to save each member of the Partridge Family. I woke up with David Cassidy’s breath still on my neck and a slow drizzle on my window keeping time to “Doesn’t Somebody Want to Be Wanted.”

My mother wouldn’t let me outside. While she and my father spat at each other in the kitchen over whether or not they should board up the windows, I went through every comic in my stash and got sick of each punch falling flat—a fist in a starburst of broken jaw and everything is fine again. I turned on the snowy television to the only station that wasn’t blaring weather alerts and there she was: skin like clean sheets, eyes like harvest moons, naive as anything newly plucked, Judy Garland.

The static made her voice quiver, but it still managed to rise above my parents’ shouts and all that rain and hang itself up in the eaves with the nesting passerine.

The storm never came. It trickled over our houses, knocked a few trees sideways, and fell vertical somewhere south. The weather alerts faded and my father put the wooden boards back in the basement. My mother even let me outside. I spent the whole afternoon humming, searching for any rainbows the hurricane had left behind.
Truth Teller

POETRY

She was a cardboard box oracle
spitting out bourbon-tainted
proclamations
from the bench
in the freckled shade on 3rd Street.
Tasseled shoes would stop
starched white corneas,
agape at her
tan exposed skin
hanging like elephant hide
from her cage in the zoo.
They threw peanuts,
watching her,
fascination mingled with disgust,
categorizing her,
knowing she lived
in the back corners
of everyone,
shouting out her asphalt prophecies,
waiting for them to come true.

we (k)no(w) more

POETRY

we old, old souls.
we pucker-too-soons.
we early birds.
we know not of these quick-paced,
pink-laced,
blank-faced encounters.
we see no wrongs.
we 2 a.m.’s.
we green eyes.
we have these hearts to know desire,
hard wire,
feed fire.
we moon hangers.
we forget-me-nots.
we guilt dancers.
we end up against walls, only to twist-and-shake
undertake,
avoid heartbreak.

HANNAH BRODERICK, Grade 10, Age 15, Punahou School, Honolulu, HI. Alison Lazzara, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

HANNAH LINSKY, Grade 10, Age 16, Lake Washington High School, Kirkland, WA. Liz Christiansen, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
KELSEY LEE, *Lux Nova*, Photography. Grade 12, Age 17, The Bishop’s School, La Jolla, CA. Elizabeth Wepsic, Teacher; California Arts Project, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
Leaving the Nest:
A Monologue

DRAMATIC SCRIPT

RACHEL stands center stage. Behind her are a chair and a projector. As she speaks, old photographs of her mother fade in and out.

RACHEL

I told someone once that my mom and I have a perfectly normal mother-daughter relationship—I’m the mother, she’s the daughter. What I never said was I’m just as bad a parent as I ever blamed her for being.

(Turns to watch the changing pictures on the projector. Beat. Turns to audience.)

I’ve been looking through pictures of her lately, trying to find one from when I was 6 years old. My first-grade class went on a field trip to the Brooklyn Bridge, and my mom was one of the parent chaperones. I don’t actually remember the trip, but there’s a picture of the whole class kneeling in front of one of the big stone pillars. Standing behind us, my mom looks...totally normal. She doesn’t look like a woman with the power to ruin her daughter’s every conceivable social situation. And she didn’t feel anything but normal, back then.

My mom is not a strong woman. Even before I remember anything being wrong, I was told it was the worst thing to be anything like her. That’s according to my dad, who listed her faults loudly and frequently. He said she was lazy, which could have been true, since she has always been unemployed. But he also said she was stupid, which I knew wasn’t true. My mom was a bookworm. She graduated high school when she was 16 and went to live above the Shakespeare and Company bookstore in Paris. She impressed the storekeeper because she was so well read. She came back quoting Oscar Wilde and Anaïs Nin and dressing like a hipster. (Smiles.)

It’s kind of a family legend—at least in my mind. (Smile fades.)
MACKENZIE THOMPSON. (Clockwise from top) Spanish Web Poses 1946, Lindblom Xmas 1954, Jim Worland 1952, Swimming Pool 1957, Photography. Grade 12, Age 18, Center Grove High School, Greenwood, IN. Jacquelyn Fowler, Teacher; Clowes Memorial Hall of Butler University, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Photography Portfolio Award.
How to Start a World Religion in 10 Easy Steps

HUMOR

5. Be Exclusive

Everybody has a tight-knit group of followers to spread their message. First and foremost, you should determine who is not allowed to follow you. For example, Jesus distinguished between disciples and apostles. There was no discernible difference between the two, but the apostles were special simply because they were.

Similarly, Christ said that he'd take anybody, even lepers and (ugh) tax collectors, if they gave all of their worldly possessions to the poor in order to follow him. This is a trickier proposition than it sounds. I mean, it's my stuff. If the poor want my stuff, they can pry it from my cold, dead, covetous hands.

Dense, esoteric ritual can also help keep your religion exclusive. Mohammed demanded Muslims pray three times a day on special mats, facing toward Mecca. Who the hell even knows where that is, anyway?

6. Stick It to the Man

All religions challenged the status quo in their day. Governments don’t like change as a rule. This is very good for you. People by their nature are contrarians. They like to go against the grain. Once it’s established that your religion is banned by the powers that be, converts will flock to you like moths to a flame!

It’s fairly easy to get your religion banned. Simply find something everybody likes and go in the opposite direction. Examples abound. The Romans banned Christianity because it weakened loyalty to the state. Europeans disliked Islam because it wasn’t Christianity. The Chinese initially prohibited Buddhism because it’s really boring.
KASSIDY MCCANN. *Sunset in the City*. Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, South Strokes High School, Walnut Cove, NC. Phil Jones, Teacher; Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
NATIONAL AWARDS

ALEC NGUYEN, Joint Spatial Study. Architecture. Grade 10, Age 15, Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. Melissa Giosmanova, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group (Eg²), Affiliate; Gold Medal.

CONNOR GRAVELLE, Mexican Border Memorial. Architecture. Grade 12, Age 17, Newburyport High School, Newburyport, MA. Sarah Leadbeater, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference and The Boston Globe, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

The Memorial

The memorial is raised on a platform. This is to create the feeling that visitors are leaving their lives behind, while ascending to the memorial. It also significantly slices the memorial away from all other buildings. A grid of grass areas encompass the outside of the memorial, which itself is recessed into the ground within the foundation, where it is lit from below. These ease the mind with a continuous pattern, something predictable, but this is only an illusion, something soon doomed to be deconstructed by the abstract form of the memorial's walls. This dichotomy is intentionally employed to conjure discomfort, to emotionally break down the visitors, preparing them for their own personal 'journeys' of sorts.
“What hope has a kitten in a town full of dogs?” pleads a wounded Cillian Murphy in Enda Walsh’s knockout one-man show *Misterman*, and the audience’s hearts bleed for him. Of course, this is before we find out that the kitten in question has wicked claws. Murphy, a Cork-born Irish actor, is no stranger to the intersection between the angelic and the sinister, whether playing a sweetly optimistic transgender young man swept up in the horrors of the Troubles in *Breakfast on Pluto* or allowing Christopher Nolan to gleefully distort his matinee-idol looks into eldritch horror in *Batman Begins*.

Murphy has long been a favorite actor of mine, due to his riveting ability to shift on a dime from charismatic to chilling and back again. Fallen angels are his wheelhouse, and never has this served a production so well as in *Misterman*, a hellish 90-minute tour of a beautiful day in the neighborhood of Innisfree, as given by a gravely warped Mr. Rogers. Pitching queasily from black humor to blacker horror, Murphy seamlessly manipulates the audience into hysterics one moment and shell shocked silence the next; one is spellbound by the grace with which he unites the godly and the ghastly in seductive unholy matrimony.

In *Misterman*, Murphy plays Thomas Magill, a religious fanatic who, exiled from his village to an isolated warehouse, compulsively forces himself to relive the worst day of his life. With the help of a system of reel-to-reel recorders stocked with voices, Thomas carries on imaginary conversations with his neighbors as he pantomimes his daily routine of fetching Jammie Dodgers for his Mammy and visiting his father’s grave. The kicker is that Murphy also plays all of his neighbors, young and old, male and female, and watching him shift fluidly from wizened old woman to foul mouthed delinquent to flirtatious waitress is nothing short of thrilling.
JAKE SCHAPIRO. *Caesar’s Cup*. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 12, Age 17, Harvard-Westlake School, North Hollywood, CA. Dylan Palmer, Teacher; Armory Center for the Arts, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

EMILY KOPAS. *Vessel Family*. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 10, Age 15, University School of Nova South, Fort Lauderdale, FL. Melanie Cohen, Teacher; American Learning Systems, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

EMILY MOSHER. *Decayed Thoughts*. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 12, Age 17, Yorktown High School, Arlington, VA. Jeffery Pabotoy, Teacher; Arlington Public Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

ZOE FREEDMAN COLEMAN. *Untitled*. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 11, Age 16, Amherst Regional High School, Amherst, MA. Hannah Hartl, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference and The Boston Globe, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
AMIR NOORBAKHSH. *Silent Forest*. Painting. Grade 12, Age 18, Marshall High School, Falls Church, VA.

Nicole Walter, *Teacher*; Fairfax County Public Schools, *Affiliate*; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.
CLAIRE BENARROCH, left: *Movie Poster*. Design, Grade 12, Age 18, Windward School, Los Angeles, CA. *Hannah Freed*, Teacher; Armory Center for the Arts, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

KASSIA GORDON, top: *Seven Devils*. Design, Grade 12, Age 17, Pine Creek High School, Colorado Springs, CO. *Tiffanie Davis*, Teacher; Colorado Art Education Association and Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

CHRISTINE CATLIN, bottom: *Kitty*. Grade 10, Age 15, Mounds View High School, Arden Hills, MN. *Gretchen Nesset*, Teacher; Minneapolis College of Art and Design, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
VINCENT KINGS, *The Orphans Issue 1: Butt-Headed Beginnings*, Comic Art. Grade 12, Age 17, Orange County High School of the Arts, Santa Ana, CA. **Patrick Williams**, Teacher; California Arts Project, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
GEORGE RAYSON. Study for Messy Drawing. Drawing. Grade 12, Age 17, University School of Nashville, Nashville, TN. Elizabeth Mask. Teacher; Cheekwood Botanical Garden and Museum of Art, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
The History of Winter

POETRY

My grandpa foretold
the bulge of my ginger cat, weary but
pregnant in the blankets. We sold
the cats and kept the blankets. Snow
palmed us that winter. We shaped the bowl-cut
that my grandpa foretold
would swallow my older
brother, who cracked the mirror. His ears jutted,
pregnant with warmth, under blankets cold
and crisp with memory as old as rolling
snow. Snow whites out my windows. I am unloved—
which my grandpa foretold.

Dad plays poker, his shoulders
swell. Mom weeps at ambulances, her buttons
bust. Blankets hush pregnant bellies. I fold
those blankets. I’m small, gutless for cats I sold:
an armful of downy gingers. To grandpa, I’m a mutt
that he regrets he foretold
to my mother, pregnant in blankets, the day that it
snowed.
NATIONAL AWARDS

KAYLEIGH WATERS. R-18, Comic Art. Grade 12, Age 17, James I. O’Neill High School, Highland Falls, NY. Patricia Hassler, Teacher; Casita Maria Center for Arts and Education, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
RANDY HUAN. top: Toy World. Digital Art. Grade 10, Age 15, Taipei American School, Taipei, Taiwan. David Badgley, Teacher; International Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

MADI MULLER. Pinky Promise. Design. Grade 10, Age 16, Sunset High School, Portland, OR. Mary Cherveny, Teacher; Oregon Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

HA MIN (PAUL) CHUNG. left: Open Up My Thoughts. Digital Art. Grade 12, Age 18, Centreville High School, Clinton, VA. Kris Killinger, Teacher; Fairfax County Public Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
NATIONAL AWARDS

BREANNE PEREIRA, *Under the Sea Driveway*, Photography. Grade 12, Age 17, Leilehua High School, Wahiawa, HI. Keith Sasada, Teacher; Hawai‘i State Department of Education, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
Speaking Freely, Again

POETRY

I remember when I wore neon yellows,
And bright, eye-burning oranges.
Long, colorful beaded necklaces fell all the way to
my hips,
And Lip Smackers greased my lips.
I remember when twenty books would come in
thick brown paper packages,
And I would sit like a dog in my lobby waiting for
their arrival.
Glasses sat on my face,
Velcro sneakers on my feet.
I remember when we dipped my Polly Pockets into
Jell-O chocolate pudding,
And tore apart Ty Girlz.
I remember when I didn’t care what anyone else
thought,
And I could say freely what I wanted to.

I wish I could still wear neon yellows,
I wish I could walk into school wearing glasses and
Velcro sneakers.
I would if I could.
Now I wear grays and blues and blacks,
No more eye-burning oranges.
Henri Bendel necklaces fall right above
my collarbone,
And now Philosophy sits atop my lips.
Now all the Baby Sitters Club books sit abandoned
on a bookshelf.
Glasses are long forgotten,
And contacts have taken their place.
Now we tear apart fashion magazines,
Sephora catalogs galore.
Now I care what people think,
And my perfectly painted lips are sealed.

JANE HERZ, Grade 8, Age 13, Writopia Lab, New York, NY.
Rebecca Wallace-Segall, Teacher, Casita Maria Center for
Arts and Education, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

RACHEL STUART, left: Still Holding On, right: Blend In, Photography. Grade 12, Age 17, Miami Palmetto Senior High
School, Miami, FL. Robert Friedman, Teacher, Miami-Dade County Public Schools, Affiliate, Silver Medal with Distinction
Photography Portfolio Award.
NATIONAL AWARDS

Puber-me

According to my parents, I have a new attitude and a new smell. The change is happening as we speak. A year ago it started. My mom took me to the doctor and she confirmed it. It is medically diagnosed so it must be official. I am going through puberty. It is not newsworthy, and the paparazzi will not be beating my door down for a picture, but it is important to me.

A year ago I started sixth grade and entered the planet called Junior High School. Aside from the normal worries about school, like getting stuffed in a locker by an eighth grader and being tripped in the cafeteria, I was pretty excited. I made it through the first week alive. However, by the end of the week I noticed the first sign of change. In PE class, something was definitely different. After we took a few laps around the school, we all returned to the locker room. The smell was unreal. It smelled like a mixture of feet, moldy cheese, and wet dog. It made me want to puke. Was that me? It couldn’t be, so naturally I blamed it on my best friend. “Cameron! You rank, dude. You need to put some Axe deodorant on, man. That is nasty.” Of course, he blamed the smell on me as any immature sixth-grade boy would do, but I know the truth. It was him. After that, I was sure I didn’t want to smell like Cameron, so I started putting deodorant on every day, not just when I thought about it, as I had done before. Eventually I think all the boys discovered they smelled as bad as Cameron had that day, so most of them started lathering up too. I made sure I smelled like a mixture of Febreze and whatever cheap cologne I could buy at Walgreens when I left the locker room after that.
How to Keep Your Sister’s Secret

FLASH FICTION

When you loll downstairs in the morning, don’t meet your mother’s eyes. Pour yourself cereal and the last of the milk. Survey yourself in the window’s shallow reflection and wish, again, that your face were longer, your lips fuller. Think about yourself. Think of nothing to say when your mother says “Emma,” and fathom that there is such a thing as silence, that you don’t have to answer. Don’t tell your mother what you’re thinking. Don’t tell her what you dreamt. Don’t tell her of your love affair with doorknobs.

Wait for your sister to whisper to you because you’re 12, almost 13, and you already hear her when she comes in at night while the radio’s on. Wait for her to tell you why she’s retching in the dark, why she’s crying, why her eyes are black. Don’t say to her “I love you.” When she smiles at you, pretend you don’t know. Lock the door when you shower to feel the complete aloneness. Relish, when you are bored, the quick pulse of harboring a secret. Handle doorknobs only with the tips of your fingers. Buy more milk. Take out the trash so your mother doesn’t see the bright carcasses of your sister’s pregnancy tests. Straighten your hair and cut off the parts that burn with kitchen scissors. Steal your sister’s mascara. Put it back because you feel sorry for her and you aren’t scared of her anymore but she doesn’t know that she’s powerless and you don’t want to break her heart. Borrow her shiny shoes on Saturday morning and walk at the edges of the carpet in the hallways. Put them back in the closet. Notice the way your breath in silence is blue in the dark and wine-stained in the kitchen, unfurling like oil in water. Leave the radio on at night. Wait for the doorknob to wheel, unhurriedly, for your sister to spill in.

NATIONAL AWARDS


DYLAN WEITZMAN, Growing Coral. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 12, Age 18, University School of Nova South, Fort Lauderdale, FL. Melanie Cohen, Teacher; American Learning Systems, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
ALEJANDRINA SANCHEZ, Salustia. Fashion. Grade 11, Age 17, East Central High School, San Antonio, TX. Rebecca Kunz, Teacher; SAY Si (San Antonio Youth Yes), Affiliate; Gold Medal; Prismacolor Scholarship Award.

JENNIFER STRICKLAND, Woven. Fashion. Grade 12, Age 17, University of North Carolina School of the Arts, Winston-Salem, NC. Pam Griffin, Teacher; Barton College, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

ALYSSA SCHWARZ, Revolving Ring. Jewelry. Grade 12, Age 18, Ralston Valley High School, Arvada, CO. Bonny Colagrosso, Teacher; Colorado Art Education Association and Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
AB STONE, top left: Caffeinated, bottom left: Propeller, top right: Multi-View Madness, Fashion. Grade 12, Age 17, Hutchison School, Memphis, TN. Anne Davey, Teacher; Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio Award.

JOSH PRIDDY. Blame Petroleum, Sculpture. Grade 12, Age 17, Bolton High School, Arlington, TN. Autumn Thron, Teacher; Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
GABI LAUZIER, top left: Fertility Mantle. Jewelry. Grade 11, Age 16, University School of Nova South, Fort Lauderdale, FL. Melanie Cohen, Teacher; American Learning Systems, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

ZORA MARTIN, top right: Cacophony. Jewelry. Grade 12, Age 17, East High School, Wauwatosa, WI. Barbara Murray, Teacher; Milwaukee Art Museum, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

GABRIEL BEHAN, Target Practice. Jewelry. Grade 10, Age 15, Lakota East High School, Liberty Township, OH. Jesse Doman, Teacher; Art Machine Inc., Affiliate; Gold Medal.
JESSICCA THOMPSON, *Grandpa George*, Painting. Grade 12, Age 18, Lincoln-Way West High School, New Lenox, IL. **Paul Faris,** Teacher; Downers Grove North and South High Schools, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

YOOJUNG LEE, *Waiting*, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, WOW Art Studio, Old Tappan, NJ. **Taehyun Kang,** Teacher; Montclair Art Museum, Affiliate; Silver Medal.
LILY COOPER. *Irish Ancestor*. Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Earl Wooster High School, Reno, NV.  

SARAH FISCHER. *Felis Domesticus*. Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, Dupont Manual High School, Louisville, KY.  
NATIONAL AWARDS

HANNAH BERGER. 4th Birthday. Painting. Grade 12, Age 18, Alexander W. Dreyfoos Jr. School of the Arts, West Palm Beach, FL. Scott Armetta, Teacher; Educational Gallery Group (Eg²), Affiliate; Gold Medal.
The Bird, the House, and the Man

SCIENCE FICTION

Bird left the room, and he found himself alone in the place with Death. The crushed bones of his brothers, left so unceremoniously out in such a casual way... The man shivered, but he did not leave. He could not leave, be he bound by his own mind or a spell he did not know. Not that it mattered.

The man looked up from his reverie to find it dark. The door had shut of its own accord. There was no light. The world was dark as was the world before darkness. Black as black before black. And then a light, piercing as an arrow through an arm. As the sun through water as viewed from below. But red. Blood red.

Two pin-pricks shone from where the man knew the window to be. By the meager light of these two points, the man saw Bird slide into the room. She was even more emaciated than before, bone showing through her skin. Her flesh had melted away in places, leaving arteries and capillaries visible just inside open wounds. Behind her, a cloaked figure was framed in the doorway, the light coming from under his deep hood.

“Rise! Dance my servants! Dance a ballet to Death!” He cried, swinging an unseen hand over the floor of bone. With a moan, bone met bone and dozens upon dozens of skeletons rose from the floor, pearly arms waving in an obscene mockery of dance.

He could not scream. He could not run. He simply stood, waiting for Death.

As Bird’s teeth dragged him by his throat to join the bones in their dance until the end of time, the man found himself back in...what was it?

In that in-between place. The gray land between dream and consciousness, where anything and everything was and wasn’t at the same time.
Green

SHORT STORY

It’s strange, the secrets parents keep from children. Often they’re personal ones, things they’re ashamed about, metaphorical skeletons in their metaphorical closets. This way, parents stay superheroes and dream people until their children are old enough to have secrets of their own.


When I was little, there was never alcohol in the house—no beer, no spirits. After parties, any gifted bottles of wine would be thrown away. When I slept over at friends’ houses, it was strange for me to see their parents having any at dinner. But soon enough, after the Hong Kong trip, bottles began to appear in sizes much larger than the one in the hotel. And as more bottles appeared, more things fell apart. Then, a month before we were supposed to move to Hong Kong, my mama went to rehab and I grew up.

There is no easy way to stop being 9 when you are 9, nor is there one for when you are 11, as my sister was. But stop we did as our world continued to spin out of control. My father fell into his work, growing distant and angry. My sister disappeared, consumed by a group of friends that replaced her family. My mother folded into herself, the metaphorical skeletons in her metaphorical closet becoming actual ones shaped like wine, vodka, and rum hidden deep behind jackets, shirts, and shoes. Years passed. She entered different rehab centers five more times. Sometime in those turning years, she exited her marriage to my father and her relationship with my sister. And I, perpetually frozen at 9 years old, rocked the two of us in an embrace tight with equal measures of love and necessity.
The Stakes

POETRY

Winning the lottery can kill a man, my father likes to tell me.

He says this while walking in a frost-bitten garden, crushing the flowers, his footsteps staining the lawn with dark ink.

Life is naked without ambition, he says, and I think of dreams, how they aren’t meant to be touched, how the carrot should always be left dangling in front of the palomino’s eyes, only for temptation.

Once you have something, it’s no longer yours, and he reaches into the leather lining of a breast pocket, slides a crumpled bill across the counter, asks for the winning numbers, please.
Bleacher Bum

POETRY

And it’s like everyone I see is soul
music wrapped in skin and school spirit;
yellowed pages of some long-winded
beautiful cliché,
inhaling wind and smiling too much and talking
too loudly;
but I like rooms full of windows framing forests—
rooms where the air conditioning whispers
dirty jokes,
and it’s all hurricanes.

All I Want

POETRY

come out to coney island

1.
I hope I don’t choke you with my poems,
And I hope there isn’t too much anchovy in
your salad dressing because
I know how much you hate that it’s in there
at all,
All raw and subtle and alluding.

2.
last summer we went to coney island
beach and
I traced you with my finger in the sand.
I wish we could do it all again,
The sand and the sun and all of it, but you’re
straight and
I’m ugly under all this skin.

3.
I think I heard you coming in last night, but
Maybe it was just the wind banging against
the door.
This is what it’s like not knowing,
Or maybe this is what it’s like knowing.
Your skin under the sand was smooth
and unyielding.
Maybe this is what it’s like to know.
Multiple Choice

PERSUASIVE WRITING

Education is integral to the survival of America. Predicated upon democratic principles, the nation requires an intelligent, informed, and ethical electorate. America’s current educational system is faltering in the production of citizens a democratic society needs.

The foundation of democratic education must be accessibility, and America’s current educational system largely succeeds in extending educational opportunity to the public. Nicholas Lemann, in his *New Yorker* essay “Schoolwork,” lauds the institution of “the world’s first system of universal public education” as “one of the great achievements of American democracy.” The fact that “about a sixth of the population” can be found under the roof of a public school on any given weekday is indeed a democratic triumph. What students are taught under these roofs, however, is the true litmus test of democracy.

Evidence confirms that the quality of American education is declining. Lemann bemoans “the heartbreakingly low quality of the education that many poor, urban, and minority children” receive, which has contributed to widening achievement gaps between privileged and less-privileged students. In his *Harper’s* essay “Leveling the Field,” Christopher R. Beha asserts that “less than a quarter of New York’s public high school graduates are deemed college-ready” and only “about half of America’s high school graduates are ready for college-level reading.” Mark Slouka, in his *Harper’s* essay “Dehumanized,” claims that “two-thirds of our college graduates” are “unable to read a text and draw rational inferences.” Citizens who are incapable of thinking at a higher, college level, and who do not possess advanced reading skills, undermine democratic society insofar as they have a limited ability to render informed judgment on the actions of public officials.
NAOMI HIRONAKA. **Birthplace of Fools.** Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Westview High School, San Diego, CA. **Keith Opstad,** Teacher; California Arts Project, **Affiliate;** Gold Medal.
Learning to Read

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

In time, I grew to understand Tolkien and then Dickens, Austen, Wilde, Thackeray, Dostoevsky, and Frost. By the time I was a junior in high school, I figured there wasn’t much important literature I couldn’t read.

I was wrong. I realized this the summer before my junior year when I picked up John Milton’s *Paradise Lost*. It had been gathering dust on a shelf in a friend’s basement, and I thought it looked old and British—just my type. But as I read the first stanza of the epic poem, my mind reeled. Where was the subject? Where was the verb? What on earth were all of these biblical allusions? I struggled on until my temples throbbed and I realized I wasn’t getting anywhere. Then I put the book down, heartily dissatisfied with myself.

A few months later, I was presented with the opportunity to take a graduate-level class on Milton at a local university. I’d finished all the English classes my high school offered, and the Milton course promised close readings and intense class discussions, which sounded fun. My parents hesitated. “Won’t it be too hard?” they asked. “You have all the time in the world to study Milton. Why not start off with something a little easier?” The 5-year-old in me who was undaunted by Tolkien’s long descriptions responded, “No, this is the course I want to take.”

I walked into class the first day and discovered I was the only one under the age of 20 in the room. I sat silent in a corner as the senior English majors and graduate students chatted about the comparative advantages of various courses and books. At last the professor brought the class to order.

“You’re all here for Milton, right?” she asked with a grin. There was a collective murmur of assent.

“Brave souls,” she said.
ALIZA SCHAFFER, top left: *The Followers*, Photography. Grade 10, Age 15, Fairfield Ludlowe High School, Fairfield, CT. Michele Hermsen, Teacher; Connecticut Art Education Association, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

JOSHUA HALPER, bottom right: *The Ghost of Robert Johnson*, Printmaking. Grade 12, Age 17, University School of Nashville, Nashville, TN. Lesley Patterson-Marx, Teacher; Cheekwood Botanical Garden and Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

POWERS HOMMEL, Calendar, Design. Grade 12, Age 17, Bishop Fenwick High School, Peabody, MA. Erin Grocki, Teacher; New England Art Education Conference and The Boston Globe, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
It turns out that many of my family members—distant and close—are out of their minds. I could collect them—thumbtack their pictures to a family tree and map out the bad genes. I could trace their lineage from father to sister to daughter to me. Three of my grandfather’s sisters killed themselves. My great-great-aunt had her children seized by the state, then scattered among family members and church homes. Closeted housewife alcoholics, sneaking glasses of wine between dinner and dishes, people laced with bipolar disorder and depression, people who see ghostly visions patched together by their mind. The sickness in my family will never leave us. It’s in us and part of us and bred into us.

Even those who cut ties to the family, those who left the poor low country where their parents trapped themselves, can’t fight the genes that interlace them with their crazy cousins and uncles and parents. My mom’s cousin Bill fled the swirling chemical vats of pulp that filled Georgetown, South Carolina, with a musky sweet taste in the air. He moved away, went to college, and found a new life out of the influence of his unstable mother.

He became a psychologist, and really loved his work and his patients—young abused women. But constantly hearing stories of domestic brawls—mad moments of glass cuts and heavy-handed punches and locked bathroom doors—wore him down until he couldn’t keep his own life separate from his clients’. A voice entered Bill’s head. It pressured him to pursue the women’s violent boyfriends, to punish them for their abuse. I don’t know if he actually listened to them or not. I don’t know how his family and wife found out what was happening to him. All I know is, once he’d been put on enough medicine to stop his delusions, he had to get out of the counseling business.
The money was not the goal. He was motivated by the physical rush and mental challenge that he could get from robbery. He decided he would pilfer ten dollars and fifty cents from each place. It was enough to make him feel like he accomplished something without damaging the targeted businesses.

Saturday mid-afternoon, he reached a small grocery store that was about an hour from his hometown. He simply slipped his handkerchief up over his face, pulled his hat low over his eyes, and stepped into the store. He then pulled a small gun from his coat pocket. Pointing it at the man behind the counter, he demanded ten dollars and fifty cents in a gruff voice. It was quickly brought forth by the panic-stricken man. He received the money, slipped the gun back into his pocket, and backed out of the store. He slipped behind the wheel of a “borrowed” car and was gone.

So began the mystery of Mr. Ten Fifty. A few days later, he robbed a department store without even the slightest hint of a sniffle. Then he went on to rob a small jewelry store, taking his usual ten dollars and fifty cents without even looking at the gold. After that he went on to rob a high-class watch and necklace store. He held the security guard under gunpoint while robbing the store, then left with squealing tires in another newly “borrowed” car.

Mr. Ten Fifty became a household name. The papers were having a heyday with the mysterious identity of Mr. Ten Fifty. Many people wished the gentleman robber well, but others considered his unlawful actions to be in bad taste.
DJ CLEAVINGER, *Multiple Personalities*, Mixed Media. Grade 7, Age 12, Schain Studios, Cincinnati, OH.

Merlene Schain, *Teacher; Art Machine Inc., Affiliate; Gold Medal.*
How to Be a Clown

SHORT STORY

Your knees feel like picked locks, twisting inside the cartilage frames; you walk around to the house in the sunlight and everything looks like an art-house movie, and when you get to the door you knock the agreed-upon code, shave and a haircut, your hands intentionally loose so they don’t shake. When the door opens, you can only walk through it when you realize it’s either do that or fall. In this stranger’s basement, the costumes are lined up along the old, splintering walls in a way that looks careless and haphazard. But when you pick one up, you realize it’s soft and clean, that the stooped, nervous man who is selling you costumes for less than half-price loves them nearly as much as you do.

You find the ones you think will fit and a case of six shades of paint; you give him the money he asks for with no hesitation at all and you don’t ask any questions until you’ve nearly left. Then, all you say is Where do you get so many of them? He looks sad for a moment, which you wouldn’t have realized if you hadn’t been learning to think of everyone you meet as an audience to be read. He tells you they are the costumes of clowns who have died, or were too afraid to continue as they had been, and then he shuts the door behind you. You walk back to the car, trying not to look like you’re ashamed or frightened (you will not be like those cowards who used to wear the costumes that are yours now).

You feel like there are a hundred people watching you as you close the car door, but you don’t hunch your shoulders and you keep your eyes level. The second key to a good performance is not giving away any of your sadness, ever. Your job is to make people happy.
NATIONAL AWARDS

OTHON TEJEDA, *Grandpa’s House*, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 17, Austin High School, Austin, TX.

Jeff Seckar-Martinez, Teacher; St. Stephen’s School, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
Fahrenheit 451: 
Is Yesterday’s Fiction Today’s Reality?

In the novel Fahrenheit 451, Mildred Montag, wife of protagonist Guy Montag, ponders: “How long you figure before we save up and get the fourth wall torn out and a fourth wall-TV put in? It’s only two thousand dollars.” Not only is the price in the right ballpark for today’s market, but the idea of having multiple televisions per household has certainly come to fruition. In fact, 66 percent of U.S. homes own three or more televisions. Sixty percent of our children, our next generation, have a television right in their bedroom. Yes, it’s true that the homes in Bradbury’s world had entire walls devoted to television, but have you noticed all the commercials for the new 80-inch LCD TVs?

Steve Armstrong, a 46-year-old father of two young girls, states, “I am too tired to come home and read a book. Reading makes me think too much when I’d rather just zone out in front of the TV and watch Survivor.” He goes on to say he “used to read to the girls, but now that they are older, it’s much easier to put in a video and let them drift off to sleep.”

Eighteen-year-old Ryan Hire, a freshman at Purdue University, claims reading is “old-fashioned. Why read when I can Google something or look it up on Wikipedia?” Hire brings up a good point: High-speed Internet is readily available in this country and in seconds allows us access to charts, pictures, and text on any subject we want. The days of heading to the nearest library to conduct one’s research in a vast collection of encyclopedias are now extinct. You don’t even need to leave your house to buy food, clothes, or even your next car. How did we ever manage without the Internet, right?
NATIONAL AWARDS

MAX SEILER. *Traverse*. Sculpture. Grade 12, Age 17, AP Studio Independent Study, Delmar, NY.
Deborah Zlotsky, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
NATIONAL AWARDS

KANYA WILDER, top right: Razor Wave, Sculpture. Grade 12, Age 17, St. Petersburg High School, St. Petersburg, FL. Marty Loftus, Teacher; Pinellas County Art Region, Affiliate; American Visions Medal.

ROBERT BROOKS, bottom right: Bottle 3. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 11, Age 17, Pace Academy, Atlanta, GA. Rick Berman, Teacher; Georgia State University Ernest G. Welch School of Art & Design, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

CHRISTOPHER LAUER, top left: The Light at the End of the Table. Design. Grade 8, Age 14, St. Andrews United Methodist Day School, Edgewater, MD. Hayley Meyer, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

EMILIO MARTINEZ, bottom left: Inside Out House. Sculpture. Grade 12, Age 17, Friends School of Baltimore, Baltimore, MD. Erin Hall, Teacher; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
NATIONAL AWARDS

VICTORIA WIRKIJOWSKI. Nowhere Man, Digital Art. Grade 8, Age 13, Holicong Middle School, Doylestown, PA. Kristin Ritter, Teacher; Philadelphia Arts in Education, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
Puna

FLASH FICTION

She works for herself, and no one else. Not for her mother, her dead father, her refusing-dead grandmother, or her loser brothers and sisters back home, crowding all together under one sagging roof. Not for the old ways or her people or old Laos. Now she works for herself, and for America.

Still, after 15 years, America does not work for her. She lives and works in dark grease and cinderblock, and bathes her daughter each night in spindled shadows and cracked cold water. She tells her daughter that when she grows up she will know how to care for herself, because she will be an American. She left the girl’s father years ago; he did not work at all. You already are working, he would say, I do not have to work. You provide for me, you are the wife. But he is gone now, she has let him fade back into the same part of her mind that contains the rest of them, the dead and the refusing-dead and the wishing-they-were-dead, all crowded, one sagging roof.

For five years she has made her living as a waitress in a bowling alley. The cook is from her country, from Laos, and he makes drunken noodles and basil rice next to the burgers and French fries. The drunken noodle is very good, very spicy and soft, like home. No one ever orders it, they all want pizza and Coca-Cola and M&M’s to swallow between rounds, shooting terrorists with purple machine guns in the arcade. She watches the American children who play on the games and scream and drop food on the floor and sweep it into the corners with the hard heels of their bowling shoes. Her daughter could almost be their age; she will enter the first grade in September, after the summer is over. She wonders if she is like them. She does not get to see her much; she is never home, always working.
**Alaska**
Megan Edic
Emma Funk

**Arizona**
Priscilla Beck
Elise Boyle
Andres Fiernos
Emma Klabor
Bogdan Korishev
Haley Lee

**Arkansas**
Alyssa Blakeney
Katie Neilson

**California**
Rachel Arena
Christina Bartzokis
Natchiketa Baru
Audrey Bell
Claire Benarroch
Bray Caverly
Claire Benarroch
Audrey Bell
Nachiketa Baru

**Colorado**
Anakata Aschenbrenner
Niré Aschenbrenner
Jenna Batch
Morgan Bierbaum
Carolyn Brewer
Emma Townley-Smith
Tammy Tseng
Brian Wang
David Weaver
Siyin Wu
Brenna Xiang
Yvonne Ye
Kelly Yeo

**District of Columbia**
Jesse Arnholt
Sarah Cooke
Emily Crehan
Pablo Dias
Julia Dohner
Emily Fox-Penner
Ollie Mendelson
Gillian Page
Rachel Page
Adam Reid

**Florida**
David Acosta
Benjamin Addieley
Jorge Aguilar
Alexandra Akimov
Tisha Antique
Dylan Aponte
Nicole Arias
Dillon Arthur
Josh Ascherman
Amanda Barrios
Abby Bartholomew
Chloe Baur
Kathlyn Belizaire
Alexandria Bennett
Andy Bennett
Hannah Berger
Felipe Di Poi
Sophia Dillon
Riley Doherty
Joseph Gentile
Juliette Granger
Summer Gray
Marissa Iamartino
Rachel Jones
Peter LaBerge
Alexa Lecko
Carles Lopez
Nicole Lorinsky
Sarah Munger
Nicole Narea
Paulyn Poisson
Mairi Poisson
Alex Rainone
Aliza Schaffer

**Georgia**
Brian Achtman
Natorian Allen
Adam Aram
Robert Brooks
Katie Broyles
Nahyun Chung
Emily Cowart
Alec Nguyen
Kira Oglesby
Joseph Parrella
Megan Perritt
Kirin Pino
Chikamnna Pondexter
Sofia Pozsonyiyo
Chuck Ramsey
Zachary Rapport
Tatiana Reina
Maiya Renaud
Mika Rosenberg
Santi Sagbo
Shelby Salomone
Evdy Sanders
Cele Santis
Daniel Santa
John Schmittau
Anna Schmitz
Megan Schmunk
Max Shavrick
Anna Silina
Britany Soder
Nathan Solitaire
Rachael Strauss
Rachel Stuart
Stefanie Suarez
Erika Suhr
Jessica Suhr
Katelyn Surprenant
Abigale Tammaro
Sarah Thaler
Alexander Valdes
Nicole Vaisman
Natalie Van Brunt
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Dylan Weitzman
Kanya Wilder
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Madeline Windsor
Lindsay Wright
Di Wu
Felicia Yan
Kim Yonamine
Angelica Yudasto
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Aiste Zaulepuga
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Arjun Lakhanpal
Gibbs Lee
Leo Styssinger
Addison Tambling
Kaya Tunan
Katie Volkman
Danielle Williamson
Rachel Williamson
Zoe Zahariadis

**Alaska**
Megan Edic
Emma Funk

**Arizona**
Priscilla Beck
Elise Boyle
Andres Fiernos
Emma Klabor
Bogdan Korishev
Haley Lee

**Arkansas**
Alyssa Blakeney
Katie Neilson

**California**
Rachel Arena
Christina Bartzokis
Natchiketa Baru
Audrey Bell
Claire Benarroch
Bray Caverly
Max Chernov
Mynor Chinchilla
Stephanie Delazeri
Renée Dembo
Tucker Elkins
Emily Fockler
Jessica Gardner
Annakai Geshilder
Ava Gordon
Stephanie Guo
Chae Won Han
Naomi Hironaka
Catherine Huang
Sun Young Im
Anna Kelly
Vincent Kings
Joanne Koong
Alexis Ladge
Kelsey Lee
Sol Ah Lee
Rennie Lembo
Jessica May Lin

**Colorado**
Anakata Aschenbrenner
Niré Aschenbrenner
Jenna Batch
Morgan Bierbaum
Carolyn Brewer
Emma Townley-Smith
Tammy Tseng
Brian Wang
David Weaver
Siyin Wu
Brenna Xiang
Yvonne Ye
Kelly Yeo

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Gita Abhiraman
Michela Bentel
Russell Bogue
Cormac Cummiskey

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Kathlyn Belizaire
Alexandria Bennett
Andy Bennett
Hannah Berger
Felipe Di Poi
Sophia Dillon
Riley Doherty
Joseph Gentile
Juliette Granger
Summer Gray
Marissa Iamartino
Rachel Jones
Peter LaBerge
Alexa Lecko
Carles Lopez
Nicole Lorinsky
Sarah Munger
Nicole Narea
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Tori Schaus
Kori Hays
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Honor Miles
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David Schurman
Alyssa Schwarz
Amber Smith
Anjanne Thomas
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Molly McGinnis
Madison Inouye
Idaho
Pascha Hokama
Tobin Huitt
Kiara Kobayashi
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Trevo Weigle

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Hannah Broderick
Caesar Caberto
Susset Emwalu
Kevin Fajardo
Nicholas Farrant
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Shannon Paanaia
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Kyanna Spain
Kristen Tanabe
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Molly McGinnis
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Porter Wilkes
Rosa Wolf

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Ransom Bergman
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Hannah Clemens
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Courtney Cook
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Also, a growing number of summer art and writing programs and summer pre-college programs offer full or partial scholarships to high-achieving, underserved students in grades 7-11 through the Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP). Funding for this program is provided through a generous grant from the Jack Kent Cooke Foundation.

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Pratt Institute Precollege Program
Reynolds Young Writers Workshop at Denison University
Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design Precollege
San Francisco Art Institute Precollege
School of the Art Institute of Chicago Precollege
School of the Museum of Fine Arts Precollege
School of Visual Arts Precollege
University of Iowa Young Writers’ Studio
Wellesley College Explorations
Writopia Lab
Regional Affiliates

The Alliance’s nationwide reach stems from our partnerships with 116 affiliates around the country. These schools and school districts, museums, writing and art programs, and community organizations bring the Awards to local communities and students. In addition to facilitating Awards offered at the national level, affiliates work closely with local funders and universities to provide regional scholarship opportunities for top winners. Our affiliates collectively celebrated over 60,000 students this year—with the Awards’ Gold Keys, Silver Keys, and Honorable Mentions—advancing top winners for national judging.

**NORTHEAST**

**Connecticut**
- Connecticut Art Region
- Connecticut Art Education Association
  Hartford Art School of the University of Hartford

**Delaware**
- Delaware Art Region
- Delaware State University
- Delaware Writing Region
- National League of American Pen Women, Diamond State Branch
- Delaware Division of the Arts

**District of Columbia**
- District of Columbia
  - Metro Writing Region
  - Writopia Lab
  - Busboys and Poets; DC Area Writing Project

**Maine**
- Maine Writing Region
- Southern Maine Writing Project at the University of Southern Maine
  - The Betterment Fund

**Massachusetts**
- Massachusetts Art Region
- New England Art Education Conference / The Boston Globe
  - Massachusetts Writing Region
  - New England Art Education Conference / The Boston Globe

**New Hampshire**
- New Hampshire Art Region
- New Hampshire Art Educators’ Association
- New Hampshire Writing Region
- National Writing Project in New Hampshire

**New Jersey**
- Northeast New Jersey Art Region
  - Montclair Art Museum

**New York**
- Central New York Art Region
  - Central New York Art Council
  - M&T Charitable Foundation
- Hudson Valley Art Region
  - Hudson Valley Art Awards
  - Sullivan County BOCES; Dutchess BOCES; Ulster BOCES; Middletown School District; Orange County Arts Council
- New York City Art Region
  - Casita Maria Center for Arts and Education
  - New York City Writing Region
  - Casita Maria Center for Arts and Education
  - Writopia Lab

**Pennsylvania**
- East Central Pennsylvania Art Region
- East Central Pennsylvania Scholastic Art Awards
  - Air Products and Chemicals Inc.; Allentown Art Museum; Dan’s Camera City; Ms. Linny Fowler; Northampton Community College; PPL; Dr. Christine Oaklander; Dr. Vincenzo Ranzino; The Banana Factory; Baum School of Art; The New Arts Program
- Lancaster County Art Region
- Lancaster Museum of Art
- Lancaster County Writing Region
- Lancaster Public Library
- Northeastern Pennsylvania Art Region
  - The Times-Tribune
  - Marywood University

**Philadelphia**
- Philadelphia Writing Region
  - Philadelphia Writing Project
  - University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Education; University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology; Campus Copy Center
- Pittsburgh Art Region
- La Roche College and North Allegheny School District
- Pittsburgh Writing Region
- Western Pennsylvania Writing Project, University of Pittsburgh
- South Central Pennsylvania Art Region
- Commonwealth Connections Academy
- South Central Pennsylvania Writing Region
- Commonwealth Connections Academy
- Southwestern Pennsylvania Art Region
- California University of Pennsylvania
  - CONSOL Energy; Observer-Reporter
- Southwestern Pennsylvania Writing Region
- California University of Pennsylvania
  - CONSOL Energy; Observer-Reporter

**Rhode Island**
- Rhode Island Art Region
- Rhode Island Art Education Association
- Salve Regina University

**Vermont**
- Vermont Art Region
- Brattleboro Museum & Art Center
  - Amy E. Tarrant Foundation; New Chapter
- Vermont Writing Region
- Brattleboro Museum & Art Center
  - Amy E. Tarrant Foundation; New Chapter
Regional Affiliate Organization Types 2011–2012

The regional affiliate network of the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers presents the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards in communities across the country.

- Community-Based Organizations
- Colleges and Universities
- School Districts and Departments of Education
- Museums
- National Writing Project State Sites
- National Art Education Association State Chapters
- Regional Consortia
- Newspapers and Libraries

MIDWEST

**Illinois**
Chicago Area Writing Project
Mid-Central Illinois Art Region
Mid-Central Illinois Region
Benedictine University Springfield; Springfield Area Arts Council; Illinois Arts Council; The Community Foundation for the Land of Lincoln
Southern Illinois Art Region
Cedarhurst Center for the Arts
(an activity of the John R. and Eleanor R. Mitchell Foundation)
Suburban Chicago Art Region
Downers Grove North and South High Schools

**Indiana**
Central / Southern Indiana Art Region
Clowes Memorial Hall of Butler University
Penrod Society
Central / Southern Indiana Writing Region
Clowes Memorial Hall of Butler University and Hoosier Writing Project at IUPUI
Penrod Society
Northeast Indiana and Northwest Ohio Writing Region
Fort Wayne Museum of Art
Fort Wayne Art League; News-Sentinel; Northeast Indiana Public Radio

**Kansas**
Eastern Kansas Art Region
Wichita Center for the Arts
Elizabeth B. Koch and the K.T. Wiedemann Foundation

**Western Kansas Art Region**
Western Kansas Scholastic Art Awards

**Michigan**
Macomb, St. Clair, and Lapeer Art Region
Macomb Community College and College for Creative Studies
West Central Michigan Art Region
Kendall College of Art and Design of Ferris State University
Southern Michigan Art Region
College for Creative Studies

**Minnesota**
Minnesota Art Region
Minneapolis College of Art and Design

**Missouri**
Missouri Writing Region
Prairie Lands Writing Project at Missouri Western State University
Missouri Writing Projects Network; Missouri Association of Teachers of English

**Nebraska**
Nebraska Art Region
Omaha Public Schools Art Department

**Ohio**
Central Ohio Art Region
Columbus College of Art & Design

**Wisconsin**
Milwaukee Writing Region
Still Waters Collective
M Magazine

**Regional Affiliate Organization Types 2011–2012**

- Community-Based Organizations
- Colleges and Universities
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**Lorain County Art Region**
Lorain County Regional Scholastic Arts Committee
Nordson Corporation Foundation; The Stocker Foundation; Lorain County Community College Foundation
Northeast Central Ohio Art Region
Kent State University at Stark
Northeastern Ohio Art Region
Art Outreach Gallery at the Eastwood Mall and Akron Children’s Hospital
Northeast Ohio Writing Region
Northeast Ohio Writing Project at Kent State University

**Southeast Wisconsin Writing Region**
Southeast Wisconsin Scholastic Writing Region
Carthage College; Harborside Academy; Purple Peonies Antiques; Educators Credit Union; Robert and Shirley Viehweg

**Wisconsin Art Region**
Milwaukee Art Museum
Milwaukee Art Museum Docents; Marc & Karen Flesch Memorial Fund; James Heller in memory of Avis Heller; Ray and Sue Kehm; James and Carol Wiensch
“The Oregon Art Education Association has had the privilege of being the affiliate for Oregon for eight years now. Our state membership has grown in the last five years in part because of our involvement in the Scholastic Art Awards. The Oregon Scholastic program puts a face on what we do and shows the public that arts in the schools are alive and well. The regional Scholastic program gives our students the opportunity to compete at the national level and raises the bar for each of our individual programs.”

Shannon McBride, Portland Metro Area Art Region
Keeping the bond between colleges that foster dreams and possibilities and the community is important for student growth, teacher growth and the college’s growth.”

Amy Armand, College for Creative Studies, Detroit, MI, Southeastern Michigan Art Region
Donors

Support from Alliance donors is particularly important to the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. Through the special generosity of Scholastic Inc., which underwrites our operating costs, gifts can be applied directly toward increasing the availability of scholarships and expanding the national reach of the Awards. Your support, and that of our friends listed here, is vital to our future. To make your tax-deductible donation to support the creative futures of young artists and writers, visit www.artandwriting.org/support.

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- New York Life Foundation

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- Kramer Levin Naftalis & Frankel LLP
- New York Life Foundation

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- Institute of Museum and Library Services
- National Endowment for the Arts
- Ovation

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- Laurie L. Nash
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- Cleveland Institute of Art
- Jill Conner
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www.artandwriting.org
In 1923, Maurice R. Robinson introduced the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards "...to insure to a wide group of future citizens, regardless of vocation, a sense of the power of independent thought and an appreciation of the beauty and wonder of existence."
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers presents the nation's most creative teens.

THE SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS

2012 NATIONAL CATALOG

THE ALLIANCE FOR YOUNG ARTISTS & WRITERS

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