Transference

POETRY

I want you to consider the energy:

rays of sunlight caught in chains
of cellulose, digested, woven
into muscle strands, calcified in
thin willowy bones and the
orbit of the eye,
all of it dissipated.

Consider the tiny vibration you felt
as you race onward,
leaving a vague
longitudinal
stain,
the last filament of solar fire
not yet removed from glassine eyes
whose silent judgment
follows you past three exits and the horizon.

Consider the energy.
And when you have returned home,
traverse your garden,
cram an acorn into the soil, to take root
and spin anew.

Poem by Nathan Cummings, Grade 12, Age 17, Mercer Island High School, Mercer Island, WA

Lost Time, Photograph by Steven Paul, Grade 12, Age 17, Edward R. Murrow High School, Brooklyn, NY
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For more than 90 years, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards have recognized the works of the nation’s most creative young artists and writers. Our mission is to honor the visionary talents of all students, and to provide them with opportunities through exhibitions, publications, and scholarships. Over the program’s history, millions of teenagers have participated in the Awards and have left an indelible mark on the country’s artistic and literary landscape.

We are thrilled by the ever-increasing participation of students nationwide, and continue to be mesmerized by the creative and thoughtful works submitted to the Awards. This year, we saw the greatest participation yet, with 255,000 original works juried by 112 regional affiliates.

From this pool of submissions, nearly 70,000 regional works received Awards and nearly 2,000 works were honored with National Medals. You’ll see many of these works featured here in the 2014 National Catalog and displayed in our National Exhibition at the Sheila C. Johnson Design Center at Parsons The New School for Design and at Pratt Institute’s Pratt Manhattan Gallery. The recipients of the 2014 Awards will join an incredible roster of alumni, which include luminaries like Richard Avedon, Kay WalkingStick, Sylvia Plath, Andy Warhol, John Baldessari, Joyce Carol Oates, Lena Dunham, Ken Burns, Stephen King, Frances Farmer, Truman Capote, and many more.

In the past five years alone, students have submitted more than one million original works of art and writing, and more than $40 million has been made available in scholarships and awards to National Medalists through a network of partnering colleges, art schools, and universities. While many students go on to pursue degrees and careers that focus on their art and writing, others carry their creative process into many different fields of work, whether science or law, technology or advertising.

We are enormously proud of what the Awards have accomplished since their founding in 1923. It’s through Maurice R. Robinson’s vision and the commitment of our affiliates, partners, staff, and supporters that the Awards have served as the longest-running and most prestigious recognition program of its kind.

We’re delighted to celebrate another successful year with you and we look forward to what’s ahead.

Dwight Lee Virginia McEnerney
Chairman of the Board Executive Director
ABOUT THE SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS

For more than 90 years, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards have recognized the exceptional vision of our nation’s youth. Started in 1923 by Scholastic founder Maurice R. Robinson, the Awards have grown to become the nation’s highest honor and largest source of scholarships for creative teens. All students in grades 7 through 12, whether in public, private, or home schools, are encouraged to apply.

Through a nationwide network of more than 100 partnering organizations, the 2014 Awards received 255,000 submissions spanning 28 categories of art and writing. Students are encouraged by their educators, both in schools and through out-of-school programs, to submit their original work. This year’s National Medalists, whose works are sampled in this catalog, join an impressive legacy of notable Scholastic Awards recipients, including Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, Richard Avedon, Stephen King, Lena Dunham, and Zac Posen.

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, a nonprofit organization, was created in 1994 to help streamline the participation process and to raise funds to provide additional support for students. The Alliance is funded through the generosity of Scholastic Inc., as well as the contributions of numerous individuals, foundations, corporations, and program partners, all of whom come together to encourage and recognize our nation’s most creative and visionary young people.

As we celebrate the 2014 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards National Medalists, we also celebrate the students across the country who had the personal courage to submit their work to the Awards.

Recognition
Year after year, students and educators tell the Alliance that the most important aspect of its program is the recognition. To be identified as uniquely creative, original, and talented is an experience that changes lives, broadens ideas about the future, bolsters confidence, and provides an incredible sense of accomplishment. Through the 2014 Awards, the Alliance and our regional partners (see pages 137–139) provided recognition at the regional and national levels to more than 70,000 teens. In their local communities, students were recognized for their artistic and literary achievements with our emblematic Gold Key and Silver Key awards, and Honorable Mention certificates. Of these top regional winners, more than 17,000 went on for consideration at the national level. More than 2,000 students received National Medals and were celebrated onstage during the annual National Ceremony at Carnegie Hall in New York City, while at the same time the iconic Empire State Building was lit in gold.

For the second year, in communities across the country, thousands of fellow students, families, friends, and affiliates celebrated along with those at Carnegie Hall by tuning into our National Ceremony webcast.

Exhibition
The Alliance provides unique opportunities for Scholastic Art & Writing Awards recipients to share their work with the public, giving national audiences a chance to enjoy their remarkable creativity and talent. More than 1,000 works of art and writing by National Medalists were shown in the Art Write Now 2014 National Exhibition at the Sheila C. Johnson Design Center at Parsons The New School for Design and Pratt Institute’s Pratt Manhattan Gallery. Throughout the year, selections of work will travel with the Art Write Now Tour, or spend a full year at the U.S. Department of Education and at the President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities. Our Art Write Now Tour will showcase 2014 Award-winning work, with stops in Providence, RI; Salt Lake City, UT; and Livingston Manor, NY.

Publication
The Alliance annually features works by National Medalists of both art and writing in this National Catalog. Additionally, we publish a collection of exemplary written works in The Best Teen Writing. These publications are distributed free of charge to schools, students, educators, museums, libraries, and arts organizations across the country. In addition to our annual publications, the Alliance also produces a chapbook that features the top work from the five National Student Poets.

Scholarships
The Alliance distributes nearly a quarter of a million dollars in direct scholarships annually to National Medalists. High school seniors also leverage their success in the Awards with a network of 60 esteemed universities, colleges, and art schools, which collectively earmark more than $8 million in financial aid for top Regional and National Medal recipients.

Additionally, the Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP) Awards recognizes students who have earned Gold Keys, and are enrolled in 7th–11th grade, and have financial need. The ASAP Awards places these students in art and writing summer programs around the nation, with top-tier instruction in both day and boarding settings.

National Student Poets Program
In late 2011, the President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities and the Institute for Museum and Library Services partnered with the Alliance to create the National Student Poets Program (NSPP), 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.

Chosen from the National Medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, National 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, D.C., in cooperation with the Library of Congress. Additionally, they receive direct scholarships annually to National Medalists.

The Alliance also produces a chapbook that features the top work from the five National Student Poets.
2014 NATIONAL JURORS

More than 140 professionals in the visual and literary arts selected nearly 2,000 National Medalists from a field of nearly 17,000 regional Gold Key recipients. Every work is blindly adjudicated, without knowledge of the students’ names, backgrounds, or geographic locations. Some notable jurors included Edwidge Danticat, Andres Serrano, and Alison Elizabeth Taylor, among many more. Judging is guided by three core principals—originality, technical skill, and emergence of a personal vision or voice.

Jurors give their time, expertise, and enthusiasm, helping to ensure the long-held vision or voice.

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NOTABLE ALUMNI

This year's winners join a family of notable Scholastic Art & Writing Awards alumni—all of whom received the Awards' special recognition as teens. Many Award recipients will pursue degrees and careers that focus on their art and writing, but countless others will become inventors, innovators, scientists, business professionals, and entrepreneurs. Regardless of their intended paths, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards will leave an indelible mark.

Programs

The Scholastic Awards also provide additional program opportunities, including scholarships for high-achieving, low-income Award recipients in grades 7–11, the Art.Write.Now.Tour, and Alumni residencies.

Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP)
The Alliance Summer Arts Program (ASAP) provides scholarships to high-achieving, low-income students in grades 7–11 to attend intensive summer art and writing programs with college-prep level instruction by creative professionals.

Art.Write.Now.Tour
In 2010 the Art.Write.Now.Tour was launched to provide audiences across the country with the opportunity to view a selection of original National Medalist work.

We were honored to have Nora Halpren, Awards juror and Vice President of Leadership Alliances at Americans for the Arts, curate the Art.Write.Now.Tour.2013.

Pop-Up Residency!
To celebrate the launch of the 2014 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards and to showcase the creative process, the week-long residency featured alumnus artist Timothy H. Lee, who created work in the main display window of Scholastic Inc.’s flagship store in SoHo.

Frances Farmer, 1931
Actress
Bernard Malamud, 1932
Author
Robert McCloskey, 1932
Author and Illustrator
Ezra Jack Keats, 1934
Writer and Illustrator
Jacob Landau, 1934–35
Printmaker and Painter
Harry Bertoia, 1934–36
Sculptor and Furniture Designer
Truman Capote, 1936
Author
Maureen Daly, 1937–38
Author
Richard Avedon, 1941
Fashion Photographer
Philip Pearlstein, 1941–42
Contemporary Realist Painter
Mozzelle Thompson, 1944
Artist
Andy Warhol, ca. 1945
Pop Artist
Robert Indiana, 1946
Pop Artist
Sylvia Plath, 1947
Poet and Novelist
Edward Sorel, 1947
Illustrator and Political Cartoonist
John Baldessari, 1948
Conceptual Artist
Cy Twombly, 1948
Artist
John Updike, 1948
Novelist, Poet, and Writer
Kay WalkingStick, 1948
Painter and Educator
Donald Barthelme, 1949
Author
Alan Arkie, 1951
Actor, Director, and Musician
Stan Brakhage, 1951
Experimental Filmmaker
Red Grooms, 1952
Multimedia Artist
Robert Redford, 1954
Actor, Activist, Producer, and Director
Peter S. Beagle, 1955
Fantasy Writer
Joyce Carol Oates, 1956
Author
Luis Jiménez, 1957–58
Sculptor
Mel Bochner, 1958
Conceptual Artist
Arnold Hurley, 1962–64
Painter
John Lithgow, 1963
Actor, Musician, and Author
Stephen King, 1965
Author
Donald Lipski, 1965
Sculptor
Joyce Maynard, 1966–71
Author
Carolyn Forché, 1967
Poet and Human Rights Advocate
Tom Lichtenheld, 1967
Author and Illustrator
Gary Panter, 1968
Illustrator, Painter, and Designer
Tom Otterness, 1970
Sculptor
David Salle, 1970
Painter
Ken Burns, 1971
Documentary Filmmaker and Producer
Michael Bierut, 1974
Graphic Designer
Thane Rosenbaum, 1976
Professor, Novelist, and Activist
Rodney Alan Greenblat, 1977
Graphic Artist
Richard Linklater, 1978
Screenwriter and Film Director
John Curran, 1979
Painter
Audrey Niffenegger, 1981
Author and Illustrator
Eric Horsted, 1983
Television Writer
Myla Goldberg, 1989
Novelist and Musician
Paul Chan, 1992
Artist and Political Activist
Ned Vizzini, 1996
Author
Lucianne Walkowicz, 1996
Astronomer
Zac Posen, 1999
Fashion Designer
Lena Dunham, 1999
Filmmaker and Actress
Erik Madigan Heck, 2001
Photographer
Jaida Jones, 2004
Fantasy Writer
Abdi Farah, 2005
Sculptor
Winston Chmielinski, 2006
Artist

2014 EDUCATOR AWARDS
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers would like to thank the educators who provided support, guidance, and encouragement to the National Medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards of 2014.

GOLD MEDAL PORTFOLIO EDUCATORS
Scott Armetta
Alexander W. Dreyfoos School
West Palm Beach, FL
Todd Bartel
The Cambridge School of Weston
Weston, MA
Judith Bello
Thomas Jefferson High School of Science and Technology
Richmond, VA
Marsha Christo
Alexander W. Dreyfoos School
West Palm Beach, FL
Christine Conklin
Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology
Alexandria, VA
Tamara Conrad
Northwest School of the Arts
Charlotte, NC
Joseph Cypressi
George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology
Towson, MD
Stephanie Dore
Hawth School
New York, NY
Genevieve Dowdy
Henrico High School
Richmond, VA

SILVER MEDAL WITH DISTINCTION EDUCATORS
Alana Alford
Dupont Manual High School
Louisville, KY
Sarah Blackman
Fine Arts Center
Greenville, SC
Kristin Breiseth
The Waring School
Beverly, MA
Katherine Brick
Lake Oswego High School
Lake Oswego, OR
Sarah Clayville
Carlisle High School
Carlisle, PA
Martin Draxler
The American School
in London
Liz Flaisig
University School of Nashville
Nashville, TN
Ashley Carlock
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
Melinda Zacher-Ronayne
Interlochen Arts Academy
Interlochen, MI

MICHAEL GUYER
Deep Run High School
Glen Allen, VA
MYGNET HARRIS
Albert Einstein High School
Kensington, MD
MARIA HILLIS
Saint Ann’s School
New York, NY
WILLIAM JONES
Towson High Law & Public Policy
Towson, MD
KELLY KNAAR
Winson Churchill High School
Potomac, MD
KATHRYN LEE
Brimmer and May School
Chesterfield, VA
SCOTT KINLEY
Coral Reef Senior High School
Miami, FL
JESSICA PAC-BERKLEY
Blacksburg High School
Blacksburg, VA
VICKI PARET
The Waring School
Beverly, MA
BARBARA GLENN
Saint Ann’s School
Ruston, LA
SCOTT GOULD
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
SCOTT GUTHRIE
Westview High School
Portland, OR

MARTIN SKOBLE
The Independent School
Wichita, KS
DANIEL CALZARETTA
Pioneer Middle School
Walla Walla, WA
ADAM CASDIN
Horace Mann School
New York, NY
WILLIAM CAUTHERN
McCallum High School
Austin, TX
INNA DONNELLEY
The Dalton School
New York, NY
DANIEL ELLE
Home School
Oakland, MI
FREDRICK GLUCKSMAN
Livingston High School
Livingston, NJ
SCOTT GOULD
South Carolina Governor’s School for the Arts and Humanities
Greenville, SC
ANDY YUTZY
Wheat Ridge High School
Wheat Ridge, CO
JESSICA PACE-BERKLEY
Blacksburg High School
Blacksburg, VA
BEST-IN-GRADE EDUCATORS
ANNE ALEXANDER
Rye Country Day School
Rye, NY
DAWN ANDERSON
Las Vegas Academy
Las Vegas, NV
MYSTYAN BARNES
Monarch High School
Louisville, CO
JESSICA BELCH
Wauwatosa West High School
Wauwatosa, WI
MARIANNE BURCH
The Independent School
Wichita, KS
SELENA MARRIS
Wauwatosa West High School
Wauwatosa, WI
KARLEEN MATNER
Yellow Springs/Mckinney High School
Yellow Springs, OH
TAMARA MCKENNA
Rye Country Day School
Rye, NY
NICHOLAS MORGAN
Etobicoke School of the Arts
Toronto, Canada
SUSIE MORTENSEN
Lake Side School Middle School
Seattle, WA
MARY CATHERINE NEWMAN
Richland/Notre Dame High School
Columbia, SC
CLARISSA NGO
Magic Pen Kids
Santa Ana, CA
WON PARK
Winn Park Art Studio
Johns Creek, GA
IRIS RINKLE-HAMMER
Alabama School of Fine Arts
Birmingham, AL
SHAI SHRAEM
Germantown High School
Madison, MS
SUSAN SILVA
Oakton High School
Vienna, VA
Graduating seniors are invited to strive for top honors as Portfolio Gold and Silver Medalists in art or writing categories. Sixteen students receive the highest honor from the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, Portfolio Gold, which comes with a $10,000 scholarship. Thirty students receive a $1,000 Award as Portfolio Silver Medalists with Distinction. Partnering colleges, universities, and art schools earmark more than $8 million in scholarships and financial aid for our senior Award recipients nationwide.

Visit www.artandwriting.org/scholarshippartners for a complete list of scholarship partners.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read all the work as it was submitted.

SHANNON DANIELS, New York, NY
Grade 12, Aga 17, Stuyvesant High School, New York, NY.
Whitney Jacoby, Educator; Casita Maria Center for Arts & Education, Affiliate; The New York Times Writing Portfolio

Carving
POETRY

What my mother only told me once
In college she saved up for a Mustang,
took classes with names that rolled off her tongue,
downed Coca-Cola and sliders,
met a boy,
met this boy’s mother,
sucked in her lips when she heard this woman say
from the side of her wine glass
“How do you raise someone with two cultures?”
My mother told her, voice clinching, that marriage wasn’t even in the question,
looked to the boy,
and he didn’t look back.

What my mother carries
When she orders food,
they don’t understand her.
She exercises her parents’ language like a bad leg.
We go to a Hester Street that unfurls high rises and parking lots and fast food.
But sometimes,
only when they are in season
only when there is nothing else ripe in the store
and, really, you don’t even like these—
she sits at the kitchen table, turns off Idol
and carves the golden fruit.
She takes a bite, the juices like veins down her arm
and whispers to herself,
the story that really needs to be told.
Mei.
Mei.
Mei.

To read Shannon’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
BRANDON BROOKS, Charlotte, NC

Grade 12; Age 18, Northwest School of the Arts, Charlotte, NC.

Tamara Conrad, Educator; Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools, Affiliate;
Maurice R. Robinson Fund Art Portfolio

[This page, clockwise from top right] Truth, Ending, Elevated Place, Hidden; (facing page, top to bottom) Growing Basics, Down, Design
The Ghosts of Fish

Since moving to Monterey, he has become afflicted with the voices of the ghosts of fish.

He went to the beach on his first day and heard the song of the choir aquatic: like a thousand birds, trapped in a glass bowl, recorded and played backwards.

Seafood is a problem.

His girlfriend pan-fried a red snapper for their first meal in the new apartment.

Each bite screamed at him until he did the humane thing, sent their dinner to its proper rest by way of dumpster.

He lives alone now, shut in his apartment, six miles from water, trying to drown the whispers:
six goldfish, claimed by a tank fungus,
swallowed in the roaring maw
of the toilet in apartment 7E;
as a slab of lox next door that keeps
cwordless things about cream cheese and capers.

He has considered moving inland, but that would interfere with his plans, long gestated, to infiltrate and bomb the local SeaWorld.

He will linger a while longer.

You can visit him if you like, hear him speak on the linguistic quirks of the North Sea Cod dialect that he heard in a supermarket:
trembling gasp from under layers of ice, its words like a lover's secret.

To read Nathan's entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

Westward Leading, Still Proceeding

Nate spent most of his time—when he wasn’t working—out behind the potting shed with a bunch of cigarettes. He would practice talking with one hanging out of the corner of his mouth, trying out pickup lines on the bushes. He complained a lot about not having any friends in our town, because apparently all the guys here his age were dicks.

Dad would tell him to spend time with his little brother, then, and he would sneer and say Lin-da had made it pretty clear that she didn’t want him around her precious baby darling. He always called my Mom that, Lin-da, using her name like an insult. But what he said was true. Mom hated it when Nate came to stay with us. She pretended to be nice to his face, cooked his favorite meals, asked him about what sports he played and if he had a “special friend,” but she always told me privately not to go anywhere alone with him, and if he ever tried to get me to do something I didn’t want to, to run and find her. But he never wanted to go anywhere or do anything with me, anyway, so that wasn’t exactly a problem.

I went to his hangout, but instead of standing off in the trees and watching him like I usually did, I walked straight up to where Nate was lolling against the back of the shed, smoking. He blinked at me, looking down at his cigarette, looking totally uninterested. His pack of cigarettes was tucked on the edge of the grimy windowsill.

I picked the pack up. “Teach me how,” I demanded.

“To smoke?”

“Yeah.” I tugged one out from where it was snug in the row and tried holding it between two fingers, like I’d seen him and the tough guys in movies do. It wasn’t hard. The cigarette’s surface was smoother than I thought. With the way my teachers and Mom talked, I half expected it to burn my skin like acid, and to have to struggle to keep my grip on it.

Nate’s face twisted in a smirk. “Why should I?”

“Because you’re my big brother. At least half. That means you have to teach me stuff.”

“Says who?”

“I don’t know. Everyone. I saw it on TV, and at school.”

To read Emma’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
LISA SU, Timonium, MD

Grade 12, Age 17, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology, Towson, MD. Joseph Cypressi, Educator; Northeast Art Region at Large, Affiliate; Scholastic Art Magazine Art Portfolio

(facing page, left to right) Pulse, Hive; (this page, clockwise from top) Flourish (detail), Flourish, Kaleidoscope, Dewpoint, Sculpture
PATRICK ZAPIEN, Houston, TX

Grade 12, Age 18, High School for the Performing and Visual Arts, Houston, TX.

Eileen Montgomery, Educator; Harris County Department of Education, Affiliate; Alliance for Young Artists & Writers Board of Directors Art Portfolio

And Again Again Again (detail), And Again Again Again (detail), Mixed Media, Alt Space In Gallery, Sculpture; (facing page, clockwise from top) When The Museum Falls My House Will Still Be Standing, Sculpture, And Again Again Again (two details), Society of the Spectacle Bootleg, Mixed Media.
Home on the Range

I was the one who tied Suzy Winthrop to a post with the garden hose at the Cowboys’ home base in the forest clearing, but I only did it because Amanda Bishop told me to. The Cowboys—seventh, eighth, and a few ninth graders who didn’t want to give up seniority yet—had already caught all the other fifth and sixth graders, all dressed in beaded necklaces and craft-store feathers, and kept them in a scared line over near the old iron ore-processing factory that was falling away to bricks and wood and metal against the cold November gray sky that was a little bit soft. The Cowboys paced up and down the line of Indians, shoving them here and there and scowling like they’d seen Cowboys do in movies. We were two miles from the nearest grown-up.

“Assimilate!” Amanda said.

Suzy shook her head and her braided pigtail hit her eyes. Amanda pulled off Suzy’s feather headband. Suzy had made it before we started when all the other Indians were making their costumes in Lonnie Maynard’s basement. It was a lovingly made headband, but Suzy had made it before she understood that this game of Cowboys and Indians was historically accurate. She hadn’t known that she could never win, that she would lose, again and again, to our true God and our fake plastic repeating rifles. All she could’ve done was run and run and run until she was old enough to be a Cowboy, but instead she tripped on a root and fell headlong at our feet.

Amanda stepped on the headband and backhanded Suzy’s mouth. I could tell it wasn’t what Suzy had been expecting, but she’d moved here from some gentle town with a gentle school so she was smart enough to be in the sixth grade here when she should’ve been in the fifth, and today she was the last Indian left. Amanda wasn’t that good at hitting, not by my and Tommy’s standard, but Suzy hadn’t lived in this town that long, so she wasn’t good at getting hit yet, and so her tears fell onto the quiet brown needles at her feet. The lines and triangles she’d drawn on her cheeks with a black marker trickled together into soft curves. Amanda took off her dress-up cowboy hat and spat in Suzy’s face. Suzy looked at us, appalled and offended like she wanted to protest our supposed cruelty or find a sympathizer among us, but Amanda cut her off.

The Balancing Act

“Do you want us to teach you how to use them?” He pointed to the instruments of my destruction, the chopsticks resting innocently against the broad-brimmed dessert platter. Presented with this question now, “yes” seems like the obvious reply. At the time, I hesitated before answering. During childhood meals, I vacillated regularly between using chopsticks and a fork. The former promised dexterity and grace, the type of swanlike agility detailed by Amy Tan and wielded by Mulan. But in the end, the precision demanded by chopsticks proved too frustrating for me, and so the pair’s pronged American counterpart, commanding in ease and in gleam, won my young heart.

Nobody judged me for choosing between utensils. In fact, at annual New Year’s Eve dinners with my dad’s Chinese family, my grandma has more than once slid me a fork after watching oysters come back to life between my trembling chopsticks. My nebulous “Whasian” (half white, half Asian) status served as a ready-made excuse for my fumbling. So before my host father broached the subject, I lived for years believing my silverware scrimmages lay in the past. While I cannot claim to know what force compelled me to nod in response to his offer, I do attribute my semi-mastery of chopsticks to his advice that followed.

“Relax your hand. The rest will come with practice.”

My fingers slackened. I exhaled, relieved.

As a child, I let the fork triumph at chopsticks’ expense. I reasoned seeking refuge in my mom’s American influence would lead to a cleaner daily existence—fewer inquiries about the contents of my lunch box if I toted a ham and swiss sandwich instead of sweet pork buns; fewer raised eyebrows when I told stories if I dubbed my grandma “Nana” instead of “Ngin Ngin.” But as my grip loosened, I began to see that where I had staged a duel, there was no need for a dichotomy in the first place. My hands needed a lesson in pliability, but so did my mind.

To read Jack’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

To read Haley’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
Luis Zepeda, Lake Worth, FL

Grade 12, Age 18, Alexander W. Dreyfoos School, West Palm Beach, FL.

Scott Armetta, Marsha Christo, and Jenny Gifford, Educators;
Educational Gallery Group [Egg], Affiliate;
Jacques and Natasha Gelman Trust Painting Portfolio

Diptych (facing page, clockwise from top) Hedges, Polo Socks, Contour Painting
MADISON BROWNSON, Napoleon, OH

Grade 12, Age 17, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, MI

Amy Long and Melinda Zacher-Ronayne, Educators; Kendall College of Art and Design of Ferris State University, Affiliate; 3D Systems Art Portfolio

[This page, clockwise from top left] Dermis, Memoir, Ventricular Pink, Colorectal Comfort

[Facing page, clockwise from top left] CABG (three details), Renal, Rebirth, Sculpture
KASEM KYDD, Weston, MA
Grade 12, Age 17, The Cambridge School of Weston, Weston, MA.
Todd Bartel and Tom Evans, Educators; School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Affiliate; Scholastic Inc. Art Portfolio

[This page, clockwise from right] Self Portrait 3, Self Portrait 1, Self Portrait 4, Self Portrait 2, Drawing.
(Facing page, clockwise from top left) Self Portrait 8, Self Portrait 5, Self Portrait 6, Sculpture.

www.artandwriting.org
When I Think About Running

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

I think about the spring of my sophomore year, when I ran long distance track and didn’t like the way the air got caught in my lungs and made them ache, or how the early spring heat made my body feel heavier than it was, or the rhythm my feet made against the sidewalk, that left-right-left-right sound. Four weeks into conditioning, I fractured my shin and couldn’t run for the rest of the season. On the x-rays, the fracture looked like a piece of thread had wriggled its way into the white shadow of my bone. Although it hurt me like hell, I knew it hurt my father more. He’d forced me to run track in the first place. He required all his children to do a high school sport. Any time my sisters or I would try to protest, he’d say, “If you don’t like it, you can find another roof to live under.”

Two Sundays ago, my father was stopped by a silver-haired woman in an ’80s workout suit. She carried two pound weights in her small, veiny hands and, before stopping him, power walked around the lake. She put her hand on his shoulder and said, “I promise, they’ll get it when they’re older.” But I choose not to think about finally getting it. I choose not to think about becoming older either. The scene plays out in my head like this: it’s the far future, and I have my own kids, my own roof. I’ll be out grocery shopping or filing my taxes, doing something that adults do, when suddenly, everything will click. I’ll finally get it.”
I’ll have to run out immediately and buy my children Nikes and sweatbands and the cycle will start again. I’ll teach them old rhythm, the sound of feet rapping against the earth, as if to gain flight—left-right-left-right.

To read Jackson’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.

Lessons During Monsoon Season

POETRY

You learn a lot about drowning that way—about letting your pupils cloud over like film. Dogs swim next to cars with headlights like goldfish.
You can learn a lot about love—it’s quiet like that. It spits, then swallows. It rained for forty thousand years straight to create the oceans, didn’t you know that?

Housing Market

POETRY

In Gurgaon, wishbone beggars are building shacks. Tin can roofs gleam like limestone, peppered with the flimsy intestines of chip bags, of broken bottles of Limca, still sticky. The wishbone beggars eyes: bright as starving dogs, two yellowed green-olives, oiled, dripping.
In Flint, a policeman’s car slips through an intersection like ice. His breath, clouds of powdered sugar against a dark uniform, a black car. By the time the officer finds the girl, the concrete has done its work. Her veins, tomato pink and 16, fan out on the concrete like a spiderweb, each a trail leading to somewhere else. Neither knows how to name love, how to hold it like a daughter, like a promise to be better. How to make a compass out of a sunburn and the lips of shattered bottles, how to hold a snowflake without melting it, like a child, like the quiet covering of sugar, of night.

To read Hanel’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
TYRA ABRAHAM, New York, NY

Grade 12, Age 17, Hewitt School, New York, NY: Stephanie Dore, Educator, Casita Maria Center for Arts & Education, Affiliate; Lucy Evankow Photography Portfolio

[this page, clockwise from top] A Helping Hand, A Walk, Lead Me; (facing page, clockwise from top-right) Her Gaze, Drops of Life, A Steady Hand, Contrast, Photography
ELLIE BRAUN, Richmond, VA
Grade 12, Age 17, Henrico High School, Richmond, VA. Genevieve Dowdy and Mary Scurlock, Educators; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Affiliate; Blick Art Materials & Utrecht Art Supplies Art Portfolio
The Yarmulke Kid

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

“The Jews,” said my seventh grade history teacher, Mr. Doyle, “did not kill Jesus.” As evidence, he presented the next slide in his PowerPoint, which depicted Roman soldiers poking the defenseless cross-bound Jesus with a spear as blood trickled down his belly. Kristine Polotkiwy, however, founder and president of the school’s Republican club, wasn’t buying it.

“Well,” she said, and her “well” was swollen with a thousand implications, “they sort of did.”

“No,” Mr. Doyle said. “The Romans killed Jesus.”

“The Jews didn’t stop it, though,” said Kristine. “And all the rabbis were like: ‘Kill him.’ The Jews threw stuff and pointed when he was carrying the cross.”

I imagined Kristine nailed to a cross, surrounded by rabbis, who, bedecked in black hats, stroked their beards and regarded her with narrowed eyes. I thought the image a striking one, but on principle, I stopped myself from doodling it in my open notebook.

In a 400-student middle school, I was the only kid who wore a yarmulke. I’d done so since the age of five, when I was surrounded by Chasidic Jews and it seemed not only natural but a social necessity. It was really bizarre to me to experience an environment in which that was not the norm. The notoriety it brought me actually eased the transition from my religious school to Amity Middle School—I didn’t have to worry about forging a new persona, because everyone already knew who I was.

Still, the move was jarring. In my old, tiny elementary school, Hebrew Day, the hallways had been lined with posters that taught manners through the contrived interactions of cartoon children (“I am sorry for dropping the books.” “Thank you for helping me with the books.”), onto whom teachers had Sharpied more modest clothing and little skullcaps for the boys. My new middle school’s hallways were lined with sterile lockers and the occasional “don’t do drugs” poster, which depicted a suspiciously diverse cast of regretful drug-users (“Marijuana destroyed my life. You can tell because I’m standing in a pool with all my clothes on”).

To read Jonathan’s entire portfolio, go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries.
I listen
to the trill of the golden plover and my mother’s voice
singing while she gently sips the herbs that will soon choke me into blackness

Outside, in the dusty marketplace
a cornucopia of bright shirts gather
there are men in the shirts, many
men whose front pockets bulge with secrets
dark eyes dulled by indifference

Who wants a village with no women?
Everyone agrees we need women to be wives
But no one wants daughters
And so we kill them
One million a year, fifty thousand a month . . .
They call it gendercide
A lifetime
To avoid a dowry,
lotus-scented corpses shrouded in the president’s silk robes
Her Grace the Rashtrapati will see you now
Salt

In the fall of her 55th year my mother
Began to overspice her cooking. I watched her
Night after night, face lit by the harsh glow
Of the stove bulb, sowing handfuls of salt into the pot
As if praying for something to grow. I wondered
If this was her midlife crisis: revenge
For taking from her since birth, sucking from her
Blood and brain and marrow until her soft hands
Crumpled into lines, stealing from her
The almond of her eyes, the maiden curve of her hip.
My mother ladles a spoonful of soup for me to taste.
The grains curdle bitter against my tongue
And I imagine the inside of my mouth shriveling
like the slugs
I poured salt on in the endless blue summer of sixth grade,
Their slippery treacle trails drying, the fat
Pink slick of their bodies contorting, distorting.
I had only wanted to help:
To show the slugs there was something beyond
The bland wax of a leaf.
Now my mother, her eyes question marks, the silver spoon
Balanced in her hand the way it has been for as long
As I can remember, asks: Is it good?
Of course I say Yes.

12 Months Written in Braille

I spent this year looking over my shoulder at the last.
I once read that doorknobs are the dirtiest thing in a home,
so I stopped turning them so I could close a door.
Now, there is a midwinter draft that courses through my veins
and in the arteries by my ears. It icily whistles
little fragments of arguments that date all the way back to March.
I never caught drift of their content,
but each word was its own beesting.

By the end of the month, I had been abandoned,
staring up at an empty hive with a thousand bees
at my feet; stingers all bent and broken.

I spent this year polishing sharp glass.
I fought countless bathroom battles with the
Medusa in the mirror,
and by July we’d fallen into a full-fledged war.
All it took was a few missteps and a miscalculated
stance into her eye,
and she turned my body turned to stone, grew
granite in my heart—
pink and gray crystals of love hardened,
and my blood immobilized.

I cried tears of melted rock and apologized with earthquakes,
drawing fault lines in my figure, cracking the surface,
crumbling, crumbling, crumbling.

Anything to move again.

In late August I sent a rapture that shook the sand
from Medusa’s ears
and we signed a truce in the mud made from my tears.
Later, she helped chisel away
the stone she had marred me with
and I asked about her childhood.

I spent this year learning the language of love.
Phosphorescence

The boy's clothes were torn, and he smelled like death. He was incredibly skinny, and he carried one bloated bag over his shoulder. He looked healthy, but tired. Fiona studied his eyes for any lingering madness, but he did appear to be free of any drugs—or at least any Phosphorescence. It was easy to tell. Even as the drug had been more cheaply manufactured it never failed to give the eyes of its recipients an unearthly sheen in the dark—where the drug had gotten its common name. “I’m sorry I woke you,” the boy said, already moving toward the couch. “My name’s Axel.”

“Fiona,” she said, still tense. A rabbit in the eyes of hawks. Each time the Patrol came by with old scraps and tired news, Fiona became more aware of how she looked: a tired woman skyrocketing into old age, darkening the peephole with her broken eyes and burned flesh. Always banishing her children to the back room, always blocking the view of the house from the door. Learning how to protect what little she had left with every ounce of bite she had left in her. “I don’t sleep much.”

Axel began to take off his shoes, which released an unearthly smell. “I don’t have any food to offer you,” Fiona said, coughing. “But I wonder if you’ll do me a favor.”

Empty Nest Syndrome

Summer of 2010


In early June, the bluebirds find the sycamore tree in our front yard. They start a nest made of pine straw and dried, brittle sourweed like filaments they plucked from fields by the highway. Their nest is woven tight by the occasional strand of hair my mother swept into bushes, after haircuts on the porch. My father sits on the brick steps, waiting for my brother Avery to get home.

My father is a complicated man. It has taken years for me to understand him, to interpret his moves, to recognize the signs of his uneasy calm and the way it waits for a catalyst inside him, like two gears caught on each other, trying to snatch themselves free. He is stocky, dark, displaying the one-quarter Cherokee in him rather than the three-quarters English. The craterous scars left over from teenage acne give his face the texture of a rough brick.

Summer of 2011

Egg Count: 4. Incubation Period: 14 days

They come back to the same sycamore, the way my dad said they would. When he sees them, he buys a bluebird house for them to live in, a customized box with drain holes in the bottom and an opening big enough for a bluebird but not for a house sparrow. The bluebirds come, because it’s nice to have someone take care of you.
The Survivor

SHORT STORY

Prologue: Central Kalimantan, Borneo

A thin yet seizing equatorial mist grasps hold of the emerald mass: the Borneo rain forest, a giant tucked between swirling seas. Through minute gaps in the canopy, pockets of radiance slip through, torches flickering in a lively dungeon. Amidst the howls, squeaks, and rustles of the forest, vibrant with life, a village shaman treads through the moist brush foraging for herbs, a weary but keen stare spread narrowly across his eyes. Lost on an unfamiliar route, he lets out a hoarse grunt of annoyance, as he struggles to gauge the direction. One misstep leads his balance to falter, and he stumbles over a protruding root, torso smacking the damp earth. Struggling to get back up, he raises his head and suddenly—dwindling vision, sunset sky, leech-infested marsh seem to disappear as he visualizes a bizarre sight, looming like a phantom before him.

The distinctive hull of a riverboat comes into view, with fading paint ghostly white, immobilized in the sluggish marsh. Why does it linger here, miles away from any river route? A deluge of overwhelming curiosity suppresses the shaman’s anxiety as he trots forth to get a better view. But what he witnesses next plunges his mind into insanity: a body brimming with the venom of sickness and infested with blood-filled blisters, a ravaged human being bordering death, lying conspicuously on the deck. The horror smashes the shaman, like a stake drilled into his core, and the most primeval of instincts sends him bursting through the jungle. . . .

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
How would she paint that mushroom?
She has no Little Boy
Her canvas stays blank,
Late Abiquiu afternoons
with a chosen few
To talk to on the patio,
on her nicely landscaped
bomb shelter.

Her brush; his switch
In death and loss,
where is Trinity the cross
Is it nothing?

After the grass grows gray
And Japan bakes black,
It’s all Ghost Ranch.

Ever the missile,
the last to see
When the dunes don white,
The temperate snowflakes
Scouring the winter wind
The endless embers
melting all touch.
Creativity & Citizenship Awards

For the past five years, the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers has collaborated with the National Constitution Center to present three $1,000 awards to student work covering a specific and timely social theme. Past themes for this award have included freedom of expression, social change, bullying, and voting.

Across the United States, opinions range about immigrants’ rights and reforms. This year, students were encouraged to use their creative voices through art or writing to express their views, opinions, and feelings on the topic of Immigration and Identity.

This unique award is generously supported by The Maurice R. Robinson Fund.

2014 Creativity & Citizenship Award Recipients
Sarah Hargraves, Elena Janney, Gillian Page

The Night Watchman

SHORT STORY

Some shifts, most shifts, he would walk to the painting, the small one half hidden behind an armless sculpture on the second hall on the first floor. A beautiful woman in a yellow dress arm in arm with a gray-suited man, two dark-haired children playing on the ground in front of a large wicker basket. The Picnic, read the tarnished engraving nailed crookedly into the frame. La Família to him. What drew him toward it? Something about their faces, maybe, an unguarded tenderness in those frozen expressions that took him by surprise. The colors, too—the pale pink guava of the lips, a hint of warm cantaloupe in the rubber ball the children tossed. Lime greens and pineapple yellows like the paletas grizzled street vendors used to hawk in the street outside their house. Something so real about it, the movement of it: the windswept curl of the flowering jacaranda branches and the slightly parted lips of the couple, turning slightly as if taken by surprise, interrupted in the middle of a laugh. He would talk to them, sometimes, just to keep the silence of the empty hallways from lodging in his throat. Lovely weather, isn’t it, Señora? I don’t know if anyone has ever told you this, but your son looks just like you.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
Duck Tape® Brand Award

Duck Tape® has always been known as a fix-all for DIY repairs, but with the addition of colors and prints this once utilitarian tool has quickly become a craft medium that is both unique and accessible. Sponsored by Duck Tape®, this award encourages new forms of creativity, individuality, and personal expression. One award of $500 is presented to a student who expresses artistic skills using Duck Tape® in his or her creation.

2014 Duck Tape® Brand Award Recipient: Laurel Taylor

LAUREL TAYLOR, Ford Town, USA 1960. Mixed Media. Grade 11, Age 17, Sycamore High School, Cincinnati, OH. Kat Rakel-Ferguson, Educator; Art Machine, Inc., Affiliate; Silver Medal and Duck Tape Brand® Award

Gedenk Award for Tolerance

The Jewish Holocaust began with commonplace acts—simple turns of intolerance, prejudice, and bigotry between neighbors. Over time, these unchecked actions became something large, and immensely more destructive, eventually resulting in the systematic murder of 6 million Jews across Europe.

This new award, sponsored by The Gedenk Movement, asks students to create original works of art or writing that reflect upon the lessons learned from the Holocaust and other genocides, and attempts to raise awareness of the importance of increasing tolerance to safeguard a peaceful society. For its first year, this award received over 2,500 submissions, and prizes of $1,000 each were presented to students whose work best exemplified its mission.

2014 Gedenk Award for Tolerance with Honors Recipient: Laura Fennessy

2014 Gedenk Award for Tolerance Recipients: Ross Cardillo, Alissa Damato, Lily Gordon, Elodie Nix

LAURA FENNESSY, 1942. Sculpture. Grade 10, Age 16, Auburn High School, Auburn, NY. Michael Villano, Educator; CNY Art Council, Inc., Affiliate; Gedenk Award for Tolerance with Honors

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
Future New Awards

What is the future of creativity and innovation? This special challenge, sponsored by 3D Systems, asks students to submit boundary-breaking creations that are conceptually or socially driven, and incorporate cutting-edge technologies and techniques. Students produced a variety of creations that defied the boundaries of the Awards’ current categories, including 3D design, robotics, and performance art.

3D Systems Award

Those students who created 3D designs as Future New submissions were adjudicated separately and 3D Systems disbursed three $1,000 awards to exemplary work.

Innovation and originality have always been at the heart of the Awards, and as we grow, the definition of creativity continues to evolve along with us.


2014 3D Systems Award Recipients: TJ Gascho, Elbert Han, Eric Voorhis

RAVI SHAH, Timeline. General, Grade 12, Age 18, Park Tudor School, Indianapolis, IN. Heather Test, Educator; Clowes Memorial Hall, Butler University, Affiliate; Silver Medal

Sanie Irsaeva, Cotton. Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, Etobicoke School of the Arts, Toronto, Canada. Matthew Varey, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

Julien Brenneck, Cubes. General, Grade 12, Age 18, Northampton High School, Northampton, MA. Lisa Leary, Educator; School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Affiliate; Gold Medal
Exemplary students receive Gold, Silver, and American Visions and Voices Medals in 28 categories of art and writing.

**Art Categories:** Architecture, Ceramics & Glass, Comic Art, Design, Digital Art, Drawing, Fashion, Film & Animation, Future New, Jewelry, Mixed Media, Painting, Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture, Video Games, Art Portfolio

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

Portfolio Gold Medalists are featured on pages 10–34. Portfolio Silver Medalists with Distinction are listed to the right.

For a full listing of National Award Medalists, see pages 129–134 or visit [www.artandwriting.org](http://www.artandwriting.org). 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.

### 2014 Silver Medal with Distinction

**Art Portfolio Medalists**

- Holly Arsenault
- Amy Chen
- Yihan Chou
- Theresa Dover
- Emma Ely
- Brian Ferenchik
- Robert Fischer
- Sally Garcia
- Madeline Garrett
- Aaron Greiner
- Emma Ming Kayhart
- Dylan McGale
- Noah Miller
- Clara Moore
- A.J. Oehm
- Caroline Tisdale
- Alex Turner
- Ruth Wooster

### 2014 Silver Medal with Distinction

**Writing Portfolio Medalists**

- Leah Balkoski
- Emily Birnbaum
- Michaela Coplen
- Zoe DeWitt
- Iain Esprey
- Irie Ewers
- Cu Fleshman
- Anne Hucks
- Ashley Israel
- Alexandra Kindahl
- Clara Olsiansky
- Julia Tompkins
**The Cliff**

No one knew how long the cliffs had been there, or how many people had fallen off. The bodies of people who fell were almost never recovered. The water ate them up, and swallowed them whole. Her brother had lost his life to that water.

Most people just accepted that there was one cliff to sit on, one sea to fear, and one cliff to never see.

But not the girl.

She liked to tempt the fates. Her brown hair billowed in the gray evening mist, and she smiled at the feeling of adrenaline coursing through her veins. She looked like a normal girl. She smelled like a normal girl. She tasted like a normal girl.

But underneath the brown hair, inside the brown eyes, there sat a mind that no one could conquer, and that could not be contained within the confines of a small town. She did not dream of normal things. She dreamt of touching a faraway star, of dancing with the midnight wind, and of floating across the ravine to the other cliff.

That was always what she dreamed of, no matter what night, no matter where she was. She would stand on their cliff, and jump down into a calm sea. Then, she would reach the other cliff, and find herself with her brother and all the others who had fallen into the sea.

They were always misty, always shrouded in fog, and never seemed real.

She always reached out to touch her brother, but she always woke up before her fingertips could scrape the surface.
Fruit Vines

Show me what it’s like to have fruit vines grow inside of you
Because when we were children you swallowed a watermelon seed and
Lied about coughing up leaves in your sleep
And having seeds in your hair.
Maybe one day when you’re older you’ll realize that I believed
Every single word you said, because
The sound of your voice reminded me of all those nightingale stories
I read as a child.
During the last shed of crimson that autumn you
Turned to me as we
Slept in a bed of leaves and twigs and said, “I wonder what dreams are made up of;”
But that wasn’t the first time you made a philosophical inquiry.
I’ve listened to you sing in your sleep—songs about catching
A swallowtail in the middle of winter as it flies through the geraniums in
Your mother’s gazebo, and of the way the lines on your palms tell a story
About a stowaway on a train to the shire.

Picking Favorites

You taught me how to love mangoes,
how to peel back the smooth leathery skin and reveal the juicy flesh within,
saturated with sugar and sunshine.
You taught me how to pick the biggest and ripest fruit,
taught me to eat them quickly before the flesh rots away.
You taught me to love mangoes,
but you also taught me how to hate you for feeding me mangoes while
feeding my mother the idea that she’s not good enough,
that single-handedly raising two daughters is not enough to earn your respect.
I hated you for mocking her religion,
her prayers to a distant god
whose presence is holy and welcome in our household.
You are not allowed to complain about me not honoring my father.
You lost the right to complain about my criticism
when you started criticizing my mother for everything she did,
when you started to dominate over her actions and chastising her indecisions,
when you forced her to tolerate you and your crude behavior,
the remnants of your childhood in the dirt-covered streets of China.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
KEVIN CHOW. Grade 9, Age 14, Saratoga High School, Saratoga, CA. Carolyn Bolts, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal

I Am Perfect

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Mr. Fang is from China. His unkempt hair and his dirty hands speak of a past near poverty. When he talks about art, there is a passionate, almost maniacal look in his eyes, and he speaks as if he is reliving the childhood he was robbed of. Sometimes, he tells us stories about when he first came to America, with five dollars in his pocket and a dream of opportunity.

He tells me that a long time ago, he too was a perfectionist.

His room is messy. There are boxes stacked up to the ceiling, binders strewn over the desks, and spilled onto the floor. There is barely enough room to walk.

When art class begins, too many spill in; too many people press against the wall, as we try to rearrange ourselves into a position that allows for people to stand inside. In the summer, the room heats up to a temperature that doesn’t seem possible, and the fan wails in the background, failing to beat back the smothering fire.

Mr. Fang is not a nice person. He is reasonable, but never friendly. He is the type of teacher that is not afraid to yell at his students or deliver harsh critique, but that is not the reason I dread art classes. It is because art class is a cage of social solitude that I must endure for five straight hours. My company is my yellow mechanical pencil and my sketchbook.

And not even they talk to me.
Oleander Kisses

SHORT STORY

Carlton is a stagnant town filled with weary people and muggy nights. But there’s an alluring tale strung through mouths hungry for gossip, and through generations of the stale town it has passed with thick drawling accents.

“I was out real late when the moon sat right in the middle of Carlton Lake an’ my reflection gone an’ talk back to me, I swear on the good Lord,” said Beau Harper, the shrimpish freckly kid on Copper Street. Good old liquor-store owner Ginny Roper was fishing late one evening years ago and still holds the same claim.

Carlton Lake is rotten with stories of sea monsters and legends of ghosts, and only the poorest of families live in the houses hugging the bank. So there the Finches’ house crouches against the dusty horizon, leaning on its scratchy wooden hips and bending along its peeling brick spine. It slumps against the slithering wind and watches the lake with glazed eyes, windows framed by pasty curtains (made of old doilies by the mother that once was) like lace eyelashes fluttering, flickering, fluttering as the breeze hisses past. And wilted against the dingy front door (with the rusty knob that’s stuck like sugar to lips) is Elora Finch, pained by the mother and twin sister who once were. She twists her mouth into a pastry-crescent frown, scanning the room and gnawing at the inside of her lip. The room is outlined with almost-soggy cardboard and stiffy hot, the kind of hot that bleeds into your clothing and sags in your chest.

One Night in the Spotlight

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Larger than life, he stepped out of the limo, surrounded by his entourage. I couldn’t help noticing how he graciously took the time to greet each one of his adoring fans as he made his way through the crowd. Although he was feebly from his past health issues, his persona still reflected the strength and confidence of the eminent, musical icon that he was. As the media swarmed him like bees to honey, I watched as he gingerly opened each shiny brass latch on his saxophone case. His hands, as large as baseball gloves, he grasped his instrument and began to warm up. My stomach fluttered like butterflies with anticipation of my big moment. The emcee stepped into the spotlight, and within seconds, a sea of people rushed the stage like waves on a shore. My palms began to sweat because I knew what was coming next. I could hear through the speakers the emcee announce, “And now we have a real treat for you folks. Give it up for the Big Man and the Little Man, Clarence Clemons and Alex Shaw!”

The crowd erupted into applause like a volcano. I grabbed my axe and bolted up on stage to join Clarence and the band. The lights shone down on my face and blinded me like the afternoon sun on a hot summer day.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
AMY HUANG, Winged Victory, Fashion, Grade 11, Age 16, Lynbrook High School, San Jose, CA. Lee Akamichi, Educator; The California Arts Project, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

KAJAL PATEL, Contraband, Jewelry, Grade 12, Age 17, University School of Nova Southeastern University, Ft. Lauderdale, FL. Melanie Cohen, Educator; Young at Art Museum, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

CHIBUZO AGUIWA, Cutips, Fashion, Grade 12, Age 17, Brookfield Academy, Brookfield, WI. Elaine Buckley, Educator; The Milwaukee Art Museum, Affiliate; Gold Medal.

KEN DAL FARMER, Melvin, Ceramics & Glass, Grade 12, Age 18, South Stokes High School, Walnut Cove, NC. Phil Jones, Educator; Barton College, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
Operation 1.1: First Date

HUMOR

Even though the peephole was duct-taped over while he waited for the delivery of his Automated Solicitor Detector, Karl knew exactly who was rapping on the other side of his apartment door. Kevin, his first cousin and closest friend since boyhood, had arrived with the massive order of cheap dumplings from Bamboo Hut Authentic Chinese Food Since 1999, which tasted just like the ones their Nai Nai used to steam in her own kitchen. The smell of the dumplings wafted through the keyhole.

Karl sighed. He took out his smartphone and pushed the photograph of his giant orange goldfish. This triggered the mechanism that counted out three drab fish-food pellets and rolled them down a chute into the lighted bowl with a plastic castle shaped like a computer.

“Mr. Gilbert,” Karl said to the fish, “I’m guessing Kevin is going to be about as helpful as you would be on matters of girls. Neither of you have a girlfriend of your own, after all.”

The evening’s task was a massive one. Karl felt hopeless. After months of watching Rachel type at her desk, daydreaming of ways he could be with her, and failing to work up the courage to ask her on a date, he had given in to Kevin’s pesterling. Karl had agreed that the two of them would spend the evening devising a plan to conquer his problem once and for all.

Reluctantly fiddling with the dead bolt, Karl opened the door to his cousin, seeing what could have been a mirror, except the suit and tie were replaced with a vintage Star Wars T-shirt and a NASA ball cap. The door heaved itself closed on the world of humans outside. As they had done every Friday night of their adult lives, Kevin and Karl each scrambled to hoard a box of dumplings and some chopsticks, and then flipped open their laptops at tables on opposite ends of the apartment.

“OK, bro! It’s time to crack this code,” Kevin hollered, making double pistols with his thumbs and pointer fingers and shooting them at Karl’s face, which had appeared on the Facechat screen of the laptop.
The Magic Coffee

SHORT STORY

It was Easter Sunday and she was spending it alone. Her sister Ruth had passed away the month before and the rest of her family before that. She was the last daughter of Eve. Her name was Mary and her 80th birthday was on Good Friday this year. It was a cold morning and her blue hair had frost clinging to it. Her rosy cheeks were laced with wrinkles from 80 years of laughs and even more cries. Her hands shook so tauntingly that she could hardly take care of herself. A homemade Easter lunch was out of the question. Why is life so cruel? Her hands were there, but just like the day she was born, she could not use them. But now was different than the last time her hands were close to useless. Now her mind was wise and her hands were not. Then, her mother was wise so her hands didn’t have to be.

She didn’t go to church that Sunday. She didn’t want to. People weren’t the same as they used to be. Even at the church the people were ignorant. They danced their young, youthful dances and paid no attention to the old woman who couldn’t walk to the front to receive communion. All the children would think of this Sunday were the eggs hidden at home.

All the mothers would think about was the Easter dinner they hadn’t yet started. All the fathers would think of was work the next day. Mary was disappointed with change and she didn’t like it one bit. She was a stubborn old woman and wasn’t going to spend her favorite holiday at a church where nobody knew her name. She would much rather spend it in an even more welcoming place, McDonald’s.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.

CRAIG MATOLA. Spaceship. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 12, Age 18, Lake Orion High School, Lake Orion, MI. Candy Garbacz, Educator, College for Creative Studies, Affiliate, Gold Medal

GABBY HAMILTON. Grade 8, Age 14, Canterbury School, Fort Wayne, IN. Anne Wallace, Educator, Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Affiliate, Gold Medal

MEGAN SMITH. Coil Pot. Ceramics & Glass. Grade 12, Age 17, Warsaw Community High School, Warsaw, IN. Andrew Tomasik, Educator, South Bend Museum of Art, Affiliate, Gold Medal

Andrew Tomasik, Educator, South Bend Museum of Art, Affiliate, Gold Medal
CHLOE CHAN, Ties. Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Hong Kong International School, Tai Tam, Hong Kong S.A.R. Chris Taylor, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate, Gold Medal

HUAI BANG ZHANG, Floating Cities. Painting. Grade 11, Age 18, Central Catholic High School, Lawrence, MA. Nikki Giraffo, Educator; School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Affiliate; Gold Medal

YIHAN CHOU, Android No. 3, Before the Waveform Collapses. Mixed Media. Grade 12, Age 17, East Brunswick High School, East Brunswick, N.J. Sharron Liu, Educator; Montclair Art Museum, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction Art Portfolio

CHLOE CHAN, Ties. Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Hong Kong International School, Tai Tam, Hong Kong S.A.R. Chris Taylor, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate, Gold Medal

HUAI BANG ZHANG, Floating Cities. Painting. Grade 11, Age 18, Central Catholic High School, Lawrence, MA. Nikki Giraffo, Educator; School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Affiliate; Gold Medal
Hear With Your Heart

SHORT STORY

The pink rubber band released effortlessly, launching a small round pebble into the underbrush. The twig felt rough in Daniel's hand, his stiff hold on the slingshot poised in midair. Peering into the dense foliage, Daniel spotted something that didn't belong. A red tuft of hair. Quickly, Daniel leaped into the bushes, hoping to catch the red-haired creature. As Daniel neared his target he spread his fingers and extended his arms, then POOF! Gone. Stunned, Daniel spun, searching for the fiery mane of the fox. Scanning his surroundings closely, Daniel spotted the vibrant fire and sprinted for it. But as Daniel prepared to shoot, something unexpected appeared. A face. A girl's face. Pale, and dotted with thousands of freckles. Her eyes glowed a deep blue that matched a brilliant sea. Her lovely locks billowed out around her as she stared at Daniel. Frozen, slingshot poised in midair, Daniel gazed intently at the beauty before him. He had never seen such a person. Reaching forward gently, as if fixed in a trance, he watched as she slipped away into the foggy darkness of the trees. Minutes later, Daniel's friend burst from the bushes. "Oh, come on! I wanted a new fox coat, too!" the young boy grumbled.

"Maybe next time," Daniel assured him. However, "next time" wouldn't occur for two years.

Memoir of Imagination

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

Imagination fades as you grow up. But pieces float back to you sometimes, and you can relish again the sweet taste of pretending. When I was younger, maybe in second or third grade, and still in my phase of obsession with horses, I would go outside in the brittle piercing autumn air. I would wear what I thought were my stable clothes. I would scooter back and forth on Concordia, the street alongside of my corner house, but I would never bring my scooter around the sharp corners that ended my domain. I would stay on one side of the street, too. My scooter wasn't just a scooter for me, though. It was my horse. My horse, with two red handlebars extending off the top of the dull silver metal pole that was its body. My horse with two red wheels, one in front and the other in the back. I jumped over lines of chalk I drew in the uneven cement of my block. They became vertical jumps, oxers, combinations, and more varied jumps that I distinguished on the pavement with designs and words. I jumped and jumped for long periods of time outside, lifting my front wheel over all the jumps. I always stood on the scooter with my left foot and pushed my right deep into the pavement, into the sidewalk, remembering to always wear shoes when scooterizing so the brake on my scooter wouldn't burn my foot. This was my imagination game.

My familiar red Razor scooter stood tall at its maximum height, raised proudly all the way to the top. The ripped red handlebar on the right side was covered by a shiny bright blue piece of duct tape, a special trademark of my scooter. And on that scooter, I knew the sidewalk like my best friend. I knew where all the cracks were, which parts were smooth and rough, which blocks were longer and shorter, which parts of my friend I had to be careful traveling over. I knew where little sprouts of green dog through the solid cement, yearning for the sun. The stretch of sidewalk on Concordia was my sidewalk, my arena.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
My father never wrote a will. So when he died, we had to divide up his possessions using an algorithm that was based on gueswork and disorder. Most of my dad’s belongings were meaningless to us, useless relics he surrounded himself with to distract from the disquiet inside. He kept a broken statue of Zeus at his bedside, which went to my brother. My sister got his rusting birdhouse, which he never bothered to clean out, the insides black with some decades-old hardened peanut butter. And I got his cassettes, his weathered, scratchy cassettes.

For a time, I forgot about them, leaving them in a grocery bag consigned to a corner of my room while I went on with my starved life. Then, while I was cleaning my apartment for one of the rare occasions that someone visited, I rediscovered the cassettes, next to my pile of old textbooks and notebooks filled with empty words. I put them aside, stacked hurriedly in a cupboard among some long-forgotten awards.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.

Cassettes
SHORT STORY

ACADIA MEZZOFANTI, Julius, Photography. Grade 12, Age 18, Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, MA. Timothy Trelease, Educator; School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Affiliate; Gold Medal

APOORVA MALARVANNAN, Grade 11, Age 15, Eastview Senior High School, Apple Valley, MN. An Stray, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal

Apoorva Malarvannan, Grade 11, Age 15, Eastview Senior High School, Apple Valley, MN. An Stray, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Silver Medal

nicole croy, Educator; Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal

ZACHARY SLOFFER, When the Roles Change, Photography. Grade 12, Age 18, Carroll High School, Fort Wayne, IN. Nicole Croy, Educator; Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal

(above) Zachary Sloffer, When the Roles Change, Photography. Grade 12, Age 18, Carroll High School, Fort Wayne, IN. Nicole Croy, Educator; Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal
ELLIE SCHLESINGER, Nostalgic Storage, Mixed Media. Grade 8, Age 13, St. Stephen’s Episcopal School, Austin, TX. Elizabeth Zepeda, Educator; St. Stephen’s School, Affiliate; Silver Medal.

KHADIJA SHARIFI, Ms. Lady, Painting. Grade 12, Age 17, Jericho High School, Jericho, NY. Laura Gilfedder, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal.
Characters:
Susanna—forgotten, almost colorless, older than she should be yet ageless, very clean
Abel—“breathe,” able, Cain and Abel, small like his world, defined like his ideas

Act 1: Scene 4
(ABEL plays a game by himself with chalk on the porch. There are many markings from previous games. SUSANNA mends an old sweater, one with patches already in the elbows. ABEL hums to himself, thinking. Suddenly, he breaks from his singing and looks at the half-covered canvas. The sheet has fallen slightly)

ABEL: Why does Dad paint?
SUSANNA: (without pause) Because he’s dissatisfied.
ABEL: With us?
SUSANNA: With everyone.

Act 1: Scene 6
SUSANNA: I knew it when he looked at me. That fall when the days came in drifts of orange and yellow. The world tasted like burning yesterdays, surprisingly sweet when you think about the amount of heat it takes to cremate time. He wore a blue sweater and black pants, the folds ironed in symmetric halves. When he looked at me, he smiled and showed his teeth, shining white like ivory. He asked me how I was and I told him I was living and he said not yet and then he pulled me close. When he grabbed my hand, I saw his fingers and his nails were like a girl’s, unrivaled semicircles, like half-crescents of the moon. His clothes were pressed, and his shoes were polished, and the only discoloration on his body was a birthmark, pressed like a hole in the center of his hand. I covered the mark with the skin of my palm, and with that he seemed to grow slightly larger in the shifting yawns of night. When he looked at me, he said “you’re beautiful” and I laughed and asked him “what part?” (pause) He lied like a cat, even from the beginning.

ABEL: What did he say? When you asked what part?
SUSANNA: (slight pause) My eyes.
ABEL: And you didn’t believe him.
ABEL: Then why was he a liar?
SUSANNA: Because he wasn’t looking at me.
ABEL: Then who was he looking at?
SUSANNA: Himself.
ABEL: But how?
SUSANNA: In a reflection.
ABEL: I don’t—
SUSANNA: When he looked into my eyes, he saw his own reflection.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.

POETRY

I buried myself in my Seek and Find book
Trying to find the stop sign and the bear
So I wouldn’t hear my mom crying

And then there was silence
Even the dust tasted like sadness
As a lone tumbleweed bumped and rolled past our truck
Right out of Death Valley
I wanted to hop on and follow it to freedom

But then we saw it
An old blue car in the distance
We ran—trudged—stumbled in a fog of dust
Hoping for something, anything that was inside
But it was just an empty broken down old blue car
With nobody in it

We had a bowl of grapes and half a bottle of water
The day we got lost in Death Valley
On the day of the Big Fire
Just four kids and one mom in a broken down
Escalade with a flat tire
And no salvation in sight

The white sand hills were as barren as our hopes
They stared at us with unseeing eyes
Like the ancient Great Pyramids of Giza
Where the dead sleep inside

As my mom passed out one red grape each
I savored that one grape for an hour
Lolling it about my tongue
To suck its sweet juices
CLAIRE DRYSDALE, *Figure in Motion*, Painting. Grade 1-2, Age 17, Breck School, Minneapolis, MN. Michal Sagar, Educator; Art Educators of Minnesota, Affiliate; Gold Medal

CLAUDE OBERFEL, *Halation*, Jewelry. Grade 1-2, Age 17, Gibbs High School, St. Petersburg, FL. Marty Loftus, Educator; Pinellas County Schools, Affiliate; Gold Medal

EMILY KOPAS, *Kyphosis*, Ceramics & Glass. Grade 1-2, Age 17, University School of Nova Southeastern University, Ft. Lauderdale, FL. Melanie Cohen, Educator; Young at Art Museum, Affiliate; Gold Medal

MARGARET ZACKERY, *Refuge*, Drawing. Grade 9, Age 14, Lake Ridge High School, Lake Oswego, OR. Shannon McBride, Educator; Oregon Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal
Rita Hayworth, Actress
1947

POETRY

“You are my life—my very life.”
—Orson Welles in a letter to Rita Hayworth

James Hill had a vicious tongue and he loved it when I cried. He used to make me cry in the bedroom or while he held my hand, he used to make me cry at dinner parties, he got my face into my elbow, and the tears on white tablecloth once made Charles Heston so uncomfortable, he left apologetically.
After I met Orson, I filed for divorce on grounds of cruelty.
Orson saved me.
He sent me love letters that said
Dearest Angel Girl,
and I hid them in my makeup case and I married him in a blouse at City Hall and an hour later we returned to the studio for work. Before I danced on-screen, I had black hair and a widow's peak, before they de-Latinized me;
and when I told him this he chuckled dark, said he once directed Julius Caesar, said he liked the sheen of a real knife onstage and during rehearsal he accidentally stabbed a man named Joseph Holland and then I told him I was pregnant.
The next morning, I got two love notes instead of one.
When I felt her kick, I sent a prayer she would be like him, recognized and prodigal, artistic and angry, I prayed she would make movies, not dance in them.

TRINITY WALKER, Isaiah, Painting. Grade 8, Age 13, Colonial Middle School, Memphis, TN. Jennifer Shiberau, Educator; Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, Affiliate; Silver Medal
It was a quarter-sized hole. I had to have been no older than four years old, but this was the type of life I lived. I can’t call it luxury nor can I call it neglect. Sure I had food on the table, sometimes food I didn’t care about, and a roof over my head, but sometimes home wasn’t the right name for the address I slept at for seven years.

That smell of the brown bottled oil made me hide in my room because I knew better than most what happened when a man met the devil. The devil was mean and vicious to whoever he came in direct contact with. His heart was full of black coal—so cold even he was numb. His pitch-black eyes burned in my soul every time I looked deep inside them, searching for someone other than a disciple of the devil. This devil was not dead; he was living.

The devil lingered in the shadows of the shattered, waiting for the slightest movement of imperfect-ness, to stab someone, anyone, in the heart with his scorching red pitchfork. He’s mean on the inside and just plain cruel on the outside. He’s never worried that anyone will see one of his cruel acts because he knows for a fact that in reality nobody cares. I would have thought someone would have eventually noticed him lurking. I thought cops would catch him and send him away to a faraway place. But did they care?
I'm a He, not a Question Mark: The Trans Community Reflects on Issues of Sex, Community, and Gender

Cameron was the girl with the unshaved legs and the close-cropped hair, the one who wore basketball shorts and played sports, who elicited the question: Is that a boy or a girl?

For much of her life, Cameron, now a Palo Alto High School student whose name has been changed for purposes of this story, struggled to answer this question, fending off unwelcome interrogation about her gender and her own feelings of ambivalence. At the heart of her conflict lay a division which arose between her inner self and her body. The majority of Cameron’s life has been one long passage, a search for acceptance, not only from others, but from herself.

She was adopted at two and brought to Palo Alto, never knowing her biological parents. In her new home, she was raised by a loving family with two older brothers who gave her boyish hand-me-downs to wear, complementing the dark hair she kept trimmed short. Cameron liked the look, a remnant from her days in the orphanage. Besides, short hair was easier for her to manage.

“People knew me as a tomboy, and someone who just met me would usually call me a ‘he,’ but my friends would correct them,” Cameron says. “I would always sigh to myself because I wanted to be known as a ‘he.’ I had this voice in the back of my head whispering ‘he’ whenever someone would call me a ‘she.’”
NATIONAL AWARDS


[above right] ADRIAN OLIVER, The Puppeteer. Photography. Grade 12, Age 17, West Bloomfield High School, West Bloomfield, MI. Alison Davis, Educator; College for Creative Studies, Affiliate; Gold Medal

[above middle] RYAN CASE, Superman. Printmaking. Grade 11, Age 17, Cheyenne Mountain High School, Colorado Springs, CO. Laura Parakova, Educator; Colorado Art Education Association, Affiliate; Gold Medal

[right] ALEX TURNER, Between Two Arms II. Digital Art. Grade 12, Age 17, Deep Run High School, Glen Allen, VA. Michael Guyer, Educator; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Affiliate; Silver Medal with Distinction

SUMMER CLAYBROOKS, Sisters. Printmaking. Grade 12, Age 17, New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, New Orleans, LA. Mary Jane Parker, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal
A Small Green Tree

POETRY

"It was a short peace in a terrible war."—Combatant Alfred Anderson on the World War I Christmas Truce of 1914.

Christmas Eve, the night blackblue and silent.
On the ground, ordinary
bits of bombs, bodies.
And the sharp flakes fell from heaven,
shrapnel of ice, white on red.

The earth, scarred and angry
would not soften until,
from the cicatrix of trenches,
in another voice
a known tune rose.

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht
sang the Germans.
Silent Night, Holy Night
answered the British.
And that impossible, faint dirge
spread like snowfall.

The crimson, Christmas morning
would have bled into the day,
If not for a German soldier
standing at the lip of the British trench
with a small green tree.

JOHN VAILE, The Animal Within, Sculpture. Grade 10, Age 16, Archmere Academy, Claymont, DE. Jody Hoffman, Educator; Delaware State University, Affiiate; American Visions Medal

AVA SALZMAN, Junkyard Kings, Sculpture. Grade 7, Age 12; La Cañada High School, La Cañada Flintridge, CA. Serafina Kenwood, Educator; The California Arts Project, Affiliate; Gold Medal
SUSAN LEE, *Under the Knife*, Painting. Grade 10, Age 15, Alpharetta High School, Alpharetta, GA. **Kwan Lee**, Educator; Savannah College of Art and Design, Affiliate; Gold Medal

(NOAH GRIGNI, Excerpt From Shambles: The Mountain Men are Coming, Comic Art. Grade 11, Age 16, Decatur High School, Decatur, GA. **Wendy Keith-Ott**, Educator; Savannah College of Art and Design, Affiliate; Silver Medal)
SHULAMIT SIMON. Secret. Photography. Grade 10, Age 15, Etobicoke School of the Arts, Toronto, Canada. Glenn Novak, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

ELLIE HATHWAY. Race Against Humanity. Mixed Media. Grade 11, Age 17, Goshen High School, Goshen, IN. Cynthia Cooper, Educator; South Bend Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal

TANNER RHINES. Black and White Compression, Part 1. Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, West Valley High School, Fairbanks, AK. Kris Haggland, Educator; Young Emerging Artists, Inc., Affiliate; American Visions Medal

SHULA MIT SIMON. Secret. Photography. Grade 10, Age 15, Etobicoke School of the Arts, Toronto, Canada. Glenn Novak, Educator; Region at Large, Affiliate; Gold Medal

ELLIE HATHWAY. Race Against Humanity. Mixed Media. Grade 11, Age 17, Goshen High School, Goshen, IN. Cynthia Cooper, Educator; South Bend Museum of Art, Affiliate; Gold Medal

TANNER RHINES. Black and White Compression, Part 1. Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, West Valley High School, Fairbanks, AK. Kris Haggland, Educator; Young Emerging Artists, Inc., Affiliate; American Visions Medal
From Penelope, to
Odysseus Lost at Sea

POETRY

The olives are ready for harvest.
Hard and salty like little boys’ fingers.
Gnarled trees with white arms
standing like sentinels. Night comes and
I dream of citadels and plunder.

Waves stain the windows with
their morning breath. Creep into my bed
like lusty gods;
nothing here is completely dry anymore.

The suitors around the fire eat our lambs and
the fat drips down their cheeks. They
drink our wine and the vomit flows from
their mouths.
Both of these things help the fire burn.

Sometimes, when they catch
me watching, they laugh and
tell me you are dead.

Here is the truth.
I wish you were dead.

We Run Together

FLASH FICTION

We run together in a pack, tearing down sun-hot
sidewalks and cool shaded alleys. Our clock is
hunger; we separate, arrive dusty and sweat-glowing
to sit at the table only in return for food. We are
tamed for a price. Our mothers know to bribe us with
sweet cold lemonade and hot lasagna for it is the only
thing to keep us in one place. We vibrate with the
buzz of youthful energy all through the passing still-
ness of a meal, dizzy our mothers with knee-jiggling
and finger-tapping.

We play baseball, tag, kick-the-can. We play
hide-and-seek until we realize hiding is too solitary
for our tastes and abandon the game to congregate
in a field. We play touch football, shirts and skins. It
doesn’t matter who is on which team because the girls
are as flat-chested as the boys and just as quick.

We run together one long summer and when the
first days of autumn redden the leaves we stare
wistfully out windows as our mothers, having
garnered some new power from the fall, keep us stiff
and still at kitchen tables until all our homework is
done. We soon forget our summer freedom, so pliable
are our minds, and never remember ’til June.
So pass the years.
City Man

SHORT STORY

When you get off the plane in Denver you are no longer Jicarilla Apache. You are Native American. The first thing you should do is buy a cell phone. Not one of those touch-screen brain-drain devices that can do everything includingclip your nails, but one of those cheap flip phones that do what phones are designed to do: call family. Don’t get haggled into some expensive monthly plan, either, just pay for the minutes. And no, you don’t need texting.

Before you call home though, get an apartment. Remember the research you did. Remember that one apartment on Colfax with the cheap rent, and tell your taxi driver to take you straight there. Don’t be tempted to spend money on the way. Don’t stop for food at a restaurant, even if you want to. There’s plenty of food at the nearby grocery store, just don’t expect to find fry bread.

Once you get your apartment, call home. Tell your wife your apartment number so she can mail you letters, and tell her that you love her and that flying is not nearly as terrifying as her parents had said. Tell her parents that, in fact, you did find it terrifying but were trying to make your wife less worried. Tell your two daughters they’re beautiful and that you miss them and that you’ll only be gone for a little while. Tell them that when you get home you’ll take them searching for horny toads. Then hang up and cry.
Indications That You Have Been Turned Into a Chair (or a similar piece of furniture)

FLASH FICTION

You long for wooden legs, so much that you are close to performing a double amputation on yourself with a razor or a steak knife. You decorate the necklace you inherited from your grandmother with a collection of whistles. You empathize with insects, you have dreams in which your eyes become so enormous that they eclipse your nose and then your mouth, alternately this is déjà vu, you are afraid of rodents burrowing inside of you.

When you go to catered parties you swap clothes with the servers and distribute hors d’oeuvres to the human beings dressed in expensive clothing. You refer to your vagina as “that,” your hips are “those,” you put up your arms like an Egyptian goddess and pretend you are a coatrack. People put their coats on you.

Since your birth, you have only been to the hospital once and you went alone. Something is burning inside of you; you have been ravaged by moths and will never be reupholstered. At the drugstore you buy soap, chapstick, and ace bandages, for your chest.

You wish for someone to sit on you, so much that it makes you sick. If you were sentient, you’d be a prostitute or else a silent secretary, but you aren’t sentient. You are immune to needles and also cocaine, you talk in the third person, you are getting a voluntary hysterectomy and a double mastectomy, the jeans you were wearing are sitting untested in the back room of a New York City crime lab. When you think of yourself you feel very far away, on the other side of a vast ocean, waving goodbye with an idiot’s smile, crystallized. You didn’t scream.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
Watching Little Boys Become Monsters
(Or Maybe They Always Were)

POETRY

At five and a half,
he is ruler of a kindergarten kingdom
A monkey-bar maniac
asphalt skinned knee from all the times
he’d tripped trying to catch me.

At six,
he is five months older than me
but I am miles taller
He is all blond hair and green eyes
and blue tongued from the
candy hearts he’d been breaking between his teeth.

At eight,
he is the face I wake up to most mornings
single night sleepovers stretch a week
He wonders what it feels like to kiss
and so do I
We try it once and pull away giggling.
Wordscapes

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

I have been in Morocco for several months. I live with a Moroccan family, study in a French high school and teach English several times a week. Though I have always loved words, I have never had to think so much about them.

Morocco, after all, is a country that has fallen over its words throughout history, and still isn’t quite straight with its linguistic predilections. It was an Amazigh empire before the Arabs came in the seventh century; the Spanish arrived around the fifteenth. In 1912, the French came, along with more Spanish colonizers, and the country became their protectorate. French and Spanish were widely taught for decades, but the 1956 declaration of independence incited a wave of nationalist sentiment and an Arabization of the educational system, creating a generation of Moroccans who spoke little French at all.

Today, Moroccan public school classes are taught in Arabic, the official language, with French lessons beginning in fifth grade. Students are confronted with a difficult reality when, upon entering university, their course work is entirely in French. The children of the elite often attend private French lycées for secondary school; in the North, it might be a Spanish escuela secundaria instead. Tamazight, currently spoken mostly in rural areas by the indigenous Amazigh people, was made one of the country’s official languages last year, alongside Arabic.

The language spoken on the street is Darija Arabic, Moroccan dialect, which is so far from the classical Fusha Arabic spoken as a lingua franca in North Africa and the Middle East that it is the butt of many a joke: “no one understands the Moroccans.” Darija can almost be described as classical Arabic minus most of its vowels, borrowing grammar and vocabulary from French, Spanish, and Tamazight, spoken at great speed and accompanied by intense hand gestures. It varies city to city, neighborhood to neighborhood, and is a reflector of culture and socioeconomic status based on the amounts of French, Spanish, Tamazight, or classical Arabic thrown into the mix.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
This Card
PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

There is a two-by-three card tucked away in my wallet that has shaped the contour of my life.

The material is fragile. Its edges are frayed, scratches line its surface, and the green is fading. The images on the card are distinctly American: the Statue of Liberty pictured in the foreground, the golden eagle, and the stamp of permanent residency above it. Yet, the expiration date reminds me that I am un-American. July 26, 2018. I am a category number with an expiration date of July 26, 2018. Without the green card, I am an undocumented foreigner. With it, I am a documented number, one of many in line for citizenship.

My earliest memories are of fear. We heard stories. Tales of families who had been thrown in immigration prison because their children hinted to someone that they were not yet permanent residents. Before I left the house each morning, my mother drummed into my head the rules of Immigration: Wait your turn. Never draw unnecessary attention. Never discuss family business with outsiders. Never speak too much or too loudly or too firmly. Even my first name, so distinctively Nigerian, became simple, pronounceable, American.

This they saved for last: Never fear. God works in mysterious ways.

I did my best to follow their instructions, but fear paralyzed me. At night, I lay awake staring at the stool I’d forced under the doorknob, hoping it would be enough to stop the officers when they broke through the door.
Majoring in Applied Mathematics

POETRY

30% battery life
80% of a paper left to write
½ of a pie eaten
1/2 way to a solution
10 minutes till take off
24 minutes spent in traffic
3-minute piano solo
30-second ringtone
20 years to make a dream come true
6 of them spent waiting in lines

If I am traveling at a rate of 4 exes per year
And you are 145 good decisions away
How long will it take for us to meet?

Empire

PERSONAL ESSAY / MEMOIR

There was a girl who lost control over her body. She let her mind become distracted and in the meantime her body kept dancing and running until her muscles began to break down from exhaustion. She eventually got plugged into the wall. Doctors poured over her heart to make sure it would not collapse. The muscles were rebuilt. Essentially, new, stronger innards came into being underneath the same skin sac. The girl’s mind remained removed from what was happening to the rest of her. It looked on, an idle observer as the body strengthened. The only part of her, the girl felt, that was entirely in her possession was her head. And not even her whole head, because her face was out of her control as well. Eyelashes and flakes of dry skin fell into her lap like leaves. Their departure demonstrated to her that these body parts ran on their own clocks—clocks embedded like tiny coins inside of her so that she could not see them.

But if each body part was autonomous, she wondered, was her mind the only thing that was hers, presiding over the rest of her like the dictator of a multistate, satellite empire? How much of an empire has to be retained for the empire to maintain its name? If the central state is cut out, but the satellite states’ governments continue to coexist peacefully, can those states retain their name as an empire?

A chicken named Ralph had his head cut off, but continued running around the pen as it always had before. He was still referred to as Ralph.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
Lindy

FLASH FICTION

Old Lindy, beautiful Lindy, forgive me. Forgive my unmoving hands. Forgive my voice, reduced to a choked sputtering. Forgive my callow eyes which stared at death like an inexorable friend rather than striking it up and out of your trembling vessels.

Blue, Lindy, blue as cobalt. White, Lindy, white as chalk. Over time, are people reduced to the tame colors of death? Blue veins and white skin and purple lips—that’s it? That’s what I remember the most.

November 16th—I saw you lying there in a dress I had never seen before, eyes closed in pensive sleep. I wanted to touch but Ma said no. I wanted to touch. Lindy, I wanted to know what you were thinking about, what you could have been thinking about with so many tear-eyed strangers gesturing and sniffling and staring. I wanted to know what you were going to say next, how the song would end, how you would close the blank.

After that I didn’t stay.

I threw my hands to the sky and lightning broke them. I gave my lungs to the scabrous asphalt and they sublimated in a feathery mist of perfumed glass. I drove my body into the earth with the force of a hundred horses and it exploded in a smattering of red wine. I felt the moon bend to kiss me good night. The planets curtsied, then resumed their elliptical orbits. Thunder rumbled in a moment of regard and rain stepped gingerly around the mess I made.

I believe this is how people leave us, Lindy. No cry, no wind, no roof. Just convulsing in a pool of their own tempests, waiting, hoping it isn’t true.

Zenith and Nadir

POETRY

I am remembering a grade-school project involving the raising of birds, fledgling mourning doves, warm buds of hope under the fingers, solitary hearts that chlench and sputter and release. I am remembering an idle comment once made, yours, when young: “the sun is the closest star.” I have long since learned that dreams are the heaviest burdens. Our shoulders are now cramped from carrying the weight of that, the strain of another sleepless dawn. From continuously rubbing contentment out, breaking the skin on our blisters, going from callow to callous. I am remembering Icarus and his father, a canted smear of rust and cloud, a skimming of wingtips across an event horizon, the nodding skull and sink of the prodigal son. We have traced his arc of stars, eighteen years and counting, hoping our wings are less wire, less wax, more blood, marrow, muscle. This is what they give us to work with. We must all make do.
Subterranea

SHORT STORY

I tell her about fading, how slow life comes and goes, how slow it went. Those days I spent standing at the window, watching. Branches, birds calling. The walks I would take, while dry leaves blew. I would pick up things along the way, I say, I didn’t know why. Pine cones and river rocks and spurs of grass. Currency, again, or maybe artifacts, I’d thought of them like that, a sort of proof—proof I’d been there, crossed that trail, breathed quietly as snow fell. I tell her I needed more reassurance, as the years passed. I tell her how my heart stopped and started again, in the main road of some small town whose name I still can’t recall. I tell her about asphalt, hands all over me, at my wrist, my throat. I shouldn’t be able to remember this, I say. I say, what I’m telling her is all I know. A patch of cloudless sky, the smell of perenide. The moments, dredged up from childhood—the memories. Somewhere, rough voices calling and a dead dog with a cracked skull and water moving everywhere. Old photographs, I say, handfuls of them. How it felt lying there in the hospital, shaking and emptied, as if I had been cored away. When I got back, my house didn’t feel right anymore—my house greeted me with stuttering silences, emptiness, echoes. I learned again. I tried again. I walked back and forth between the fireplace and the window 40, 50 times, trembling with effort. And it seemed to me that I had spent most of my life like this, pacing, waiting for something else. And I realized I couldn’t do it, couldn’t live like this anymore, and I sat at the kitchen table and watched the clock tick down the hours, knew that years had been falling away to its polished rhythms.

You know how it is, I say. I tell her about birds on telephone lines, sheets over furniture, the perfect stain I returned to. I tell her about the underground river, how it had followed us close behind, how I had seen it weeping up through the floorboards in the kitchen, in the dark.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
KEVIN CONNELL, Constricted. Drawing. Grade 12, Age 17, Hatboro-Horsham Senior High School, Horsham, PA.
Lauren Economou, Educator; Philadelphia Arts in Education Partnership at The University of the Arts, Affiliate, Gold Medal.
The Dead Fish

SHORT STORY

I know Morgan got this powder off a new witcher that lives beneath the docks, in the low sides of the pier town draped in colorful gypsy cloaks of spread blankets and tarp instead of roofs. Different witchers make powder that work at different speeds. But I still jump back a little when the fish starts flaring its gills again right off, and Ken quickly lets go of the mackerel’s mouth as it starts gaping open and shut. Clear eyelids wipe off the surface of glazed eyes, and the mackerel flops its tail and mills its fins.

I shiver quietly, but I watch. I’m going to be honest here: I like seeing a witchering. But this is the part that makes me squirm and feel like my clothes and skin are two sizes too small. There’s a line between something dead and alive, and when fish get witchered—they seem to lie right cross that. The only difference is that their sides aren’t heaving as much, and this mackerel has a slimy pink balloon of guts peeks out from its belly. Living things don’t have their guts squooshed out anywhere. Not for long. There’s a faint wash of blood down the fish’s scaly sides.

Morgan gets down on his belly and snakes close to the fish while Ken fiddles with his fingers and watches. Morgan gets so close to it that he looks like he’s almost gonna kiss it, and his scraped elbows stick up in the air. He clears his throat.

“Fishy, fishy, from the sea, open up and speak to me,” he says, tripping over some of the words. The fish slowly opens and closes its mouth. A hook is still punched through its upper lip. It makes a long, slow, rasping noise. Ken is breathing in quiet huffs. “Fishy, fishy, in your end, tell me all about your friends.”

Buck Lane

POETRY

winters: mother’s voice could hush like the smell of pine and gasoline. summers: shucked ears of soccer balls and the flex of crickets like boughs of cottonwood filled the lawn.

afraid, I used to hold fireflies with my father’s work gloves. clutching them too tight, I hadn’t yet learned to be gentle with God.

once, when my brother heeled down the porch steps naked
I stripped to my socks and raced him.

hurting circles, we caught the braying of squirrels, mat-grass
and wind in our teeth.

Over the years we grew tails, our gums went sweet and darkened in our mouths. we were metaphors for beasts.

Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
**Ordinary Travel**

**POETRY**

“I seek a tourniquet for my mind”
says a man on the J train.
I like his syntax and wonder if I could fashion my
own version of such a device.
But his profusely bleeding left calf makes a more
compelling case for aid,
so some police wrap him up and take him away.
I think I’ll miss him.

He leaves a small pool of red that turns a gruesome
brown on the speckled floor;
“Shit on the robin’s egg” announces a man with a
gray do-rag and a Brooklyn hat.
I seek his eloquence in my own writing.
It oozes from one side of the car to the other as we
rock on the Marcy El.
I hear a woman scream “Fuck me? No, fuck you!”
into a small plastic phone;
I’m more taken aback by her cellular service in the
subway than her language.

A drop into the tunnel
while sweet Southern tones glide out of three
middle-aged black men.
They entertain with eccentric clothes and eccentric
expressions,
performing caricatures of men I know they are not.
They have too much pride for this shabby occupa-
tion, and for that I admire them more.
A Man of Letters

SCIENCE FICTION / FANTASY

I’ve always found it odd, that despite my ingrained (and entirely natural, I might add) fear of death, I accept money in exchange for my own mortality by increments. Literally, I’m my own Judas, besides the fact that I’m Pontius Pilate and the Pharisees as well.

I work on commission; I’m a Documents Man. I’m all the convenience of instant communication, but I come with the deliver-or-die-trying guarantee of an armed courier. I don’t bother myself with women, alcohol, or drugs; that was a lesson well learned. I live for today, because that’s all I can be sure of.

Generally, I find that people don’t know my line of work exists. Oh, they understand teleportation well enough, but since everyone knows the process isn’t efficient, they don’t realize people actually travel by it. “It’s too dangerous,” they say. “After a few trips, your mind would be shattered,” and I’m inclined to agree. After each trip, I discover that a couple pounds of me is . . . no longer there. Nothing in particular, mind you; no thumbs or toes disappear. I’m just smaller. But, I’m 100,000 or 200,000 dollars richer. Why worry about the details?

Most people also believe that documents, transported without the safety of a Documents Man, are secure. I don’t agree.

Electronic communication? Any intelligent grammar school student can see your private mail. Some time ago, several weeks perhaps, I remember a story about a trained ape. It had taken over a weaponized drone with no assistance from its handlers. Perhaps the Pentagon should stop buying from the lowest bidder, hmm?

MADISON HEASLEY, Cephalopod Chess Set, Sculpture. Grade 10, Age 16, Lakewood High School, Lakewood, OH. Amy Sedlak, Educator, The Cleveland Institute of Art, Affiliate, American Visions Medal

MATT REINER, Ray and Charles, Painting. Grade 10, Age 15, Windward School, Los Angeles, CA. Christina Hendershaw, Educator, The California Arts Project, Affiliate, Gold Medal

ANNA WILLIAMS, My Bright Socks, Drawing. Grade 12, Age 18, Pembroke Hill School, Kansas City, MO. Connie Creek, Educator, Regional at Large, Affiliate, Gold Medal

NOAH MAINS, Grade 10, Age 15, Carroll High School, Fort Wayne, IN. Mollie O`Hneck, Educator, Fort Wayne Museum of Art, Affiliate, Gold Medal
Letter Excerpts

POETRY

Letter to love:
Teach me how to leave.

Letter to the mountains:
I am a speck amidst the canyon, but do not forget that the worst hurricanes are named after women. Tell me, of all the people who have crept into your heart, how many have left handprints?

Letter to my lovers past:
When they asked me how it hurt, I told them: like Hell. I also told them that it wouldn’t last. I told them that searing pains (the kind that suffocate) become aches (so you breathe easier) and then dull throbs (finally you stop withering). I did not tell them that this was wishful thinking. I did not tell them that this was a plea and so they believed it was a promise. I said the words with ease. I did not shake. I did not let them hear my bones breaking. I did not tell them I was afraid I would love you forever. I did not tell them that I wished you would come back into me, subsiding, the way the tide returns to the sea.

Letter to the stars:
Become dust with me.

Letter to my bones:
Thank you for holding my weight even on days when I carried entire oceans inside of me.

The Search For Intelligence Beyond the Fine-tuned Universe

PERSUASIVE WRITING

I bade farewell to Voyager 1 the last time I caught a glimpse of it on the pages of the National Geographic. After four decades, it was still a golden-winged moth far beyond the ebb of its glory days. The Voyager will continue to tear through the exigency of darkness and toward the promise of light after completing its mission. A decade from now, the Voyager will cease transmitting information back to Earth and will continue to drift toward the labyrinth of the cosmos. It would be the last time we see it and the vestige it carries of the good in each of us and the evil into which we often relapse. But at the Voyager’s core is the Golden Disc, and into that immensity of space it will unravel and transmit, if intelligent life exists out there which would listen, through radio waves, to our story, our images and languages, our history, or at least some of it though lamentably devoid of the imprints of the majority whose lives were squandered in quiet desperation.

Yet, the Voyager and the Golden Disc are not just a wedge of a life lived in our planet, a repository of intelligence, or our penchant for self-destruction. It is also a parcel of our insatiable appetite for wanderings and perilous journeys and the endless quests for understanding. In the complex thicket of the cosmic haystack, the Voyager broadcasts our lives to those who can hear it, and for four decades since it was launched to search for lives other than our own, its radio signals aimed at every possibility, we have yet to receive a rejoinder. Is life so rare and unique that we can only hear our own voices, our own prayers and lamentations?
**The Tech-over**

Apple has made some great computers, but they are terrible at governing. The first thing they took over was the food supply (no, they did not ban all non-apple fruits). They did, however, work to make food more “stylish” and “cooler.” Which is lovely, but prices have doubled. And they release a new refrigerator every nine months, making the current ones obsolete. If you don’t preorder a new fridge, all your food rots. Even if the new refrigerator looks exactly the same, it’s “revolutionary.” Also, oven is rather glitchy.

Twitter hasn’t done so well either. For example, this mere account of events is illegal. Why? It’s more than 140 characters. That’s right. Twitter gets a chance to create any law they so desire and they choose to “limit all written documents to 140 characters.” Our new constitution: “We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the c” That’s it. To provide for what? Cornflakes? Cats? (Actually, it’s probably cats.)

They did tweet out some amendment summaries: “Amend:4. right to bear arms #guns”

In school, students’ essays must be fewer than 100 letters. This gives the teacher 40 characters to reply with a grade and a few suggestions: #yourego-ingtobeheldback

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**Cheeseburgers**

A geography teacher once told me that 90 percent of Asian-Americans are lactose intolerant.

Somewhere between the cookbooks of tradition and Paula Deen recipes, we have forgotten our dietary handicap.

My father plops two chunks of beef on the plate but first smells the sweet sesame seeds on the buns—this is a delicacy he remembers as home.

Below, two square lily pads yellower than my palms, they settle above the lumps like landing zones for helicopters of hunger.

The dairy blonde arms tuck below the patty as if hugging the country while sandwiched between oceans of wheat.

“Cheddar?”

“American.”

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Many writing selections have been excerpted. Go to www.artandwriting.org/galleries to read the works as they were submitted.
Fossilize

SCIENCE FICTION / FANTASY

Grandma passed away one April morning. The men realized it before we did, despite the sensors we had installed three months before. The devices clanged and clattered in her bedroom, obsessively monitoring her vital signs. Heart rate, blood pressure. Catheters and oxygen tubes ran rampant around the room, and it was difficult to take a single step without disconnecting something. Grandma Augusta was trussed like a spider’s fare. It must have been terribly morbid, to die surrounded by government machines, machines that had nothing to do but wait for you to die. They cost us quite a bit, too. My mother couldn’t buy coffee for a month. She was in a hideous mood the entire time.

I remember that day. Mom was doing laundry, Dad was watching television. My sister and I were making chocolate chip cookies. The mixer slashed through the dough, hiccuping slightly on the hard chocolate chips. Even our fat dog was occupied, running on the special treadmill the vet prescribed after his muscles began to atrophy. “More activity, too fat,” the vet had grunted.

The doorbell rang during a brief fit of silence. The rinse cycle had finished, and my sister had paused the mixer to free a thick glob of cookie dough from the side of the bowl. My father had gotten tired of television, and the dog had gotten tired of running, Ding dong, it lilted, almost mocking with its harmony.

The men in the lobby were young and sleek, like new cars. They smiled with all the puffed hubris of charity. Their eyes scanned us cheerfully.

“Hi, we’re with the Center for Fuel of the Future.”
The Importance of Being with Ernest

When I ask him to pick the setting,
I’m not surprised at all by what I open my eyes to.
Described as pure exotic
by most American city-slickers,
small, translucent clouds pull the sky in close
and the sun also rises over our Havana
as the cathedral bells toll softly in the distance.
I ask him, Ernest? so earnestly,
and continue: Show me what I’ve never seen?
He’s not a talkative man
but his plan is evident;
he knows that I will like it.
I am simple, but not in the way that he is.
His simplicity is like light rays passing quietly
through the smoke of unfiltered tobacco,
like the kind of old-time cavalry smoke
in the bawdy houses of his sad, fond memories,
and mine is much more like
a very short story.
2014 NATIONAL MEDALISTS

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers congratulates the nearly 2,000 National Medalists in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards of 2014. These 7th to 12th grade students represent 47 U.S. states, the District of Columbia, and American students attending schools in 11 countries abroad.

ALABAMA
Malai Ayers
Ereun Campbell
Sabrina Chen
Katelyn Cunningham
Jaci Flake
Lauren Harris
Adelaide Kimberley
Kristen Martinez
Isabel DeOliveira
Rebecca Fisher
Sara Sirk
Adrianne Thor
Miss Walker
ARIZONA
Dylan Angle
Nancy Davis
Nicole Demokrat
Eline Dietz
Kimaya Lecoq
Nawal El-Din
Melodie Lee
Alexis Leor-Querido
Natalie Mathews
Jack McGahan
Amanda Schrack
Nicoleus Plakides
ARKANSAS
Andre Johnson
Kaitlyn Keeve
Allison Light
Olivia Pote
Alex Zheng
CALIFORNIA
Rosa Abudut
Zoila Anderson
Julie Apple
Alexandra Aote
S. Caroline Bailey
Jenell Bass
Nicole Bele
Magdalena Bautista-Mota
Rachel Bennett
Andrew Baker
Natalie Bear
Amanda Bisits
Jackson Brook
Ross Cardo
Michelle Cao
Elizabeth Chadbourne
Kristin Chang
Augustine Ch聂
Holy Chen
Erie Cheng
Jennifer Cho
Karen Chow
Christina Cornelis
Gabrielle Darsteller
Maddie Dansack
Michael Evangelista
Daisy Feagler
Spencer Flores
Danyel Gao
Tina Gao
Lana Geaver
Anahita Gelgoudar
Eric Gao
Síria Gesu
Caroline Harris
Rebecca Harston
Sigrun Hau
Amy Haung
Catherine Huang
Luke Jeffrey
Ryan Jeremiah Jenkins
Kristen Kim
Ruby Lien
Yegana Lee
Saphire Lewis
Jack Li
Margaret Li
Patricia Linn
Jasmine Liu
Lan Xuan Liu
Nichola McArthur
Christina Morella
Benjamin Markle
Olivia Martinez
Samantha Martin
Dalton McGlynn
Nancy Mendez
Amy Moon
Sooyung Moon
Henry Navarrete Brooks
Caroline Navarro
Francisco Paris
Gretchen Phan
Mallor Renner
Emily Robison
Anna Rossin-Frazer
Hannah Roy
Jaxelle Rulif
Hsiao-Wen Rulif
Paloma Ruiz
Aditya Rampgut
Samantha Salo
Ana Salomon
Prasen Sano
David Sawlev
Kian Shon
Tate Smith
Molly Steiner
Danielle Stutz
Anabelle Strong
Esmaria Vilela
David Whelan
Annie White
James Whittle
Omar Wilson
Alexandria Wyler
Jennifer Yao
COLORADO
Nadia Breel
MackenzieRussell
Ryan Cane
McKenna Clark
Erynn Coleman
Elyse Cotton
Ashley D’Agree
Melghan Davine
Jakob Diller
Hannah Gabriel
Isabella Hertling
Harrison Hsu-Heather
Megan Karpinski
Megan Okami
A.J. Orkin
Tadhg O’Reilly
Madison Seiter
Emma Shan
Eva Shapiro
DAVIDA
Anna Warden
Robert Elliott Wyatt
Anthony Ybarra
Christopher Zheng
CONNECTICUT
Anabel Barry
Marina Bonnano
John Chen
Jihoon Cho
Luisa Correa
Alexandra Cramp
Brandeelee Cruz
Joseph Sebastian
Ashley Sung
Gregor Gadek
Katie Park
Charlotte Rokas
Sara Jackson
Katherine Jennings
Caroline Just
Alicia Kay
Nicholas Krapes
Kayley Leonard
Melissa Lewis
Marilyn McAvoy
Emily Mills
Jacqueline One
Alison Piroak
Eric Ramsay
Jada Smith
Kaylee Snodgrass
Josephine Stern
Lauren Tiefenbruck
Kristin Valade
Rebecca Whyte
Jeremy Wolfe
Kathryn Drinnon
Lauren Toubin
Sara Tuley
Alicia Vihl
Jennifer Yao
FLORIDA
Christopher Abel
Daku Ahmed
Ransom Allen
Aarons Alonso
Matthew Amari
Diana Argueta
Desiree Bailey
Carolina Barbour
Gabriela Barrientes
Zoe Batterby
Riley Battery
Zaya Campos
Gina Cendron
Alex Carney
Franciska Casanova
Chloe Chen
Naez Christensen
Elizabeth Courfield
Madison Cox
Angelica Del Rio
Zoe Dittrich
Therese Dwyer
Alana Dupla
Frances Durkacz
Shona Eason
Molly Evenson
Sarah Fedorova
Joshua Fergus
Abigail Freeman
Evan Fresh
Nicholas Garcia
Andrew Giorgi
Lillian Harris
Amanda Hyde
Emma Henson
Jacoby Hunter
Kiera Hughto
Anna Hildem
Amy Hinson
Paloma Lopes
Juan Felipe
Marissa Jennings
Anna Johnson
Brittany Kleiner
Emily Knap
Nicholas Landrino
Arianna Lewis
Catherine Li
Sunny Li
Luisa Luzzi
Amanda Lowitz
Meng Lu
Gabriela Mazzaro
Dylan Mataratos
Julia Morris
Kieran Muccio
Cindy Mynjerg
Mariah Mahler
Indigo Naar
Arcelia Nelson-Faulkner
Chloe Newman
Aliy Ojegba
Kayla O’hara
Kate Ottega
EMMA ELY, Mom Painting, Grade 12, Age 17, Alexander W. Dreyfoos School, West Palm Beach, FL. Jenny Gifford, Educator, Educational Gallery Group EFG, Affiliated, Gold Medal

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Click here to view the full list of National Medalists.
2014 NATIONAL MEDALISTS

Carolyn Madsen
Cara Maves
Lorenzo Martinez
Lucia Naas
Kate Moger
Alexander Moore
Michael Norton
Suddon O'Casey
Olivante Ogdenbridge
Nicholas Olivas
Charles Olson
Cassie O'Dell
April Olinger
Romina Patel
Silvia Perri
Kwan Pragdashkar
Miranda Puntilla
Kantharupa Roja
Ryan Roemer
Michelle Ramerez
Ben Ramirez
Carina Santana
Mikaela Sargeant
Camila Sanmiguel
Kate Moger
Luis Martinez
Owen Summers
Carly Taylor
Kaylee Swinford
Anna Sudderth
Hope-Lian Vinson

VERMONT

Qiana Byrom
Javiy Fuguet
Lucy Leitch
Phebe Maroun-Caroon

VIRGINIA

Seoji Ahn
Holly Ahn
Ellie Braun
Carly Brown
Nicholas Buckingham
Emily Banker
Anya Brewer
Na Campbell
Sophia Carr
Grace Castillo
Jillie Chace
Lilly Coward
Katie Czekos
William Dalben
Alina Denton
Ethan Douglass
Shelby Dold
Alexi Dolitz
Avery Dossman
Becky Dunn
Michelle Enrondy
Perry Ensight
Elizabeth Eshle
Jack Furrnan
Colman Garcia
Victoria Glatke-Hicks
Abby Goss
Karina Gough
Joanna Gray
Emily Greene
Caroline Greer
Soyoung Hah
Melissa Habber
Ian Hadson
Katherine Harwade
Emma Hastings
hailesther davoe
Kristen Hess
Heeyoung Hsing
Elizabeth Hughes
Jinyoung Hyung
Nina Jedon
Anya Jergeas
Jean Jean
Yiun Jang
Max Johnson
Jean Kim
Jessica Kin
Mahtu Lee
Henry Luke
Jaciartian Lucas
Jassily
Coline Macarol
Kenneth Macheek
Santana Malani
Samantha Mc Coy
Deborah Mcleever
Fatimah Mcleere
Jasmyn Mcnair
Nina Morris
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Christina Nelson
Jenannah On
Marta O'Kelly
Jack O'leary
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Amalasher Ozbek
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Miran Perry
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Sebastian Portondio
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Emma Troy
Diana Turay
Andrew Van Bron
Julia Walker
Maggie Ward
Sarah Warren
Candie Wetterne
Marvin Wit
Madeline Wood
Jaebin Yang
Joseph Zapfetti

WASHINGTON

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Sani Cali
Niyah Chakravarthy
Nathan Ceyningo
Grace Epstein
Suyon Grayson
Laonna Hale
Miranda Hall
Sid Hernandez
Natalie Hernandez
Jennine Vicente
Sh Li
Kendal Lovett
Kathy Mattz
Isaac Pierre
Holly Huffs
Magrappel
Scott Schaffer
Carl Straifer
Loka Vuk
Austin Weer
Charity Young
Ida Young

WISCONSIN

Liza Ascherman
Chibuzo Aguwa
Garrison Arora
Anasipe Bings
Aminala Border
Diana Ortiz-Rivera
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Madeline Wood
Jaebin Yang
Joseph Zapfetti

Jashin Yu
Hayden Ztw
China
Sedali Choi
Yoyun Te
CROATIA

Savva Jovanovic
Songhun Hahn
Alexandra Art
EGYPT

Grant-Madison Koltvan

MONGOLIA

Chizoe Chia
Nicole Ng
Sam Ng

JAPAN

Sophie Sister

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Tae-gyu Hong
David Tien
Jung-Hyon Kim
Chen Lin
Avery Lee
Yann Park
Yooje Park
Claire Shi

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Jarred Lang

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Preeya Ayer

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Edward Park
Angie Wilkens
Daren Yang

UNITED KINGDOM

Caroline Tisdale

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Carly Taylor
Kaylee Swinford
Anna Sudderth
Hope-Lian Vinson

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Yiun Jang
Max Johnson
Jean Kim
Jessica Kin
Mahtu Lee
Henry Luke
Jaciartian Lucas
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Jaebin Yang
Joseph Zapfetti

SCHOLARSHIP PARTNERS

Over 60 colleges and universities earmark more than $8 million for Scholastic Art & Writing Awards National Medalists who are seniors. These important institutions see the special value in adding Award recipients to their ranks. They work with the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers to help students leverage their Awards to pursue educational opportunities that may not otherwise be available.

Art

Art Academy of Cincinnati®
Art Center College of Design®
Art Institute of Boston at Lesley University
California Institute of the Arts®
Cleveland Institute of Art®
Corcoran College of Art & Design®
Cornell College of the Arts®
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Kansas City Art Institute®
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Laguna College of Art & Design®
Lyme Academy College of Fine Arts®
Maine College of Art®
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Moore College of Art & Design®
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Art & Writing

Adelphi University
Bennington College
California College of the Arts®
College of Mount St. Joseph
Kenyon College

* Association of Independent Colleges of Art and Design (AICAD) Member

The Association of Independent Colleges of Art and Design (AICAD) and the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers (Alliance) have an ongoing partnership, which was formed to leverage organizational resources to identify, recognize, encourage, and celebrate emerging young visual artists. Through this partnership, both organizations work to create dedicated scholarships for post-secondary education for the most talented young artists identified annually by the Alliance through the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

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For more information on the National Student Poets Program, luminaries and leaders in education and the arts. 

& Writing Awards National Medalists by a jury of literary practitioners and educators. Five outstanding high school poets whose work exhibits excellence in creativity, dedication to craft, and promise are selected annually for a year of service as National Poetry Ambassadors.

The President’s Committee on the Arts and the Humanities, the Institute of Museum and Library Services, and the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers present the National Student Poets Program (NSPP), the country’s highest honor for youth poets. Five outstanding high school poets whose work exhibits 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 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards National Medalists by a jury of literary luminaries and leaders in education and the arts.

For more information on the National Student Poets Program, go to www.artandwriting.org/NSPP.

First Lady Michelle Obama with the 2013 National Student Poets (from left: Michaela Coplen, Saajunah Ahebee, Nathan Cummings, Louis Laffar, and Aline Delin) in the Diplomatic Reception Room of the White House, Sept. 20, 2013. (Official White House Photo by Lawrence Jackson). This official White House photograph is being made available only for publication by news organizations and/or for personal use printing by the subject(s) of the photograph.

REGIONAL AFFILIATES

The Alliance’s nationwide reach stems from our partnerships with 112 affiliates around the country. These schools and school districts, museums, colleges and universities, community organizations, and educator associates bring the Awards to local communities and students. In addition to assisting with Awards offered at the regional level, affiliates work closely with local funders and universities to provide regional scholarship opportunities for top winners. Our affiliates collectively celebrated nearly 70,000 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

Arts Center / Gallery at Delaware State University

Delaware Writing Region

National League of American Pen Women, Diamond State Branch

Delaware Division of the Arts, NEA

District of Columbia

District of Columbia Metro-Writing Region

Writopia Lab DC

Maine

Southern Maine Writing Region

Southern Maine Writing Project at the University of Southern Maine

The Betten Fund

Massachusetts

Massachusetts Art and Writing Region

School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston / The Boston Globe

New Hampshire

New Hampshire Art Region

New Hampshire Art Educators’ Association

New Hampshire Writing Region

Writing Project in New Hampshire

Plymouth State University

New Jersey

Northeast New Jersey Art Region

Montclair Art Museum

New York

Central New York Art Region

Central New York Art Council, Inc.

M&T Charitable Foundation

Hudson Valley Art Region

Hudson Valley Art Awards

Sullivan, Dutchess, Orange, and Ulster County BOCES; the Enlarged City School District of Middletown, Orange County Arts Council, Rolling V Bus Company

Hudson-to-Housatonic Writing Region

Writopia Lab Westchester & Fairfield

New York City Art and Writing Region

Casita Maria Center for Arts & Education

Pennsylvania

Bucks, Carbon, Lehigh, and Northampton Art Region

East Central Pennsylvania Scholastic Art Awards

Lancaster County Art Region

Lancaster Museum of Art

Lancaster County Writing Region

Lancaster Public Library

Northeastern Pennsylvania Art Region

The Times-Tribune

Morganwood University

Philadelphia Art Region

Philadelphia Arts in Education Partnership at the University of the Arts

Philadelphia Writing Region

Philadelphia Writing Project

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 and Writing Region

Commonwealth Connections Academy

Southwestern Pennsylvania Art and Writing Region

California University of Pennsylvania

Rhode Island

Rhode Island Art Region

Rhode Island Art Education Association

Solve Респart Undergraduate

Vermont

Vermont Art and Writing Region

Brattleboro Museum & Art Center

Amy E. Torrant Foundation and New Chapter

MIDWEST

Illinois

Chicago Art Region

Chicago Area Writing Project

Mid-Central Illinois Art Region

Regional Scholastic Art Awards Council of Mid-Central Illinois

Benedictine University Springfield

Springfield Art Association

Southern Illinois Art Region

Cedarhurst Center for the Arts

J. R. and Eleanor R. Mitchell Foundation

Suburban Chicago Art Region

Downers Grove North and South High Schools

Community High School District 99

Indiana

Central/Southern Indiana Art Region

Clowes Memorial Hall of Butler University

Central/Southern Indiana Writing Region
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3D PRINTING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

3D Systems, sponsor of the Future New category and the 3D Systems Awards, partnered with the Scholastic Awards to increase access to 3D printing among students, educators, and organizations across the country. In the fall of 2013, 3D Systems generously donated 26 Cube printers to select partners and made free 3D design software, including Cubify Invent and Cubify Sculpt, available to all students participating in the 2014 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

We are excited to see how 3D printing continues to transform the future of design and creativity, and we thank 3D Systems for their continued and devoted support of the future of design.

KEEP PAINTING!

This year, Golden Artist Colors partnered with the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards to celebrate the work of arts educators and the critical role they play in fostering creative teens. Golden has provided arts educators who have taught Scholastic Awards National Medalists with a gift of donated paints to encourage their own craft and artwork.

We truly value the role that educators play in cultivating the talents of our country’s future artists, and we thank Golden for continuing to recognize and support this work.
The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, a nonprofit organization, identifies teenagers with exceptional artistic and literary talent and brings their remarkable work to a national audience through the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

www.artandwriting.org

SPECIAL THANKS

Jennifer Benka and the Academy of American Poets
Deborah Oballi and the Association of Independent Colleges of Art & Design
Margo Bandar
Holly Bass
Satbir Bedi
Sheri Lapan and Blue Star Families
AlainBlyko
Katia Brickner
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Nor Halibah
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Lainie DeCourcy, Chris Lawrence and HIVE NYC
Kimone Johnson
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Robert Lynch
Keith Marshall
Military Child Education Coalition
Jessica Moon
Wangchi Mu
AnanaKambon and NAACP ACT-SO
Deborah Reeves and the National Art Education Association
Elysa Edman-Aadal and the National Writing Project
Maureen O’Connell
Anne Gaines, Radhika Subramaniam, Parsons The New School for Design
Colin Poelot
Poetry Foundation
Robert Casper and the Poetry and Literature Center at the Library of Congress
Alex Quinn and Poetry Society of America
Mark O’Grady, Tom Schutte, Aileen Wilson and Pratt Institute
Prints Charming Printers
Walter Robinson
Collane Salisu
Katie Schwab
Eric Shiner
Dona Siclari
Anna Sparkman
Brittany Sullivan
DougHerbert, Jackye Zimmerman and the U.S. Department of Education
Chanel Cathey, Bridget Riley, and Viacom
TaraWaltz

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ALLIANCE SUMMER ARTS PROGRAM (ASAP)

Aboovagago Art Studio
Anton Art Center
Art Institute of Boston at Lesley University
Ashecan Studio of Art
Belin-Blank Center: National Scholars Institute
Center for Architecture Foundation: Summer@theCenter
Cranbrook Summer Art Institute
Greenwich House Pottery School
Heron Foundation: Summer Program
International Center of Photography Teen Academy
Iowa Young Writers’ Studio
The Jonathan Reynolds Young Writers Workshop
Juniper Institute for Young Writers
Kenyon Review Young Writers’ Workshop
Maine Media Workshop + College
Massachusetts College of Art & Design: Summer Intensives
Maryland College Institute of Art Summer Precollege
The Mattress Factory
Morean Arts Center for Clay

New York Studio School Summer Intensive
Ohio College Art & Design: Summer of Art
Parsons the New School for Design: Summer Programs
Pratt Institute Summer Precollege
Rochester Institute of Art & Design: High School Programs
The School of Visual Arts: Summer Precollege Program
The Young at Art Museum
University of Utah: Summer Youth Academy of Excellence

ARTWRITE NOW TOUR 2013-14 Hosts

Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, PA;
Laramie Public Library, Cheyenne, WY;
National Hispanic Cultural Center, Albuquerque, NM;
Savannah College of Art and Design, Savannah, GA

ARTWRITE NOW TOUR 2014-15 Hosts

Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI;
Salt Lake City Public Library, Salt Lake City, UT;
Catskill Art Society, Livingston Manor, NY

CATALOG CREDITS

Principal Photography
Kristine Larson
Additional Photography
Tony Brown, Monica Johnson, Kristine Larson, Conway Liao, Matthew Wolff
Copyediting
Traci Parks

On June 6, 2014, 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.

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, a nonprofit organization, identifies teenagers with exceptional artistic and literary talent and brings their remarkable work to a national audience through the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards.

www.artandwriting.org
Transference

POETRY

I want you to
consider the energy:
   rays of sunlight caught in chains
   of cellulose, digested, woven
   into muscle strands, calcified in
   thin willowy bones and
   the orbit of the eye,
all of it dissipated.

Consider the tiny vibration you felt
as you race onward,
   leaving a vague
longitudinal
stain,
the last filament of solar fire
not yet removed from glassine eyes
whose silent judgment
follows you past three exits and the horizon.

Consider the energy.
And when you have returned home,
traverse your garden,
cram an acorn into the soil, to take root
   and spin anew.

Poem by Nathan Cummings, Grade 12, Age 18, Mercer Island High School, Mercer Island, WA