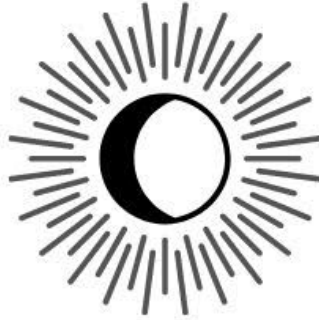




Chiaroscuro

Brevard College
2022



CHIAROSCURO
BREVARD COLLEGE

Chiaroscuro - A Literary and Arts Journal - Brevard College - Spring 2022

Masthead

Editor-in-Chiefs: Kym Caldwell & Caroline Hoy

Managing Editor: Caroline Hoy

Art & Design Editors: Kym Caldwell & Casey Jones

Genre Editor: Reed Windham

Social Media Manager & Webmaster: Caroline Hoy

Assistant Art & Design Editors: Dalton Collins, Jamal Frink, Rowe Davis & Bree Self

Assistant Genre Editors: Gabriel Bernhard, Jaskson Inglis & Cat Keenan

Assistant Social Media Managers: Journey Tyler & Baylee Hallas

Faculty Adviser: Alyse Bensel

Thank you to Anna Ervin, Sarah Hajkowski & Emmaline Grennan for their additional support

Chiaroscuro

(ki-ar'-e-skyoor'-o)

n. [pl. -ROS], [<It. <L. clarus, clear + obscurus, dark]

The treatment of light and shade in art to produce the illusion of depth.

Chiaroscuro is published annually by students enrolled in COM 107: Literary Journal Staff and COM 307: Literary Journal Production at Brevard College. We accept submissions of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, theatre, photography, and art from Brevard College students, faculty, staff, and alumni during the fall semester.

For more information, visit our website:
<https://my.brevard.edu/ICS/publications/Chiaroscuro/>

Chiaroscuro is funded by the Humanities Division, English Program, and Fine Arts Division at Brevard College.

Chiaroscuro is typeset in Garamond, Castellar and Letter Gothic STD.

Cover design is by Casey Jones. Cover art is “Balsam” by Tori Brayman.

Copyright © 2022 Brevard College.
All rights revert to author(s) upon publication.

Editor's Note

Chiaroscuro is a place where Brevard College faculty, staff, students, and alumni can showcase their talents. Whether that talent be writing, photography, drawing, or even sculpting, many wonderful talents at Brevard College go unnoticed, and the *Chiaroscuro* wants to be a place where those who may not be seen elsewhere get to show their work off.

In the 2021- 2022 issue of *Chiaroscuro* we want to show off as many talented people as we can. We collected works from English classes, art shows, and several members of our own staff. Our goal this year was to be a creative outlet for all students who wanted to be a part. To us it didn't matter whether you were a third- year English major or a first- year science major; we took in all sorts of different writing and arts.

Chiaroscuro is an Italian artistic term meaning "the treatment of light and shade in art to produce the illusion of depth." For us this definition has always meant that our publication has pieces on the light and lovely side as well as the dark and difficult side. There is even some gray in between because not everything necessarily always fall one way or the other.

Ironically, as *Chiaroscuro's* Editor-in-Chief, I grew up hating reading. I have dyslexia and have always struggled with reading and writing. When I was in high school, I decided I wanted to take a stab at writing, so I picked up writing fiction. I give you that the fiction had room for improvement, but I'm glad for what I learned. Later in high school I picked up poetry, which has slowly become my favorite genre to write in. During this time I was a part of two other literary magazines, *The Outlet* and *The Red Balloon*. When I started at Brevard College, in Fall 2019, I immediately joined *Chiaroscuro* and have been a part ever since.

This year has been a ride for *Chiaroscuro*. We started off with a big staff in the fall semester and have slowly dwindled. I myself was a part of the Art and Design team this spring and learned InDesign—in the short span of thirty minutes! A lot of us who put together this edition started at *Chiaroscuro* with only partial knowledge and we made a journal out of that.

It has been amazing to be part of such a great staff. I don't know how we will top this all next year, but for now I hope you enjoy this issue of the 2021- 2022 *Chiaroscuro*.

Sincerely,
Caroline M. Hoy

Table of Contents

Sarah Hajkowski, “the exiles”	11
Vance Reese, “The Origin of Dreaming”	15
Kenny Cheek, “Strawberry Kisses”	18
Tori Brayman, “The Bees”	20
Kayleigh Miller, “Study of Starry Sky”	21
Thad Johnston, “The Levite’s Concubine”	22
Morgan AvRutick, “9-9”	23
Sydney Raber, “Rustic Sage”	27
Ann Marie Bates, “Under The Sun”	28
Ann Marie Bates, “Reflection: Under The Sun”	29
Shawnaija Simmons, “Spiritual Transition”	31
Caroline Hoy, “Last of Light”	32
Casey Jones, “Deviod of Colour”	33
Elaine Entenza, “Petal”	34
Rachel Byrd, “Lever Du Soleil”	37
Sarah Hajkowski, “a marvelous allegory”	38
Brian Seon, “Stone Street”	43
Journey Tyler, “I’m Fine”	44
Avery Lockwood, “Wishbone”	45
Julia Lusk, “Headache”	46
Caroline Hoy, “My Monster”	47
Julia Lusk, “Suprise Room Check”	50

Table of Contents

Avery Lockwood, “Untitled”	51
Katherine Lee, “Chanterelles”	52
Jordan Siliva, “Goldfish”	53
Gabriel Bernhard, “Special Effects in Film”	54
Rachel Byrd, “Scarcity”	61
Anna Ervin, “The Undefinable Experience of Growing Up”	62
Shawnaizja Simmons, “Torn”	64
Ann Marie Bates, “On Leaving the Firstborn at College”	65
Gunnar Ensign, “Helium Heart”	67
Caroline Hoy, “High Above”	68
Casey Jones, “The Observer”	69
Jackson Inglis, “404: Empathy Not Found”	70
Gunnar Ensign, “Flower”	73
Ann Marie Bates, “For Evan”	74
Brian Seon, “RGB”	75
Thad Johnston, “I dream you in a mansion by the sea”	76
Sydney Raber, “Junonia”	78
Makenzy Schinsky, “Spencer”	79
Caroline Hoy, “Estranged”	80
Sara Barnes, “You Cannot Kill History”	82
Ann Marie Bates, “Concession (A Chiasm)”	84
Casey Jones, “Basatan, Lord of the Crabs”	86

Table of Contents

Tori Brayman, “Balsam”	88
Sara Barnes, “Begging Time”	82
Jackson Inglis, “To The End”	91
Gabrielle Lynch, “Natives”	92
Shawnaizja Simmons, “Ancestors”	93
Journey Tyler, “My Escape”	94
Peter Fumero, “What is Love?”	95
Jamal Frink, “Flower”	96
Ann Marie Bates, “Prayer”	97
Gunnar Ensign, “Simon”	98

Poetry
Sarah Hajkowski
the exiles

The word means—sometimes—

those dark, hooded things sitting off to the sidelines,

it may not suggest right away

the memories of the kitchen in my childhood home

and the way I know the order of the ingredients on the Adobo container by heart,

the sore ache of my feet from when I and my living room carpet

both believed

that the thing I'd become one day, most passionately believed,

was an Irish Step-Dancer,

the feeling of a new chapter book in my hands

and playing War with the Caperna twins.

I've spent the last year under the same willow tree

asking, begging

while my fingers like baby carrots

clawed around for the roots:

what is it that you want me to be?

I have been asking the wrong question

all this time—

and they told me: “you’ll write when you’re ready”

and: “it’s not gone, it’ll come back to you”

and I have wasted so much breath and saltwater

panting the question: *what should I be instead?*

While the exiles waited, giggling, crying over little-girl tragedies

huddling in soft-shouldered groups,

and knowing the truth:

because there is nothing false in feelings that have been pushed out

to pasture in the desert limits—

such feelings are pushed out as punishment for their truth—

and accidentally by chance

I have stumbled on the place where the discard wasteland

meets the weeping forest.

And I did not know I was coming here, without going on purpose I’ve gone,

and so what do you do when you’ve gone spontaneously

and the place that you come to has paths in the sand
printed with feet that are you-shaped, but smaller?

And the dwellers who emerge when the dry dust has settled
are wearing your same face, frozen as you remember it was
the moment before pain; before disfigurement
found its home, and took its root by your bones?

What do you do? Well, in my experience,
cry, laugh, scream, gasp, gape
shout, speak, breathe, yearn, balk,
batter, break, beg pardon, (breathe again),
and sing—very shrill and very loudly,
some tune you haven't run through
in a long time.

You can't exactly live in the land of the exiles,
you aren't exactly there in a way
that won't do damage if you outstay your sojourn.

But for some of us,
it's imperative that you visit.

For some of us, our past is constantly subtext,

underscoring the present and future.

For some of us, the lifeline that we need

is cast by us-shaped hands, waving the flag

from that day on the Hudson when I saved us all

with the adventuring heart of a seven-year-old seer.

For me, I am bringing chocolate cookies with me

back to the desert

in hopes of luring more pieces of me out.

The Origin of Dreaming

The Unicorn-Eagle with horn all aglow

Surveyed the hay creatures beneath and below.

She sighed as She shook Her bright, featherous mane,

“Are they all berserk or just simply insane?”

The creatures, oblivious to Her sad gaze

Wandered about in a stuporous haze.

“There is no such thing,” said the creaturely folks:

“The Unicorn-Eagle’s a fiction and hoax.”

Responding, She sighed, “I wish they could see.

How might they know that I’m really the Tea?

They’ve seen eagles fly, and they’ve seen a few horses;

There’s surely some things that they’ve learned in their courses.

Perhaps if I fly down below, they will see

My uniqueness – the wondrous, fantastical Me.

But wait - that would blow their collectival mind.

To show up abruptly would be most unkind.”

Then flashes of lightning appeared in the sky.

She mirrored the light with ideas in Her eye:

I know how I’ll help them to see I’m alive:

I’ll send something yummy to their data drive.

That evening the creatures experienced wonder

Provoked by the Unicorn-Eagle’s thought-thunder.

In dorm rooms and trailers and houses, some weird

Fantastical dream-myth-illusions appeared.

When dawn came, the Hay Creatures sang and they danced.

They arted and theatred wildly entranced.

Then one Creature said as they musicked their Biz,

“Let’s make the most outrageous creature there is!”

It took them some effort, it took them some heart,

But they fashioned a unicorn-eagle with art.

The Unicorn-Eagle was no longer grieved.

It seemed that the creaturely creatures believed.

Though modestly crafted, this thing-of-a-sort

Accomplished just what art's equipped to import.

A dialogue started among them that day

Between the fantastic and creatures of hay.

The Unicorn-Eagle flew brightly aloft

Encouraged by art, both the hard and the soft.

The story stops here, but there's more to discuss:

Are we dreaming Her, or is She dreaming us?

Kenny Cheek

Strawberry Kisses

Strawberry pressed her small, shaking body against the farthest corner from the slamming wall. Every pound and bark beyond the safety of her corner caused her to flinch, and occasionally snot from her nose would trickle down to her snout, and her dry tongue would jump out to grab it. She laid down slowly, trying not to garner any attention from the big animals that would bark and squeal at her when they saw her. She focused on her crusted paws, biting at the overgrown nails that tried to curl into her pads.

The scent of the meat-bringing-animal wafted through the air, and Strawberry sat up quickly, pressing herself back against the wall. She was scared to move in case the animal decided to toss her into the air again. It always frightened her when she was lifted from her feet. She tucked her tangled tail under her stomach, and shook. It had been a long time since Strawberry truly felt comfortable. She once had a home with her very own pack. Her mom had fed her, and the animals she lived with occasionally rubbed their paws along her scraggly white fur. One day, when Strawberry was playing with her brothers, she was hoisted up, and plopped into the arms of an animal that smelt like dirt and rust. The two animals barked and growled at one another, and she had tried her best to escape, but soon she was thrown into a small box that barely allowed her to turn around. She never saw her family again.

For a long time, Strawberry was left outside, forced to stay in a small pen with only a rusty bowl and an old wooden box that had already been marked several times before. It wasn't until one day that she was thrown into a gate with a larger, stronger dog who began to chase her. She had whimpered and pleaded for mercy, but the claws and fangs that ripped into her pelt left her with deep gashes around her ribs. She didn't wake up for a long time, but when she did, the pain of her wounds was only met with freezing rain and the familiar scent of the wooden box. She had almost died, but the animal that threw her into the cage was merciful. It threw her in time and time again, but it began to keep the angry mutt that had originally wounded her chained to the opposite wall. She scurried back and forth, trying her best to avoid it's attention, but her deep black eyes seemed to only make it more and more furious.

Years of being thrown into the cage with various angry and fierce dogs had toughened Strawberry to a point, but she could never fix her shaking. Once, she had been matched with another small and white crusty dog that was barely smaller than her. Large animals would always come to watch, but that time they screamed and growled louder than ever before. Needless to say, Strawberry was the only dog who was put back into her pen at the end of the day.

The sudden familiar sound of the slamming wall snapped Strawberry awake from the nap she had accidentally fallen into. Her black beads darted to see the meat-bringing-animal standing in front of her with a soft expression. Strawberry did not trust her, and the lack of meat made her all the more suspicious. The animal began to whimper at her, reaching out to grab her pelt. Strawberry bared her teeth, squeaking out a light growl. The animal slowly picked her up, practically cooing at her. The whimpers were softer, and the animal brushed it's paws against her head. For a moment, Strawberry considered being nice, but that thought was interrupted when she was whirled around and the animal began to march down the long white corridor. Other dogs began to scream and beg for Strawberry to listen to their pleas, but she was more concerned with her own safety.

Soon, she was laid on a freezing cold floor, and two large straps held her down. Strawberry

continued to growl until she felt two claws scratching carefully at her ears. She whimpered, begging the animal to leave her alone, until she suddenly felt a sharp prick of pain in her back leg. She squealed, but the meat-bringing-animal cooed again, and for a moment, Strawberry felt peaceful. She stopped shaking, and her eyes began to droop. The clear feeling of the claws against her ear felt so nice. Her little tongue darted out of her mouth once more, but not to clean her snout. She carefully kissed the dry paw of the animal, and she realized at that moment that she was comfortable. She slowly let her head fall, and she gave a soft sigh. Maybe it was okay to sleep. She would be safe. The animal above her whimpered, but continued to rub her ears. Before she knew it, Strawberry's eyes closed, and her chest rose and fell for the very last time.

Tori Brayman

The Bees



Art Medium: Photography

Kayleigh Miller

Study of Starry Sky



Art Medium: Charcoal, India Ink and Gouache

The Levite's Concubine

The desert shifted like an anxious child
as gentle gusts of wind wove through the grass
and chaparral with violence in their breath.
Men called me pilegesh, never my name,
and cut my battered body into twelve
to scatter out like seeds among the tribes.

My hands will cup the waters in the
North the Jordan and the Sea of
Galilee.

My feet will tread the canyons of the
South, the sand and sunlight washing
through my toes, but still in death my
name will know no peace,

for giving up my life to spare these men
was not enough, they thirst for blood like
wine.

Poetry
Morgan AvRutick
9-9

9am.

As the sun begins to rise, so does my brain.

It begins to race with thoughts.

Some good but mostly bad.

As I open the curtains and look around, suddenly I am hit with a wall of confusion.

I look around and see the United States, but in the distance, I can hear my mom yelling in Spanish
at my father.

All I can think is-

What's going on?

Who am I?

What language should I speak?

What's right and what's wrong?

I begin to get dressed, in clothes my mother bought me.

I shower and eat.

I eat huevos rancheros my mother has made.

I grab my things and get ready to leave.

I hop in the truck with dad and he brings me to school.

Before I get out of the truck he says, “Que tenga un buen dia.”

And as soon as I get out and close the truck door a friend rushes over.

She says “ Good Morning!! How are you doing today?”

And suddenly I am reminded of my confusion.

Should I be speaking Spanish? Or English?

It's at this moment when the truck door closes that everything changes so fast.

5 seconds.

That's all it takes to close a door.

I have closed the door on my family's native language.

I have shut them out.

Here I am now.

Speaking English.

But is it wrong?

I mean, my mother would say it is.

My father would say it is.

But my teachers only speak English.

The Nurse at school only speaks English.

All of my friends speak English.

I'm torn.

And not sure who to be.

How to speak.

What to do.

The final bell rings.

It's time to go.

Time to go back to Spanish.

Maybe tomorrow we will figure out who we are supposed to be.

How to please everyone.

I close the curtain, and jump into bed.

I take a deep breath.

Now I can relax.

And not talk to anyone.

No one's mad.

No one is frustrated with me.

It's just me.

But I don't even know who I am.

9pm.

Sydney Raber

Rustic Sage



Art Medium: Wood

Artist Statement: “Rustic Sage” was my first foray into wood fabrication and sculpture outside of ceramics and non-traditional sculptural materials. A collection of subtly shifting frames that progressively decrease in size, the purpose of this piece was to create a dynamic form that emphasizes movement and visual balance. There’s also the utilization of light and shadow to create the illusion of moving through occupied space, leading to an open central space that invites the viewer to look at the piece from various angles. The name “Rustic Sage” comes from the surface application of sage green paint, which has been sanded down to reveal the original wood grain texture of the material.

Ann Marie Bates

Under The Sun



Art Medium: Photography

Reflection: Nothing Under The Sun

Ekphrastic poem on "Under The Sun"

Some days I catch her expression in the glass,
See her the way she was in my yearning youth—
A smattering of silver,
The same neat corners pinching off thin lips,
The same brief curls and burnished eyes—
Our faces superimposed.

Today I saw her glowing like Red Sea sand,
Poised in the open door of a blue Fiat Topolino,
Hand on her swiveled hip,
Glancing back over the landscape of her childhood,
Unhindered by the burden of time,
A Kodachrome of confidence.

These days she stoops some.
Like her hair-gone-white and sagging skin,
I see my future self
Stripped of unessentials, of washed-out ambitions,

Having lost turgor and tension

Because life has limits.

Shawnaizja Simmons

Spiritual Transition

Juried Art Selection, 3rd Place



Art Medium: Steel

Caroline Hoy

Last of Light



Art Medium: Photography

Casey Jones
Devoid of Colour



Art Medium: Photography, 35mm Black and White Film

Fiction

Elaine Entenza

Petal

Right in the center of our little town square is a statue of a beautiful butterfly. She stands in the center of a small, moss-filled circle, which is enclosed with a petite, pebble fence. She is made of polished river stone, and a simple inscription lies on her heart, within the center of her sprawling wing span:

Petal-Love

Too Good To Be True

Petal, like me, was a butterfly. But funny enough, she was a butterfly that never flew. Bird attacks, extreme weather, and wildfires and such are natural threats to our kind, but it wasn't any of these dangers that caused Petal to die. Her demise came about from a most unnatural source; she told a lie.

I know this because my grandmother told me the story many years ago after my first day of school. I remember it like it was yesterday...

...

That late summer morning, I woke up early in excitement, and rushed my grandmother out of the house so we could get an early start. She led the way to the schoolhouse, flying low through the overgrown brush while I inched along close by, asking questions all the way.

"Granmama, what will happen at school today?"

"Will Francine be there?"

"Is Mr. Marshall my teacher? Ohh I heard he is a meanie."

"Granmama, will you be with me all day?"

She accepted my question stream with a nod from time to time; answering some and simply smiling at others. But when the brush cleared to reveal the town center and the statue, my line of questioning ceased, and my little caterpillar jaw dropped wide in awe.

"Granmama, whoa, who is that beautiful butterfly?"

For the first time on the walk, she stopped flying to come stand by my side, and said in a quiet, knowing voice, "That is Petal, the butterfly who was too good to be true."

I didn't know what this meant, but I was hooked by the mystery. New questions of course flooded my mind, but as I opened my mouth, my grandmother read my thoughts instead and said, "I will tell you the story when we get home from school today, dear."

First days of school can be tough for many reasons, but impatience for the day to end and Grandma's story to begin was my biggest challenge. When we got back home from the schoolhouse, there wasn't a moment in my heart to wait. "Granmama! I need to know about that butterfly!"

"Alright dear, alright. Come on over and settle down. I'll make us a nice pot of nectar tea, and then tell the tale." I climbed up on the sofa, and she put on the kettle before fluttering over to be by my side.

"Snuggle in, little one."

She held her wing out, and I inched in close. She then closed her wing gently over my body, and began.

"Once there was a little caterpillar named Petal. She was born your average, everyday caterpillar, and lived a daily life as we all do; inching along each day towards becoming the most

admired creature in the forest, a beautiful butterfly.”

“Hey, that’s my destiny too, right Granmama?”

“Yes dear, you’re right. We start off as caterpillars, but know deep down we are designed to fly. All caterpillars had, and always will have, this same destiny. Except, for Petal.”

My grandmother raised up and went over to tend the tea.

“Except for Petal? Granmama, why was she different?”

Grandma set the cups on a tray, and flew back to my side, tray in hands. She set it down as she thought a moment, then began again.

“Petal was a sweet girl, always seeing the good in others, and always making a point to say so. If she inched by a fellow forest-mate, and noticed something about them she liked, she would comment on it. ‘Nice stripes,’ if she liked their stripes, or, ‘My, what delectable leaves you produce, maple tree,’ if she liked the taste of the maple tree’s leaves. Everyone felt good when Petal was around, and many began to call her Petal-Love, as nothing other than observations of love ever seemed to spill from her mouth. So, Petal was kind, and shared love often on the outside. But on the inside, things were broken.”

“Broken, like broken glass?”

“Yes, or even more like a mirror...” she paused, then asked.

“Tell me dear, when you look into your tea cup, who do you see?”

“I see my tea, Granmama, of course!”

“No, no, listen dear. Who do you see?”

I looked into my cup, and then understood what she meant.

“Oh, I see ME!”

“Ahh yes, of course you do! But for Petal, reflections didn’t quite work this way. When she looked into a lake, or a creek, or even into her own tea cup, she did not see herself. What reflected back was not her image, but rather a broken face that spoke, ‘A flyer, you? Too good to be true.’”

“Nooo...”

“Oh yes. It was a very sad thing. And something similar would happen when Petal looked up to see the women of her village flying high in the sky. She would say with a wistful heart, ‘Oh, how beautiful are these women of my village! So gifted and talented and flying so high!’ Petal showing love on the outside, you see? But on the inside, her voice would speak, ‘A flyer, you? Too good to be true.’”

“Did Petal ever yell back at this voice? It sounds terrible.”

“Oh no dear. Petal was so busy with life and tending her connection to others that she never acknowledged the voice inside. In fact, this lie was so sneaky, Petal didn’t even recognize it as her own! Not until, of course, she was forced to face it within the silence of her own cocoon.”

“Whoa, that sounds super spooky. She had to be so brave to do something like that. How did she ever survive?”

“Well dear, that’s the problem. She didn’t. Take a sip of your tea, and I will tell you why.” I remember sipping my tea, but not tasting anything. My wide eyes stared back at my grandmother as she continued.

“Petal’s chrysalis day was a typical caterpillar’s chrysalis day; she inched through the forest, growing heavy and tired from the journey, as well as from her full and heavy belly, and settled on the underside of loose birch bark for her pupa space. She began her work, creating her cocoon home from the bottom up, and left a tiny window at the top for her eyes to view the world one final time as a caterpillar. Thinking she would emerge in two-week’s time as a butterfly, she spoke aloud with joy, ‘I cannot wait to fly!’ But as she spun the final space closed and the light disappeared, she heard the voice loud and clear, ‘A flyer, you? Too good to be true.’ With no light to keep her heart bright, Petal had no choice but to consume the lie as truth, and this is when sadness consumed her. Her eyes closed, and while sheltered deep in the long darkness, her warped story slowly took over her soul and rewrote her destiny.”

For the second time that day my jaw dropped, but this time from fear. My grandmother noticed, gently removed the tea cup from my hands and placed it off to the side, and snuggled me closer.

We sat in silence for some time before she began again.

“On the day of Petal’s awakening, the sun was bright and just beginning to rise in the east. As the rays struck her chrysalis, it began to soften, and Petal began to emerge. Several fellow forest-mates had gathered round to welcome Petal-Love back into the world, but what they soon witnessed only sickened their hearts. For as the sun rose and revealed Petal’s interior, all that lingered was a spectacular, dead black butterfly. Too good to be true had in fact, come true. Petal-Love was no more, and only her lie lived on to tell the tale.”

I stared at my grandmother for what seemed like eternity, before feeling a jolt in my heart. My sadness had flipped a switch, and angry tears began streaming down my face.

“This doesn’t make any sense. Granmama, how did a lie kill Petal? A lie is not even a real thing. I don’t get it and I don’t believe it. This is a terrible story and I don’t want to hear any more! She doesn’t deserve a statue. Petal doesn’t deserve anything.”

I pulled away from my grandmother’s embrace, but her wings remained calm and her face as soft as always. She let me cry for some time before speaking again.

“The power of lies can be hard to believe. And ‘too good to be true’ is the greatest lie a heart can hear, as it steals a soul’s joy - a soul’s purpose - and therefore has the power to take life away. For Petal-Love, its power unmade what she was destined to be, and it has the power to do the same to you, if you believe it.”

I blinked and my tears stopped, and Grandma continued.

“Dear, I tell you Petal’s story, as all the women in the village tell this story to their children and grandchildren, to prevent it from ever happening again. We erected her statue to remind us all that our greatest threat in life is not the birds, bad weather, or wildfires, but the fear that grows when we do not show love to ourselves. Fear is what laid the lie in Petal’s heart, and fear is what made her believe it.”

...

To this day I still find it hard to believe a lie so powerful could exist; Petal was a butterfly, but a lie made her not so. How could this be? And whether her story was some sort of metaphor or not, my grandmother would never tell.

But from time to time, on days when I’m dreaming big and flying high, my own sinister tone can begin to play, “What, you? Too good to be true,” attempting to unravel the integrity of my being, and trying to convince me that I could never be Me. It is in these times that I remember Petal-Love’s story. For to live I have no choice but to believe the truth; life can flow only when bliss is at the helm.

Rachel Byrd

Lever Du Soleil



Art Medium: Oil Paint and Cold Wax Medium on Canvas

Artist Statement: In “Lever Du Soleil” I wanted to create a feeling of happiness. The meaning behind the title is sunrise and this shows that each new day we get to take control and start fresh. Hence why there is white gesso starting to cover the canvas again to paint something different.

Theatre

Sarah Hajkowski

a marvelous allegory

Youth

isnt that what they'd call it. back then, i mean. wouldn't they call it like a hysteria?

Alma

what are you talking about

Youth

what you have. about the way you pruned up when you heard the cycling guys shouting up the hill and not being able to talk to guys and that sort of thing

Alma

no, that's not what that means. what that word means is

Youth

it is. you're just too afraid to admit it

Alma

are you crazy. admit what that i've got a filthy mind or something

Youth

no

Alma

or that i listen when cars pull out of the driveway extra hard so i can dwell on the rumble (i don't)
or that i should have a different shade of lipstick for every boy i've ever kissed ever

Youth

-no, i didnt mean it like that

Alma

-been with?

Youth

no.

Alma

well then what!?
(he says nothing)
then WHAT

Youth

just admit that you've got those feelings some of them i mean come on when i leaned over you

before

Alma

i was not expecting you

Youth

-you before to get the remote it was like you held your breath and you were like

Alma

what. like what

Youth

well im not explaining it very well but you know in the movies when they're going to the big scene

Alma

what scene

Youth

im telling you. when its the scene with the guy who hit a girl with his car or cheated his dad or his first girlfriend or whatever and he's got some big sunset in front of him and he takes a big breath and even though we're supposed to hate him we feel bad all of a sudden for some reason and it was like that with you when i leaned over you and i swear you didnt breathe because

Alma

you're not making ANY sense

Youth

because

Alma

don't bother.

Youth

because i thought i knew-well im not explaining it right but what i mean is i thought you came over just because mr. bryant told you to and now i don't think that anymore. i kind of feel like

Alma

just stop it

(beat)

that is why i came over here. because mr. Bryant asked me to.

Youth

i kind of feel like you like me

Alma

you think that because you think every girl likes you

Youth

mr. bryant's not like going to-

Alma

-oh, fuck you-

Youth

because you help me with my Spanish homework

Youth

its true, you know

Alma

you're just so

Youth

yeah but you wish he would though

Alma

(aside, about Youth)

his chin was so soft. he has peach fuzz now. i bet he thinks it looks rugged. it does look pretty soft but i liked it even better in freshman year when we were in "Jesus Christ Superstar" and i had to touch his face for this scene he was so soft to touch and it makes me feel like screaming now. and i hate it

(to Youth)

you're so gross

Youth

whatever

Alma

that's gross, intimating that

Youth

i forgot about my popcorn

Alma

where the hell do you

Youth

im gonna go get it, you're really distracting, you know (he grins) we havent done like anything

Alma

fine, get your popcorn. dammit
(he does)

Youth

its cold

Alma

i think you should have a real tutor. not me. i think i should go.

Youth

this is the grossest thing ive ever eaten. what were you saying

Alma

i think i should leave. i don't think we're going to get any studying done this way. my stomach hurts

Youth

want some cold crusty popcorn

Alma

have you even started the assignment im supposed to be tutoring you for

Youth

hey im really sorry about this but- (he pelts her with a piece of popcorn, she ducks)

Alma

dude

Youth

(throws another)
im sorry its just so funny

Alma

(laughing)
what the hell

Youth

duck

Alma

Jay

Youth

keep ducking

Alma

i want to get back to the book now, Jay stop it

Youth

why

Alma

i just. want to help you get your work done and i cant if

Youth

try it!

Alma

what?

Youth

try it. try reading the instructions while im throwing popcorn at you

Alma

why

Youth

because its funny

Alma

i'm so tired

Youth

you use your brain too much

(tiny beat)

thats why

Alma

yeah

Youth

(aside)

she Agreed with me holy shit she agreed with me i feel like a scrambled egg--you know what i mean like in the beginning when you're makin eggs and its in the cup and you have a fork or whisk or whatever and it breaks apart into a whole, yellow, swirly-well i guess a "whisked" egg whatever i feel like a whisked egg because oh my god what made her agree this time what'd i do? how do i do it again?

(to Alma)

seriously though

Brian Seon

Stone Street



Art Medium: Photography

Poetry
Journey Tyler
I'm fine

Don't let them see you hurt

Don't let them see you fail

Don't let them see you cry

If they don't ask, then don't tell

I tell myself this all the time

Whenever I feel low

It doesn't matter how bad things are

No one will ever know

So many bottled thoughts

I don't intend to share

Everyone has their own problems

No one will truly care

Others go through so much worse

My struggles can't align

So every time I hear "are you ok?"

I simply say "I'm fine"

Avery Lockwood

Wishbone

Juried Art Selection, Student Choice Award/ Honorable Mention



Art Medium: Pallet Wood and Metal

Julia Lusk
Headache



Art Medium: Acrylic

Poetry
Caroline Hoy
My Monster

I remember that night so visibly.

A little light shone through the window.

The house was eerily quiet.

The bright yellow walls were shrouded in darkness.

The darkness made the walls seem to go on forever.

The sound of footsteps were heard in the hallway.

Pitter patter, pitter patter

Chills went down my back

for my mother, father, and sister were fast asleep.

It was him.

I darted out of my room

into the empty hallway,

and entered the bathroom.

I closed the door and turned on the light.

I told myself it's all in my head.

There was no monster

I told myself it's all in my head.

I snuck back out into the hallway,
and left the light on.

There wasn't enough light.

He was feeding off my fear and the darkness.

I went and turned on as many lights as I could.

The whole house shone like a house on Christmas Eve.

My parents came out to tiny me.

They put me back in my bed,
and turned off the lights.

They told me I was fine,
and kissed me goodnight.

The darkness returned.

The light was the dull moonlight out the window.

He was waiting for me to sleep.

He was hiding out of my parents sight
and lurking in the darkness.

I never saw him,

But I could sense his realness.

I am waiting for him to come again.

He is my monster:

with the body of a human,

and head of a fierce lion.

Julia Lusk

Suprise Room Check



Art Medium: Ink

Avery Lockwood

Untitled



Art Medium: 35mm Film

Katherine Lee

Chanterelles

Alumni Exhibit



Art Medium: Water Color and Ink

Jordan Silivia

Goldfish

Alumni Exhibit



Art Medium: Colored pencils with polystyrene plastic

Artist Statement: The primary subject matter of my work includes birds, dogs, cats, and other exotic and domestic wildlife, but I also enjoy human portraiture and the occasional still life object. Though I cannot be pinned down to a particular theme, it is my materials and process that make my collection of work unique. Polystyrene Plastic (better known as Shrinky Dinks) serves as the substrate upon which I create my photorealistic drawings using colored pencils. This material was developed in the 1970s for the purpose of children's craft for charms, keychains, and jewelry. Essentially, when placed in the oven, the plastic reacts to the applied heat and shrinks to 40% of its original size while sharpening details and adding vibrancy to the colors. The shrinking process, though satisfying to witness, comes with its own set of risks as the hot plastic can curl and stick to itself, potentially destroying a drawing that took hours in a matter of only seconds. Viewers of my work find a sense of nostalgia in the medium as they remember using Shrinky Dinks either themselves as a child or with their own children. With the finished artwork being of such small size, often only a few inches wide, viewers are required to get intimately close to the work in order to examine it and view the delicate details.

Special Effects in Film

The Evolution of Special Effects in Modern Filmmaking, with Special Attention paid to the Use or Overuse of Computer Generated Imagery, Especially in the Case of Long-Running Franchises

Special effects have been a crucial part of filmmaking since the dawn of cinema. Whether it's the use of gargantuan models to simulate Ancient Rome, or simple editing tricks to conceal the use of a stunt double, such special effects are an integral part of how we experience film. I intend to study the evolution of special effects across the late 20th and 21st centuries, specifically delving into the increasing importance and prevalence of CGI, and how it has largely supplanted practical effects. The use of computer-generated imagery in place of physical props has a great many pros and cons, that can be best highlighted by discussing it in the context of long running franchises that contained the highlights of both art forms. Examples include the *Star Wars* franchise, the Marvel Cinematic Universe, Peter Jackson's *Middle Earth* series, and a number of classic horror films compared to their modern remakes.

The first ever recorded use of special effects in film was in an 1895 Edison Film by Alfred Clark, which depicted the beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots by having all of the actors hold completely still while the actress was replaced by a dummy during a cut, after which the executioner's axe came down upon her. The effect holds up surprisingly well even 126 years later, if only due to the already jittery, grainy nature of the footage. It's been said that some people even believed that the actress had truly been beheaded! The first use of animation in film was *The Enchanted Drawing*, a simple short that depicted an animated character reacting as the artist removes or adds certain items to the drawing. It's exceptionally primitive, but it laid the groundwork for how visual art can be used in film. However, the earliest special effects heavy "blockbuster" films were those that utilized extensive miniature model-work, clever editing, and forced perspective to make it seem like the actors onscreen were interacting with places and creatures much larger than them. *The Lost World*, followed by *King Kong*, were the earliest major examples of stop motion animation being used to create creatures and scenarios that would otherwise have been impossible to put on screen.

Special effects continued to evolve at a steady pace. *The Wizard of Oz* introduced the world at large to technicolor, though it was not the first film to use the process. Moving forward, filmmakers became bold as Hollywood entered the Golden Age. Costumes and sets became more and more extravagant. Boundaries were pushed regarding what was fit to be put to screen. The stop motion effects pioneered by Willis O'Brien would be perfected by legendary artist Ray Harryhausen for films such as *Clash of the Titans* and *Jason and the Argonauts*, the latter of which featured the iconic battle between the heroes and life sized reanimated skeletons, with the real footage and animated models blending together perfectly for a visually spectacular sequence that took more than ten months to complete.

Outside of America, special effects were evolving as well. Hollywood's *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms* inspired Japanese filmmaker Ishiro Honda to make the 1954 film *Godzilla*, a horror movie about a giant monster rampaging through Tokyo as a metaphor for nuclear destruction. The franchise this film spawned showed just how far special effects had come. Whether by the

intricately crafted rubber suits, the sprawling miniature sets that had to both look real and be easily destroyed, the increasingly spectacular pyrotechnics, or the frequent usage of “painted-on” effects like lightning or the monsters’ many, many breath weapons, such as Godzilla’s iconic atomic breath. But what truly made these films impressive was how these special effects, which 20 years before had been groundbreaking, quickly became cheap and tacky-looking. Yes, the Godzilla films from *Godzilla Raids Again* through *Terror of Mechagodzilla* don’t look very convincing, but they are very much worth mentioning due to the ease with which they depicted the massive size of the monsters through simple, practical effects that remain usable today.

Now we come to one of the most important films of the latter half of the 20th century: 1973’s *Westworld*, which featured the first-ever use of computer-generated imagery in a motion picture for scenes depicting the pixelated point-of-view of Yul Brynner’s robotic gunslinger. This landmark would be followed by many more in the years to come. From 1977 to 1983, the *Star Wars* films created hundreds of innovations in editing and special effects technology, including bringing computers into the process of creating and editing films. Specifically they revolutionized and streamlined the use of blue screen. 1982’s *TRON* was the first to use extensive 3D CGI, as well as the first to actively blend CGI and humans onscreen. 1985’s *Young Sherlock Holmes* gave us the Stained Glass Knight, the first fully CGI character, and it holds up almost flawlessly today. 1989’s *The Abyss* featured the first realistic fluid morphing simulation for a scene in which the living water mimics a human face. 1993’s *Jurassic Park* introduced the world to both photorealistic dinosaurs and the first moving digital face swap (a brief moment in the climax where Ariana Richards’ stunt double looked into the camera, causing the production to superimpose Richards’ face over hers). Roland Emmerich’s disaster films like *Independence Day* and the infamous 1998 American Godzilla showed how far combinations of extensive miniature work and destruction simulations could go. 1999’s *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace* featured possibly the most momentous digital advancement of the late 20th century: Jar Jar Binks, the first fully CGI principal character in a movie, as well as being an example of primitive motion capture performance.

Enter the 21st century, and the trilogies that catapulted cinema forward. Continuing from 1999, the Star Wars prequels continued to break boundaries with extensive, spectacular special effects work. 2002’s *Attack of the Clones* not only featured seamless blending of live action actors into highly detailed miniature sets in order to create its fantastic settings, but also its explosive third act, where gigantic armies of computer generated droids fight first against CGI and live action Jedi, then against CGI clones, with incredible special effects throughout the Battle of Geonosis pushing the story forward. Special attention must be paid to the impressive shot where we see the clones and droids fighting in a thick dust cloud, with realistic depictions of the multicolored lasers tearing through the sand and reflecting off the droids’ metal shells and the clones’ armor. In 2005, *Revenge of the Sith* came out, blowing its predecessors impressive feats out of the water with its incredible photorealistic CGI that can stand against even the most impressive films today. In particular, secondary antagonist General Grievous was entirely computer generated, but appeared perfectly realistic, and remains ILM’s single most complex digital model to date. The other groundbreaking trilogy of the early 2000s was *The Lord of the Rings*, which brought in its own slew of technological marvels. From Mumakil to Fellbeasts, the world of Middle Earth is populated with incredible creatures. Massive cities are brought to life, and technology was created to allow thousands of digital soldiers to move in realistic formations to create the series’ iconic battles. For the size differences between the hobbits, dwarves, and humans, the team leaned towards a practical approach, using primarily forced perspective, scale doubles, and good old fashioned camera tricks to achieve the effect, but they also used a good deal of editing and CGI to blend it all together perfectly. And then, of course, there’s Gollum. One of the most important characters of the franchise, this lanky, strange creature was the true beginning of motion capture technology. Andy Serkis’s incredible performance was grafted onto a completely different body using motion

tracking technology of both the body and the face in order to create the most realistic creature possible. Sometimes *too* realistic, as the only noticeable flaw in Gollum's integration into the films is that he frequently looks more real than the actual scenery he's walking in. This compositing would be improved over the course of the films, but compositing remains the most difficult facet of Computer Imagery to this day.

More technological wonders would follow as the 2000s continued. Seminal films like *The Dark Knight*, *Avatar*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*, and *Iron Man* all redefined what was possible with digital technology in motion pictures. And that brings us to the present day, where most blockbuster films are upwards of 90% CGI, and whether that's a good thing or a bad thing is up to the individual viewer or critic to decide.

Here is one major point of debate in discussion of film today: the potential overuse of digital special effects in modern media, particularly when compared to older works. We will begin this examination with an individual example, then move on to larger franchises.

When *The Thing* came out in 1982, it was critically and commercially reviled, but rather quickly found its place as perhaps the pre-eminent Cult Classic film. It's the poster child of body horror, and its disgustingly realistic creature effects laid the ground work for the entire horror genre from that point on. In 2011, a remake/reboot/prequel was released, also titled *The Thing*. It received mixed reviews, with praise being given to its solid plot, consistently scary atmosphere, and decent characters, all of which stacked up pretty well to the original film. The problem lay in the special effects. The filmmakers took great pains to replicate the groundbreaking special effects of the original film. Months were spent to make some of the most realistic practical gore and creature effects possible. Then, in post production, despite all of those effects being perfectly functional, the studio demanded that everything be completely painted over with CGI. The result was that, rather than achieving the same visceral audience reaction of the original, the special effects were widely panned, as everything looked visibly computer generated. Not that the effects were *bad*, per se, but they were clearly fake when compared to the tangible horror of the real ones. As a result, the film made little impact, and, while it has its fans, it is almost universally regarded as inferior to the certified horror classic that is the original.

There have been several instances throughout the twenty-first century of reboots of old franchises bringing in a more polished, CGI-heavy look that received very mixed reviews. The first example was, of course, the *Star Wars* prequel trilogy. George Lucas created a visually stunning trilogy of films that did things with digital special effects technology that no one else knew was possible. Most of the techniques that dominate the prequels were invented for them, and form the groundwork of blockbuster movies to this day. The films were lambasted for their unintentionally terrible dialogue and acting, and, while the CGI was praised a fair deal, it was much more common to see and hear people saying that the films relied too heavily on it. And indeed, *Attack of the Clones* featured CGI in over 90% of the film's shots. However, the largest complaint was that the environments were CGI, an assertion that was quite simply untrue. The truth is that almost all of the trilogy's setpieces were in fact massive dioramas that the actors were composited into. The effect was not always entirely successful, but the fact remains that the prequels blended practical and digital effects to such a degree that it was nearly impossible to tell them apart. There is also something to be said for the fact that the extensive CGI gave them a more fantastical feeling, which was exactly what George Lucas had always intended with the series, but was unable to fully realize with the technology available to him while making the original trilogy. Aliens are actually prevalent and varied in their designs rather than all being strictly humanoid, and appear as their own characters. Jar Jar Binks may be widely hated, but he's detailed and emotive, with a unique design that's distinct from other aliens. Other aliens have their own unique designs, which would be impractical or impossible to achieve via practical effects. CGI allowed Lucas to create a true sci fi universe that wasn't limited by human restraints.

That is why he went back and made the highly controversial changes to special edition releases of the Original Films. Some of them were objective improvements, such as replacing the strange original design of Palpatine in *Empire Strikes Back* with Ian McDiarmid for the sake of simple consistency. Or replacing Jeremy Bulloch's fairly well liked vocal performance as Boba Fett with Temuera Morrison, who played Fett's clone progenitor Jango in *Attack of the Clones*. Others were less well received, such as the addition of a scene in *A New Hope* between Han Solo and a rather shoddy CGI Jabba the Hutt. Story-wise, this made Jabba into a consistent overarching villain for Han throughout the trilogy, but it just didn't look good, and the "improved" special effects in the 2011 blu ray were not much better. Others were extraneous, but not actively harmful, such as the addition of CGI creatures to Mos Eisley, or the extra boulder placed in front of R2-D2 in a single shot. And then there's the edit made to make Greedo shoot first in his confrontation with Han Solo in the Mos Eisley Cantina. The less said, the better.

In 2014, Disney acquired the Star Wars franchise, and announced a new trilogy of films as sequels to the original trilogy. Following the criticism of the prequel trilogy for their outlandish designs and overuse of CGI, JJ Abrams decided to go for a much more grounded approach for *The Force Awakens*. Much attention was paid to making sure even the larger, more outlandish aliens were accomplished using practical effects. Rather than using CGI to create something new entirely, they used it to imitate reality. The holograms and vibrant colors of the prequels were toned down, replaced with more analog technology to mimic the original films. The special effects were near-universally praised, a trend which continued into *The Last Jedi*, which also more extensively featured Andy Serkis's Snoke, a truly lifelike motion capture character who, despite falling into the Uncanny Valley by visual design, managed to totally avoid the Valley in actual appearance. *The Rise of Skywalker* has admirable visuals despite the rushed, horrible production process. The most impressive shot of the movie, where the Rebel fleet arrives at the final battle of Exogol, features more than 14,000 ships onscreen! Many of them are pre-existing ships in the Star Wars universe, while others were randomly generated. All in all, this approach to special effects: using digital technology to mimic reality rather than replace it, is more effective than the prequels' approach.

Rogue One: A Star Wars Story must be addressed. The film is one of the best in the Star Wars series, taking the sequels' emphasis on practical effects to the nth degree. Everything in the film is designed to look real, even when crafted digitally. K-2SO in particular looks incredibly tangible. But all of that special effects work was, for better or for worse, overshadowed by one of the film's main villains. Grand Moff Tarkin, the main antagonist of *A New Hope*, reappears in *Rogue One*. The problem is that Tarkin's actor, Peter Cushing, passed away in 1994. So, the filmmakers used a plaster mold of Cushing's face, as well as thousands of reference pictures of the man both in and out of his hundreds of film roles, in order to create a perfect digital reconstruction of his face. Actor Guy Henry, who can do a nearly perfect impression of Cushing's voice and bears a more than passing resemblance to him, was chosen for the role. Full motion capture was done on Henry's face both on and off set to match Cushing's digital face to the performance. Digital doubles of both Henry's and Cushing's faces were made and matched to Henry's performance, and dozens of iterations were created for each shot. The effect in the film pays off almost flawlessly. There are some shots where his face moves somewhat too fluidly to convincingly appear human, but other times it is near-indistinguishable from his "living" costars. The resurrection of this 22-years deceased actor for a new film appearance sparked praise and controversy in equal measure, but ethics aside (it's worth noting that the decision was made partially based off of Cushing's stated views on death), the actual effect is stunning to witness.

In 2008, Marvel Studios made *Iron Man*, a gamble of a film made with a decent budget, a moderately well-known director, and some serious acting talent at the front. But it could easily have gone wrong. The choice of Robert Downey Jr., fresh out of prison and rehab, to play Tony Stark was a serious risk. The film's script was unfinished when shooting began, and as much as 80% of

the film's genius dialogue was at least partially improvised. In the words of Jeff Bridges, who played the film's antagonist: "It was like shooting a hundred million dollar college film." Ultimately, of course, the film paid off, making almost 600 million dollars against a budget of 140 million. Every aspect of the film was praised, from the acting to the directing to the comedy and action. But what ultimately cinched its success was its visual effects. Iron Man was a bold character choice for the movie because of how much work needed to be done to make his suit realistic. The filmmakers opted for a largely practical approach. They made models of the suit in pre-production, they made diagrams of how it would look pulled apart, they made many iterations of concept art - essentially, they designed it as if it were a real piece of machinery. They then built large portions of the suit to be worn by Robert Downey Jr as a costume, while the rest of the suit was matched to his movements and performance in CGI. The film is full of extreme close ups on the suit and its inner workings, so it had to look absolutely perfect. And it does. Every texture, every movement, every frame is packed full of so much detail in order to sell how real it is, and it was that attention to detail, that mix of practical and digital, that helped jumpstart the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

Fast forward eleven years to *Avengers: Endgame*. The MCU has made billions of dollars off of more than 20 installments. Over time, budgets and technology have increased to the point that CGI is increasingly used over practical effects, with mixed results. The reason behind this is that each movie's release date is determined and announced far in advance, and, with the amount of films being made, it means schedules are much tighter. Pre-production and post-production bleed together. Costume designs, which would normally be finalized before shooting even began, are now created by CGI, with their designs only completed a few months or even weeks before release. In *Avengers Endgame*, this design philosophy was taken to its limit. The Quantum Suits worn by the entire team in the film's second act are entirely computer generated, because a design couldn't be settled upon before filming started. As much as 96% of shots in the film featured some special effects, created by 13 different digital effects companies, including Industrial Light and Magic, Weta Digital, and Digital Domain. These companies shared some assets, and generated other assets independently. The massive final battle is primarily CGI. Most of the costumes and characters are computer generated in many shots. Even the scenery, despite there being extensive sets built, is computer generated. The effect largely works, as the film's enormous budget ensured that the effects were all of the highest possible quality. But, unlike in the original *Iron Man* film, they did not need to prove anything with this technology. They didn't need to ensure that everything was realistic, as the films had become total science fiction with the release of *Black Panther*, casting aside suspension of disbelief. The massive amounts of CGI look photorealistic, but not believable. The most obvious difference is with the Iron Man Suit. Compared to his grounded appearance in the early MCU, his suit is now made of "nanotech". There are no real costume pieces for Robert Downey Jr to wear, so the suit is designed to look like a human, rather than looking like it could fit a human inside it. None of his body is used in the final rendering. Instead, his head is just superimposed onto a fully CGI body, resulting in it looking disconnected and out of proportion. This "floating head syndrome" has plagued the MCU for most of its installments as a result of this over reliance on CGI over practical effects. Even (Spoiler) the climactic shot of Tony Stark's death in *Endgame* has his head be noticeably disproportionate to his body. Overall, while the CGI of the new films looks perfect, it commits the fallacy that was mentioned earlier: It attempts to make a new reality, rather than replicating the existing reality, and that's why it doesn't look as good.

Our next example of a franchise's continuation over time resulting in an over-reliance on digital technology is *The Hobbit* trilogy. A decade after the incredible success of the *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, New Line Cinema was set to adapt its predecessor, Tolkien's 1937 children's book *The Hobbit*. Originally, Guillermo Del Toro was attached to the project, and he completed several years of pre-production, but ultimately dropped out of the project. Peter Jackson, director of the original trilogy, was brought on to helm the project, which consisted of two planned films. That's

where the trouble began. Jackson had had four years of pre-production for *The Lord of the Rings*, but was now being brought onto a similarly sized project with barely a third of that time. Much more adapting had to be done in order to turn the dialogue-light children's book into an epic blockbuster to follow the original films. Production went rather smoothly at first, with the crew getting through production of the two films: *An Unexpected Journey* and *There and Back Again*. However, that's when the studio stepped in. They wanted a third movie, and Jackson agreed. This meant that they had to stretch out the material they had across another movie. *An Unexpected Journey* covered about half of the book's original story, because it was already finished when the decision was made to turn the duo logo into a trilogy. *Desolation of Smaug* and *The Battle of the Five Armies* used massive amounts of CGI to make up for the lack of pre-production the team was given. While the special effects of the first two films received massive praise, the third film's special effects were of a noticeably lower quality than theirs, or even the effects used in the original trilogy a decade prior. The size and movement of the CGI armies was wildly inconsistent, everything had a fuzzy look to it, and many of the characters looked overly cartoonish and rubbery.

Specifically, we will go into some examples of the trilogy's best and worst CGI, followed by why many people had problems with it. First of all, with a cast of fourteen dwarves and hobbits and only one human sized character compared to LotR's more even spread, it was more logical and budget saving to achieve the size-difference effect digitally, rather than use the forced perspective and practical effects that dominated the original trilogy. As a result, Ian McKellan performed many of his scenes completely alone on a green screen sound stage, acting against suspended tennis balls representing his costars. The process caused him to have a small on-set emotional breakdown, lamenting that "this was not why I became an actor". While the effect worked, with the size difference being more believable than the constant cuts and scale doubles of a decade prior, this story soured many people to its use. Other instances of debated CGI in the first film were its antagonists: The Goblin King and Azog the Defiler. While both were incredibly realized, a contingent of viewers believed it would have been better for the crew to create them practically, comparing them unfavorably to iconic orc villains Lurtz and Gothmog from the original films, who both stand out despite limited screen time due to their designs, whose prosthetics and costumes keep them grounded in reality while still being fantastical creatures. More well received was the famous "Riddles in the Dark" scene, featuring the return of the character Gollum. Gollum in this scene is infinitely more realistic and expressive than the already-impressive portrayal in LotR. This scene truly showed the massive advancements in motion capture technology over the last decade, and was very well received due to the fact that the whole scene is a contest of wills between a CGI character and a real actor, making it all the more believable. Before moving on to the next two films, it's worth noting that, while the debate over whether Azog should have been achieved practically is still going on today, his actual appearance in the film is all the more impressive with the knowledge that it was done in less than four weeks once they had finally gotten a satisfying design for him.

The next film, *The Desolation of Smaug*, was even more impressive on the digital effects front. Aside from new antagonist Bolg, who is a motion captured orc on par with his father Azog, the film's biggest draw was the titular dragon. Smaug is a force to be reckoned with, brought to life with incredible realism as possibly the most impressive dragon ever put to film. The crew studied dozens of creatures to draw inspiration from, including monitor lizards, birds of prey, and snakes, in order to make him as believable as possible. What makes him truly special is the performance by Benedict Cumberbatch. Aside from providing a truly intimidating, bestial vocalization to the monster, he also did full body motion capture, studying the movements of animals at the zoo to get the movements right, getting into a full body suit covered in motion tracking balls, and scrambling around the floor of a soundstage like a madman. The effect is utterly brilliant, as the crew adapted his performance to create one of the most visually impressive characters ever put to film.

And then came *The Battle of the Five Armies*. By far the biggest victim of the decision to

make a third film, the production was a nightmare that caused Jackson to have a crisis, and likely contributed to his switch to mostly documentary filmmaking after the production. The CGI was not great. Digital armies had their size vary from shot to shot, and the individual soldiers in said armies are more identical than the clones from the prequels. Creatures and people move in equally cartoonish ways. One character, Dain Ironfoot, was played by Billy Connolly, who was unable to be on set or do most of his character's movements, so they had to remake him in CGI, which resulted in him looking unnaturally smooth and clean compared to the grimy battle surrounding him. It makes it very distracting when shots switch from practical armies, with different outfits and heights among each soldier, to copy/pasted masses of identical people. The Extended Edition of the film, which much more closely resembles Jackson's vision, features vastly improved special effects, but it doesn't change the fact that executive meddling forced the film to rely on subpar CGI over the practical effects that had made the previous trilogy great.

Computer Generated imagery is the backbone of the movie industry today. And while there are certainly arguments to be made about its overuse, and how the reliance upon it takes away from the creative process, it is overall an exceptionally helpful tool that allows film to achieve its full potential. The discussion is not one of whether CGI should be used, but rather one of *how* CGI should be used.

Rachel Byrd

Scarcity



Art Medium: Oil Paint on Canvas

Artist Statement: In “Scarcity” I wanted to show how much of an impact water has on the world. To have clean drinking water, water to cook and bathe with is a true blessing to us and sometimes we as a country take that for granted. This piece was to create empathy in the viewer for cultures who may not have that ability.

The Undefinable Experience of Growing Up

Growing up is losing some illusions, in order to acquire others.

Virginia Woolf

For, after all, you do grow up, you do outgrow your ideals, which turn to dust and ashes, which are shattered into fragments; and if you have no other life, you just have to build one up out of these fragments.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Thanksgiving of 2021. My dad's brother's house. My brother decided to come too this year, and this was very exciting. He and I were always close, but he was different this time. I hadn't seen him in a while because of college. He wasn't the brother he was around me and my sisters, he was like my dad and he was like my uncle.

Growing up itself is an ideal. I don't understand why anyone should want this. My mom always said I needed to learn when to be quiet, but what happens when it's the opposite? I know I should've said something, and I didn't.

“When Mexico sends its people, they’re not sending the best. They’re sending people that have lots of problems and they’re bringing those problems.”

Donald Trump, echoed by my Dad, Uncle, and Brother

He was ignorant now and arrogant about his own ignorance. We continue Thanksgiving with this new version of my brother. He talks and he talks about “lady-boys” and the intelligence of the former president and guns being a right and how there is no inequality anymore, at least among men and women.

My brother had always talked about his hatred of my dad's beliefs, so when this version of him started agreeing with my dad and his brother, I lost a part of him. People like sons and daughters until they turn into their mothers and fathers.

“We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when men are afraid of the light.”

Plato

Maybe he was always like this. Maybe he grew too soon to accept another perspective. Maybe he is just trying to make sure they don't get angry by disagreeing. Maybe this is a collection of too many maybes that are trying to excuse who he has become.

My brother was still funny. My brother was still genuine. He cares about his family and the world around him, he wants to be important, he has goals and visions for himself. He didn't talk to me, he talked through me. This was a cold, demeaning side of him, and I just watched.

“Most people do not listen with the intent to understand; they listen with the intent to reply.”

Stephen R. Covey

I didn't realize going away would take this much from me. I will beg for nothing from him, but I ask him to listen. He chooses not to.

I would never lie and say I follow his ideology. Who we support is a reflection of who we are, and I will not be a shadow to please him. But in this moment, I was quiet. I did not express my thoughts on the election, the status of America, or the world around us.

We are fighting for an unapologetic movement for economic, social, and racial justice in the United States.

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez

He was the same old brother I had always known after we all had left Thanksgiving. We still hang out every time I come home, we still laugh like we always did, we spill our latest tea. I just can't look at him without thinking back to that switch.

It's not like we disagree on everything. But what is most important to me is deemed by him as false, unnecessary, or wrong. And I know we can't change who people are and what they believe, but sometimes I pray just this once, it could happen.

I don't want this to sever our friendship. If I can't see past his ideas, does that mean he can't see past mine? How do we now talk about nothing together and yet in those words still hold everything? *Why can't I like the people I love?*

I think I've grown differently too.

Shawnaizja Simmons

Torn



Art Medium: Steel

On Leaving the Firstborn at College

I knew someday would come,

And here it is,

Bigger than both of us—

Our days, once habitually

merged, Now divide,

With you on the verge

Of something new,

Because someday always

comes, And here it is,

Bigger than both of us.

I remember delicious

Dandelion days

And wonder where they

went— Black olives on your

fingertips, Cowlick in your

hair—

Now you, indifferent

to the diminishing,

Unaware how

conscientiously I tied my

hours

To crown you with the offering,

Because I knew someday would

come,

You say goodbye,

And I linger

In the slanting autumn light,

Still fingering the feathered

edge of memories, but I know

That though I cannot reach

you I will pray,

And hope that by my leaving

You too will find the heart to stay

With what is promisingly hard,

Because someday always

comes, And here it is,

Bigger than both of us.

Gunnar Ensign

Helium Heart



Art Medium: Digital Art

Caroline Hoy

High Above



Art Medium: Photography

Casey Jones

The Observer

A blink. It must've been. What else could it be? One moment the man was there, the next he wasn't. All in the blink of the eyes. But how? The alley had no outlets, the dumpsters were padlocked, and the fire escapes probably hadn't been used in ages, yet right where the man stood was nothing. Not even a breeze to indicate the air replacing where the 6-foot 2 inch tall man once stood.

A confused observer was the only indication that anything had happened. The bustle of the sidewalk continued, save for the sole observer, who was now approaching the small, dark alley. Despite the clamour of the sidewalk, the side alley was quiet, and well-kept despite the foot traffic the sidewalk received.

The observer was dressed in a warm, black overcoat, black slacks, and black oxfords, fitting his job's formal attire. As he approached the place the man once stood, the air turned from the late January chill to nice, warm June air. The observer noticed a small black button, barely protruding from the wall, but seemingly the source of the heat. Were it not for the heat, the button would've been entirely overlooked.

Something inside the observer told him to run, that this unnatural situation spelled his end, but the observer's finger was already hovering over the button. He glanced to his sides, and behind him, ensuring he was unobserved. Sure of his solitude and away from prying eyes, the observer pushed the button, and disappeared from the dark alley where he once stood.

404: Empathy Not Found

My name is Trailblazer. I am writing this memoir because I am sick and tired of this ongoing war. This is the last thing I'll inscribe onto a circuit board before I take out the leader of my faction. You can call me a traitor or a war criminal all you want, but this is genuinely how I feel.

I come from the planet Zionosis. I'm an ED810 unit and an Exobot. The Exobots have been at war with the Xenoforts for 5 thousand years. About what? Disagreements regarding sections' rights? Well, that's one of them, but the real kicker is fuel – sweet, sweet fuel. Haxigen: the main source of energy for the Zionosin species. There's only so much left on the planet, and if you were programmed in the Zionosin education system like me, you were told that the Xenoforts were objectively the bad guys. The Xenoforts will enslave and massacre anyone in their way to get their hands on Haxigen and rule all of Zionosis. On the other hand, the Exobots simply want to keep peace. Right?

I didn't ask to join this war. When I was only 113 years old, I was drafted into a world I wasn't prepared for. I was just on my way home from the Haxigen farm when I found a PDF in the mail USB.

CONGRATULATIONS!

You've been selected to serve your planet for the greater good! Please arrive at the military station in exactly 3 weeks.

You think I want to read that after a long day of harvesting and filtering Haxigen for consumer use? I'm just some dumb mudflap from Section H; I don't know anything about war. (Yes, I said "mudflap." I'm not going to refer to it as "the m word" because that's ridiculous.)

The following day at work wasn't any good either. My buddy Sharpspike told me he didn't receive a PDF with the draft. Great. My chances of at least being able to go to war with a companion by my side were crushed. Also, while I'm on lunch break, some upper class, angsty, hungry-for-attention bot with a blue forehead tint and an exhaust piercing accuses me of – get a load of this – having "ED810 privilege" because I was lucky enough to fight against the Xenoforts. Excuse me? You think fighting in a useless war is fun? I've been poor my whole life; my motherboard had to work three jobs just to pay the rent. Meanwhile, this bot's BFF is a PO999 unit who works in the Red House and makes 300,000 tokens a year. If anyone ever accuses me of having "ED810 privilege" again, they're getting a fistful of metal!

Where was I? Oh, yeah – being drafted. The moment I arrived at that military station, I knew there was no going back. Obviously, being drafted isn't a choice; I'm referring to my mental state. Before, I had about 10% levels of respect for my own government. By the time I started training, it had dropped to 0%. I was irritated by being told the same scrap I was indoctrinated to believe when I was just a tiny .exe file. "The Xenoforts are our sworn enemy." "The Exobots are a peaceful race." "If you ever suspect a friend or loved-one is siding with or befriending Xenoforts, report them; they could be a spy or traitor." If this stuff is so certainly true, why does it need to be drilled into our heads? You'd think it would be a given. Also, I, nor any of my friends, have ever met or seen a Xenofort in person. I refused to believe there wasn't a Xenofort out there going through the same crisis I was going through.

Don't get the idea that the battlefield was any better. All those action and war movies you've seen will often glorify death and destruction like it's awesome; it's not. Oh sure, there's big explosions and yelling, but it's exciting in all the wrong ways. The sensory overload is not that of

thrill but that of terror. You could die at any moment. One second, you're trying to recharge your electrothermic blast tube then BOOM! It's all turned to static.

A LITTLE BREAK TO CLEAR YOUR RAM

The first battle was a total catastrophe with oil shed and bots going offline in my own arms, but at least we won. I remember the tremble in the voice box of the Xenofort commander the moment he yelled "retreat!"

"Xenoforts, we are outnumbered! Return to base!"

At the time, I gave myself the benefit of the doubt and perceived it as a good thing. I wanted to believe that the Xenoforts were our enemies and that the Exobots were wiping them out for the greater good. I wanted to believe anything that would make me feel happier – anything that would make me feel like I was doing the right thing.

The interactions at the base weren't much better. Everywhere I went, I was surrounded by this overbearing "tough bot" persona. All the other bots wouldn't shut up about their killstreaks, their ammo collection, and their war trophies; don't get me started on the trophies. By "trophies," I of course mean the severed heads of slain Xenoforts. Doesn't scrap like this contradict everything the Exobots claim to stand for. Weren't we programmed to believe that the Exobots value peace and freedom? Isn't that why we consider the Xenoforts our enemies? Why would we celebrate obliterating them on the battlefield?

Would you like to know the truth? The real truth? I'm surprised none of my peers have figured it out, but at the same time I'm also not. The Exobots are no better than the Xenoforts. In fact, we might be worse. Remember at the beginning when I said the whole war was over Haxigen? Well, it still is. It always has been. Everything involving morale and freedom from tyranny is all a façade. I've researched Xenofort societies and how they function. Most Xenofort citizens are innocent, normal bots just like every Exobot I've known. The government is what's twisting things. The Xenoforts live under a dictatorship; their leader, Xeon Maximus, is insane and power-hungry. So, what are the Exobots?

The Exobot government claims to be democratic, but elections are rigged all the time by elites in the Red House. Bots who can simply buy and manipulate their way into power rise to the top. That's why the Exobot leader, Sentinel Exo, has been in office for longer than most Exobot leaders. Get this. Just recently, an mp3 file leaked of a private conversation between Sentinel Exo and the Exobot military general Spineshank. Sentinel was heard using phrases like "wipe them all out" and "that Haxigen rightfully belongs to us." I always figured that the leader of a "peaceful" race would try to use negotiations to try and persuade the enemy. Nah, let's just blow them to ash.

After the mp3 file was leaked, there was a nationwide memory purge of all Exobots that have been suspected of overhearing it. So why do I remember it? It's because I was able to temporarily turn myself offline during the purge. When I rebooted myself, I still had all my memory files saved, including the mp3; that's why you always back up your files. Not only am I the only Exobot who remembers that audio file of Sentinel, but I now know that he never trusted his own citizens; he's willing to lie to an entire nation and erase identities in order to ensure that people believe him, because he knows there's no real reason to choose him over the Xenoforts.

Mark this date: March 21, 4004 XE – the day Sentinel Exo is permanently deleted. But, what about the Xenofort dictator? Yes, Xeon Maximus is psychotic, but I respect him for his honesty. The only thing worse than a ruthless tyrant is a wannabe ruthless tyrant – a cold-circuited liar who manipulated, cheated, and stole his way to power. Sentinel Exo lied to all of us, and I'm going to make sure he never lies to anyone ever again. This isn't just for the good of Zionosis, but rather to fulfill myself. It will be the first time in this war where I feel like I'm on the right side.

It's easier than you think. A simple virus encrypted in a PDF sent to the Red House will do the trick. Won't they suspect me? I honestly don't care if they do. I'll gladly go to a security camp

for the rest of my lifespan. If you're interpreting this memoir, I'm probably in either security camp or have been deactivated in war. I've officially lost all empathy. Goodbye.

Gunnar Ensign

Flower

Juried Art Selection, Best of Show



Art Medium: Digital Art

Poetry
Ann Marie Bates
For Evan

Soft, the scent and sound of infant
still my reeling mind;
I feel the warmth of his dimpled flesh
pressed close against mine—
The passing of cars on wet pavement,
the stipple of stars in the sky,
The silence of everyone sleeping
while the hours are wandering by—
Heady with life and love like a poet,
content to be mother instead,
Amused by his infantile protests
against going to bed,
I adore him, now he's surrendered,
my fatigue getting lost in his rest,
And greedily tuck all these feelings
away in my wondering breast.

Seon Brian

RGB



Art Medium: Photography

I dream you in a mansion by the sea

where off white curtains lap the room as
tongues set to their lulling motion by the
breeze.

I see you, upright as a monolith;
a flowing shirt of linen wafting
scents of carolina textile's
fragrant ghost

into my mind, gentle as a mother's
hand onto a sleeping child's skin.

Whose face you bear I cannot seem
to tell. A friend whose company I
seldom knew? A passing lover from
some time before?

Your features fail like dying

memories, forgotten titles tugging

at my tongue.

I dream you in a mansion by the sea, where

off white curtains lap the room as tongues

set to their lulling motion by the breeze.

Makenzy Schinsky

Spencer



Art Medium: Wood and acrylic paint

Artist Statement: “Spencer” (My Sister’s Hedgehog), is an experimental piece that attempts to convey movement in a stationary sculpture. I manipulated factors such as color, resting points, and the specifics of angles to communicate the individual segments relating to one another.

Junonia



Art Medium: Carved plaster

Artist Statement: Carved from plaster, “Junonia” is a full-round sculpture that focuses on the relationship between positive and negative space as well as interior vs. exterior forms. Because this piece has no official top or bottom, the viewer is made to be tempted to pick it up and engage with it physically to see all the possible views and details as well as tactilely feel the carved swoops, curves, and holes I’ve created along the surface. Vaguely inspired and subsequently named after the Junonia shell, this work was my first opportunity to work with carving techniques and plaster as my medium, and it was exciting to experiment with something I had previously never considered using or exploring for future works.

Poetry
Caroline Hoy
Estranged

I feel estranged from myself, sometimes.

I question if I know myself, sometimes.

I have to dig to find my answer, sometimes.

I stare in my mirror;

I, myself, stare back.

Sometimes the other me looks the same,

and sometimes other me looking back is off.

I can see the perfect little girl,

or the shattered girl.

The perfect girl that everyone loves,

and the sad broken tear- stained girl.

I never know who I will see.

One girl believes in herself,

And strives to please.

The other girl is broken,

And she strives to survive.

I can disguise as either girl.

All it takes is a fake vs real smile.

I try to wear the perfect girl more.

The other girl's skin feels more like me,

but that look contains moth holes.

It is seen by many as wrong to wear holes.

I want my own skin.

One day I will design it myself

it will be flowing and colorful.

But currently the design of myself

is as black as deep space.

One day I believe I will hear that sound.

The mirror will break

and I will be left with one me.

I patiently await that day.

Crrrrrk

You Cannot Kill History

Don't tell me their stories are dead!

Their mouths aren't sewn with the roots of their bones

Their souls aren't contained by the thief we haven't yet been greeted with

Not as long as I am listening

Not as long as you take in their borrowed air

So don't tell me there's nothing left

They lived and wrote and spoke and loved and lost in the promise of remembrance

Remembrance by you and your children and their children and their children

Shout out their names

Your ignorance shouts in their silence

Their stories aren't dead!

And they never will be because the same sun that burns your skin

Also touched theirs

And the same water that washed away their blood and tears

is the water you swim through

They didn't live to die they lived to connect the tranquility of yesterday

with the booming chaos of tomorrow

Time didn't alter for them to slip through

But Time paused for them to freeze into forever

So no their stories aren't dead!

And yes I can still hear their voices in a ghostly whisper

And yes my dear friend they know me better than you ever will

They've lived my life and my earth before me

and managed to turn it from a void into profounding enlightenment

Oh to be something

Oh to be remembered

Apologize to legends and the poets and the philosophers and the generals and the victors

Their stories aren't dead!

Consession (A Chiasm)

Wail in the raging rain!

Spend your grief!

Disrobe your shame,

Then be still to hear

The calming refrain of

Compassion.

The One who is

Consuming Fire

Does not aim His ire

At your broken heart

But at the plague which does the

Breaking.

Know that you are more,

Much more to Him

Than the integers of your actions—

That He sees the sum of

Your motives.

He hears your retractions

And supplies

The generosity of

Regeneration.

So drink

And feed and rest

Like Elijah in the wilderness.

Sing His songs

And share your bread;

And walk in

Sun-drenched day.

Basatan, Lord of the Crabs

The day began as any other day would have. I awoke at the crack of 10:30 AM, ready to face the day. I gazed around my room, dazed from my late-night League of Legends binge, craving the strongest coffee I can get my hands on. I push my covers to the foot of my bed, neglecting to straighten them afterwards, and head into my living room. The large room was cool, both in temperature and in personality. I haven't turned the heat on since I've been back; I stay in the basement for its coolness. Scattered amongst the various tables of the room are books that I've pretended to read while someone else was coming through the basement. I choose to ignore that, instead deciding to make my way upstairs.

The family sized box of Captain Crunch had been calling my name from the very moment I awoke. The stairs creak, a sound that I hope isn't emanating through my house alerting those who also make their abode here. The door swings open, silently, and I make my way to the bowl cabinet. As I opened the door, I am not at all surprised when I see bowls there. It was Craig's turn to do the dishes and boyo did he come through. I scan the bowls, looking for my favorite, special order mauve bowl. I spot it, silently shouting for joy. I get the bowl down and make my way to the pantry. I peruse the shelves, appearing to greatly consider my options, before choosing the orange, family sized box of Peanut Butter Captain Crunch. Another silent shout for joy; my roommates hadn't eaten all of my Captain Crunch.

I returned to the kitchen from my long and arduous trip to the pantry. I placed my bowl and Captain Crunch on the counter. Before I get out the milk, however, I start to make my coffee. I wanted something strong, but instead of just brewing an above average strength of regular coffee, I decided to make a special gift I had received. Biohazard coffee. For those uninitiated, Biohazard coffee is the world's strongest coffee. Made from 100% Robusta beans, Biohazard coffee boasts a staggering 928mg of caffeine per 12oz serving. (For reference, that is very many.)

I placed a filter in my coffee maker, then dumped what looked like the right amount of coffee plus some more into the brewer. I added my water and wabam! Off my coffee went to making. I turned to my fridge, prepared to finish making my Captain Crunch whilst my coffee brewed. I pulled the milk out; the milk carton was still half full. When I returned to the counter, I set the milk down, favoring the Captain Crunch instead. I poured way more than the recommended serving of Captain Crunch in my mauve bowl. Once I was satisfied with the Peanut Butter pellets, I poured the milk. I could describe the sensation of pouring milk on Peanut Butter Captain Crunch in a mauve bowl at 10:38 AM on a Tuesday, but I won't.

I grabbed a spoon from my silverware drawer, fully prepared to dig into my perfectly balanced morning cereal, but my coffee finished brewing, and I have my priorities straight. I went to my mug cabinet, ensuring that I opened my side. I share my side of the mug cabinet with Jill, while Craig and Basatan, Lord of the Crabs, share the other side. All of Jill's mugs, which populated the bottom shelf, had corgis and cats on them. My mugs, which populated the top shelf, were actually rather dull. My shelf contained almost exclusively various glass mugs and gift mugs with words on them. I ended up choosing my tall glass mug, not to be confused with the tall glass mug with a frosted design on it.

I walked over to the coffee maker, which felt like it was radiating pure energy. I poured myself a glass of the Biohazard, replaced the pot and grabbed my cereal. I returned to my basement hovel, prepared for my daily routine to begin. I walked down the stairs, which were ever creaky,

and walked through my basement, and back to my room. I sat down at my desk, aware of various assignments I needed to do for class and decided to watch Netflix. I took a couple sips of my coffee when I realized I had forgotten my spoon in the kitchen, sitting on the back right eye of my range. Already feeling the effects of the Biohazard, I decided I needed that spoon. As always Captain Crunch would be the line keeping me tethered to the ground, lest I float away like a kite. I began my very difficult journey of getting that spoon from my kitchen.

As I exited my room, however, I realized something strange; I could only see straight ahead. I was unable to look to the side or up. I could see where my futon would have normally been, there was just a black dot in front of me. I could see the stairs as red, thanks to their red carpet, but it was really just a red dot. I turned around, attempting to return to my room. My room was much the same way. I could see a brown dot where my dresser would have normally been, and I couldn't see my bed or desk or anything. It wasn't possible for me to move down, but if it was I would've curled up and cried. It wouldn't have taken much. I closed whatever eyes I had, and just stood there.

I don't know how long I was there, but I eventually looked around again, fully expecting to see the few dots that had become my life for 30 or so seconds. I was surprised when I looked around that I could see the outline of everything. As if someone took a floor plan of my room, that's what everything was. Just... the outlines. I decided to go check the living room. It was exactly the same as I'd seen in my room; just the floor plan. I couldn't make out anything specific, things still didn't have their features, but I could tell what everything was based on their positioning. I moved over to where my futon would've been, seeming sitting on it, and closed my eyes. It became apparent to me that my tears couldn't manifest in the 2nd dimension either.

When I looked around again, it seemed as though I was back in the regular world, but something was... off. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but it was something. I decided that I'd ask one of my roommates. Jill was probably still asleep; she was a bartender. Craig was out, more than likely, working on his estate down the road. That only left Basatan, Lord of the Crabs. Basatan, Lord of the Crabs, was the only one who paid their rent on time. Upon remembering that, I took a moment to thank Basatan, Lord of the Crabs, in my head. I made my way through the house to his room. I kept noticing these strange movements just in my peripheral vision. As I got to Basatan, Lord of the Crabs's door, I knocked. He answered with haste, with one crab hand and another regular, non-crab hand. He appeared to have the lower half of a crab, all the legs and carapace and such and I asked him if he knew what was going on; you don't get to be an eldritch horror and not know what's going on. He said, in his usual watery deep voice, that I was chosen to experience all the dimensions. He pointed to a floating thing in the middle of his room. He said, "That is a perfect hypercube. The only reason that you and I can see it is because we are both, currently, fourth dimensional beings. You will revert soon, but I will remain. Also, here is a check for next month's rent. I got a bonus at work."

His answer scared me. I had never seen him with any crablike features before, despite him being Lord of the Crabs. I thought it was just a title from work. The hypercube was perplexing; it was a cube, with another cube inside of it, but the cube on the inside was also the same length, width and height as the outside cube, but it was also still inside of it. I decided the 4th dimension was too complicated, and simply willed myself to be a 3rd dimensional being again. Before I left, all of the strange movements ceased, and I looked back at Basatan, Lord of the Crabs, and he looked as though he were a normal human. All of his crab like features were gone. I returned to my room, with my Captain Crunch and Biohazard, and decided that, in place of Netflix, I would watch Hulu instead.

Shit. I forgot to grab my spoon.

Tori Brayman

Balsam



Art Medium: Photography

Begging Time

Can I just sit here for a minute

I just want to watch the leaves glide down

Can you let me do that please

The world rings in my ears and I beg

I just want to watch the leaves fall please

I wait for this all year

But suddenly the world around me is spinning

I grab onto anything to hold still

Please can I just sit here and watch the leaves

They aren't the only things falling anymore

I beg and beg and beg

Please I wait for this all my life

Laughing in my face as I reach for the leaves

They get pulled further and further from me

Please let me catch them let them hold me here

Mockingly they gain speed and I move slow

I wait for this in each night

I grab at the leaves as they're blowing away

But something is pulling me down

And roots me in the ground

Giving me just the view to watch it slip away

I can't even cry out as the roots grab at my throat

They close everything expect my eyes

Watch it slip away

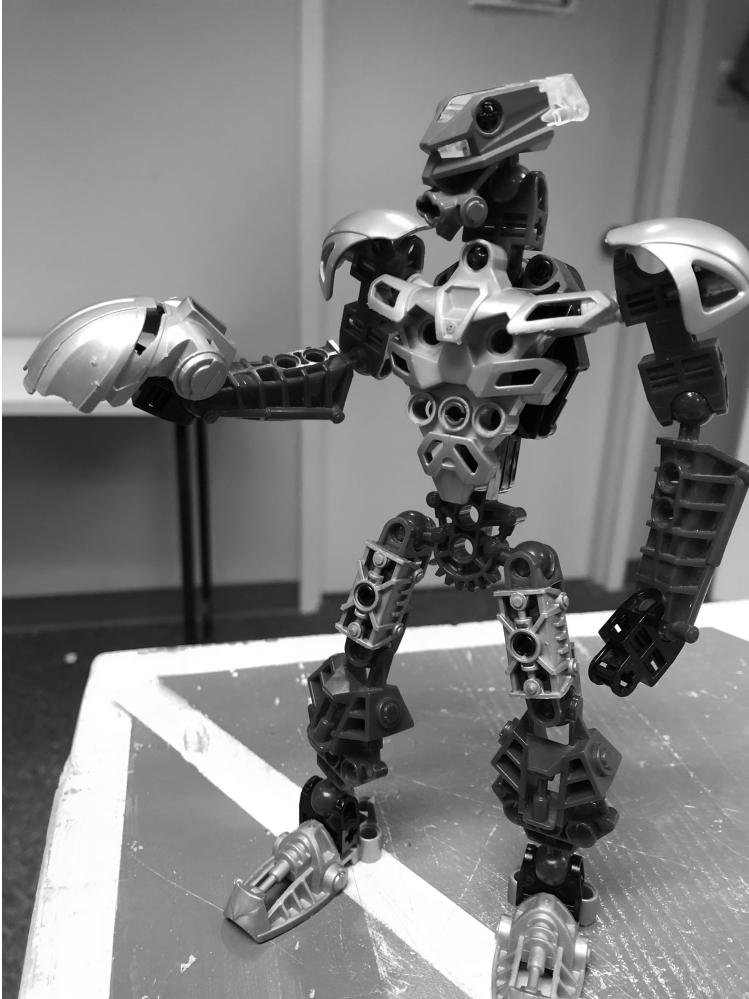
As you get pulled down down down

Back to your maker

I wait for this

Jackson Inglis

To The End



Art Medium: Photography

Gabrielle Lynch

Natives



Art Medium: Guache painting

Shawnaizja Simmons

Ancetors



Art Medium: Wood and gold leaf

Poetry
Journey Tyler
Escape

The feeling of being in the gym

With no one else around

The echo of the ball hitting the court

Is the most therapeutic sound

All alone, my mind is clear

I've never been more relaxed

In the moment all I think is

This feeling is unmatched

But when the bleachers get filled

And the cheerleaders chant my name

That feeling returns and it's clear to me

That this is more than just a game

It's an escape from the world

Where there is so much hate and fear

In between these lines

It all seems to suddenly disappear

What is Love

Love is a choice we cannot make

it is not possible to understand.

How we must give ten times and must not take,

for if we love, then life will not be bland

To show true love is a strife and struggle,

at times a conflict is what we must do.

Love is not limited to a couple,

but can be the friends that choose to come through.

Love is not real if it's conditional,

cause it's when we do what we don't want to.

Life without love is not nutritional

that is why when we love we feel brand new.

Love is a choice you cannot make,

it is when you care for someone else's sake

Jamal Frink

Flower



Art Medium: Photography

Poetry
Ann Marie Bates
A Prayer

Engineer of endless mysteries,
Father to the forgotten,
Confined only by Your flawless character,
Compelled by unflinching love,
Press Your seal into my heart like warm wax,
Sop me up into the fabric of Your being,
Let Your soft Spirit Voice
Brush my ear like crushed silk
And I will hear;
Sing me alive
And I will live.

Gunnar Ensign

Simon



Art Medium: Photography

Bios

Morgan AvRutick is 24 years old and from South Carolina. She enjoys writing, learning about wine, and anything to do with outer space.

Sara Barnes is a freshman at Brevard College. They are majoring in history along with the teacher licensure program with the goal of becoming a high school history teacher. Writing has always been a big part of their life and they've been heavily influenced by their grandmother who was an English teacher for thirty years. They have always been writing but have never considered submitting any writing until now. They hope you can enjoy their submissions!

Ann Marie Bates is a Junior Music Major (voice) at Brevard College. She lives in Fletcher with her husband, Eric, and their yorkie, Molly.

Gabriel Bernhard is a junior at Brevard College majoring in Theater with a minor in Creative Writing. He is a writer, actor, and storyteller. Gabriel's passions include Dungeons and Dragons, film and television, video games, and fantasy writing. He loves being able to teach and share knowledge and experiences with anyone who will give him their attention. He hopes you gain some measure of enjoyment or education from the work he's put into his works.

Victorica (Tori) Brayman is a senior at Brevard college. She is one semester away from getting her BA in art with a concentration in photography, and a minor in Business.

Rachel Byrd, over her college career, has mainly studied in the two-dimensional realm of artworks and has found a calling into the painting concentration here at Brevard College. Painting has been a form of an escape for them. When they're painting, they've found it to be a relaxation mechanism whenever they are in stressful situations and usually more so in a general "for fun" mood. They have an extreme abundance for abstract work and find that they can use more unconventional tools rather than a paintbrush when painting abstracts. To be able to pick up an item of some sorts and to use that to apply paint to a canvas and create textures they have always been interested in. You can be surprised what you can do with a spoon, a screw, or even a piece of cardboard when it comes to creating textures.

Kenny Cheek is a senior here at Brevard College working to finish an English degree, and they are currently working on earning their teacher's licence. They are 21, and would estimate that they've been writing for just over a decade. They prefer horror and other dark stories, similar to their submitted work.

Gunnar Ensign is a digital artist and photographer born in Ely Minnesota raised in Durango Colorado. Gunnar primarily works with a surreal aspect to all of his work including his photography. His inspiration comes from growing up exploring the rocky mountains and his feeling of detachment from reality that he tries to transfer into a physical medium.

Elaine Entenza is a mama of two fantastic kiddos and a Pilates teacher here in Brevard. They also used to teach Pilates for BC! They've dabbled in writing for years, but have only recently been consistent with the craft. This past year, they've produced seven short stories and several poems, and started a portfolio website called storytellybelly.com. They would love for you to visit them

Bios

there if you'd like to read more!

Anna Ervin is a sophomore at Brevard College. Anna loves her cats and her work as Editor in Chief of Brevard College's newspaper *The Clarion*. She is excited to have her work published in *Chiaroscuro*.

Jamal Frink is a sophomore here at Brevard College. He took the picture for an assignment at that time, but after looking back at it, he felt that the picture turned out to be fairly good, and could be used for something like *Chiaroscuro*. In terms of school, he has yet to declare a major, but does plan on declaring business. Jamal has been taking pictures for a long time, and this is one of his favorite ones.

Peter Fumero is a transfer student from Miami Dade College. They are a business major at Brevard and are working to finish their major to graduate in spring of 2023. They have been writing since their junior year of high school where they participated in their school's paper as an editor where they focused their work on the Miami Heat. Their desire to write was reinvigorated here at Brevard and they hope you enjoy their work.

Sarah Hajkowski is a student at Brevard studying english and theatre. In the past she loved being part of the *Chiaroscuro* staff, and even since leaving, the journal holds a special place in her heart. She has been creating since the age of three or so, poems have been published in Sonoma State University's "*Zaum*" Magazine (2021) and the *Petite Pomme Journal* (2019). Sarah believes passionately in the power of the written word to change the world.

Caroline Hoy is a junior environmental studies major with a focus on sustainability with a minor in creative writing. Caroline has been on the *Chiaroscuro* staff for three years now. Caroline has worked with two other literary magazines in the past and finds a real love for the process of creating the book.

Jaskson Inglis is a student at Brevard College. He studies business and art, and takes great pleasure in drawing and writing fiction.

Thad Johnston is an English major at Brevard College. He lives in a yellow cottage in a quiet valley with his cat, Aliester Meowly, and too many canoes to possibly name. He is somewhere between a sophomore and a junior, and after college hopes to one day find what he's looking for, though he doesn't really know what that is yet. He's been writing in some capacity for a while now, but is a newbie to poetry.

Casey Jones is your average college student. Stressed out of their mind and working to achieve anything during their college career. They're pursuing a degree in digital media and a minor in creative writing.

Katherine Lee feels at home when she's outdoors identifying plants, and breathing in mountain air. The aesthetic laws of nature and art often go hand and hand. She was brought up in Pisgah Forest, NC and has been working professionally in the arts since 1998. After studying art stateside and abroad, she received a BA in Fine Arts from Brevard College in

Bios

2005 with a focus in painting. She married her longtime partner and set her goals on her art career which spans a variety of mediums. Her art business is to create beautiful home interiors through faux painting finishes, Trompe L'oeil, and murals. She received her certification in decorative painting from the City & Guilds Institute of London in 1998. She specializes in the decorative painting of furniture, fine art oil and acrylic paintings, ink and watercolor, and pressed botanical collages; in glass and on paper. Her fine art paintings have a strong focus on landscapes and scenery from her hometown in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western NC. She plans on further exploring her art abilities and bringing what beauty she can into this world.

Avery Lockwood is a senior in art and is concentrating in time-based media and digital media. She also enjoys experimenting with other mediums. She has found a love for photography and sculpture. Most of her inspiration comes from nature and the people around her and has helped her improve in her artistic career and her daily life.

Julia Lusk is an art major concentrating in painting and drawing. She is a sophomore and the head of the Brevard College Visual Arts Club.

Gabrielle Lynch is a sophomore at Brevard College. She is a wilderness leadership and experiential education major with a minor in art. Within her work and her daily life, she entwines her artistic expression with her experience in the natural world. One directly inspires her love for the other, to her they are inseparable. She intends to pursue a career in education, where she hopes to inspire a sense of wonder and exploration and to guide people to test their limits and seek growth.

Kayleigh Miller is a first year music major who practices many art forms. She plans to take up a psychology minor to pursue a career as a music therapist. In her free time, she will often take inspiration from her surroundings to create art in multiple media. Much of her free time is also spent with her army of small pets.

Sydney Raber is a sophomore art major at Brevard College with a concentration in sculpture and an interest in art history. Primarily working in the realm of mixed media, she also enjoys collage, ceramics, wood fabrication, and sketching as forms of self-expression and stress relief. Aside from the arts, Sydney is pursuing a minor in History and enjoys hobbies such as creative writing and reading, as well as vintage fashion and aesthetics, which influence her artistic pursuits.

Dr. Vance Reese is the college organist, teaches courses in music, dreams a lot, and rides a bicycle.

Makenzy Schinsky is a freshman/junior who completed their associates back at Wayne Community College. They're continuing their education here at Brevard to get their Bachelors in Arts with a digital media concentration.

Brian Seon, the young photographer and videographer, is a freshman at Brevard college, and he is making his way in finding his own style in his art. He is an art major with a concentration in photography from Brooklyn, NY.

Jordan Silvia is a South Florida Artist, creating unique photorealistic colored pencil drawings on plastic and wood. Jordan often incorporates bold and bright colors when creating her portraits of both domestic animals and exotic wildlife and human portraiture. Jordan is a high school art teacher

Bios

and holds a bachelor's degree in art from Brevard College and a master's degree in art education from the University of Florida. She promotes to her students the importance of maintaining a regular art-making practice to help develop skills and grow creatively. Outside of teaching, Jordan spends her time creating in her private, in-home studio. She is active in her local arts community of Stuart, Florida.

Shawnaizja Simmons is currently receiving her first formal art training at the Brevard College Art department. She plans to teach K-12 after graduation in addition to pursuing her studio work.

Journey Tyler is an undergraduate student at Brevard College. She is currently a junior majoring in English with the goal of becoming an English teacher. She is currently taking numerous literature classes. She has only started writing creatively over the past year, and these poems are the first three that she has written.

About the 2022 Juried Student Art Competition

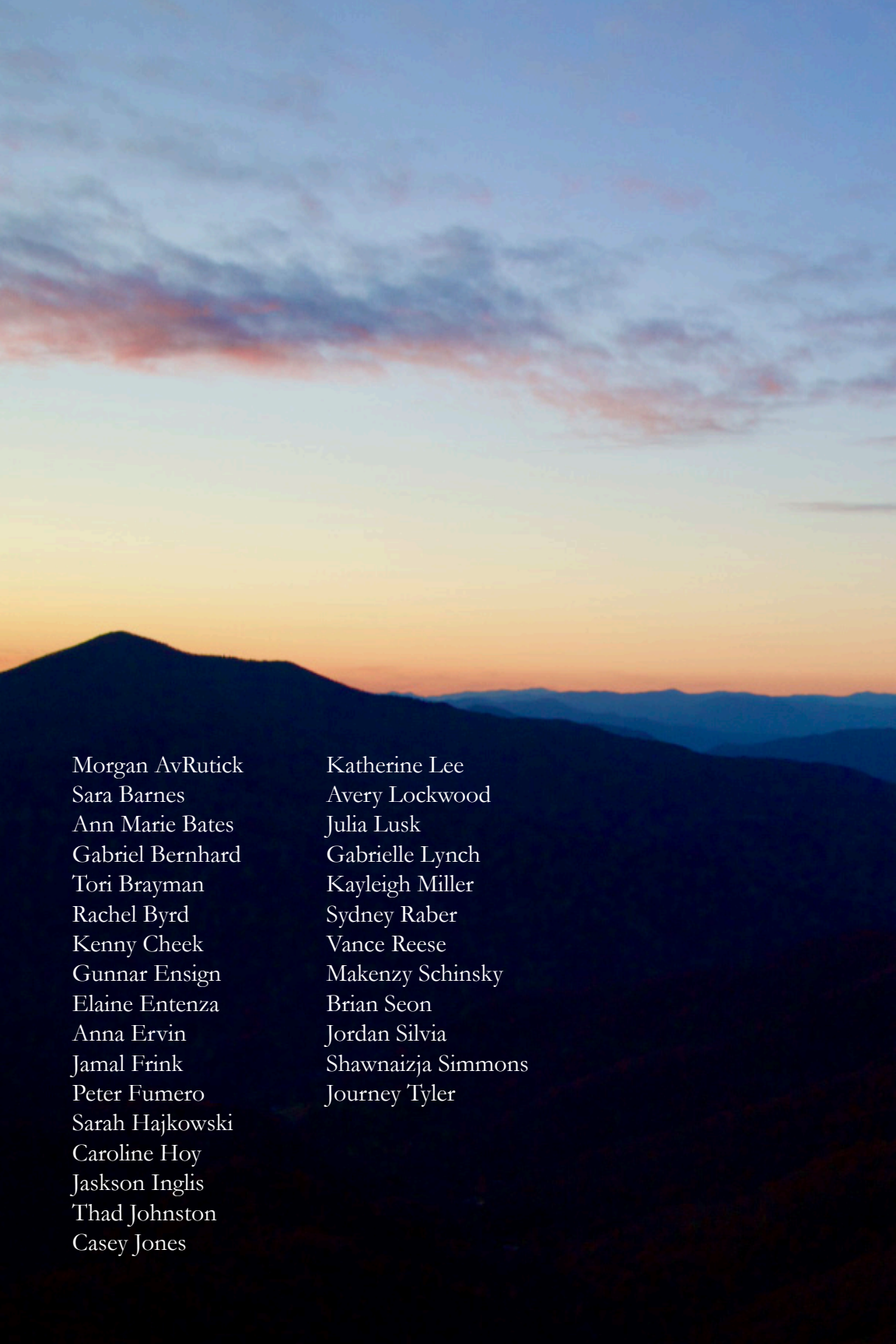
This show was a chance for the department to showcase some of our best student work. Selected from work submitted by any students, it represented a range of media, styles, and concepts. There were no limitations to the type of work, only that it had been completed by a Brevard College student. From the work chosen to be in the show, our Juror for this year, Alexis Meldrum, curatorial assistant for the Asheville Art Museum, selected 10 works to receive outstanding awards. These included several honorable mentions, third, second, and first place, and finally Best in Show that this year went to Gunnar Ensign. Other awards came from the Alumni House, President's Choice, Division Chair, and Student Choice Awards. Except for the Student Choice Award, these pieces will be on display for the next year near the selected offices.

About the Juror for the 2022 Juried Student Art Competition

The juror for this year's Juried Student show was Alexis Meldrum. Meldrum is a curatorial assistant with the Asheville Art Museum. She earned her undergraduate degree in art history and marketing from the University of Arkansas. She received her MFA in art history from Texas Christian University, where she studied late 19th and early 20th century works.

About the 2022 Alumni Show

This year's alumni show included work from Brevard College alumni spanning close to half a century. This biannual show draws works from some of Brevard College's most talented graduates. The show also serves as a great way to reconnect to former students and classmates. There was a wide variety of works exhibited this year, showcasing everything from digital and mixed media works to more traditional paintings and sculpture, including a sculpture by our own professor of sculpture Kyle Van Lusk, a Brevard College alumni.



Morgan AvRutick
Sara Barnes
Ann Marie Bates
Gabriel Bernhard
Tori Brayman
Rachel Byrd
Kenny Cheek
Gunnar Ensign
Elaine Entenza
Anna Ervin
Jamal Frink
Peter Fumero
Sarah Hajkowski
Caroline Hoy
Jaskson Inglis
Thad Johnston
Casey Jones

Katherine Lee
Avery Lockwood
Julia Lusk
Gabrielle Lynch
Kayleigh Miller
Sydney Raber
Vance Reese
Makenzy Schinsky
Brian Seon
Jordan Silvia
Shawnaizja Simmons
Journey Tyler