

The FINE ARTS INSTITUTE AT EAST HIGH Strand

Introductions please!

The Institute for the Fine Arts is proud to present the first edition of its literary and artistic journal. Read and see for yourselves just who the artists are and what they're doing in their field of study! From visual artwork, photography, poetry and short stories, you'll find yourself thinking about your own abilities and creativities! So, welcome and enjoy!

Over the last few weeks the visual arts students have been working with artist in residence Virginia Janssen on a collaborative project. The materials used were clay, grout, shoes, pebbles and glaze in order to make a "path". Once finished it will be placed near the main entrance for all to admire.



Stefania Calzada

“Fear’s Friends” By Sofia Gallus

I have met lots of people. Nearly everyone knows me, and yet, everyone sees me differently. Some see me more clearly than others, but they all see me; whether I am the moving shadow in the dark hallway, or the rollercoaster that reaches up, up, up... they all see me. I know how this new friend sees me, too. A backlash of war, she sees the color of their uniforms in my eyes, and the blood and dust of the battlefield across my face.

How do I know?

I see myself reflected in her eyes.

I see Fear reflected in her eyes.

I first came to meet this new friend through a thought. Both she and I knew her father had made some bad decisions that had angered the local troops, but only I could have guessed that the men would visit the house only three doors down: only I could have guessed that they would use the same knock they'd use on my friend's house. How rude and inconsiderate, I had thought at the time, announcing inevitable doom to so many people with only three knocks.

Back to my friend and her thought. I introduced myself when she saw the headline in the news the next day: “Man kidnapped by local soldiers.” I shook her hand when she saw her father's panicked glance at the windows.

The longer I stayed with her, the taller I grew. I had grown half an inch when she saw her father packing an emergency suitcase. I grew two inches when the second man on their street was taken. I grew seven inches when they started using the deadbolt that they hadn't used in years.

I grew close to the girl and her father. We spent most of our waking hours together, although I had a strange feeling that they didn't enjoy having me there. I will admit, I am not usually a very welcome guest. The most ignorant of my guests tried ignoring me, and some still do.

The girl and her father could not ignore me for long. Though they barely ever spoke of me, there was no denying I was there. After all, they acted the way all the others did.

People are all the same when I'm around. They're quieter, and the longer I stay, the more unsettled and quiet they get. The girl and her father would jump at the sound of a pin drop.

To them, my stay was painfully long. Every day, every hour I was there seemed to press down on them, setting a chill in their blood and a heavy pressure on their shoulders.

Finally, the day came. It was a beautiful day, really. There were birds chirping and the sun was dry and warm upon the grass. It was around lunchtime when it happened.

Knock knock knock.

“Someone is at the door,” I said, smiling dryly. Neither of them could hear me over the pounding of their hearts, over the ringing in their ears.

(Over)



The door sounded a second time. Knock knock knock.

“Better not make them wait.” I spoke again. The girl moved towards the door. I seemed to be distracting her, making her brain foggy, making her head feel as though it was on fire, making her legs shake with each step. A cold silence had managed to settle over the entire household.

The girl’s hand clutched the deadbolt. She unlocked the door, and slowly it creaked open. Sunlight poured into the entryway. I stood beside the girl, but kept my gaze fixed on her father, who had fled down the hallway. There were five men standing outside. I reminded the girl to look at them closely, for they were me and I was them.

“He’s not home.” The girl responded to a question that hadn’t been asked.

The men knew she was lying. Without a word they pushed past her, barking orders at each other. They stormed through the house like hurricanes. The girl was frozen by the door, her grey-blue eyes opened wide, her mouth gaped in shock. I mimicked the expression, finding humor in it.

“Please,” she tried again, though her voice was small. “He’s not home. He’s not here.”

They didn’t cease their search. Finally, a man called out, “He’s in here!”

The girl closed her eyes. I rested my cold hand on her shoulder, and she crumbled to the ground under my touch. Her breathing came in form of small, dry sobs.

“Please, no.” she begged to no one in particular. “Please, please, no.”

The men dragged her father through the house, and that’s when she became hysterical. I removed my hand from her shoulder and she shot upwards; she was a firecracker of tears and rage.

“Please, no! Let him go! He’s all I have, please! No!” It was as if she were built of anger. They ignored her, dragging him out into the front yard. She followed, but I held her back and we lingered just beyond the doorway. I placed my hands back on her shoulders and she crumpled to the ground in a pile of limbs.

She buried her face in her hands as they took him. We waited until they were gone, and when there was silence, I ended my stay. Even though I knew I would soon return, I released the girl.

Scars

Every scar
has its story;
either full of pain
or full of glory.

Either dwelled with hate
or filled with love.
Whether it let you stay
or took you above.

Even though it took
skin away,
it was paved over
and made you what you are today.

Just remember
when you see a scar,
it could have made them
who they are.

Every single one,
man or woman,
their scars shouldn’t determine
whether they are hero or villain.

Levi Gustafson

MEDS...Levi Gustafson

Before I believed them,
everything they told me.

But now I know
the truth.

I have felt it
and seen,
seen satanic systems
dwell in a “cure.”

Take more-
it just needs time.

But the cure
was tainted by anger;
anger and hate,
all of them “side effects.”

Take more-
it just needs time.

You begin to feel
it’s ok to hate everything
And everyone but
when you don’t take it

Take more-
it just needs time.

You begin to
realize everything gets better.

Vendetta

People would treat me like I’m useless.
But that’s better than when I found I had temptations.
Then when they would see me getting help.
It scared them.

Then they saw me as a burden.
A sickening disease or virus of unspeakable death.
It scared them.

They laughed at me for every imperfection.
Every scar. Every zit. Every blemish.
It scared them.

Then I left to finally get better.
They thought I was arrested or locked up.
It scared them.

When I returned and saw that they do it to others,
to everyone and anyone with a soul or face
It scared them.

I spoke one word and walked away from it
From all of them, I finally didn’t care about the bile they spit
And one last time I scared them.

Levi Gustafson