

WHAT IS IMAGE-TEXT?

In Image-Text, we work at the intersection of writing and visual art. We learn through a careful, hands on study of craft and form. We work to understand how to utilize white space, juxtaposition, and our associative minds to come to some new understanding and to create work that goes beyond just caption or illustration, but that feels whole and dynamic. In conjunction with the Image-Text course, students display their work for the public in an interactive fair. All work was created under the mentorship of Katie Marks.

Mirrors

Alex Durham's work explores grief through a lens of imagined parallel universes within mirrors. Paired with nonfiction vignettes are found and original photographs that have been altered to resemble mirror distortions.



when i cut my foot open in august of 2018, i imagine a parallel universe in which the knife that injured me weighs two grams less than the original. in this universe, the knife's new weight decreases its momentum, shifts its trajectory. in this universe, the knife falls six degrees north of where it might have had it weighed two grams more. it clatters on the linoleum, one centimeter from my toes, and i don't stand there holding my breath, watching a slit the shape of an eye in my skin, waiting for the blood to come. i don't see red like a ghost lurching from the eye. the ghost doesn't leave heel- and toe-shaped stains in a line from the kitchen to the living room couch.

in the real world, after returning from the hospital with no stitches and a guarantee from the doctor that a bandage will suffice, i find the knife on the floor, resting like an abandoned dog toy or a sock fallen from the laundry basket. i find the knife, wobble on my white-wrapped foot, struggle to bend and retrieve it, hold it in open palms like it's going to say something. i hope that it might tell me why i dropped it while cleaning the dishes. why i wasn't wearing shoes. why i didn't react faster. in the real world, i hold it and wait for an answer.

when she goes blind in one eye,
it should be a sign for all of us.
we should know we aren't in the
universe we prepared for.

we prepared for a long future
of golden hair and spider black
lashes and clear blue able eyes.

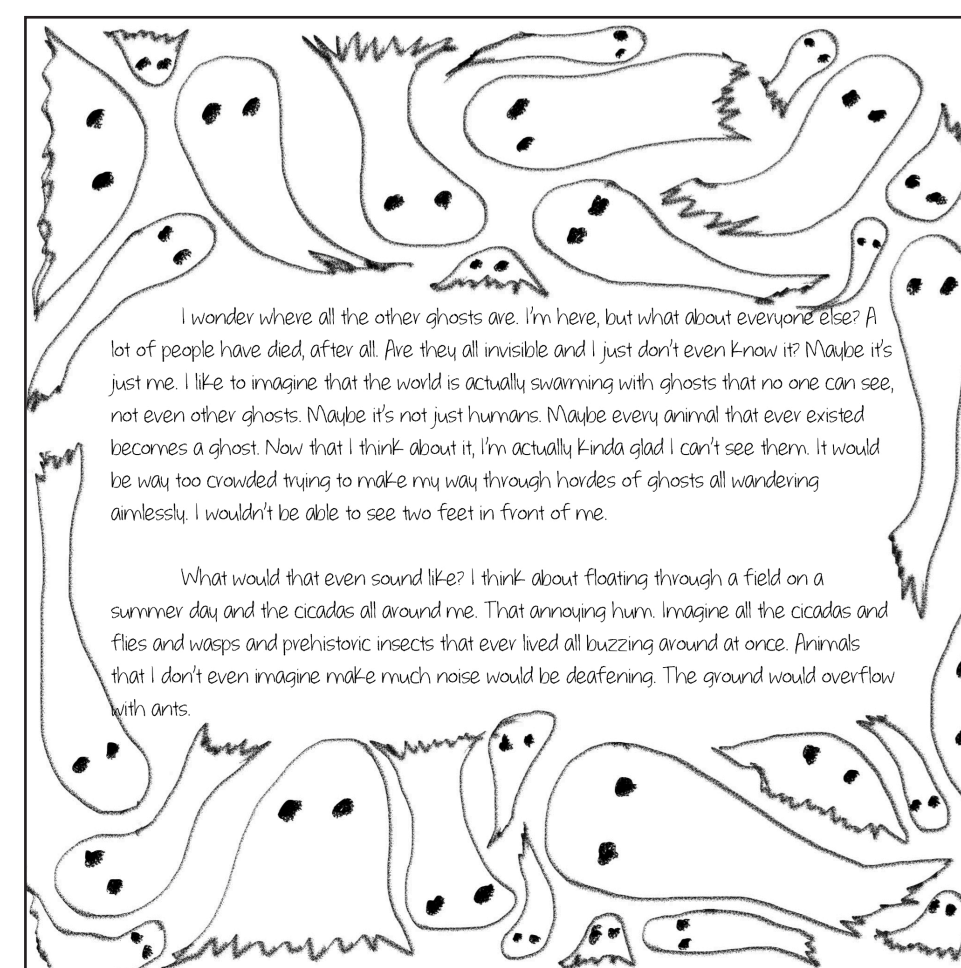
when she can no longer see from
both, we should know.

we should react.



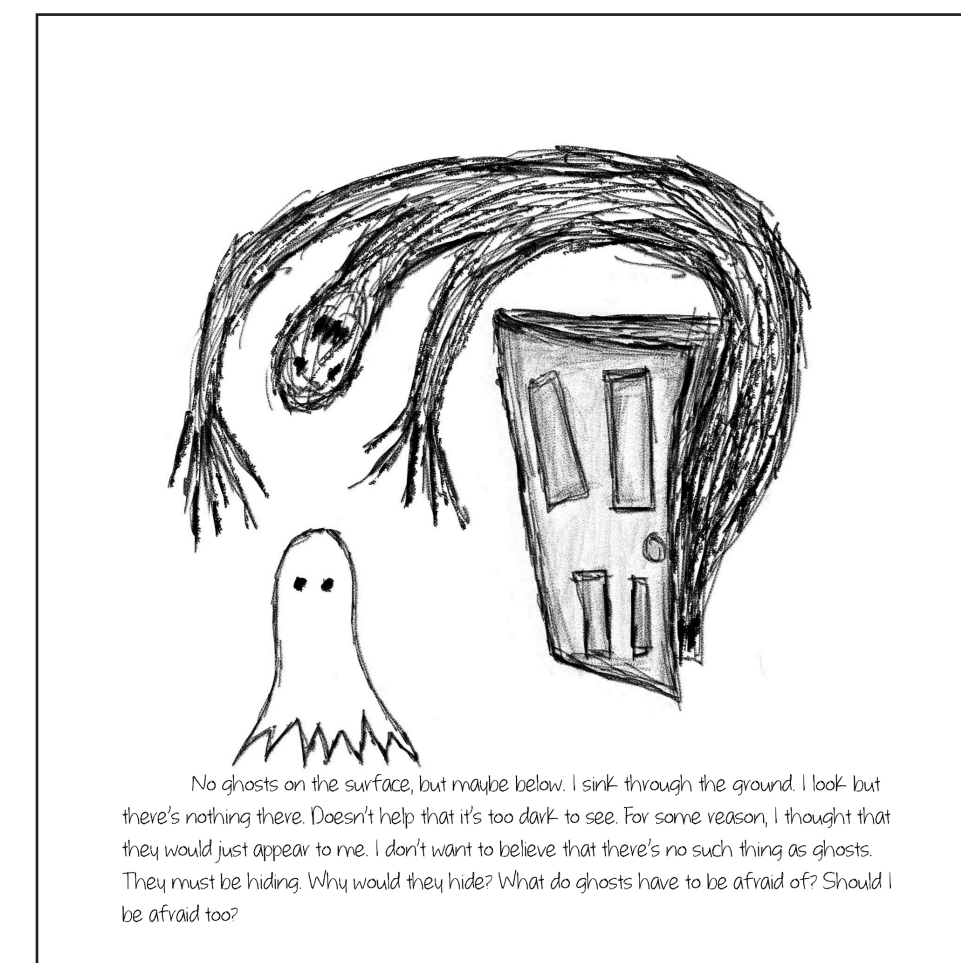
Still Here

Will Cohan's fictional work features journal entries from a ghost as it explores the world, searching for other ghosts and watching centuries go by. It pairs text with simple, sketch-like drawings similar to those seen in the margins of a notebook and explores ghosts in less of a horror light, coming at the topic from a more childlike perspective.

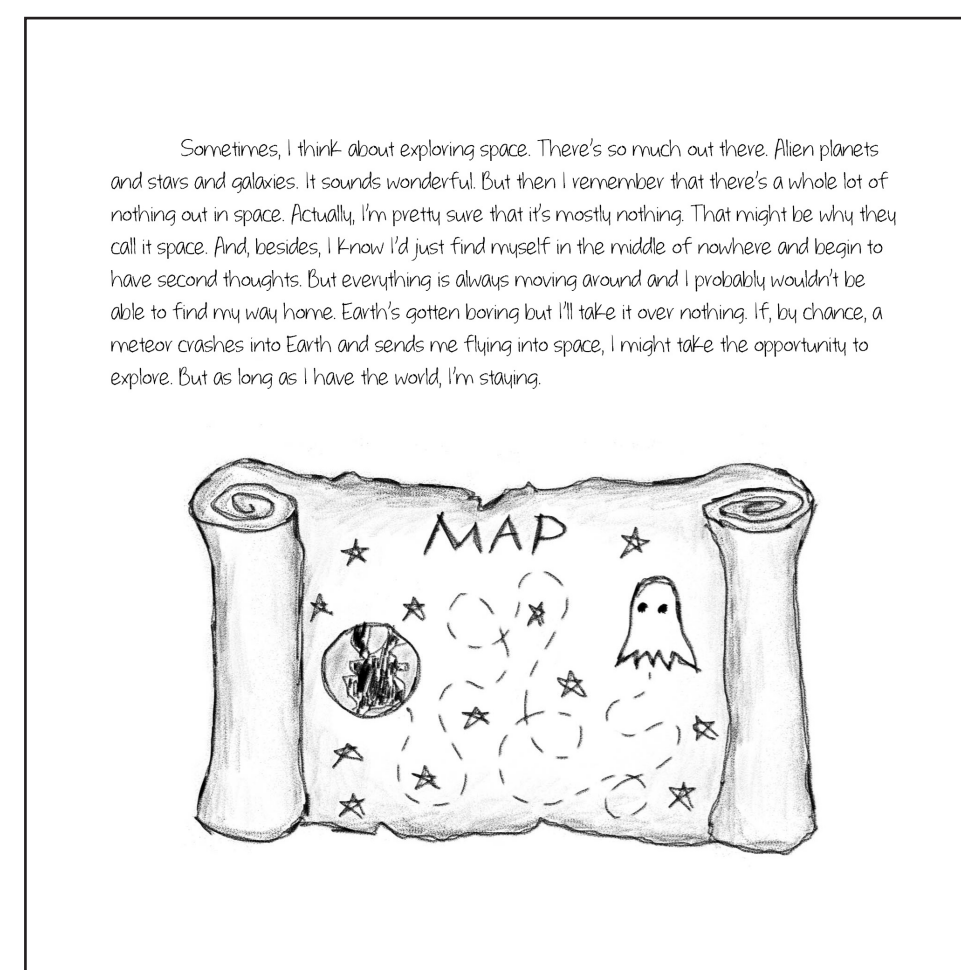


I wonder where all the other ghosts are. I'm here, but what about everyone else? A lot of people have died after all. Pre-they-all-invents and i just don't even know it. Maybe it's just me. I like to imagine that the world is actually swimming with ghosts that no one can see, not even other ghosts. Maybe it's not just humans. Maybe every animal that ever existed becomes a ghost. Now that i think about it, i'm actually kinda glad i can't see them. It would be way too crowded trying to make my way through hordes of ghosts all wandering aimlessly. I wouldn't be able to see two feet in front of me.

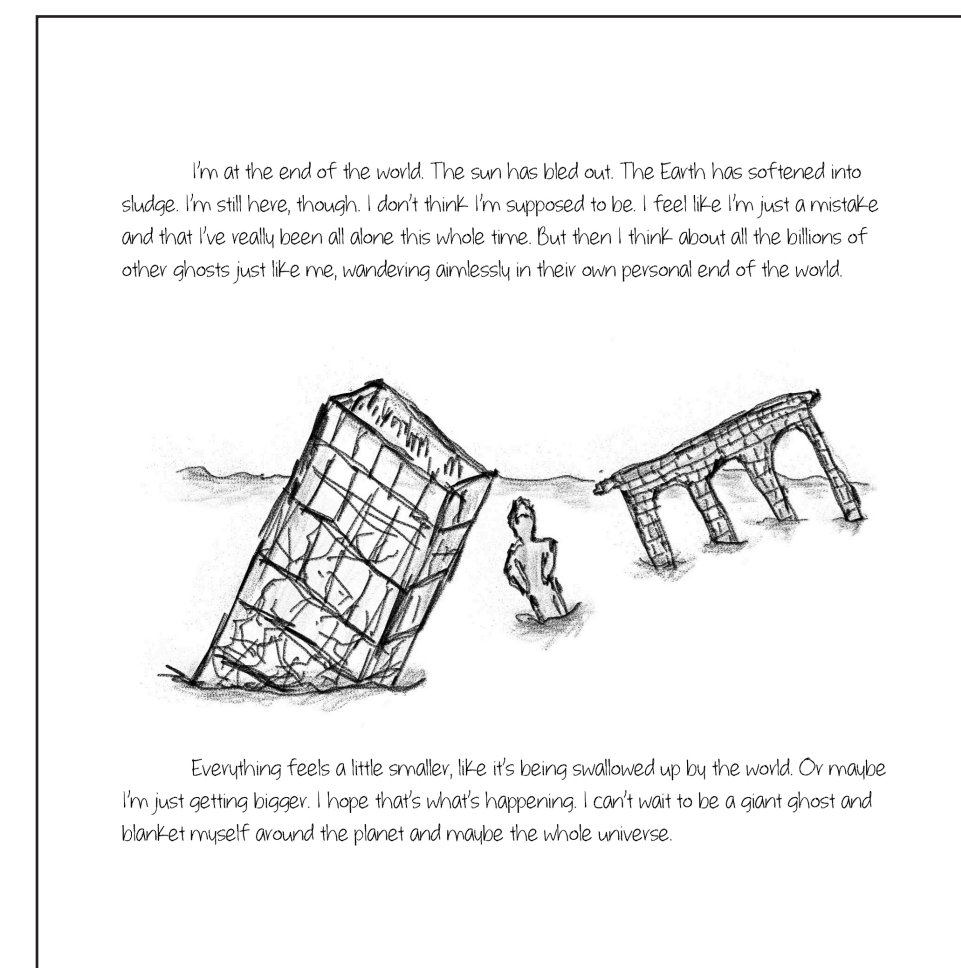
What would that even sound like? I think about floating through a field on a summer day and the cicadas all around me. That annoying hum. Imagine all the cicadas and flies and wasps and prehistoric insects that ever lived all buzzing around at once. Animals that i don't even imagine make much noise would be deafening. The ground would overflow with ants.



No ghosts on the surface, but maybe below. I sink through the ground. I look but there's nothing there. Doesn't help that it's too dark to see. For some reason, i thought that they would just appear to me. I don't want to believe that there's no such thing as ghosts. They must be hiding. Why would they hide? What do ghosts have to be afraid of? Should i be afraid too?



Sometimes, i think about exploring space. There's so much out there. Planets and stars and galaxies. It sounds wonderful. But i don't remember that there's a whole lot of nothing out in space. Actually, i'm pretty sure that it's mostly nothing. That might be why they cut it space. And besides, i know i'd just find myself in the middle of nowhere and begin to have second thoughts. But everything is always moving around and i probably wouldn't be able to find my way home. Earth's gotten boring but i'll take it over nothing. If, by chance, a meteor crashes into Earth and sends me flying into space, i might take the opportunity to explore. But as long as i have the world, i'm staying.



I'm at the end of the world. The sun has died out. The Earth has softened into sludge. i'm still here, though. I don't think i'm supposed to be. I feel like i'm just a mistake and that i've really been all alone this whole time. But then i think about all the billions of other ghosts just like me, wandering aimlessly in their own personal end of the world.

Everything feels a little smaller, like it's being swallowed up by the world. Or maybe i'm just getting bigger. I hope that's what's happening. I can't wait to be a giant ghost and blanket myself around the planet and make the whole universe.

We Are Family

Lisa Booth's work describes inheritance and the idea of history repeating within the family system, trying to make sense of how inheritance can shape the individual in their family as well as in the larger society.



The men in my family have instead been dealt a fate of broken hearts. All of the men on my mother's side have met the same fate: death by stroke, leaving the women to pick up their lives in the aftermath of their loss.

I never met a lot of men in my family, for many of them passed before I even entered this world. I heard stories about them and knew that they existed. They were known and loved before they left the world. I only wish I could have known and loved them too; instead I was robbed of that chance. Family members talk about their experiences, and how much they miss them. Meanwhile, I just nod like I know what they're talking about, so I won't be left out.

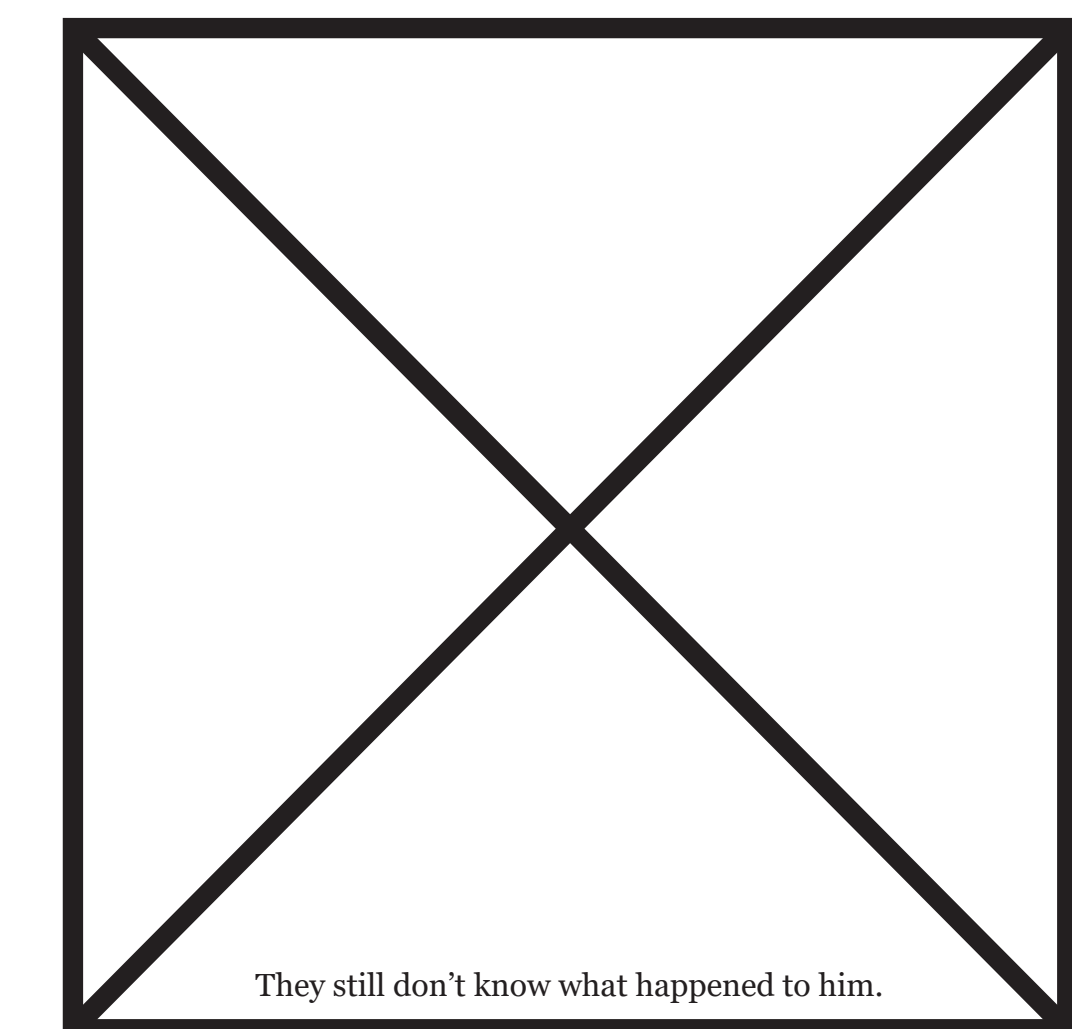
But I always am because I didn't know them and I never would.

The men in my family who didn't die still left,



whether through separation or divorce or they just disappeared.

My grandmother's father was declared Missing in Action in WWI.



They still don't know what happened to him.