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 weighed 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 hit me. i don’t stand there holding my breath, watching as red 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 have feet-- and toe-shaped stain 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, 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.

**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 a less of a horror light, coming at the topic from a more childlike perspective.

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.

**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 was even born. 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.