

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
001. fax	To Press Office from La Nacion [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)
002. fax	From The Christian Science Monitor [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)
003. letter	To Julie Mason from Carol Guensburg [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)
004. memo	To White House Press Office from Isaiah J. Poole [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)
005. fax	To Julie Mason from The Washington Bureau [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)
006. fax	From Wendy Ross [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)
007. letter	To Julie from Juanita Clogston [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)
008. memo	To Julie from Emily McKhann [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

2015-0275-S

rc2019

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
P4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
P5 Release would disclose confidential advice between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
P6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

b(1) National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
b(2) Release would disclose internal personnel rules and practices of an agency [(b)(2) of the FOIA]
b(3) Release would violate a Federal statute [(b)(3) of the FOIA]
b(4) Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential or financial information [(b)(4) of the FOIA]
b(6) Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(b)(6) of the FOIA]
b(7) Release would disclose information compiled for law enforcement purposes [(b)(7) of the FOIA]
b(8) Release would disclose information concerning the regulation of financial institutions [(b)(8) of the FOIA]
b(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

19

SCHOLASTIC
ART
& WRITING
AWARDS

98

PROFILE



Katherine Alvarez

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

**School: McNair Academic
High School, Jersey City, NJ**

Teacher: John Bradford

My work can be described as a series of lighted corners of rooms. The works have a strong contrast of lights and darks which depicts the beauty, actions and ideas of the subject. It first began when I saw the beauty of the light from my lamplight illuminating the most mundane places. When my artistic gears are on, I usually go to sleep at 5 or 6 in the morning, then wake up at 7:30 to get ready for school. But I don't really mind because working during the night actually brings out the darkness and the mood of my work. I find that art is an extension of my thoughts. My hands are my tools to control the strokes of the brush.

Press Contact:
 Margie Oliver
 The Alliance for Young
 Artists & Writers, Inc.

Phone: 212-343-6582

NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



*The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards
 are programs of the Alliance for Young
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 organization*

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**THE SCHOLASTIC
ART & WRITING
AWARDS**

98

PROFILE



Christine Varnado

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Hattiesburg High School, Hattisburg, MS

Teacher: Mike Tebo

I believe that this body of work reflects the wide variety of styles and moods which I am capable of capturing through words. Nonfiction has proven to be the most fulfilling form of writing to me. Nonfiction can of course be dryly factual compared to the richly symbolic world of poetry, but the best essayists I have read—such as Joan Didion and Annie Dillard—write prose sentences that crystallize images so poignantly they could well be called poems. I strive to emulate their economy of words and command of detail even as I think like a short story writer in terms of character and dialogue

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NATIONAL NONFICTION PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Summer Cousins"

The summer I was nine, my father's cousin Allen brought his new bride to the reunion. Ever since I could remember, my family had driven three hours along kudzu-trimmed highways of interior rural Mississippi to the outskirts of tiny Magnolia. The outlying hamlet of Chattawa, ancestral home of my father's family, was, to our knowledge, uninhabited save for the residents of Saint Mary of the Pines, a convent for aging nuns. In Chattawa, a short way down the dirt road from Saint Mary's, stood a dilapidated structure called Kramer's Lodge where the family congregated annually over a long weekend in June. The lodge must have been a picturesque place in its heyday, when the ponds and fountains ran with clear water where muddy patches were today. Now, several moldy puddles edged with crumbling stone are the only indication of their functional past. Huge, empty rabbit hutches stood off the path in an overgrown place that was once a clearing on the edge of the pine wood. A single aviary cage commanded the center focus in the maze of stone walkways, made almost indiscernible with pine needles and time. The entire property had fallen prey to rats and other wildlife many years before, but my great aunts and second cousins were remarkably unfazed by uncertain floor beams and rotting foundations.

A wire stretched over the ancient, crumbling ponds and paths; single naked bulbs hung from it at sporadic intervals. Somehow, the power to these bulbs still flowed. At night, the relatives turned on the lights of the big screened back porch and illuminated the decaying garden. Then, the scene retained festivity in its shadows. I never knew just what the use of that intriguing old house had been, but the possibilities haunted the midsummer nights' dreams of my childhood. By far the most fascinating building on the grounds was the large open-air shelter, obscured by the twists and turns of a rock path from the view of the lodge itself. A hearth and a cobblestone floor, crumbling as well, made up the structure. There was a gaping hole in the thatch roof, and stone benches built against the half-walls on either side. A single light bulb outside the wide entrance was attached to the end of the wire from the lodge. Its intention may have been for a hunting shelter or picnic pavilion, but to Jenny and me, it held secrets of imagination that we could never exhaust.

I could not believe my good fortune the first time I met Jenny. Cousin Allen's new wife, Brenda, had a daughter only six months older than I. Jenny looked unpredictable and mischievous from the moment we spotted each other and introduced ourselves. She had a mop of long, matted red hair.

"Oh, Jenny, you have red hair! I've always wanted red hair. It's so pretty," I offered tentatively.

"It's not red! It's strawberry blonde," she quickly corrected me.

Jenny was wonderful and wild. She could perform a back handspring — a two-footed cartwheel was a constant challenge to me. She twirled a baton, and her "dance teacher" taught her how to do this. The class I called by the same name included only ballet and tap instruction. Jenny rode horses regularly, by herself as opposed to sitting in front of her mother (the only riding experience I could claim). . . .

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**THE
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ART
& WRITING
AWARDS**

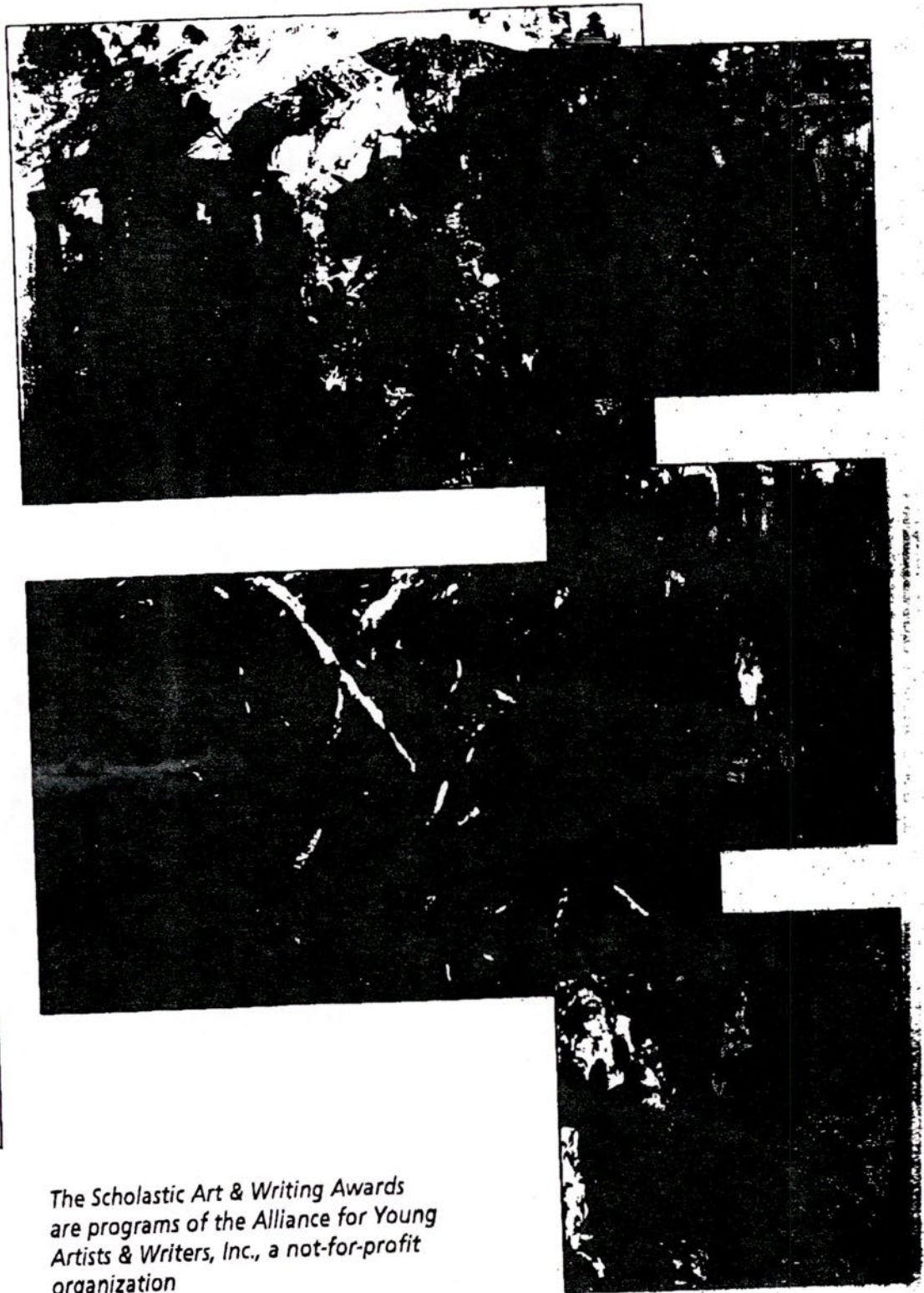
98

PROFILE**Heidi Bahr****Age: 17****Twelfth Grade****School: Pius XI High School
Milwaukee, WI****Teacher: Pat Frederick/
Catherine Burnett**

I got my first idea for the locust series from ancient ruins. I've always been fascinated with the mystery of ancient cities and cultures and people's religious practices. I never thought the community I live in could ever be integrated into my work, but once I started to research my subject matter, I found out there was more to it than I thought. I found out that the areas conducive for locust included Wisconsin and Illinois. My advice to other young artists is to trust in yourself. You know what you want to accomplish, trust in your vision and your skills to get it done. And whether you believe it or not, teachers do know what they're talking about, so at least give them a chance.

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NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO

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**THE SCHOLASTIC
ART & WRITING
AWARDS**

98

PROFILE



Reina Navarro

Age: 17

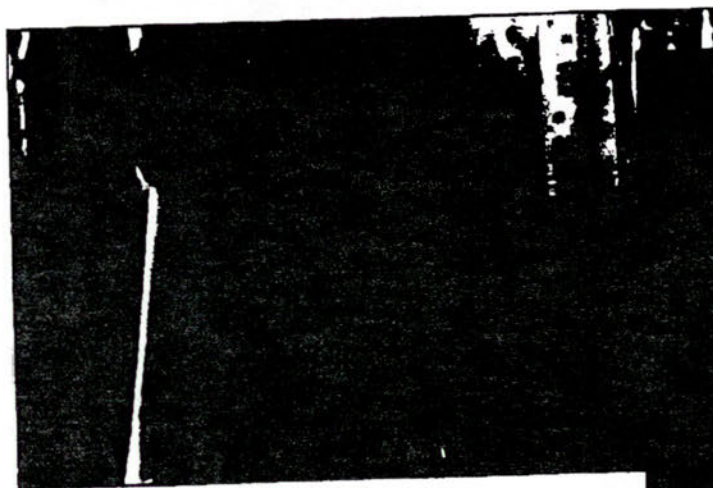
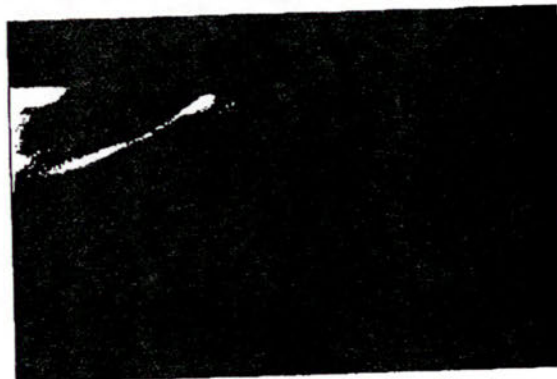
Twelfth Grade

School: G. Holmes Braddock
Senior High, Miami, FL

Teacher: Mark Koven

I wanted my photography portfolio to convey a general somber and contemplative mood, yet its photographs to be different from each other. Photography has helped me open my eyes and is responsible for increasing my curiosity. I find myself photographing things that affect me visually. These are usually simple occurrences that people overlook.

NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY PORTFOLIO



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PROFILE



Leah Kaminski

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Ransom Everglades School, Coconut Grove, FL

Teacher: Hamish Ziegler

Writing saves my life everyday. It is my only stability and everyday I stand relieved in the misty palaces I create with it. I write for the joy and for the pain. I found language as it relates to humanity and history; I found that it controls us; I found that one can see language as a being, breathing and growing without speaking. Now, I admire even more the skill it takes to manipulate language, and I revel in what it can do if used well. It is an act of self-preservation, of necessity. My hands move without me thinking, with tears streaming and eyes closed. I write to live.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Thicker Than Blood"

My consciousness is murky blue, a half-lit and dripping world rushed periodically with clear liquid. Water is in my blood; its jeweled drops hold memories in small glassy bubbles. Each time its taut surface breaks before sunrise and my body breaks the dim cold, drops spray out, each one catching slants of light, half-remembered phrases, and reflections of smiles. The smooth rhythm of flip turns, push-offs, and stroke-to-kick ratio; ropes of wetness roaring past my ears; rivers rushing past my streaking body—each brushes me with sunlight, sunlight seen through deep water, sunlight speckled with shadow.

The smell of chlorine and sunscreen strengthens the sun to its childhood potency, and looking into the enveloping light, I see the vast white concrete of Saturday meets. Broken sea-grape leaves, purple and thick, littered the asphalt outside the pool, and in a burst of a small child's reasoning, I told my mother that it felt like the beach when I saw their white and spotted trunks. I still dream of the pool, which is deserted and empty and small now, and I sometimes get a flash of looking back at my feet and seeing, for a moment, thick black rubber around my ankles to keep my feet together in butterfly and a smiling assistant coach with red hair, the one who wore Coppertone from the orange tube. I still dream of sea-grape leaves and of the white amphitheater that was the cool place to be between events; I dream of the floating bridge that crossed the pool to divide it in two. I still dream of my hatred and my love, dream of abandoning it and of making it my life.

The heat of cement on the soles of my feet makes me slightly ill, reminding me of cold water on hot afternoons, of apprehension and hatred of water before practice, of heavy exhaustion. It hatches a dull dread, and it evokes afternoons wasted in practice, not wasted in the end because of the strange cohesive force, the collective memory that connects each of us to each swimmer that we meet. This force draws me with its richness. Under its pull I don't want to be with anyone who hasn't felt the finish of the worst five hundred of her life or the best five hundred of her life, who doesn't know that she feels the same after both: finishing at all is the point. Because with a swimmer, I have an excuse to talk solely about the practice, the race, giddy and already nervous. I sometimes like only people who share my strange love for hurting, who know the weighted exhaustion before the race that really matters. And I don't want to have to explain that some races do not fit into terms of good and bad. I don't want to explain the exhausted relief after the last relay is swum, won or lost, or how it feels to pull on a still-wet bathing suit for a last event in the finals of a huge meet.

I know what it's like to step onto the block expecting not to swim, not wanting to be there in the cold and the wind, stepping without my will. I step onto it anyway, though, because the announcer just called my name through a crackling portable microphone and because if I hadn't swum well that morning I wouldn't be there. I know that I really do want to swim the race and that wanting to or not doesn't make a difference when the gun goes off. Sometimes I can't explain this, because words make it less important. And there is something to be said for the people who do not need explanation. We know that it is a matter of not having a choice, of the body reacting without the mind, creating a work of precision and restraint and harnessed fury.

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PROFILE



Christopher Butler

Age: 17

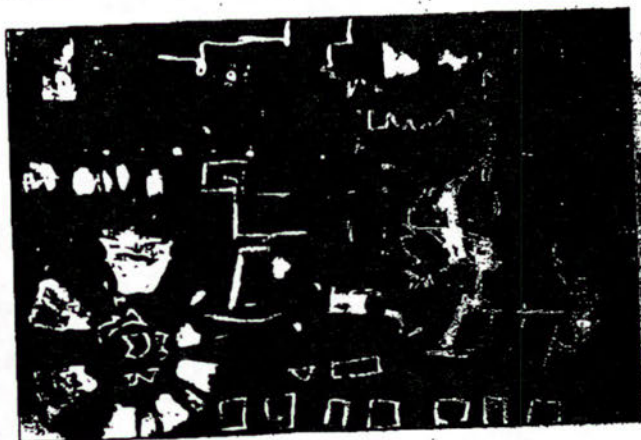
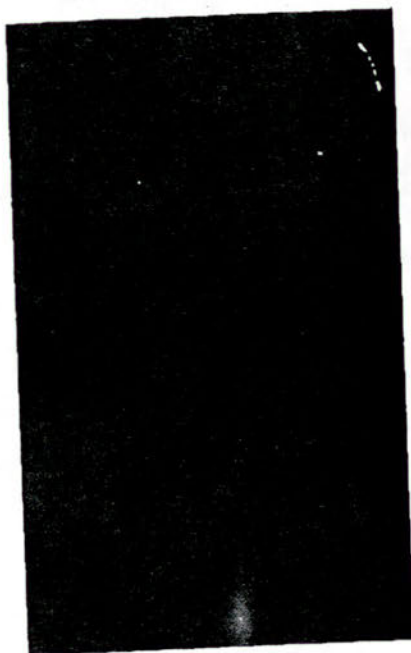
Twelfth Grade

School: Winchester High School, Winchester, MA

Teacher: David Ardito

I believe that communication is one of the most important aspects of life. People choose many ways of communicating, and I have chosen to do so visually. An art teacher once told me that "art is anything that conveys truth." As an artist, I am gratified if people can draw any meaning (from my art), no matter how distant from my own. My advice to other young artists is do not be afraid to express yourself. Always try new things, and always look at other artists' work.

NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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PROFILE



Jonathan Braman

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Paul D. Schreiber
High School,
Port Washington, NY

Teacher: George Bocarde/
Marian Cheris

All pure writing in my mind becomes poetry, and poetry is music to me. It's so cool. It is joyous understanding and exhilarating awareness. My poetry is an extension of myself, as transparent as the stubble on my face. I love not hiding myself through poetry. See me. Read me. Speak me.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Our Rusty Brothers"

And then they were gone. With no goodbye, as they had come. As they had grown through us. As we had saved them, and they had given us more than we, the porch people with hammocks and gourds, could ever have hoped.

Around thirteen years ago we arrived in our white and green house with the hedges, the attic and the dogwoods. White and green with the side yard, the garage and the big straight cedar. Next door was crusty white and brick-black, steep driveway, bending swing sets, rope and torn screen.

When we arrived I was young, too young to know that we locked elbows with those brick chasers, rust monkeys, too young to know that we locked elbows with just one boy and his brother and their broken tools and their dirty tree.

And the bent color of those chains we would wear as bracelets for all the years.

In the early years, before kickball, before the clubhouse, in the years of the old cat Bandit, who peered through the fence with razor eyes and ripped a red tear in our dog's cheek. Jenny was our soft proud dog, reddish brown and white, our sit-by-the-crib dog. Jenny.

In those years we climbed the dogwood in the front yard, when it was tall and had all its laps for us. Back then the little paths were all journeys. The ones between the pricker bushes and through the fence holes were all shrouded, all shrouded in cruddy, maze-filled wonder.

Jake and I played in those yard-worlds, and he spat, and he peed in the corner while I closed my eyes and counted to ten. We hated each other for green matchbox corvettes. We were best friends. I went inside for dinner and I listened to my mother. He stayed out, he ran in the street, and he followed when his brother, the little old one, lit a fire in the back of their garage.

I asked to go out after dark, to drink soda in the morning like them. "I'm not like their mother," said mine. She was right.

My mother was the neighborhood diplomat, love-filled and harsh. She was a necessary cushion between the boys and our across-the-street-no-English neighbors, who grew flowers like crazy candy. They cherished their gardens like children and guarded them with Italian curses and two by fours. The boys picked red tulips and threw them to the sidewalk and stomped on them. And my mother, one afternoon, my mother who was their mother too, while she napped in the porch hammock in the scattered shade of the walnut tree, she locked elbows too.

Sometimes I think I was too young to know until now.

After all, who (who was anyone) knew what world we would cry out when they were gone . . .

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PROFILE



Kristina Gray Fisher

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

School: Sante Fe Preparatory School, Santa Fe, NM

Teacher: Christina Griffith

My imagery pulls the reader into the world I've created. My language is lyrical, and flows like pure thought. Words flow out onto the page, never consciously chosen. Creation exists in the space between one heartbeat and the next. Hold your breath, don't force the words, don't think about them. Don't even ask them to come. Just keep your fingers flying, flying, flying across the keys.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "The Blind Man (For Raymond Carver)"

"Describe it."

"Describe it?" I looked at the blind man who was sitting in the worn chocolate brown chair in my living room. It was a beautiful, golden Saturday afternoon in October. I really wanted to be outside, sitting in my hammock and reading, not trying to entertain some old friend of my parents. They'd gone off somewhere, leaving me to talk to him. He'd asked me all the traditional questions: "How old are you?" "Where do you go to school?" "Do you like it?" you know the spiel. But then, instead of going on to the usual "My, aren't you big. Time sure does go by fast," he asked me, "You've been lots of places in your eighteen years, I'm sure of it. Maybe you've seen more of the world than I have," he laughed. "Tell me, what place is the most special to you? If you had to choose one place, what would it be?"

Well, I hadn't really known what to say at that point. I had stopped staring longingly out the window and really looked at this blind man who had asked me a most unexpected question. As places go, I love my home best, with its arroyo to wander and its green enclosed oasis of a yard. I can tell you what season it is simply by the smell of the air pouring into my room through my open window. But I knew that he wanted a different answer. I then decided, I don't know why, to tell him about the one place besides my home that is closest to my heart. The swimming hole, in El Valle. It's this little town, really tiny, way up in the mountains past Truchas.

"Well, first of all, it's not an easy place to get to. I've only been there three times. You have to drive off the main road, up somebody's driveway—I'm not sure whose it is, just another friend of my parents." (just another you, I thought helplessly. Why am bothering to tell you this?) . . .

"So, you're walking along this trail, and you can feel the little pebbles of granite and dry, decomposing pine needles under your feet. The trail is pretty treacherous. You are trying to balance as you climb up keeping hold of your folded swimsuit and towel. And then the trail slopes down really sharply toward the river. Actually, it's not much of a river. It's a clear, cold mountain stream. The water is fresh and clean and beautiful because it originates only a short way away from where we are now." I took a deep breath, and reminded myself that where we were now was still my living room. I wondered why I was being so much less cautious than usual. I had long since learned that it was never a good idea to bare my heart among strangers until they were no longer strangers to me. A person who feels at home in a concrete jungle cannot possibly understand the deep feeling of belonging I have when I'm free in unspoiled nature. Still, I thought, this blind man seems to understand me. So I continued.

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PROFILE



Hilary Jacqmin

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

School: Shaker Heights High School, Shaker Heights, OH

Teacher: George Harley

I am always glad to find another chance to create something - to share a part of my spirit with others. Writing became a way to revel in the beauty of the world as well as a vehicle to affect people: to make them feel sickened or in love, bitter, brutal, whatever; to shake them from their passiveness for a moment and make them realize the wonder of the life surrounding them. Through my writing I have gained a sense of peace that comes from working hard, loving what you do, and giving yourself fully.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Antartic Cycle: A Story of the Other World"

Part Two: Magellan's Daughters

And Magellan had three daughters, none of whom were beautiful, with their faces thin as seashells and their hands just the faint shadow of hands. And one of them, the older one, had a clay mouth. And one of them, the younger one, had a clay stomach. And one of them, the middle one, had a dress made of banana leaves. And all of them were barefoot.

The older one loved no one but her father. The younger one loved everyone except for her father. The middle one loved the cook. She sat very still in the front of the mess, watching his thin jagged elbows as he measured out soup. *You cook food like most men sing songs*, she wanted to tell him. Instead, she accepted the crackers that he gave her, along with the nickname. He called her his wife. *You are always here*, he said, *It is as if we are married*. One day he made her a cake out of violets and fishing line, and she knew then that they already were.

Her older sister, married herself, and the architect built her a tower stretching out over the sea in which she sat dreaming of drinking water. Her younger sister married a clerk from the board of registry and died one day when her stomach ruptured like a gas line. But the middle sister and the cook, went away to their own private island and were lost and could not return home again.

To grow old together where no one can find you is a wonderful, mysterious thing. It is the center of privacy, a small joke that only the two of you share. In the morning, there was the fishing to be done, trawling for eels with thin nets made of tree bark; and in the evening, they sat out on the beach and let the sand cover them. It is our world now, they said to each other gladly, pushing their hands deeper and deeper into the rock, decorating their kitchen table with small outcroppings of ice. They spoke in tongues, imitating the shriek of water, and the cellophane rustle of fire. Sometimes late at night Magellan's daughter would play the cello, grinding chicken ribs against catgut, stroking the harmony out of the heart of the wood.

When the cook was dead and Magellan's middle daughter had buried him on the rocks, she sat on the dirt floor of the house that they had shared wearing her dress made of banana leaves. It was so old now that the blue had all flaked off, and the leaves glistened dully like tarnished silver. She felt her daughter kicking her small feet against her stomach. She traced her hand around the child, circumscribing the globe, glad for small mysteries. Sometime along the way, it must come down to the single explorer, shoving off from land with the force of a new breath inside of her. This is your home, she told her daughter. You are a child of Magellan. You are a wanderer in the waves. She stroked the child out of the heart of her body. The young one sounded, singing like a whale.

They crossed the globe without a map. They fell off the edge of the world. Black water, said Magellan's daughter; icebergs, cried the young one, and they held hands all the way down.

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1998

**THE SCHOLASTIC
ART & WRITING
AWARDS**

PROFILE



Kathryn E. Blochowiak

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Pius XI High School,
Milwaukee, WI

Teacher: Pat Frederick/
Catherine Burnett

Most of my pieces have a story behind them and it usually involves my family or people I've encountered in life. For my "Grandmother's Hat," I set up a still life of two hats and a wig all on wig stands. My grandpa had recently died and I was given all of my grandma's old hats from 1930's-50's. She meant a lot to me and is behind several of my pieces. Art is a way for me to make sure that I don't forget to remember. People consist of layers and layers, just like my pieces.

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NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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SCHEDULE FOR HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1998
FINAL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SCHEDULER: WENDY ARENDS
 202/456-7007 PHONE
 202/456-5340 FAX
 202/518-8209 HOME
 WHCA PAGER #4781

PREV RON The White House

10:00am **MEETING**
 Residence
 CLOSED PRESS/NO WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS:
The First Lady
Lissa Muscatine
Maggie Williams

12:45pm **PHOTO** with Session One Interns
 Palm Court
 CLOSED PRESS/WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS: 20 interns

1:00pm- **MEET AND GREET**
1:15pm Diplomatic Reception Room
 CLOSED PRESS/WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS: 14 people

1:15pm- **TEA FOR SCHOLASTIC STUDENTS**
2:15pm State Dining Room
 POOL PRESS/WH PHOTO

FORMAT:

- The First Lady, accompanied by Richard Robinson, President, Scholastic, and Leslie Boamah, 1997 portfolio winner, proceed to the State Dining Room via elevator and are announced into the room.

SCHEDULE FOR HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1998

PAGE 2

- The First Lady makes welcoming remarks and introduces Richard Robinson, President, Scholastic.
- Richard Robinson makes remarks and introduces 1997 Portfolio winner Leslie Boamah.
- Leslie Boamah makes remarks and presents a book to the First Lady.
- The First Lady thanks the guests and departs.

PARTICIPANTS: 80 guests

2:30pm-

MEETING

3:30pm

Map Room

CLOSED PRESS/WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS:

The First Lady

Linda Kulman

3:30pm-

DOWN TIME

6:15pm

6:20pm

BRIEFING [w/POTUS]

Map Room

CLOSED PRESS/NO WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS:

The President

The First Lady

Mike McCurry

6:25pm

PROCEED to the Diplomatic Reception Room

SCHEDULE FOR HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1998
PAGE 3

6:25pm- **MEET AND GREET [w/POTUS]**
6:30pm Diplomatic Reception Room
CLOSED PRESS/WH PHOTO

PARTICIPANTS:

The President
The First Lady
Ed Gregory, United Shows of America
Jo Gregory, United Shows of America
Family members TBD

6:30pm- **PRESS PICNIC [w/POTUS]**
7:00pm South Lawn
Attire: Casual
CLOSED PRESS/WH PHOTO

FORMAT:

- The President and the First Lady are announced from the Diplomatic Reception Room and proceed to the stage in the tent to Honors.
- The First Lady makes welcoming remarks and introduces the President.
- The President makes remarks.
- Upon conclusion, the President and the First Lady have the option to mix and mingle or depart.

PARTICIPANTS: 2700 guests

RON

The White House

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
001. fax	To Press Office from La Nacion [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

2015-0275-S

rc2019

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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La Nación

The Oldest Independent Spanish Language Weekly in Washington

P.O. Box 21467 • Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 234-3898 • Fax: (202) 462-3675

José L. Sueiro Publisher

JUNE 19/98
8:50AM

TO: PRESS OFFICE WHITE HOUSE

FAX: 202-456-7805

Photo Op at:
REF: MRS HILLARY CLINTON
RECEPTION WITH AWARDEES

TIME: 12:30 p.m

LOCATION: STATE ROOM

• ALVARO ORTIZ
PHOTOGRAPHER

• S.S:

• D.B

(b)(6)

[001]

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
002. fax	From The Christian Science Monitor [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

2015-0275-S
rc2019

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

910 Sixteenth Street NW, Washington, DC 20006-2980, USA (202) 785-4400

BAU Russer Choddock

(b)(6)

[002]

for 1230 reception today
for Scholar's Magazine

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
003. letter	To Julie Mason from Carol Guensburg [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

2015-0275-S

rc2019

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**MILWAUKEE
JOURNAL SENTINEL**

Published by Journal Sentinel Inc., a subsidiary of Journal Communications, an employee owned company.

Julie Mason
Deputy Press Secretary
White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C.

June 18, 1998

Dear Ms. Mason:

I plan to cover the Friday tea hosted by Mrs. Clinton, honoring National Scholastic Gold Key winners. Two of the five art winners are from the same Milwaukee high school, explaining our paper's keen interest.

I've been informed the tea is set for 12:30 p.m. in the State Dining Room, and that guests have been asked to assemble at the East entrance by 12:15 p.m. Please correct me if I'm wrong.

I also expect an AP photographer to shoot on the Journal Sentinel's behalf, though I don't know who's been tapped. [003]

My Social Security number is (b)(6) and my DOB is (b)(6). Should you have any questions, you may reach me at 703/812-0545 or 812-0539 (fax).

Cordially,


Carol Guensburg

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
004. memo	To White House Press Office from Isaiah J. Poole [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

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rc2019

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Gazette

NEWSPAPERS

8650 Georgia Avenue ♦ Silver Spring MD 20910 ♦ 301-562-3260

MEMORANDUM

June 18, 1998

TO: White House Press Office

FROM: Isaiah J. Poole, Editor 

We intend to assign the following persons to cover the 1 p.m. June 19 ceremony with First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton:

Frank Curreri, reporter, (b)(6) [004]
Bill Crandall, (b)(6)

Thank you.

Peder

Wrtour Saturday
for father

WLF



Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
005. fax	To Julie Mason from The Washington Bureau [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

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rc2019

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TO: Julie Mason

THE WASHINGTON BUREAU

400 N. Capitol Street, N.W. - Suite 181

Washington, D.C. 20001

(202) 347-6396

I would like to clear in a
crew for today's event with
Mrs. Clinton @ 1pm.

producer: Nicole Collier

photog: Donald Rusnak

(b)(6)

[005]

(b)(6)

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
006. fax	From Wendy Ross [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

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**United States
Information
Agency**

WASHINGTON DC 20547-0001



The following is the information for the United States Information Agency intern covering Hillary Clinton's 1:00 tea reception for the winners of the 75th Annual Scholastic Art and Writing awards in the State Dining Room.

Name: Anne Crees

SS #:

Birthdate: (b)(6)

[006]

Please clear her from 12:00 on.

Thank you,
Wendy Ross

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
007. letter	To Julie from Juanita Clogston [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/19/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

Scholastic Arts Awards

2015-0275-S

rc2019

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400 N. Capitol Street NW
Washington, DC 20001
(202) 628-4000 / Fax: 4015

June 19, 1998

White House First Lady's Press Office
Attention: Julie

Please clear the following personnel with the Washington News Network into the First Lady's 1PM State Dining Room White House event with the Scholastic art and writing award winners. She is a production assistant who will be accompanying our crew which has White House credentials.

Stacie L. Grimaldi

SSN

(b)(6)

[007]

Thank you,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Frankie Glogston".

Juanita (Frankie) Glogston
Assignment Editor

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
008. memo	To Julie from Emily McKhann [Personally Identifiable Information] [partial] (1 page)	06/18/1998	b(6)

COLLECTION:

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Lissa Muscatine
OA/Box Number: 20078

FOLDER TITLE:

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**The Corcoran Gallery of Art
Office of Public Affairs**

MEMORANDUM

To: Julie
From: Emily McKhann
Date: June 19, 1998
Re: *White House Tea*

As promised, here are the social security numbers and dates of birth for the following people.

Corcoran Press:

Jan Rothschild:

(b)(6)

[008]

Jan McNamara:

Sara Durr:

(b)(6)

Scholastic Press:

Dara Levine:

(b)(6)

Cooper S. Munroe:

(b)(6)

Lyzbeth Makely:

(b)(6)

The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards
1998 Fact Sheet

- The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards were **founded in 1923** by Scholastic Inc., the nation's leading publisher of children's books and educational materials.
- Since 1992, The Awards have been administered by the **Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, Inc.**, a not-for-profit organization.
- The Awards are the **largest and longest-running recognition programs** for the visual arts and writing in the United States.
- The Awards are open to students in **grades 7-12** in the U.S., Canada, U.S. Territories and U.S.-sponsored schools abroad.
- Entry materials reach **12 million students** in **99% of America's schools** (public, private, and parochial).
- Awards are offered in **16 categories of art and nine categories of writing**.
- **Ten Portfolio Awards of \$5,000** are presented to graduating seniors who demonstrate exceptional skill and expression through a body of work.
- The Awards attract more than **250,000 entries each year**.
- The Alliance confers **over \$170,000 in scholarship cash awards**.
- **150 students** are nominated for an **additional \$500,000 in scholarships** to 60 participating institutions of higher learning.
- **Other national awards and recognition** include: monetary awards, nominations for scholarships, exhibitions and publication opportunities.
- The Alliance has **80 regional partners** (sponsors) across the country who help administer The Scholastic Awards on the local level.
- These regional sponsors conduct preliminary judging of works and hold awards ceremonies, exhibitions and readings for local winners.
- **50,000 regional awards** are presented to young artists and writers through the local programs.
- Students in unsponsored areas send their work directly to the Alliance in New York for preliminary judging.
- Top works from this preliminary selection process are forwarded to The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards National Program in New York City.
- **Over 30,000 works of art and writing** are received annually for the national jurying process.
- **75 prominent artists, writers and arts professionals** serve as jurors on the national level.
 - Jurors for The Scholastic Awards of 1998 include: Ross Bleckner; Mel Bochner; Gish Jen; Joyce Carol Oates; Philip Pearlstein; George Plimpton; Kiki Smith and Elsa Walsh.
- **1,100 national awards** are presented.
- **National Awardees** are honored at The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards National Events in Washington, D.C. each June.
 - **Gold Award winning artworks** are included in The Scholastic Art Awards National Exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art.
 - **Gold and Silver Award winning writers** are invited to read excerpts from their works at prominent venues.
- **Alumni of The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards** include: Richard Avedon; Mel Bochner; Truman Capote; Frances Farmer; Red Grooms; Bernard Malamud; Joyce Maynard; Duane Michals; Joyce Carol Oates; Philip Pearlstein; Robert Redford and Andy Warhol.

In Their Own Words...
Friends of the Alliance and The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

The defining moment in my life was when I was seventeen and was honored by Scholastic. Being recognized by Scholastic meant that little pat on the back, that little sense of confidence that made me feel the doors were opening, and I could enter a life that I loved, and I had somebody behind me saying "This is OK."

Richard Avedon, *Photographer, Alumnus - The Scholastic Writing Awards*

One piece was so sophisticated, so elegant, I shook my head in awe. The overall quality of writing was, to put it simply, 'rousing.' After thirty years of reading high school writing I was prepared to be bored. Instead, I felt like cheering. I've worked in schools--I champion them--and what I've read proves America--artistic America--is heading for a rich new century.

Frank McCourt, *Pulitzer Prize-winning author, Juror - The Scholastic Writing Awards*

It gave a meaning to my life that simply wasn't there before. I had no direction of any sort. When I did win the award, besides being stunned by the fact of having won, it really set a course I never deviated from.

Philip Pearlstein, *Artist, Alumnus - The Scholastic Art Awards*

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, by advocating the process of creativity in education, nurtures the seeds of humanistic inquiry which will bear the fruit of the future. The young people served by the Alliance offer hope for our cultural legacy, and the creative outpourings of the Alliance's Scholastic Art & Writing Awardees present proof positive that this cultural legacy is in good hands indeed.

Rita Dove, *US Poet Laureate (1993-1995)*

You know the magazine *Scholastic*? I won all of their prizes year after year. One year I won all of them together, short story, everything, and they did a piece about me. I was about 11 years old.

Truman Capote, *Writer, Alumnus - The Scholastic Writing Awards*

When I won Scholastic Awards (9 gold keys in my senior year) it was an enormous boost. All young people need support, especially in the arts, which do not enjoy the same popularity as sports. Being in high school and winning these Awards was extraordinarily important. Without that encouragement, most young people's enthusiasm for the arts would wane. It's critical for them to have this support at that particularly vulnerable time in their lives when they are making life decisions.

Duane Michals, *Artist/ Photographer, Alumnus - The Scholastic Art Awards*

202-6701
Finney, Karen

From: Eaglesny@aol.com
Sent: Monday, June 08, 1998 12:30 PM
To: kfinney@scholastic.com
Subject: Alliance Board Blurbs

**Alliance for Young Artists and Writers
Sponsors of The Scholastic Art and Writing Awards
Board of Directors**

The board of the Alliance for Young Artists and Writers is drawn from a variety of sectors including business, the arts, education, non-profit management, and philanthropy. Each board member adds a special skill to the support of the Alliance and all share a passion for identifying and nurturing talented students.

Board members include:

Penelope Muse Abernathy is Senior Vice President of Planning & Human Resources for the New York Times. Penny serves as the liaison between the Alliance and the New York Times.

Theodore Berger is the Executive Director of the New York Foundation for the Arts. Ted is one of the country's leading experts on individual artists and lends his expertise in non-profit management to the Alliance.

Charles Bergman is the Executive Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of the Pollack-Krasner Foundation. Charlie has made invaluable connections for the Alliance into the art and philanthropy worlds.

Jack Duncan is a Washington, D. C. lobbyist who has a passion for art and for talented students.

Dr. Ernest Fleishman is the Senior Vice President for Education and Corporate Relations at Scholastic, Inc. Ernie shares his considerable knowledge of the field of education and his passion for the arts with the Alliance. He also serves as the official liaison between Scholastic and the Alliance.

Hugh Freund is the managing partner with Richards & O'Neil. His firm represents galleries and artists.

Molly Friedrich is a literary agent with the Aaron M. Priest Literary Agency. She has connected the Alliance with the New York publishing community.

Sandra Furey-Gaither is with the International House of Blues Foundation. She brings her extensive knowledge of arts in education to her work with the Alliance.

Charles T. Harris, III is a partner with Goldman, Sachs, & Co. Chuck serves as the dynamic Chairman of the Board of the Alliance.

Alexander Julian is one of the country's most outstanding designer of fabrics and men's clothing. He helps the Alliance stay connected to the design industry.

James D. Kaplan is the Executive Vice President of Karr Barth Associates. He has helped the Alliance use the resources of the Equitable Insurance Company.

David B. Lasater is with Arthur Andersen. He has served as the Treasurer and Finance Committee Chairman of the Alliance.

Dwight E. Lee is the Managing Partner of Barker, Lee & Co. He is the current Treasurer of the Alliance.

Dr. David Levy is the President and Director of The Corcoran Gallery of Art. He has been responsible for making the Corcoran available to the Alliance for its annual national award winners show each year.

Janice Oresman is a private art curator in New York. She has used her numerous contacts to help the work of the Alliance.

Dr. Donald A. Parks is the Director of the Arts Center at Delaware State University. He represents the 70 sponsors of the Alliance on a regional basis.

Harry Quadracci is President of Quad/Graphics in Milwaukee. He has long supported the work of the Alliance.

Dr. William Walker Robinson is the Ian Woodner Curator of Drawings of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. He served as the first board chair of the Alliance, and is the son of Maurice Robinson, founder of the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards.

Howard J. Rothman is an attorney with Kramer, Levin, Naftalis & Frankel. He serves as the Secretary of the Board of the Alliance.

Scott D. Schulman is a partners in Booz, Allen, & Hamilton. He lends his support as a management consultant in the media and entertainment industries.

Lindsay Shea is a private philanthropist and art collector.

Stanley C. Strauss is the Vice President & General Manger of Binney & Smith. He serves as the liaison with Binney & Smith and the Alliance.

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SCHOLASTIC INC.

212 343 6701 P.05/17

Leslie Boamah Bio (Program Speaker)

Leslie Boamah was the recipient of a 1997 Scholastic Art Portfolio Award, the highest honor granted in the visual arts by The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. Leslie was born in Ghana, where he first became interested in drawing and painting. His father was executed for his suspected participation in a coup against the Ghanaian dictator, Jerry Rawlings. Leslie's mother fled to the United States and Leslie joined her here in 1994. It was only when he came to this country that Leslie was told of his father's death, which had been kept a secret. In order to cope with the pain of that loss, Leslie devoted his portfolio to the memory of his father. Leslie now attends Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in New York City where he was offered a full scholarship. Leslie's family lives in Weaton, Maryland.

Add to White House invite list:

Leslie Boamah [REDACTED]
10819 Georgia Avenue, Apt. 201
~~Weaton~~ Weaton, MD 20902
(301) 962-0794



THE SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS OF 1997

PROFILE



Leslie Boamah

AGE: 19

TWELFTH GRADE

SCHOOL:
Albert Einstein High School
Silver Springs, Maryland

TEACHER:
Mr. Ohri

It is a way of life that I
use to express myself to
society. Most of my paint-
ings reflect memories of my
history. For example,
the execution of father was
a turning point in my life
and it drove me deeply into
it. Therefore, I decided to
create paintings that show
the intensity of my feelings.
My mother, stepfather, and
teacher gave me the
idea of painting something
in remembrance of my
father's tragic death.

For Contact:
Angela Oliver
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NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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THE WASHINGTON POST

Style/Arts

Arts Beat

A Death in the Family

At 19, Leslie Boamah Is Drawing On, and Confronting, the Past

By Michael O'Sullivan
Washington Post Staff Writer

It's hard to say which is the most startling aspect of Leslie Boamah's painting "The Execution of My Dad": the potent nature of its obviously painful subject matter or the eerie simplicity of its matter-of-fact title.

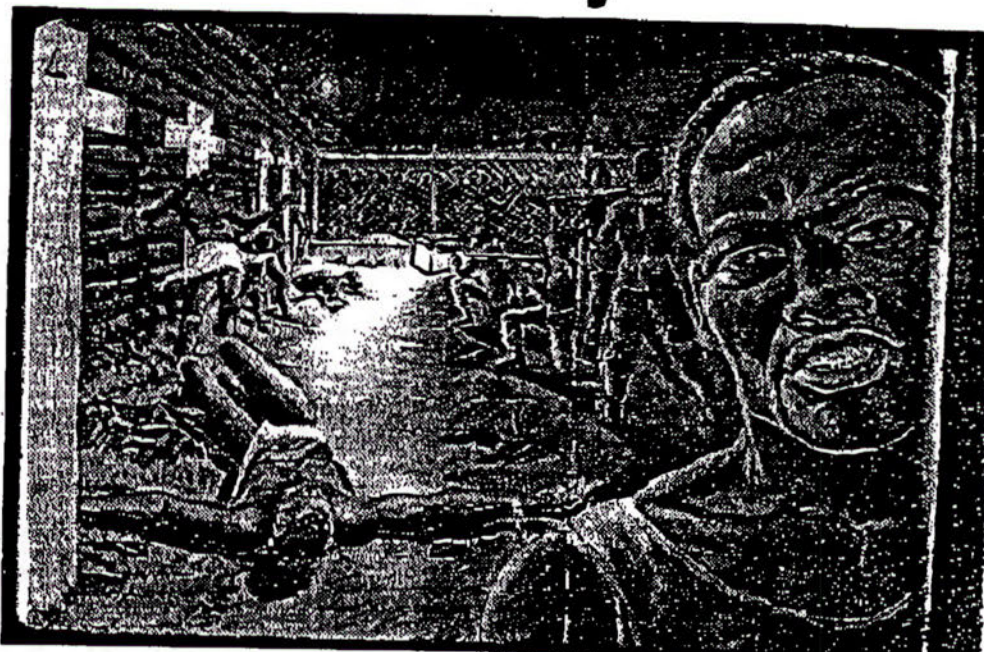
The life-size tableau—depicting a military firing squad as it guns down a row of Christ-like figures—was painted not from memory but from the 19-year-old's imagination. In the foreground the artist's own face looms large, contorted in sadness and anger.

Since childhood in his native Ghana in the early 1980s, Boamah had been mystified by his father's sudden disappearance. But because of his youth, he only dimly understood the circumstances surrounding that loss—that his father was arrested on suspicion of participating in a coup attempt against dictator Jerry Rawlings. "My family was able to hide my father's death from me," he says. "They didn't want me to know that he was unjustly executed."

Raised by his grandfather, Boamah continued until fairly recently to believe that his father had safely fled the country. It was only three years ago, when Boamah came to the United States to join his mother, who has been living here as a political refugee since his father's execution, that he learned the truth.

"After I realized my dad was killed," Boamah says, "of course I felt anger and I felt sadness too, but I decided I must let it reflect in my work."

Harsh experience has informed the young artist's work with a seriousness and richness surprising for his years. Boamah, who graduated last week from Silver Spring's Albert Einstein High School, is busy making plans to attend New York's Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, where he has a full scholarship to study fine art and graphic design. And just two months ago, Boamah learned that he had been named one of five recipients of a \$5,000 grant from the Scholastic Art Awards program.



"The Execution of My Dad," Leslie Boamah's portrayal of his father's death by firing squad in Ghana. PHOTO COURTESY LESLIE BOAMAH

Despite the somber, socially conscious nature of much of his work—dealing not just with his father's death but with rap-related violence and unemployment—Boamah admits that his latest achievement is only one of the many reasons he has to smile.

"I have a painting called 'Free at Last.' It's a picture of myself as an immigrant standing in front of a church, singing with joy, because I'm just so happy to be in this country."

The 1997 Scholastic Art Awards National Exhibition, featuring three of Boamah's paintings, opens on Saturday and runs through July 13 at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, 500 17th St. NW. Call 202-639-1700. On Tuesday at 7 p.m., Boamah and his work will appear on "Challenges," a half-hour community television program that airs on Montgomery Cable Channel 49 (cable-ready Channel 23).

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THE
SCHOLASTIC
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PROFILE



Katherine Alvarez

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

**School: McNair Academic
High School, Jersey City, NJ**

Teacher: John Bradford

My work can be described as a series of lighted corners of rooms. The works have a strong contrast of lights and darks which depicts the beauty, actions and ideas of the subject. It first began when I saw the beauty of the light from my lamplight illuminating the most mundane places. When my artistic gears are on, I usually go to sleep at 5 or 6 in the morning, then wake up at 7:30 to get ready for school. But I don't really mind because working during the night actually brings out the darkness and the mood of my work. I find that art is an extension of my thoughts. My hands are my tools to control the strokes of the brush.

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NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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THE
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PROFILE



Christine Varnado

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Hattiesburg High
School, Hattisburg, MS

Teacher: Mike Tebo

I believe that this body of work reflects the wide variety of styles and moods which I am capable of capturing through words. Nonfiction has proven to be the most fulfilling form of writing to me. Nonfiction can of course be dryly factual compared to the richly symbolic world of poetry, but the best essayists I have read—such as Joan Didion and Annie Dillard—write prose sentences that crystallize images so poignantly they could well be called poems. I strive to emulate their economy of words and command of detail even as I think like a short story writer in terms of character and dialogue.

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NATIONAL NONFICTION PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Summer Cousins"

The summer I was nine, my father's cousin Allen brought his new bride to the reunion. Ever since I could remember, my family had driven three hours along kudzu-trimmed highways of interior rural Mississippi to the outskirts of tiny Magnolia. The outlying hamlet of Chattawa, ancestral home of my father's family, was, to our knowledge, uninhabited save for the residents of Saint Mary of the Pines, a convent for aging nuns. In Chattawa, a short way down the dirt road from Saint Mary's, stood a dilapidated structure called Kramer's Lodge where the family congregated annually over a long weekend in June. The lodge must have been a picturesque place in its heyday, when the ponds and fountains ran with clear water where muddy patches were today. Now, several moldy puddles edged with crumbling stone are the only indication of their functional past. Huge, empty rabbit hutches stood off the path in an overgrown place that was once a clearing on the edge of the pine wood. A single aviary cage commanded the center focus in the maze of stone walkways, made almost indiscernible with pine needles and time. The entire property had fallen prey to rats and other wildlife many years before, but my great aunts and second cousins were remarkably unfazed by uncertain floor beams and rotting foundations.

A wire stretched over the ancient, crumbling ponds and paths; single naked bulbs hung from it at sporadic intervals. Somehow, the power to these bulbs still flowed. At night, the relatives turned on the lights of the big screened back porch and illuminated the decaying garden. Then, the scene retained festivity in its shadows. I never knew just what the use of that intriguing old house had been, but the possibilities haunted the midsummer nights' dreams of my childhood. By far the most fascinating building on the grounds was the large open-air shelter, obscured by the twists and turns of a rock path from the view of the lodge itself. A hearth and a cobblestone floor, crumbling as well, made up the structure. There was a gaping hole in the thatch roof, and stone benches built against the half-walls on either side. A single light bulb outside the wide entrance was attached to the end of the wire from the lodge. Its intention may have been for a hunting shelter or picnic pavilion, but to Jenny and me, it held secrets of imagination that we could never exhaust.

I could not believe my good fortune the first time I met Jenny. Cousin Allen's new wife, Brenda, had a daughter only six months older than I. Jenny looked unpredictable and mischievous from the moment we spotted each other and introduced ourselves. She had a mop of long, matted red hair.

"Oh, Jenny, you have red hair! I've always wanted red hair. It's so pretty," I offered tentatively.

"It's not red! It's strawberry blonde," she quickly corrected me.

Jenny was wonderful and wild. She could perform a back handspring — a two-footed cartwheel was a constant challenge to me. She twirled a baton, and her "dance teacher" taught her how to do this. The class I called by the same name included only ballet and tap instruction. Jenny rode horses regularly, by herself as opposed to sitting in front of her mother (the only riding experience I could claim).

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PROFILE



Kathryn E. Blochowiak

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Pius XI High School,
Milwaukee, WI

Teacher: Pat Frederick/
Catherine Burnett

Most of my pieces have a story behind them and it usually involves my family or people I've encountered in life. For my "Grandmother's Hat," I set up a still life of two hats and a wig all on wig stands. My grandpa had recently died and I was given all of my grandma's old hats from 1930's-50's. She meant a lot to me and is behind several of my pieces. Art is a way for me to make sure that I don't forget to remember. People consist of layers and layers, just like my pieces.

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NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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PROFILE



Hilary Jacqmin

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

School: Shaker Heights High School, Shaker Heights, OH

Teacher: George Harley

I am always glad to find another chance to create something - to share a part of my spirit with others. Writing became a way to revel in the beauty of the world as well as a vehicle to affect people: to make them feel sickened or in love, bitter, brutal, whatever; to shake them from their passiveness for a moment and make them realize the wonder of the life surrounding them. Through my writing I have gained a sense of peace that comes from working hard, loving what you do, and giving yourself fully.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Antartic Cycle: A Story of the Other World"

Part Two: Magellan's Daughters

And Magellan had three daughters, none of whom were beautiful, with their faces thin as seashells and their hands just the faint shadow of hands. And one of them, the older one, had a clay mouth. And one of them, the younger one, had a clay stomach. And one of them, the middle one, had a dress made of banana leaves. And all of them were barefoot.

The older one loved no one but her father. The younger one loved everyone except for her father. The middle one loved the cook. She sat very still in the front of the mess, watching his thin jagged elbows as he measured out soup. *You cook food like most men sing songs*, she wanted to tell him. Instead, she accepted the crackers that he gave her, along with the nickname. He called her his wife. *You are always here*, he said, *It is as if we are married*. One day he made her a cake out of violets and fishing line, and she knew then that they already were.

Her older sister, married herself, and the architect built her a tower stretching out over the sea in which she sat dreaming of drinking water. Her younger sister married a clerk from the board of registry and died one day when her stomach ruptured like a gas line. But the middle sister and the cook, went away to their own private island and were lost and could not return home again.

To grow old together where no one can find you is a wonderful, mysterious thing. It is the center of privacy, a small joke that only the two of you share. In the morning, there was the fishing to be done, trawling for eels with thin nets made of tree bark; and in the evening, they sat out on the beach and let the sand cover them. It is our world now, they said to each other gladly, pushing their hands deeper and deeper into the rock, decorating their kitchen table with small outcroppings of ice. They spoke in tongues, imitating the shriek of water, and the cellophane rustle of fire. Sometimes late at night Magellan's daughter would play the cello, grinding chicken ribs against catgut, stroking the harmony out of the heart of the wood.

When the cook was dead and Magellan's middle daughter had buried him on the rocks, she sat on the dirt floor of the house that they had shared wearing her dress made of banana leaves. It was so old now that the blue had all flaked off, and the leaves glinted dully like tarnished silver. She felt her daughter kicking her small feet against her stomach. She traced her hand around the child, circumscribing the globe, glad for small mysteries. Sometime along the way, it must come down to the single explorer, shoving off from land with the force of a new breath inside of her. This is your home, she told her daughter. You are a child of Magellan. You are a wanderer in the waves. She stroked the child out of the heart of her body. The young one sounded, singing like a whale.

They crossed the globe without a map. They fell off the edge of the world. Black water, said Magellan's daughter; icebergs, cried the young one, and they held hands all the way down.

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THE
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PROFILE



Heidi Bahr

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Pius XI High School
Milwaukee, WI

Teacher: Pat Frederick/
Catherine Burnett

I got my first idea for the locust series from ancient ruins. I've always been fascinated with the mystery of ancient cities and cultures and people's religious practices. I never thought the community I live in could ever be integrated into my work, but once I started to research my subject matter, I found out there was more to it than I thought. I found out that the areas conducive for locust included Wisconsin and Illinois. My advice to other young artists is to trust in yourself. You know what you want to accomplish, trust in your vision and your skills to get it done. And whether you believe it or not, teachers do know what they're talking about, so at least give them a chance.

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PROFILE



Kristina Gray Fisher

Age: 18

Twelfth Grade

School: Sante Fe Preparatory
School, Santa Fe, NM

Teacher: Christina Griffith

My imagery pulls the reader into the world I've created. My language is lyrical, and flows like pure thought. Words flow out onto the page, never consciously chosen. Creation exists in the space between one heartbeat and the next. Hold your breath, don't force the words, don't think about them. Don't even ask them to come. Just keep your fingers flying, flying, flying across the keys.

NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

*excerpt from "The Blind Man (For Raymond Carver)"**"Describe it."*

"Describe it?" I looked at the blind man who was sitting in the worn chocolate brown chair in my living room. It was a beautiful, golden Saturday afternoon in October. I really wanted to be outside, sitting in my hammock and reading, not trying to entertain some old friend of my parents. They'd gone off somewhere, leaving me to talk to him. He'd asked me all the traditional questions: "How old are you?" "Where do you go to school?" "Do you like it?" you know the spiel. But then, instead of going on to the usual "My, aren't you big. Time sure does go by fast," he asked me, "You've been lots of places in your eighteen years, I'm sure of it. Maybe you've seen more of the world than I have," he laughed. "Tell me, what place is the most special to you? If you had to choose one place, what would it be?"

Well, I hadn't really known what to say at that point. I had stopped staring longingly out the window and really looked at this blind man who had asked me a most unexpected question. As places go, I love my home best, with its arroyo to wander and its green enclosed oasis of a yard. I can tell you what season it is simply by the smell of the air pouring into my room through my open window. But I knew that he wanted a different answer. I then decided, I don't know why, to tell him about the one place besides my home that is closest to my heart. The swimming hole, in El Valle. It's this little town, really tiny, way up in the mountains past Truchas.

"Well, first of all, it's not an easy place to get to. I've only been there three times. You have to drive off the main road, up somebody's driveway—I'm not sure whose it is, just another friend of my parents." (just another you, I thought helplessly. Why am bothering to tell you this?) . . .

"So, you're walking along this trail, and you can feel the little pebbles of granite and dry, decomposing pine needles under your feet. The trail is pretty treacherous. You are trying to balance as you climb up keeping hold of your folded swimsuit and towel. And then the trail slopes down really sharply toward the river. Actually, it's not much of a river. It's a clear, cold mountain stream. The water is fresh and clean and beautiful because it originates only a short way away from where we are now." I took a deep breath, and reminded myself that where we were now was still my living room. I wondered why I was being so much less cautious than usual. I had long since learned that it was never a good idea to bare my heart among strangers until they were no longer strangers to me. A person who feels at home in a concrete jungle cannot possibly understand the deep feeling of belonging I have when I'm free in unspoiled nature. Still, I thought, this blind man seems to understand me. So I continued.

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1998

THE
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PROFILE



Reina Navarro

Age: 17

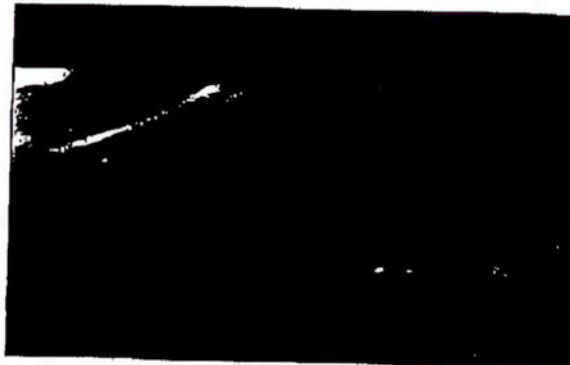
Twelfth Grade

School: G. Holmes Braddock
Senior High, Miami, FL

Teacher: Mark Koven

I wanted my photography portfolio to convey a general somber and contemplative mood, yet its photographs to be different from each other. Photography has helped me open my eyes and is responsible for increasing my curiosity. I find myself photographing things that affect me visually. These are usually simple occurrences that people overlook.

NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY PORTFOLIO



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SCHOLASTIC ART & WRITING AWARDS

PROFILE



Jonathan Braman

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Paul D. Schrelber
High School,
Port Washington, NY

Teacher: George Bocarde/
Marian Cheris

All pure writing in my mind becomes poetry, and poetry is music to me. It's so cool. It is joyous understanding and exhilarating awareness. My poetry is an extension of myself, as transparent as the stubble on my face. I love not hiding myself through poetry. See me. Read me. Speak me.

NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Our Rusty Brothers"

And then they were gone. With no goodbye, as they had come. As they had grown through us. As we had saved them, and they had given us more than we, the porch people with hammocks and gourds, could ever have hoped.

Around thirteen years ago we arrived in our white and green house with the hedges, the attic and the dogwoods. White and green with the side yard, the garage and the big straight cedar. Next door was crusty white and brick-black, steep driveway, bending swing sets, rope and torn screen.

When we arrived I was young, too young to know that we locked elbows with those brick chasers, rust monkeys, too young to know that we locked elbows with just one boy and his brother and their broken tools and their dirty tree.

And the bent color of those chains we would wear as bracelets for all the years.

In the early years, before kickball, before the clubhouse, in the years of the old cat Bandit, who peered through the fence with razor eyes and ripped a red tear in our dog's cheek. Jenny was our soft proud dog, reddish brown and white, our sit-by-the-crib dog. Jenny.

In those years we climbed the dogwood in the front yard, when it was tall and had all its lops, for us. Back then the little paths were all journeys. The ones between the pricker bushes and through the fence holes were all shrouded, all shrouded in cruddy, maze-filled wonder.

Jake and I played in those yard-worlds, and he spat, and he peed in the corner while I closed my eyes and counted to ten. We hated each other for green matchbox corvettes. We were best friends. I went inside for dinner and I listened to my mother. He stayed out, he ran in the street, and he followed when his brother, the little old one, lit a fire in the back of their garage.

I asked to go out after dark, to drink soda in the morning like them. "I'm not like their mother," said mine. She was right.

My mother was the neighborhood diplomat, love-filled and harsh. She was a necessary cushion between the boys and our across-the-street-no-English neighbors, who grew flowers like crazy candy. They cherished their gardens like children and guarded them with Italian curses and two by fours. The boys picked red tulips and threw them to the sidewalk and stomped on them. And my mother, one afternoon, my mother who was their mother too, while she napped in the porch hammock in the scattered shade of the walnut tree, she locked elbows too.

Sometimes I think I was too young to know until now.

After all, who (who was anyone) knew what world we would cry out when they were gone . . .

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PROFILE



Christopher Butler

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

School: Winchester High
School, Winchester, MA

Teacher: David Ardito

I believe that communication is one of the most important aspects of life. People choose many ways of communicating, and I have chosen to do so visually. An art teacher once told me that "art is anything that conveys truth." As an artist, I am gratified if people can draw any meaning (from my art), no matter how distant from my own. My advice to other young artists is do not be afraid to express yourself. Always try new things, and always look at other artists' work.

NATIONAL ART PORTFOLIO



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PROFILE



Leah Kaminski

Age: 17

Twelfth Grade

**School: Ransom Everglades
School, Coconut Grove, FL**

Teacher: Hamish Ziegler

Writing saves my life everyday. It is my only stability and everyday I stand relieved in the misty palaces I create with it. I write for the joy and for the pain. I found language as it relates to humanity and history; I found that it controls us; I found that one can see language as a being, breathing and growing without speaking. Now, I admire even more the skill it takes to manipulate language, and I revel in what it can do if used well. It is an act of self-preservation, of necessity. My hands move without me thinking, with tears streaming and eyes closed, I write to live.

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NATIONAL WRITING PORTFOLIO

excerpt from "Thicker Than Blood"

My consciousness is murky blue, a half-lit and dripping world rushed periodically with clear liquid. Water is in my blood; its jeweled drops hold memories in small glassy bubbles. Each time its taut surface breaks before sunrise and my body breaks the dim cold, drops spray out, each one catching slants of light, half-remembered phrases, and reflections of smiles. The smooth rhythm of flip turns, push-offs, and stroke-to-kick ratio; ropes of wetness roaring past my ears; rivers rushing past my streaking body—each brushes me with sunlight, sunlight seen through deep water, sunlight speckled with shadow.

The smell of chlorine and sunscreen strengthens the sun to its childhood potency, and looking into the enveloping light, I see the vast white concrete of Saturday meets. Broken sea-grape leaves, purple and thick, littered the asphalt outside the pool, and in a burst of a small child's reasoning, I told my mother that it felt like the beach when I saw their white and spotted trunks. I still dream of the pool, which is deserted and empty and small now, and I sometimes get a flash of looking back at my feet and seeing, for a moment, thick black rubber around my ankles to keep my feet together in butterfly and a smiling assistant coach with red hair, the one who wore Coppertone from the orange tube. I still dream of sea-grape leaves and of the white amphitheater that was the cool place to be between events; I dream of the floating bridge that crossed the pool to divide it in two. I still dream of my hatred and my love, dream of abandoning it and of making it my life.

The heat of cement on the soles of my feet makes me slightly ill, reminding me of cold water, on hot afternoons, of apprehension and hatred of water before practice, of heavy exhaustion. It hatches a dull dread, and it evokes afternoons wasted in practice, not wasted in the end because of the strange cohesive force, the collective memory that connects each of us to each swimmer that we meet. This force draws me with its richness. Under its pull I don't want to be with anyone who hasn't felt the finish of the worst five hundred of her life or the best five hundred of her life, who doesn't know that she feels the same after both: finishing at all is the point. Because with a swimmer, I have an excuse to talk solely about the practice, the race, giddy and already nervous. I sometimes like only people who share my strange love for hurting, who know the weighted exhaustion before the race that really matters. And I don't want to have to explain that some races do not fit into terms of good and bad. I don't want to explain the exhausted relief after the last relay is swum, won or lost, or how it feels to pull on a still-wet bathing suit for a last event in the finals of a huge meet.

I know what it's like to step onto the block expecting not to swim, not wanting to be there in the cold and the wind, stepping without my will, I step onto it anyway, though, because the announcer just called my name through a crackling portable microphone and because if I hadn't swum well that morning I wouldn't be there. I know that I really do want to swim the race and that wanting to or not doesn't make a difference when the gun goes off. Sometimes I can't explain this, because words make it less important. And there is something to be said for the people who do not need explanation. We know that it is a matter of not having a choice, of the body reacting without the mind, creating a work of precision and restraint and harnessed fury.

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The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards
Celebrate 75 Years

Washington, DC, June 19-20, 1998

New York, New York -- June 1998 -- The nation's oldest and largest awards program for students in secondary schools -- The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards -- celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary with events honoring the creativity of America's young people.

On Friday, June 19, First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton will honor the ten 1998 winners of Scholastic Portfolio Awards, the most prestigious of The Scholastic Awards, at a special White House Reception. Participating in the White House event will be Academy Award-winning actress Kathy Bates. Following the White House reception, the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers will host a VIP Sneak Preview of two exhibitions at the Corcoran Gallery of Art from 2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

On Saturday, June 20, at 10:00 a.m., students from across the country will receive Scholastic Art & Writing Awards totaling more than \$170,000 at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC. The ten Portfolio Award winners will receive \$5,000 each. With Kathy Bates as emcee, the Awards Ceremony will honor students ages 12-19 who have created the most exceptional art and writing in the country. Joining Kathy Bates will be keynote speaker, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author Frank McCourt. The Awards presenters include humorist Hugh Gallagher, authors Joyce Maynard, Walter Mosley and Esmeralda Santiago and *Hercules* actor Robert Trebor. Following the Awards Ceremony, Award-winning writers will read excerpts of their work at the Warner Theater from 2:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.



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CELEBRATING THE CREATIVE SPIRIT
OF AMERICA'S YOUTH

Also on June 20, an exhibition of the 1998 Gold Award-winning artwork premieres at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, where it will be on display through July 26. In addition, to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the Awards, the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers launches a traveling exhibition entitled *Hands and Minds: The Art and Writing of Young People in 20th Century America*. The exhibit, which includes selections from the Award-winning art and writing created by secondary school students throughout this century, also opens at the Corcoran Gallery of Art on June 20, 1998 and is on display through July 26, 1998.

Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, Richard Avedon, Joyce Carol Oates and Sylvia Plath are among the exceptionally gifted artists and writers who received Scholastic Art & Writing Awards as secondary school students and whose work appears in the *Hands and Minds* exhibit. Featuring works from the 1920s through the 1990s, *Hands and Minds* celebrates the creative excellence of America's young people in the 20th century. Curated around themes of particular interest to young people, the show examines such issues as "Values and Community," "Identity and the Self," "Coping and Growing," and "Logic and Ideas."

"The exhibit pays tribute to the diverse and extraordinary talents of America's art and writing students," said Maurice Berger, the exhibition's curator and senior fellow at The Vera List Center for Art and Politics at the New School for Social Research. "The results of this exhibition are nothing less than magnificent. Limitless possibilities of hope and greatness echo through every piece in this show."

The Alliance for Young Artists & Writers, created to administer The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards in 1994, reaches 99 percent of America's schools. Students in grades 7 -12 from all fifty states submit more than a quarter million works of art and writing annually for the Awards. The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards are the largest recognition program for American youth and have been granted continuously since 1923. Many alumni of The Awards have gone on to distinguished careers in the visual and literary arts, are represented in museums across the country and have been honored by such distinguished prizes as the Pulitzer, the Newberry, and others.

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