Pacific Community Charter High School

Art Journals

Mixed Media Art
Creative Writng
Spanish

with

Blake More
Carolyn Cooke
Darshan Hodges

Made possible by GASP, CAC, & Point Arena Schools

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The art journal pages displayed in this anthology are but selections from a vast array of amazing artwork created by Pacific Community Charter High School students during the 2009-10 school year. Special thanks to classroom teachers Darshan Hodges, Carolyn Cooke and Jim Lieberman.

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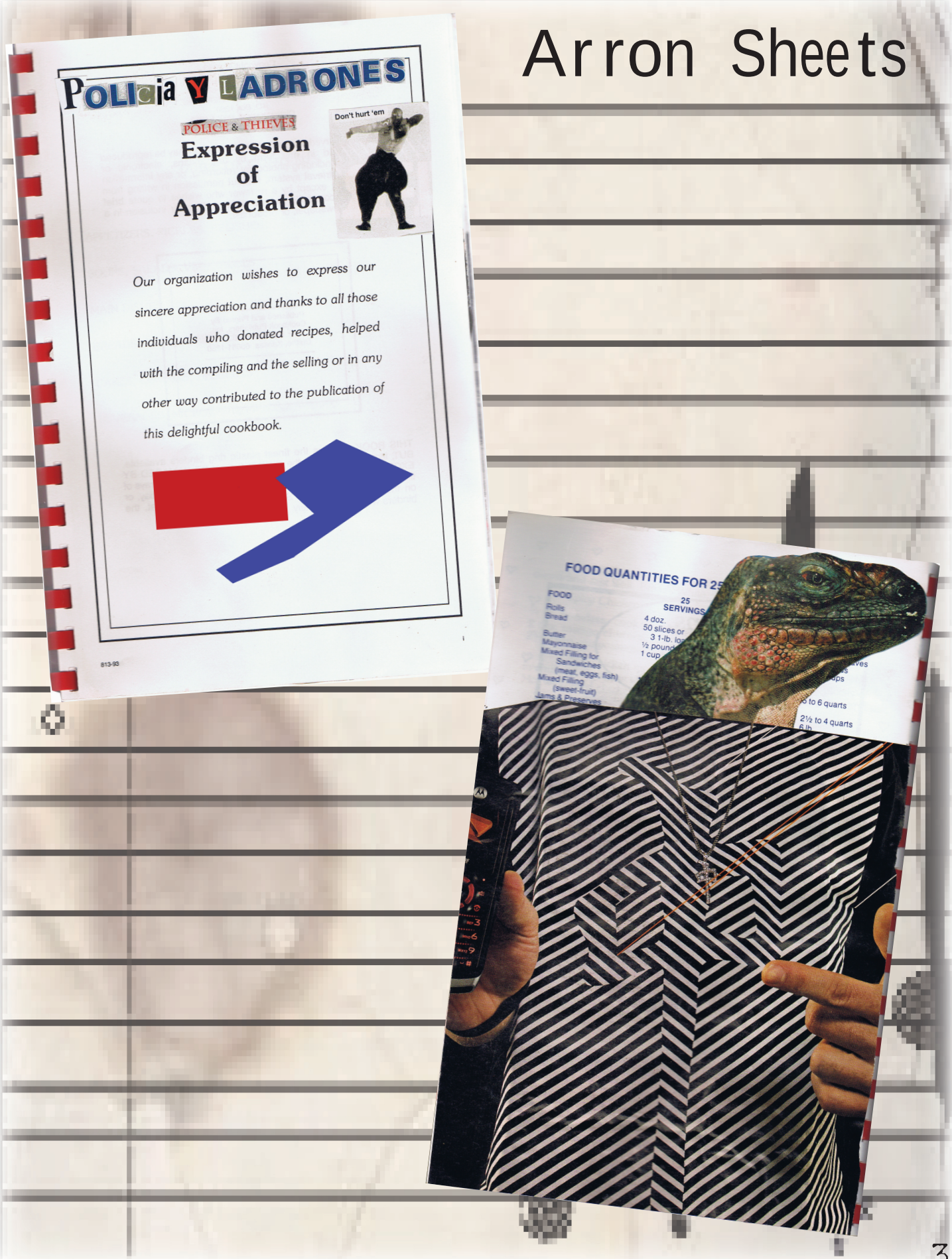
Arts Council of Mendocino County

CALIFORNIA POETS IN THE SCHOOLS

California Arts Council

Get Arts in the Schools gasp PROGRAM

Arron Sheets



Callie Babtkis

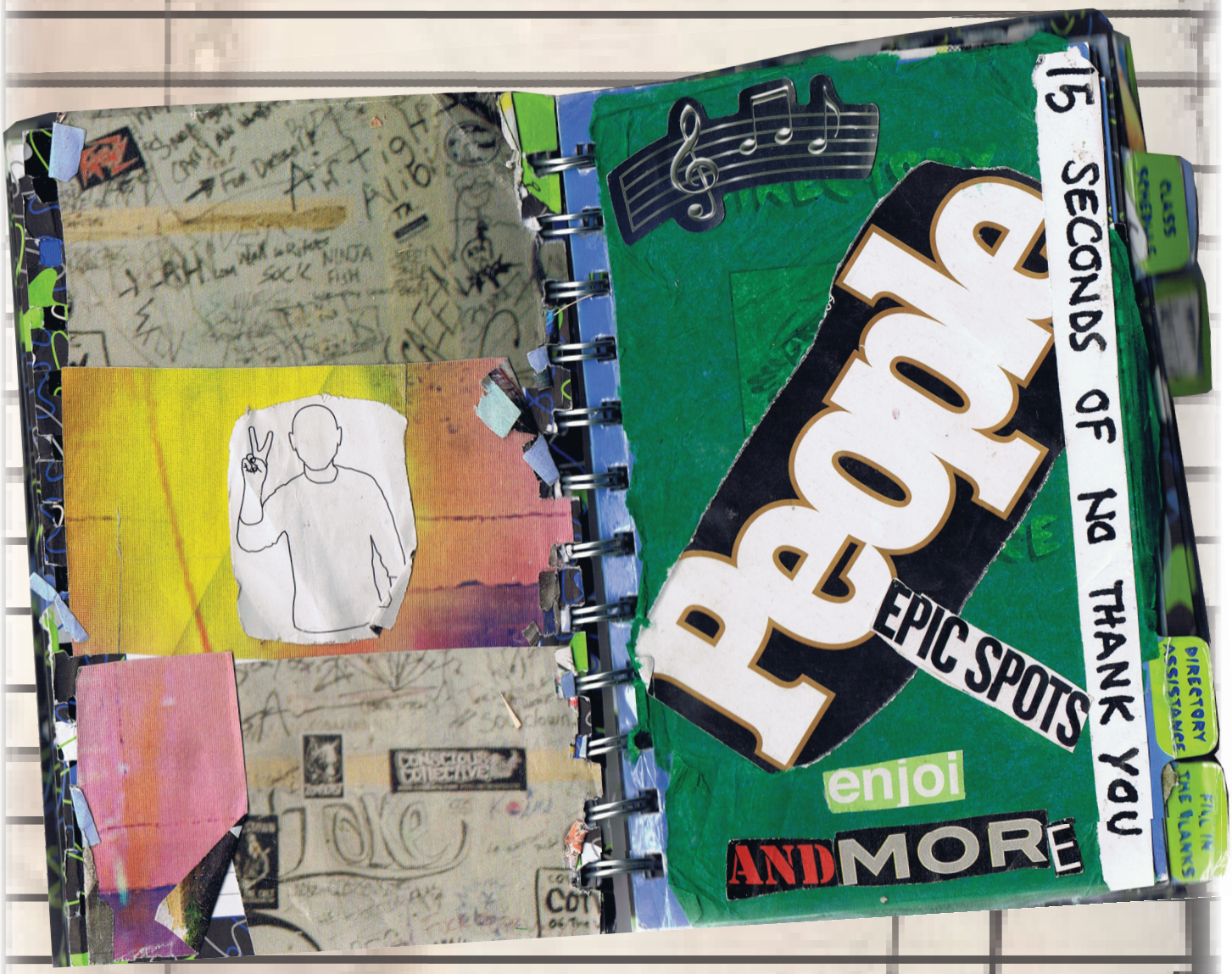
Complemento
!

Isley Jones

PASSPORT
United States
of America
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Isley
US.
M
La luna
huaca
PASSPORT AGENCY
SEE PAGE

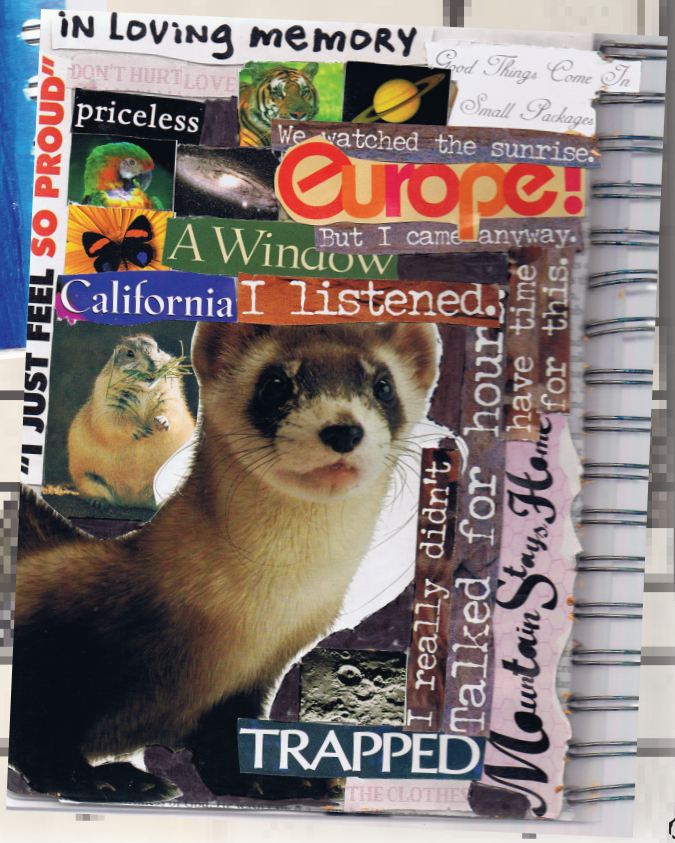
SR
White
Arte
moderna

Jasper Hillier



Johanna

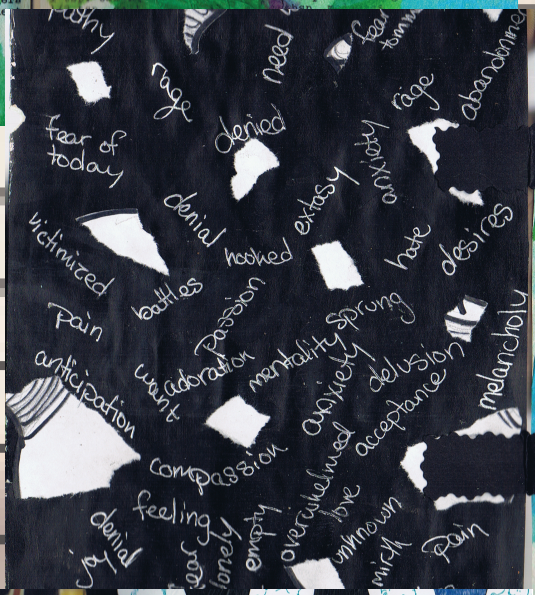
Julia Farmer

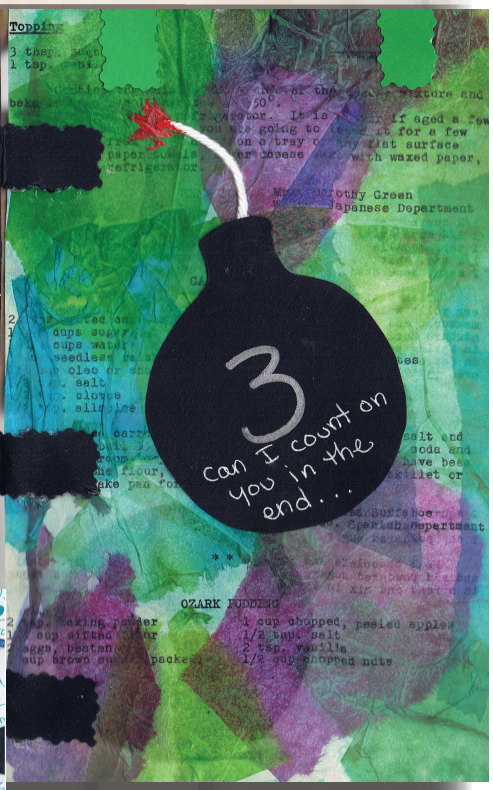


Julia Weimeyer

2
is there any hope left...

1
no, none at all...


rage
need
fear of today
denied
rage
abandonment
anxiety
denial
hooked
ecstasy
victimized
desires
hate
passion
battles
pain
mentality
spring
adoration
anxiety
delusion
want
anticipation
acceptance
melancholy
compassion
overwhelmed
love
feeling
lonely
empty
unknown
pain
joy


3
Can I count on you in the end...

WHAT
YOU
ALWAYS
WANT
ISN'T
WHAT
YOU
GET

SUSPICIOUS
GUILTY
SAD
SURPRISED
FRUSTRATED
FRIGHTENED
CONFUSED
HOPEFUL
ANGRY
BORED
ANXIOUS
SMUG
CAUTIOUS
ASHAMED
EMBARRASSED
JEALOUS
SHOCKED
DISGUSTED
CONFIDENT
ECSTATIC
OVERWHELMED
HAPPY
DEPRESSED
LOVESTRUCK
EXHAUSTED
MISCHIEVOUS

(SMALL) TOWNS

freedom

family

confining

THE CHANCES YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

HELLO SOMEDAY

beautiful

no privacy

you feel the heartbeat of a place you are the heartbeat of the place.

8. You can drive off a paved highway:
- ☐ If traffic is congested.
- ☐ When instructed to do so by a patrolman.
- ☐ If it's a two-lane highway.
- ☑ Whenever you damn well please.

lonely

need to escape

love

We're dolls on strings
Wanting wings
Wings to fly away
As we sway
Sway away from the things we love
Our minds going blank
As the computer keys click
And the pencil starts its tapping
That tapping is our heartbeat
If it stops, so do we
Our destiny
Lying in that pencil tip
That tip begins to flip
I'm walking forward
But don't know where
I'm smelling the flower
But cannot smell
I'm looking at the disaster
But cannot see
I can't see them
So they can't see me
Tap. Tap. Tap.
That's what it's like
Living in a comic book

VORKING TO

Learn

"Any man who knows a thing knows he knows not a damn damn thing at all."

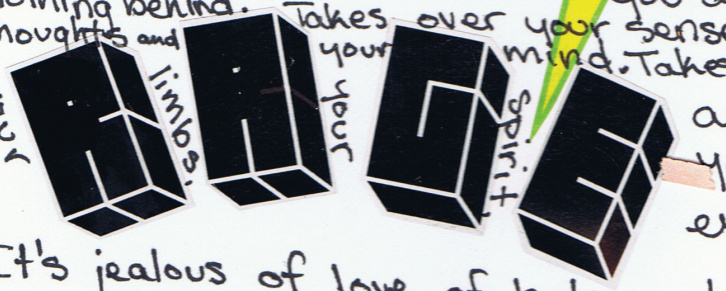
Ask a w

self esteem

hope

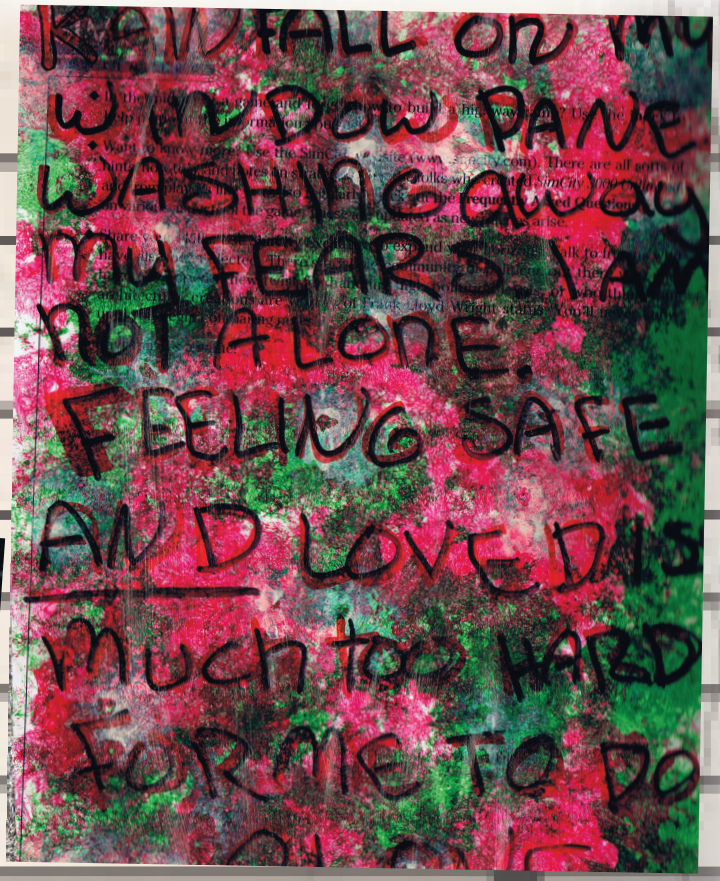
love

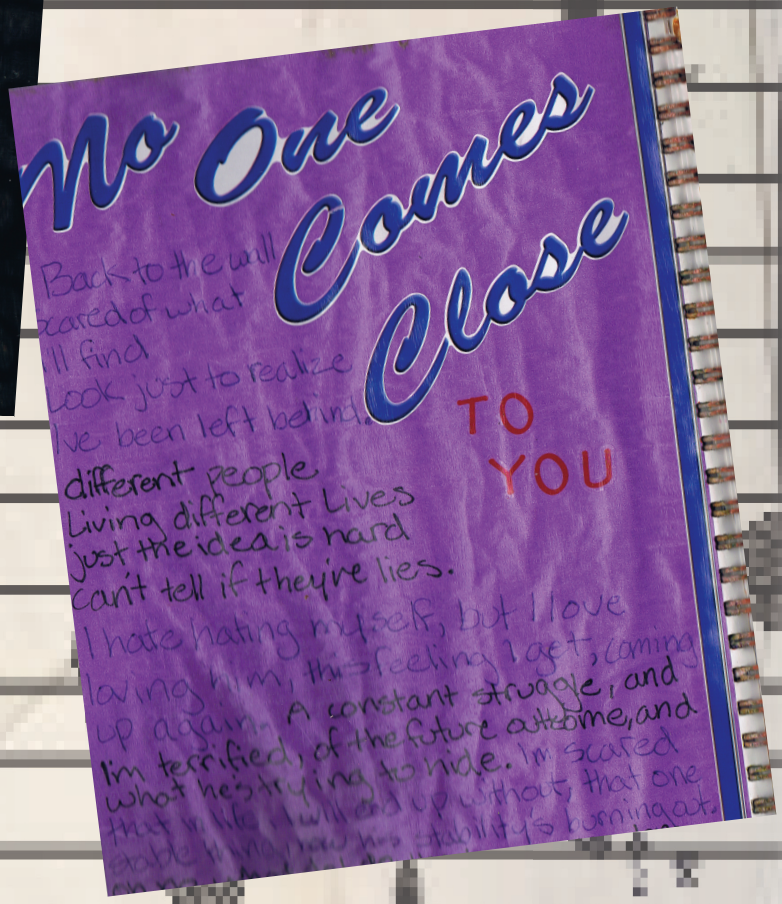
Pain leads to anger and anger leads to rage. Rage that consumes you and swallows your soul, rage that is instant, silent and intense, rage that will kill you in the end. Rage at your father for all the words said, rage at yourself for the loneliness at night. Rage at your friends for no reason at all and rage at the world for not letting you go. Release would be bliss but you're stuck in your rage, clinging to rage with every bit of strength. Afraid of letting go, afraid of rejection, afraid of the disgust at the realization of your rage. Rage that can swallow your heart and your home, it will leave you a shell that sees no light and no dark. Rage closing you off and pushing others away. You can disguise it and hide it in faces and masks but it sits and it simmers and waits for it's chance. It can ooze, it can squeeze, it can wriggle and squirm. Or it can explode and consume you and leave nothing behind. Takes over your senses, your thoughts and mind. Takes over your limbs, your face, your spirit and your eyes.



It's jealous of love, of hate and of grief. Of happiness, betrayal, sadness and spite. You can resist and you can push back but there is no escaping it, not now and not ever. You can run, you can hide but it is the best, it will chase and it will seek until you're tired and hurt. There is no use running because it never tires and always wins.

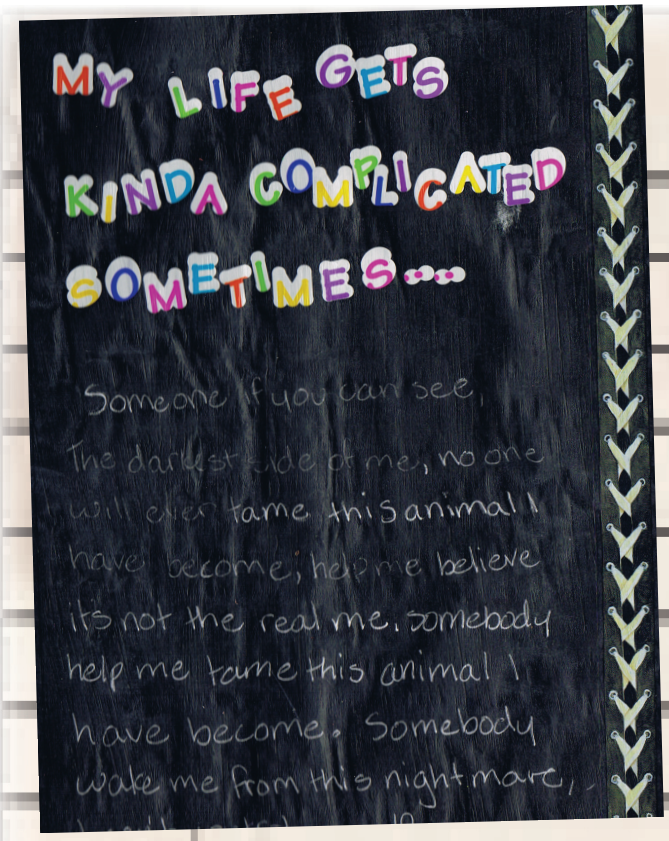
Luna Rain Martin

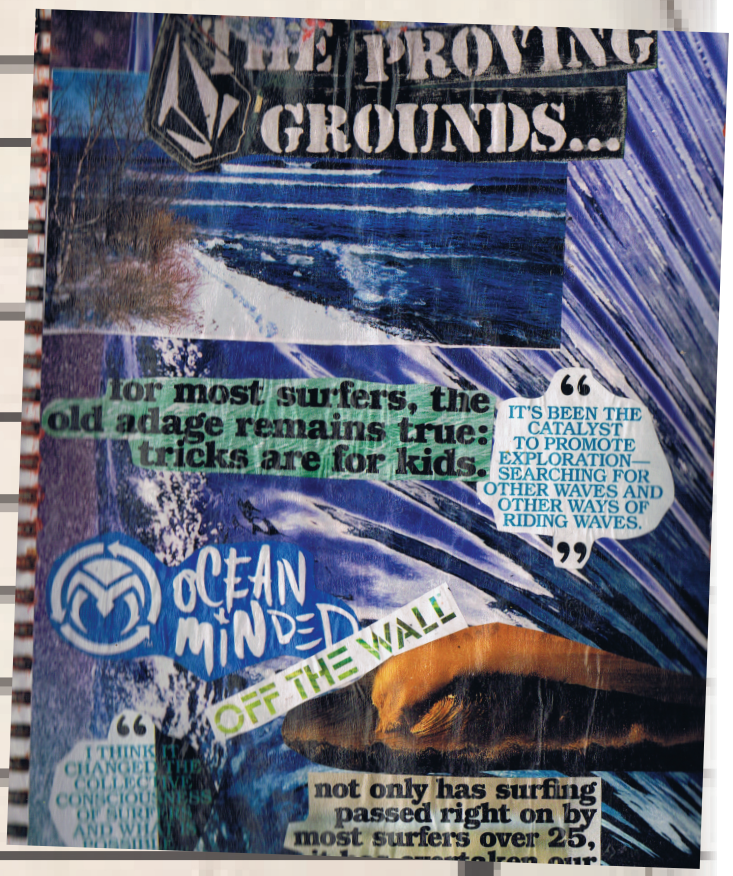

WINDOW PANE
FEELING SAFE
AND LOVED


No One Comes Close
TO YOU
Back to the wall
scared of what
I'll find
look just to realize
I've been left behind
different people
Living different Lives
just the idea is hard
can't tell if they're lies.
I hate hating myself, but I love
loving him, the feeling I get, coming
up again. A constant struggle, and
I'm terrified, of the future at the time, and
what he's trying to hide. I'm scared

IT'S OVER
TIMES CHANGE
Plant a Tree
Love, Nature

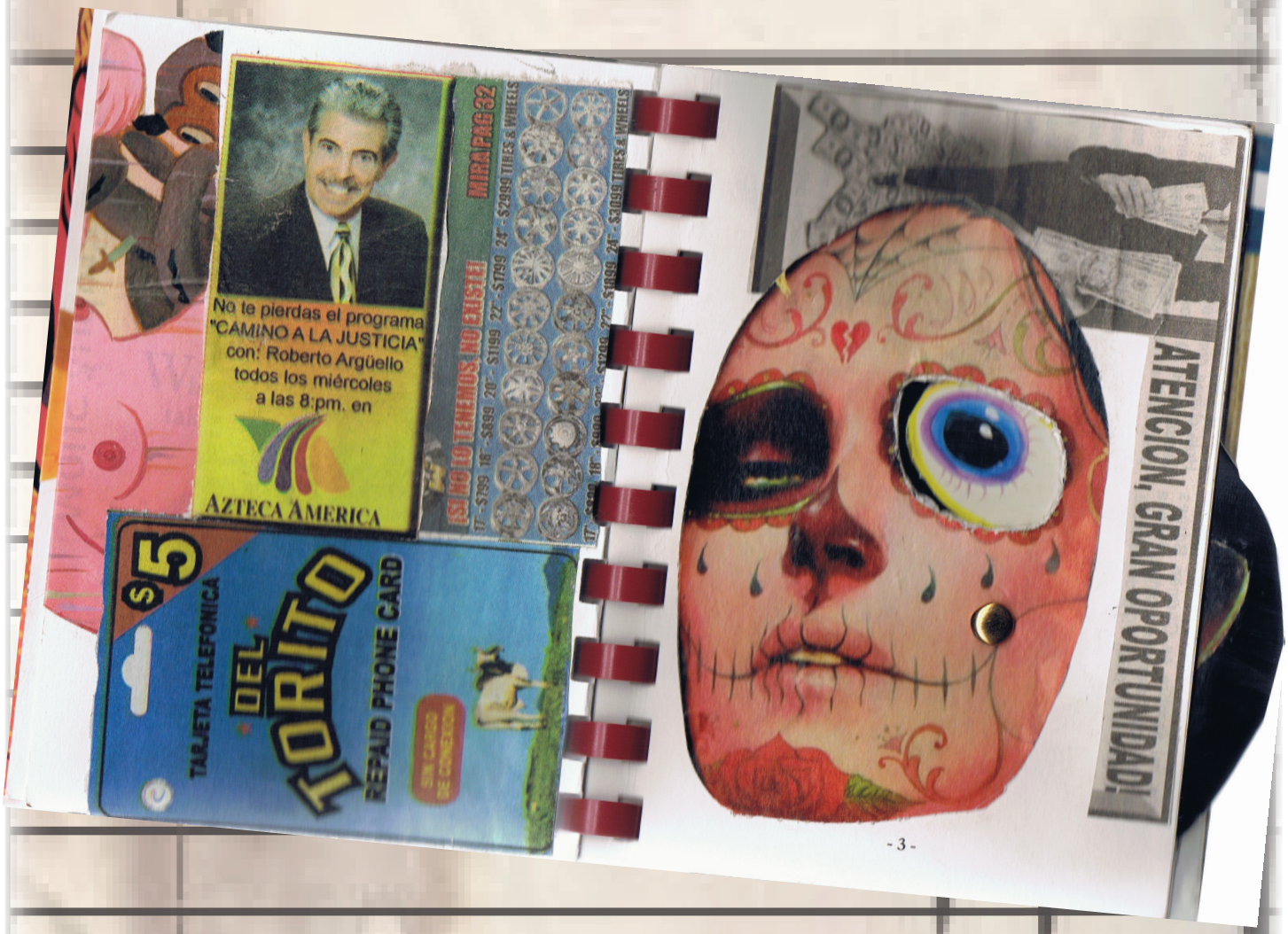
I've been in love, I've felt that
Love
Letter
Bloom
Love
Peace
creation
Flourish
thought
imagine.
Be you
laugh
live
real
happiness
better
create
We stand together as a group.
Each one as an individual.
Self discovery comes from within.
Express yourself regardless.
Just start living.
A way of life.
MISFITS.
REBELS.


MY LIFE GETS KINDA COMPLICATED SOMETIMES...
Someone if you can see,
The darkest side of me, no one
will ever tame this animal I
have become; help me believe
it's not the real me. somebody
help me tame this animal I
have become. Somebody
wake me from this nightmare,


THE PROVING GROUNDS...
for most surfers, the old adage remains true: tricks are for kids.
"IT'S BEEN THE CATALYST TO PROMOTE EXPLORATION—SEARCHING FOR OTHER WAVES AND OTHER WAYS OF RIDING WAVES."
OCEAN MINDED
OFF THE WALL
not only has surfing passed right on by most surfers over 25,

When I was younger...
I imagined what I might become
Peace on earth.
Peace on earth is obtainable

Sal Martinez


No te pierdas el programa
"CAMINO A LA JUSTICIA"
con: Roberto Argüello
todos los miércoles
a las 8:pm. en
AZTECA AMERICA
$5
TARJETA TELEFONICA
DEL TORITO
REPAID PHONE CARD
SIN CARGO DE CONEXION
¡SI NO LO TENEMOS, NO EXISTE!
MIRA PAG 32
ATENCION, GRAN OPORTUNIDAD!
- 3 -

Savannah Power

Feeling
Inspired
yet
Oxman
VANS
"OFF THE WALL"

Cosas oscuras y brillantes
He pagado
por cosas no importante
como relojes, libros, y aretes
pero no my ayudan
cuando el sol llora
y no me ayudara
cuando lloro
Si yo pago
por cosas de plata
como campanas, cucharas y niqueles
Debo pensar que
el sol viviera
Debo pensar que
Viviré
And I never wanted
Dark and Shinning Things
I have paid
for unimportant things
like clocks, books and earrings
but they don't help
when the sun cries
And they won't help me
When I do
If I pay
for silver things
like bells, spoons and nickels
I should think that
the sun might live
I should think
that I will

Students At Work

Where am I going?

HEATH
Kit Kat
m&m's

straight into spring

NYSTROM
PACIFIC
War and peace
Evolutionary Road

FREE
YOU
FEEL
LIKE
LIFE

$5
DEL
KORITO
AZTECA AMERICA

Sensual

POINT ARENA