



AMERICAN OVERSEAS SCHOOL OF ROME

# OMNIBUS MMXIX

*A Collection of Student Writing and Art*

# THE OMNIBUS MMXXI

AMERICAN OVERSEAS SCHOOL OF ROME  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

## *A Collection of Student Writing and Art*

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ANONYMOUS

## My Grandmother

Awoke to sounds of sobbing,  
My heart dropped with a thump,

There was my mother clutching her heart,  
And I could only fulfill my part,  
Of rubbing her back, over and over

My grandmother had fallen into a deep deep world,  
A world of depth, with darkness unfurled  
She will have to swim, swim, swim to the surface of light

My biggest regret,  
One that I will never forget,  
Is not telling her:

You have all my love;  
All my love belongs to you

*Giovanni C., Man Looking at Moon, grade 10*



ANONYMOUS

## Childhood

Cheerful for the end of school,  
I ran out with a friend  
who was escorted by her mother and  
I fell into a fake whirlpool.

We ran,  
We laughed,  
We joked,  
We played.

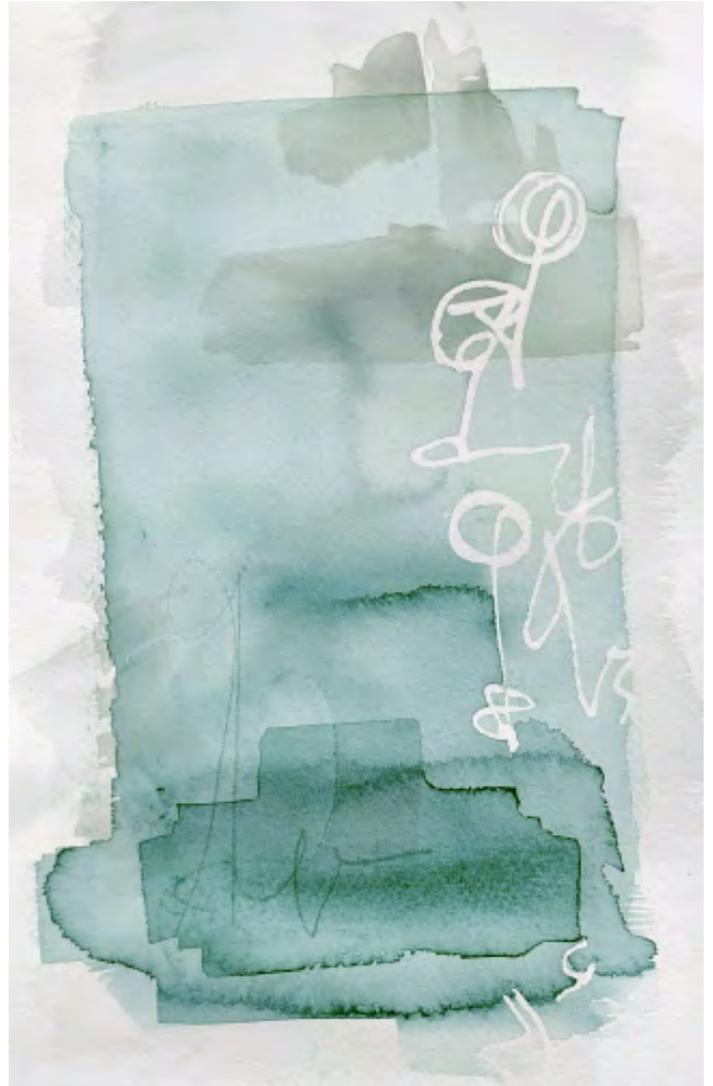
Now that it comes to an end,  
Running, laughing, joking, playing,  
All vanished  
Fear continuing.

Here I am.

No more cheerful,  
No more running,  
No more playing,  
No more joyful.

In the middle of nowhere,  
In the middle of lost.

*Carolina P., The Blue, grade 12*



MONICA M., GRADE 12

11th March 2019

Today, the guy who always walks was riding a bicycle.  
Today, the old lady who always takes her trash out was flowering her plants.  
Today, the old man who drinks his coffee was drinking tea.  
Today, the girl who sits in class was not in class.  
Today, the mom who eats a croissant was eating a brioche.  
Today, the dad who brings his son was bringing also his daughter.  
Today, the son who cries was smiling.  
Today, the daughter who draws was playing.  
Today, was just another day.  
Tomorrow will be a new day, days change and people change.  
It is life, today we lived and we will live tomorrow too.

ANONYMOUS

## Afghan Girl

The scratch, the holes, the darkness in her soul,  
The skin, the hail, the brightness of her veil.  
The lost brightness in her glance,  
The destructive break of her fence.

History forgotten,  
Liberty taken,  
All gone.  
Have none.  
The black, the red, the contrast in her thought,  
The pure, the evil, the country that has fought.

Against injustice,  
Against violence,  
Against aggression,  
Against corruption.

The marks on her face,  
Powerless as a mouse.

Lost innocence,  
Lost protection.

She is a hostage,  
She was a warrior.  
Protect her family.  
Protect her country.

Friends, let us go,  
Against injustice,  
Against violence,  
Against aggression,  
Against corruption.

Not forgotten.  
Not all alone.

*Carolina P., Candy, grade 12*



## “6x3s Personality”

Was as yet invisible  
Was as yet visible  
A presence for me  
A mystery for another  
People scared to face it  
A natural substance for me  
Everyone has this creature with them,  
This creature can destroy themself  
Or effecting others life  
It's the dark side of us  
At some point people call it out  
Having peace everywhere  
Keeping a positive attitude  
Avoid the dark side coming out  
Protect yourself and others

ANONYMOUS

## Plagiarism

Spending thousands of hours,  
on useless exercises,  
a person that murmurs,  
others dead as corpses.

They are trying to get mine,  
they are dangerous as mine,  
their unscrupulous glances,  
through thousands of faces.

They lock their aim towards me,  
and there they slowly came,  
knowing that I am lame,  
and take all the blame.

Once I accept,  
they become more inept,  
once I reject,  
the worse is the aftereffect.

Now I reflect more deeply,  
No, never I will give to them,  
Once, twice, and multiple times.

The more that I resupply,  
The more they cheer their anthem.  
Finally, I will never have peacetimes.

*Carolina P., Ruby Square, grade 12*



ANONYMOUS

## Embarrassing Moment

Grinning from ear to ear,  
I said aloud the thing I should have never

He gasped, she gasped, we gasped,  
I blocked my mouth to stop the thing I should have never

My face turned red, my ears turned red,  
My face felt like a steamy air balloon

Then with a 'pop!' everyone laughed,  
Oh, how I felt like a stupid baboon.

GALI K., GRADE 10

## My Never-ending List

Do you know what I don't like about myself?

My jelly-like thighs  
and my triangular nose  
and my unsymmetrical face  
and my fat belly  
and so much more.

But do you know what I do like about myself?

My ability to smile and make others too  
and the way my thighs dance with me and  
even after I stop  
and my over the top drama queen  
moments  
and my dedication when I have passion  
for something  
and a bit more.

And it's ok,  
really,  
because one day I will learn to accept my  
imperfections  
and have a never-ending list of the things  
I love and appreciate about myself.

But until then,  
I will keep empowering others  
to accept and love themselves  
and hope maybe one day  
I will learn how to do so myself.

*Isabella V. P., grade 10*



CAROLINA P, GRADE 12

## “A Lock” and “A Key”

I have a lock and a key,  
I have what looks like everything however I'm not carefree.  
My mind is locked,  
Locked by fears too big for me.  
I have the key,  
The key to confidence, freedom and peace.  
But I am locked, with the key life would cease.  
My life is peaceful but  
My life would be too bland without a lock.

ANONYMOUS

## Invisible Grain Bag

Walked heavily on his heels, as though he carried the invisible grain bag  
A bag that contained his secrets, his thoughts, his fears  
Stumbling over his own actions, he embraced the bag  
Pursuing the unreachable, he carried on  
The bag remains in his hands, close to his heart  
With the hope of one day, leaving it behind.

*Rachel L., The Owl, grade 12*



STELLA Y. S., GRADE 11

**“Try working harder,  
luck will come.”**

ANONYMOUS

## Hello World

Here we are,  
Earnest about our lives,  
Learning from outer pressure,  
Lack of experiences,  
Often lost.

While life isn't always a success,  
Obstruction is always present.  
Reading lives as always useless.  
Lost, vanished, disorientated,  
Daring to go against each other, daring to  
go against the world.

*Carolina P., Ochre Green, grade 12*





ANONYMOUS

## My Routine

Routines; every day the same routine  
Every day seems to start and end the same,  
Wondering whether one day my life would change  
Being defined by numbers, no way out of the cycle  
And yet, it sometimes makes me chuckle  
To think ahead, into my future  
As if I should find a way to live bolder  
Small moments, highlights of my day  
That keep me going, help me change,  
My routine.

## Wrong Is Not My Name

The different race that I have  
Awful enough to kick me in a grave.  
How hilarious are their naive  
comments, stabbing my elusive  
belief.

Every day I walk inside,  
Everything that I don't abide,  
Every hatred hard to hide,  
Every glance killing my child  
pride.

During all the sunny nights  
There's all the fright  
Why it's all so bright  
Where's all the bright  
sunlight.

All the slaps on the face that I received  
All the fraught threatenings that I received  
All the dishonorable glimpses that I received  
All the dreadful dishonest betrayal that I received...  
consented.

The closest friends that I made in the past,  
They will now only live in the past,  
Shallow carings that I believed in the past,  
Vicious mishaps I experienced in the past...  
right?

Do you ever remembered that time,  
Suspicious actions perilous as mine,  
My life worthless as a useless dime,  
Imperceivable protests like a mime...  
anytime.

Alone, walking in the evening on the streets singing  
Alone, falling in the morning under a bridge thinking  
Alone, floating in the rising of a hope concerning  
Alone, tumbling in the darkening of an infernal alley  
dying.

They ravished inside me.  
Inside my consciousness with their resentment.  
The resentment that I consented.  
The consent that tortured me.

Their insincerity disgusted me,  
as the thoughts were never the same.  
All they wanted was their fame,  
friendship for them was just a game.

Their Vuitton wallet, Rolex watch, Chanel perfume.  
Their iron bullet, reflex wrench, sentinel costume.

Girls, with labrets, only gossip n' detention  
That look on her face is only for attention

When I am outta here hardly thinking for a solution  
While she rests there distracted with a seduction.

I want a justification for her lack of interest  
For my heart in love that will never be able to rest.

Their cocky, miserable, negative recommendation,  
Only ok for her friends and her own identification.

But I don't care.  
I don't care about their snare.  
I don't care if they're aware.  
I don't care how they dare.  
I don't care what they stare.

I don't want any warfare,  
welfare,  
either any nightmare.  
Why you ask?

Because I am not wrong;  
wrong is not my name  
not my ethnicity  
either my own recognition.

But you be aware  
because I can tell you that  
from now  
with my own response  
may very well cost you  
and your own beloved life.



CAROLINA P., GRADE 12

### Poesia usando sei titoli di libri

*La metamorfosi* è un cambiamento,  
Una spinta che può portare *Uno, nessuno o centomila* a raggiungere *La tregua*.  
*La tregua*  
È un sentimento contorto come *Guerra e pace*,  
Due colori opposti, imprevedibili.  
Possono essere paragonati ai *Sentieri dei nidi di ragno*  
Piccoli spiragli senza speranza, che a volte se vengono imboccati  
con cautela donano a coloro che hanno avuto il coraggio di  
intrufolarsi nell'ignoto  
*La libertà*.



MONICA M., GRADE 12

## Secrecy

“He sat back.”

Let's get divorced. I do not love you anymore, I had an affair behind your back and I do not wish to be with you any longer.

Five years later, we met again; for five long years I hid the truth. I know I broke his heart, I know he loved me, and I know that he hates me and loves me. I can see how successful he is by watching the news, I can see how rich he is by watching him from a distance, and here I am...lost and broken.

I used to be a famous lawyer, until I held a gun five years ago. I hold guns, aim, and shoot. He does not know this truth, I never told him because I loved and love him too much to see him hurt. I was pushed in a corner, I had to change, let go of who I was, let go of him, and let go of our love.

For five years I was never loved, I was fighting behind screens and in the shadows of my nation. I am in a merciless world, and even if we still love each other I want to protect him.

It all happened so suddenly when a terrorist group bombed the City Bank, I went from a victim, to a suspect, and then to become someone with a new identity, hiding my past for his safety, for the sake of my family, and for those I cared who knew who I used to be.

It took me five years to accept what has become my reality. Now, I stand in front of him, feeling his stare, seeing his expressionless face while smiling at him.

I came back to him with a double life, because now I can protect him, I can protect my nation, and I can say that my life changed when I least expected it. It changed and it was difficult, but I am grateful and glad it changed. Life will keep changing and I know that, but love won't change as long my heart doesn't change.

## Waiting at the Bus Stop

That night Emma waited, sitting, alone on the cold unstable plastic yellow bench, she heard the flutter of the crisp leaves roll through the streets. It was late, she looked at her old rusty Timex watch, “Buzz” it was 12:04. The next bus should be arriving in ten minutes. The air was congested, cluttered by clouds of fog. She didn’t know where she was going, she just knew she needed to leave. Life got claustrophobic here in Rosebliz. Rosebliz is a small town in the corner of West Virginia, it has a total population of 1,000 inhabitants and that number has remained constant throughout the years. Nobody ever dares to come visit, nobody ever dares to leave. Rosebliz is an old pair of shoes, the ones that sit in a corner of a closet ready to be worn, but never do. Emma tapped her red hightop Converse on the concrete they echoed. It was almost as if she was staring at her feet listening closely for the life answer she couldn’t give herself. Should she leave?

Emma lived a nameless life; she was in her senior year of high school at the only public school, or any school for that matter, in Rosebliz. She came home every day to empty bottles of alcohol laying on the stained rotten carpet that covered her townhouse. Two out of three days the house would be populated by screams and sharp curse words echoing through the walls. Her mother Joanna Evelyn Sparks is an alcoholic, an old selfish woman with no clear vision of life. Emma didn’t have siblings nor did she know her real father. All her days looked about the same she would come back from school, pick up the vodka bottles and empty the ashtrays in complete silence hoping her mother wouldn’t notice her return. But eventually, when she tiptoed her way upstairs to the broom closet that was her bedroom, her mother would hear. It was around this moment that the screams and the violence usually took place. “Y’all always tryna trick me, not this time, wipe that smirk off your face, this one gonna hurt you bad. You can’t get away with everything young lady,”

Johanna had an anger urge and most of the time her screams didn’t have any logical explanation. In synthesis, the screams had no purpose and didn’t have any way to be prevented or solved. This is when Emma would run, jumping from stair to stair, and eventually slam the door of her room behind her and lock it twice. Just to be safe. But she never felt safe. She would lay her head in her palms to shower them with tears until the screams got quieter, and eventually they would stop.

She had lived her entire life behind a locked door, too scared to confront the root of the problem. Her mother. Emma was tired of being limited, stopped. Like her philosophy teacher always said, “It’s not the years in your life that count it’s the life in your years”. At first that sentence never really made sense to Emma, but then she realized that her entire memory of life consisted of the same desperate cycle, unmarked, unchanged.

And for what?

Through her life nobody ever asked Emma anything, nobody knew that behind the door of townhouse 409 hid issues that were foreign to the Rosebliz inhabitants. In fact, life was total chaos. But, from the outside with the sun smiling down at the city, it all was perfect: a girl with shiny blonde hair, big blue eyes, a straight-A report card, first place at the tennis tournaments, captain

of the debate team. It was gold, but like the old folks say, “All that glitters isn’t gold.”

“Buzz”, it was 12:30. The gleam of the fluorescent headlights of the bus to freedom stopped right in front of her shoes, I guess she did get her answer in the end. It was time to leave. The double doors to enter swung open. An old man at the wheel, and his eyebags said he hadn’t slept in months. “Howdy Ms, one ticket is eight dollars” Emma dug deep in her back jeans pocket like a pirate digging for treasure. She pulled out ten dollars, handed them to the

*Carolina P., Yellow Sun, grade 12*



man. She touched his hand, it was freezing. He gave her the plastic ticket on it, in red, it stated: "one way only." She really was leaving. The day she had been neglecting since forever, the day she thought would never come, the day she was too scared to even imagine, the day she never planned but always somehow waited for. That day, that moment, was here. As she was walking past the empty seats, making her way to the back, the one and only other passenger on the bus said "Where to?" Emma's chest tightened, her face blushed her legs froze in place. "I have no idea, anywhere". She let her body fall into the blue seat, she felt her chest deflate, her heart rate slow, her eyes relax. Relief. She was safe. She was home.

*Byron F., grade 10*



## Flashback

Over 12 years ago during Christmas time, I used to spend the holidays with my family. We used to live in the house where I was raised and every day would be a happy warm day. As a kid I loved gifts, wrapping them and opening them. My dad would often travel for work and he would come back with lots of gifts. Most of the time my sister and I would fight over them. This one time my dad bought us two Kinder chocolate houses, one for each of us. I used to always save mine for later and eat it slowly, while my sister loved chocolate and finished hers really fast. She loved sweets ... often she would eat all her candies in one day. She loved them so much, that she ended up stealing and eating my candies too without telling me.

I used to be really protective over my candies, and I remember throwing a tantrum that day because I loved chocolates too and I wanted to eat them with gusto slowly.

I realized after seeing my candies disappear time after time that I should hide them from my sister, so I would give them to my mom and she would hide them for me.

Looking back, it turned out to be a pleasant memory. I am no longer a kid and I am not so protective over sweets or food, and no longer have that much of a sweet tooth. Sharing is caring and that's a lesson learned from the past: if my sister wants food or sweets I am always glad to give them to her or to anyone who asks.

It's a happy memory of a very heartwarming Christmas Holiday.

*Simone D. S., grade 12*



STELLA Y. S., GRADE 11

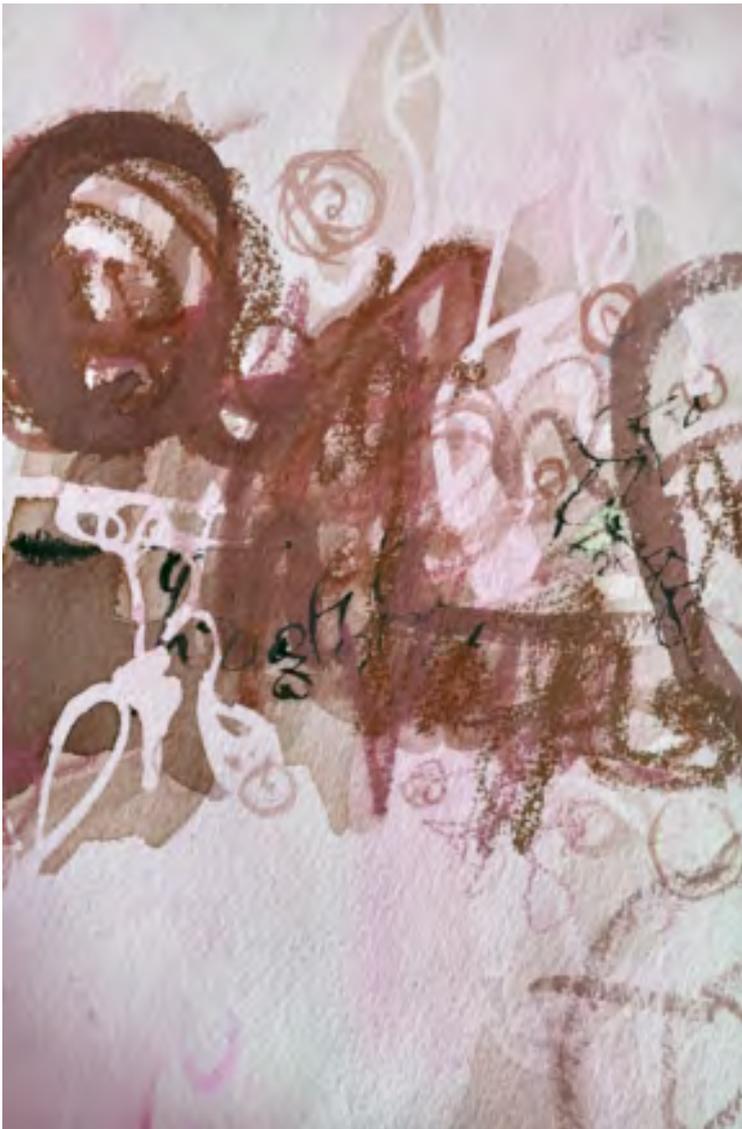
## “On the Street”

This morning I walk at 8:30, as usual. I saw people with cars driving to work and students walking to school. There was a lady with a blue t-shirt and short pants ran fast, with loud music. On the other side, a boy was taking a walk with his dog, joyfully and confidently. Everyday, everything changes - today is a women raning, tomorrow will be someone else, in a different time and different position. We never know what happens in the future. Everything will be a mystery, but stay with a positive thought.

*Giorgia S. S., grade 12*



*Carolina P., Autumn, grade 12*



## Ancient Manuscripts “Books of the Past” Bahram Gur Fights the Karg

Bahram Gur Fights the Karg is a folio from the Great II Il-Khanid Shahnama. It dates back to 1330-1340 C.E. and is Persian, Islamic, in the Il-Khanid dynasty. The materials used for this are ink and opaque watercolor, gold, and silver on paper.

This is an example of a Persian manuscript which descends from a diverse heritage, including illuminated manuscripts from the Western Islamic world and figural ceramics from the pre-Mongol Iran. The Il-Khanids were descendants of Genghis Khan’s grandson Hülegü who conquered Iran in 1258 C.E. The Il-Khanid dynasty started from 1256 to 1353 and were the ones who introduced Chinese painting to the Iranian court. Thus the manuscripts were largely influenced by Chinese artistic elements. They came from the eastern Asian plains, where they engaged in a nomadic lifestyle. During the Il-Khanid period, book illustration flourished as the Mongols supported the growth of cities with rich courts and wealthy patrons. In particular, their nomadic history influenced the development of book illustrations because the Mongols had developed strong oral traditions of storytelling.

Bahram Gur Fights the Karg is a book illumination depicting a story from the Shahnama, which is also known as the Persian Book of Kings. The text of Shahnama is a narrational epic poem by Abu al-Qasim Firdausi in 1010 C.E., and tells the story of Persia before the arrival of Islam, glorifying ancient Persian heroes. The illustration of Bahram Gur Fights the Karg tells the story of a Persian King, Bahram Gur or Bahram V, who defeated the monster, Karg. Bahram V was a king of the Sasanian empire that ruled Persia from the 3rd to 7th century, before the arrival of Islam. He was known to be a great warrior and hunter. According to the Shahnama, when

Bahram V traveled to India, the king of India (Shangal) asked Bahram to kill the monster, Karg. As his men were afraid, Bahram V went alone and succeeded in beheading the monster.

This book originally had two volumes of around 280 folios and 190 illustrations, but now only 57 illustrations and several text pages remain. The exact person who commissioned this work is unknown but is suggested that it may be commissioned by the vizier Ghiyath al-Din, son of Rashid al-Din of Tabriz. Also, this work is thought to be created in a court workshop in Tabriz, painted by several different artists.

By showing the brave deeds of Bahram Gur, the function of this work is an item of prestige, showing the owner’s power and wealth. It also symbolizes just rule and civilized society winning over chaos and disorder represented by Bahram Gur defeating the Karg. It shows a desirable behavior of kings and rulers, and tells the people that order and stability are based upon kingship.

In addition, the Mongol rulers in Persia wanted to identify themselves with ancient heroes and kings of Persia to legitimize their rule and strengthen their authority.

There is a stylistic blend in this artwork, as Bahram Gur is represented as an Asian warrior, but wearing

a European garment and behind him a Chinese landscape. This was mainly due to the Silk Road as it allowed ideas and goods to be transported. The Mongols during this time had established lands secure enough to exchange things safely throughout the empire and as the availability of paper increased (invented in China in the 8th century), encouraged the mix of artistic ideas. Thus many aspects of this artwork were influenced by different regions. Landscape elements are clearly Chinese and the worn,



twisted trees, overlapping forms that create a spatial recession rapidly brushed foreground vegetation and asymmetry suggest the influence of eastern Asia. Persian tradition can also be seen, as Bahram Gur is depicted this way. Persia has a tradition of depicting heroes riding horses over the people they have killed. Similarly, Bahram Gur is riding a horse over the beheaded Karg. He shows that he is a warrior through the sword, bow, and arrow hanging from his waist. The European influence can be noticed by the garment of Bahram Gur. The robe he is wearing is made of European fabric.

He also wears a crown and a golden halo, which represents him as an ideal king. Another Chinese element is that Bahram Gur is depicted with facial features of an Asian man.

With the Karg's head dripping in blood and Bahram Gur's horse in motion with its leg up, it creates an overall dynamic image, filled with movement and strength. The illustration is surrounded by calligraphy but the space for calligraphy is decreased due to the large painted surface area. The script is very continuous, almost flowy. There are areas of flat color and atmospheric perspective can be seen from the light bluish background.

*Carolina P., Ocean Blue, grade 12*



## The History of Still Life

Fruits and Insects by Rachel Ruysch is a still life painting created in 1711 and the material used is oil on wood. The artist Rachel Ruysch was an extremely successful paintress and painted from her young teens up until she became elderly. Ruysch can sometimes be viewed as a revolutionary artist, as she is known for having more expensive selling paintings than the famous male artist Rembrandt van Rijn. At the time it was unheard of for women artists to become more successful and popular than the men. During this time in Holland, where Ruysch was located, artists concentrated their focus in a specific area of painting; for her, this was still life paintings. Her main focus were

flowers as a demonstration of vanitas painting, which served as a reminder that life was short and treasurable. At the time, during the 17th century, artists were painting for the widening merchant class. This artwork demonstrates extreme precision into the microcosm, which connects us to the fact that this was the century in which the microscope was perfected.

Fruits and Insects seems to surround the theme of autumn, mentioning fruits that are harvested throughout the autumnal season such as: corn, squash, chestnuts, and grapes, but also wheat. The fact that the artist chooses to represent both wheat and grapes in the same portrait reminds us that still life was often accompanied by symbolic value. The Christians of the 17th century would have viewed this combination as the Eucharist or the sacrament of the blood and the body of Christ. Therefore the artist is making a connection to the bread and the wine. When looking at this painting it is important to remember that this still life is probably a union of intensified individual studies. The work is

composed of specific studies on individual components such as a study on the appearance of grapes, and a study of peaches and one of wheat. After the individual focus, the artist then decided to combine her studies into a creative imaginary composition. It's important to remember that Ruysch never sells the individual studies, she only sold the final piece.



This piece focuses on and highlights the interest in the scientific study of categorizing the natural world by close observation. An individual that dedicated his life to practicing this interest is in fact, Ruysch's own father: Federick Ruysch. He was a very advanced scientist during his time and specialized in human anatomy and botany. We can note the butterfly on the foreground of the painting with its precise, almost alive feeling, which reminds and speaks about the collection of butterflies and moths possessed by her father. The artist portrays a butterfly just about to land but it perhaps gets scared away by a lizard that dominates the ground. Her family background allowed Rachel to gain interest in spending most of her life looking and focusing on the small details of the natural world.

The form of this work revolves around color harmonies like the juxtaposing of red and green which are complementary colors. We can observe the green grapes on one side and the red grapes on the other. The artist also uses dust of

powder blue on the individual elements to give detail and create contrast. The light source of this painting and the contrast with the darker shadows of the background, or the artist's use of the chiaroscuro technique, gives the environment a sense of depth. This painting also follows a slow hidden discovery, and her most magical characteristics only reward the patient, attentive viewers.

The function of this work is to represent the intricate process that follows the creation of a still life painting, and as one can notice this piece focuses on the portrayal of reality. Also, it is known that this painting was painted for Cosimo III, a member of the De'Medici family. The artist is, therefore, making a statement by interacting with such a powerful family at the time. This exchange shows the power and wealth of this female artist. Also, due to the fact that this artwork was created in a time that focused interest on the rising middle-class and is a still life we can infer that its main purpose was a decorative one.

*Rachel L., Vogue, grade 12*



ANONYMOUS

## “La prodigiosa tarde de Baltazar”

Hace un par de semanas, leí un cuento breve escrito por Gabriel García Márquez, titulado “La prodigiosa tarde de Baltazar”. La primera vez que lo leí, luché por entender el verdadero significado detrás de la historia, lo que trataba de transmitir al lector y por qué estaba escrito. Después de leer la historia un par de veces más, la anécdota comenzó a recomponerse en mi cabeza, adquiriendo un nuevo significado. Ahora puedo ver la importancia de este cuento y su uso como crítica sobre cómo nuestra sociedad trata el arte y los artistas. Es por esto que les exhorto a todos a leer este cuento, y tratar de verlo como algo más que una breve historia, pero como una forma de ver el arte en sí mismo y su valor en nuestra comunidad.

Este cuento trata de un hombre, el carpintero del pueblo, llamado Baltazar. El artesano ha fabricado una jaula, con la intención de venderla a Pepe Montiel, quien la quiere para sus turpiales, considerada por todo el pueblo la más bella del mundo. Sin embargo, el doctor Octavio Giraldo, visita la casa de Baltazar, esperando a comprarla para su esposa. Baltazar se ve obligado a rechazar la oferta del

médico, ya que la había hecho especialmente para Pepe. Baltazar, procede yendo a la casa de José Montiel, el padre de Pepe, para venderle la jaula. Sin embargo, Pepe nunca le había preguntado a José si Baltazar le pudiera construir una jaula, causando que José estuviera furioso con su hijo, negándose a comprarla. Baltazar, termina regalando su creación a Pepe, como él afirmó que es por eso que lo fabricó en primer lugar.

Aunque a primera vista puede parecer que este cuento trata de nada más que de un hombre y su jaula, en realidad, tiene un significado mayor. En la primera parte del cuento, a través de la explicación de los pensamientos de los personajes con respecto a la jaula, Márquez está dirigiendo una pregunta que se hace a menudo, ¿de dónde recibe su valor una obra de arte? La respuesta que propone al lector es que una obra de arte se valora inicialmente a través de su impacto en las personas. Pero al mismo tiempo, Márquez deja claro que esta no es la razón por la cual se crea. A través de la discusión entre Baltazar y el médico, Márquez explica que cada obra de arte tiene su propia

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naturaleza y no puede ser recreada. Se ha realizado con un destino finito, “Lo siento mucho, doctor —dijo Baltazar—, pero no se puede vender una cosa que ya está vendida”.

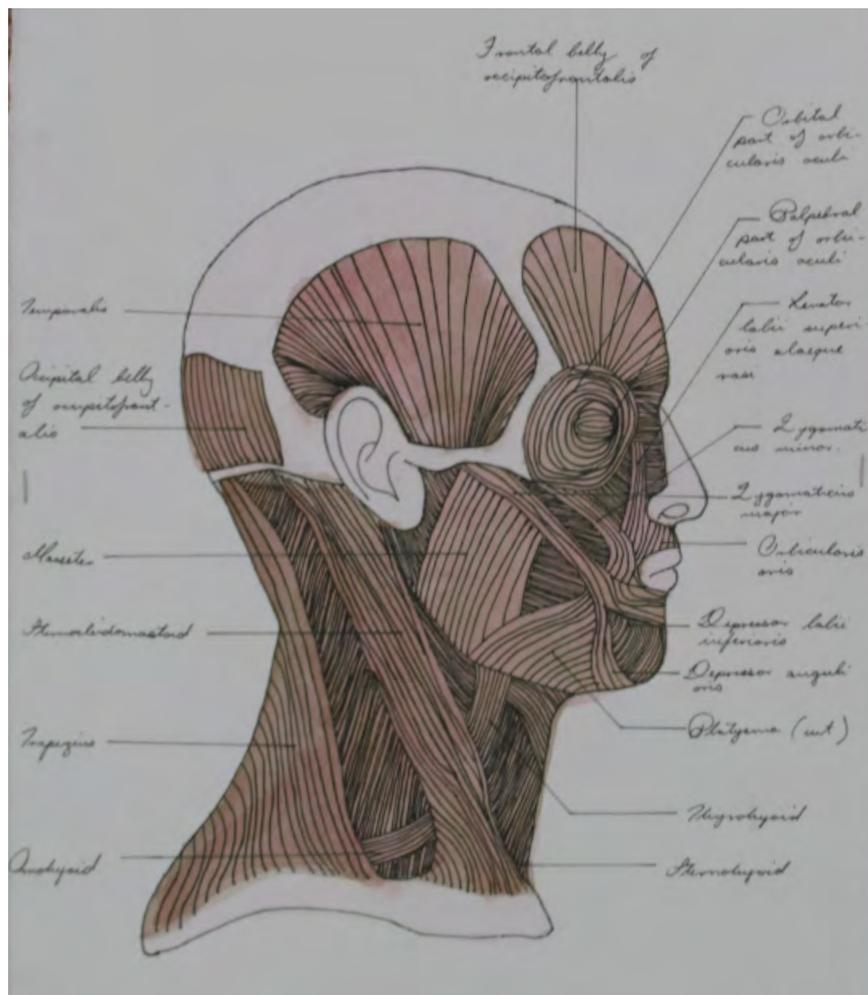
Durante la última parte del cuento, en que Baltazar visita la casa del señor Montiel para venderle la jaula, Márquez transmite al lector la relación inevitable entre los ricos y los pobres. Para José, a diferencia del resto del pueblo, la jaula no tiene ni belleza ni valores reales. José ve la jaula como nada más que un objeto, sobre el que no tiene voz ni poder, a pesar de su posición económica.

Gabriel García Márquez, utiliza su cuento para transmitir al lector que una obra de arte, sin importar la forma en que se presente, tiene un impacto importante en nuestra sociedad. Espero haberlos convencido de que este cuento breve consiste en más de lo que parece y que después de haber leído este blog, leerán la historia y encontrarán su propia conexión con sus temas. Después de todo, estamos constantemente rodeados de arte a pesar que no estemos siempre conscientes de ello.

Fuentes:

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- Flórez, Óscar. “El arte y su función social en la La prodigiosa tarde de Baltazar de Gabriel García Márquez” Universidad de Camberra (Australia), 1997.

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## Art of Sinners

The rise of great artists can be compared to the construction of a building. Each floor is built with caution to develop a stable foundation for the layers of floors yet to come. Likewise, an artist spends hours of exhaustive effort to develop a color of his own, a base in a sense, for his works. With each floor, he earns recognition. However, one wrongdoing may topple his entire creation. Appalled by his mistake, the public may choose to view his works differently, changing the meaning to give a reason for his sin. However, this is merely the result of an emotional response. Although the artist may have done something immoral, it does not give a logical reason to negatively interpret his art. Interpretation of art is subjective. Yes, an artist may leave hints in lyrics or objects, but it is up to the audience to decide what the artist is trying to convey. Known for chiaroscuro, Caravaggio is characterized as a wondrous painter and quite frankly, a murderer. According to “Red-Blooded Caravaggio Killed Love Rival in Bungled Castration Attempt,” Caravaggio killed Tomassoni, a pimp, in a castration attempt. Along with this disclosure, according to an article by Svetlana Mintcheva, his large number of nude male paintings has created a perception of him as a homosexual. However, these actions of Caravaggio do not undermine the wonders of his works. His ability to manipulate colors of paint in such a way to express light and sentiment still astounds people to this day. His actions do not taint his skill and genius when it comes to painting, as the two are simply unconnected.

Similarly, this reason of logic applies to the case of Junot Diaz. According to the New York Times, this Pulitzer Prize-winning author has been accused by writer Zinzi Clemmons of sexual misconduct. Prior to these allegations, Diaz released an essay in *The New Yorker*, opening up about his childhood trauma of being raped. This accusation can be linked to Diaz’s novel: *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*. Revolving around the life of Oscar, Diaz depicts women’s weakness in society as he illustrates scenes of sexual assault. Some may mirror these scenes to his actions, but they cannot compress the meaning of his work to nothing. The novel serves to discuss topics regarding racism, coming of age, love, and insecurity. Sexual assault is only a part of the story to emphasize the power of Trujillo and the different ways people express “love.”

Art is unique in the sense that people do not always need to know about the artist to be affected by the work. Based on individual perception, the meaning of the work may change. Art has no answer. It is to be entirely valued for what it is.

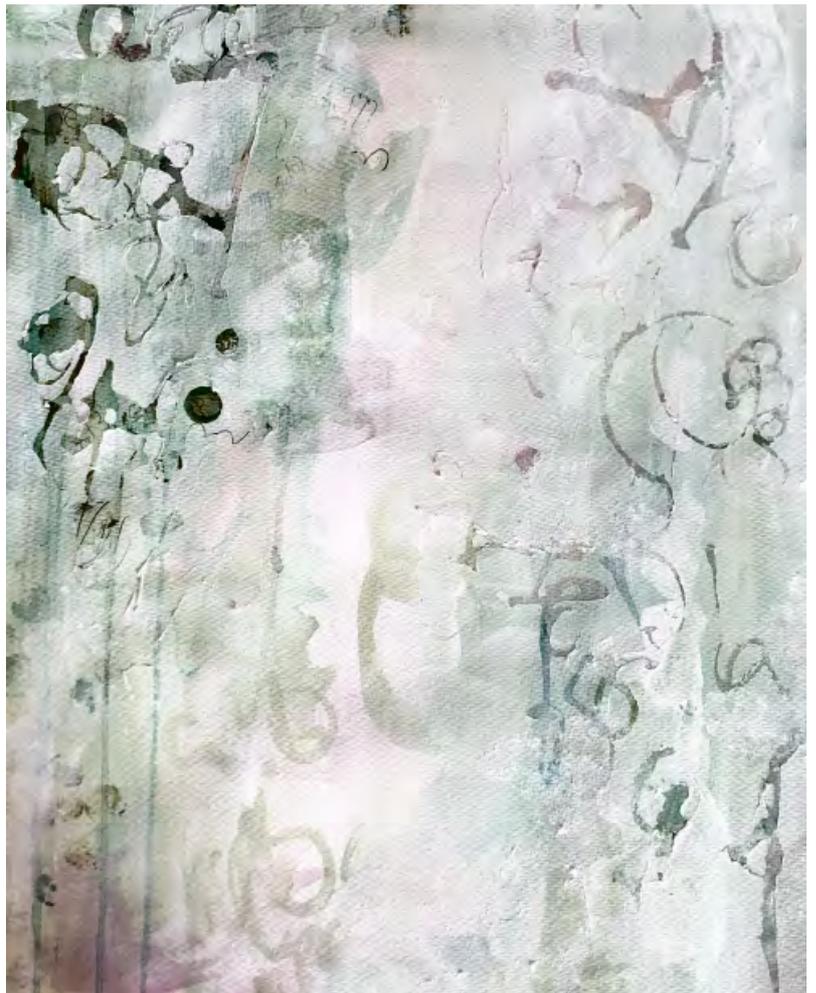
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