

# The Charger *Slant*

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News from a different angle

May, 2010

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## Student Voice

What is the best thing about Clark?

*Mariah F., sophomore, says:* The friendly people! I mean, really, it's amazing how welcoming and kind everyone is at this school. I have, like, made so many friends. And I've only been mugged twice this year, if you can believe that!

*Alvin U., junior, says:* Well, we have a really great staff here at Clark. I mean they are really capable, always on top of things, you know. Like, this one time, I was running late for Calc, and this dean was yelling "Come on! Let's go! Let's go!" and it was then that I realized that I should hurry up. So I walked faster, and got to class before the bell. I mean, I could have missed valuable instructional time if it wasn't for that very competent and professional dean.

*Sally C., freshman, says:* The school dances. Like, it's so different in high school. They play really good music. And the boys here are such good dancers.

*Brian K., senior, says:* Seriously, man, it's the girls. Like, I'm not gonna lie, going to Clark pretty much makes you take good looking girls for granted. I get so used to the girls being good-looking, it's almost like... they aren't. Anyway, I'm dating this awesome chick, who's taking some art classes. I like her a lot but I guess she's a bit... sketchy.

## Artists' Corner

*My Broken Heart*

*By Felicia R.*

My heart is shattered,  
Like a beautiful vase.  
The flowers in it are spilled,  
Our love has been killed.

Do you have a dustpan and a broom?  
To pick up the pieces of my heart?  
You probably do,  
Because you just got a job as a fucking janitor.  
(Is the pay okay  
At Chick-fil-A?)

Maybe you'll move up the corporate chain,  
If you're tired of being so god damn lame.  
I hear they are hiring fry cooks at the White Castle.  
Working at a *castle* huh? Makes sense.  
After all,  
I used to think you were Prince Charming.

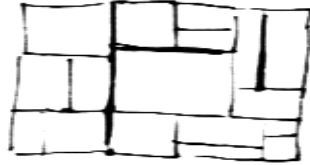
Now you're a fucking janitor.

Mae Del Rosario  
Gives good haircuts.

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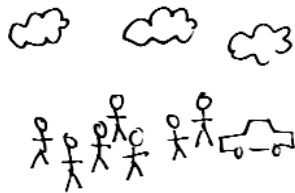
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Already, Angle's work has begun achieving international renown. Several of her best paintings were recently exhibited at the annual Parisian Fine Art Exposition, to an emphatic response from the art community. "I feel as though I have had a brush with genius!" commented prominent art critic Jacques Strappe upon viewing *The Persistence of Sticks*, one of Angle's first forays into surrealist stick art. "Her sticks – they are so elegant, so well-formed. I am truly amazed that this young American girl had the vision to draw people that are so narrow... yet at the same time, so deep."



*Composition No. 8 in Sticks*

Another art critic, Dong Hung of China, remarked, "Her art are so beautiful! Her stick are drawn so that they flowing like a powerful river. She reminder me of beautiful falcon that build nest of many big long stick. Her stick very impressive!"



*Avenue Stick*

Indeed, Angle's paintings capture the sort of youthful vibrance that she herself exudes. Her landscapes, unconsciously mimicking O'Keeffe, evoke feelings of primal simplicity and earthly oneness, her technique effectively capturing the innermost essence of stately trees

and distant mountain ranges. One notable painting of hers, which depicts a bustling plaza, reflects a deep contradiction – a swath of melancholic figures, swept up in the zeitgeist of society, composed in nearly mathematical proportions, aching against the repressed humanity underlying every brushstroke to utter from Angle's delicate hand. It is perhaps an expression of a deeply insecure state of mind, conveyed with deliberate eloquence through what is best characterized as a pseudo-impressionistic idiom. Angle has even made forays into abstract art, communicating through her sticks the same sort of ethereal, universal beauty that Piet Mondrian flirted with but never courted.

*Do you see the beauty in Jodi Angle's stick art? Appreciate it in person. A selection of her newer work will be displayed here in Las Vegas on July 29<sup>th</sup> at the Van Gogh Art Center.*

## Aloft but abrupt Local boy crashes flying machine

*By J. Bouti, May 12, 2010*

Franklin Flutters's forays into flight rarely ended well.

His first came on the eve of his fifth birthday. Equipped with a broad red cape, the boy stood atop his family's two-story house, triple-dog-daring the wind to carry him a hundred yards at least. The wind chickened out, and young Frankie's most impressive birthday present was a pair of brand new fiberglass casts – the envy of his entire first-grade class.

And so it went for many years. Franklin devised countless ingenious devices designed to make him airborne at last. The cape was followed by the cardboard glider – in turn, followed by twelve stitches. The glider was succeeded by the shopping-bag parasail, which succeeded only in getting its sole passenger fined for littering.

And the model-rocket jetpack was sure to work, reasoned the seventh-grade Frankie as he lit a match. But before there was time for him to ponder his altitude, soaring thousands of feet above the city, he had to deal with the more immediate dilemma of his pants being set on fire by the plume of hot exhaust.

Failure after failure befell poor Frankie. By his sophomore year, the dejected sixteen-year-old had had about as much success flying as the Nautilus submarine.

Now, with his dreams as broken as his ankles, Franklin Feather pondered his motives. All he wanted in life was to fly – but was it worth it? As his diaries read:

*November 24, 2009: Here I am again at the hospital. I will be in crutches for a while. The whole human-catapult thing didn't really work out... mostly because my spring-loaded wings got stuck.*

*Why do I always do this to myself? I've never even been aloft for more than ten seconds (if you don't count the couple of hours I was tangled up in those power lines waiting for the fire department.) My attempts at flying always fail. I get injured every time and my friends mock me and try to cover me with feathers. Maybe I really am a little bird-brained. Maybe everyone is right. Maybe I should just give it up.*

*No. To hell with it. I'm going to fly, and I don't care what anyone says. In two weeks, when I can walk again, I'm hitting the junkyard. No more of my old floating and gliding crap –*

*This time I'm going to achieve powered flight.*

And to the junkyard he went. A lawnmower engine. Yards upon yards of corrugated steel. Wheels and axles, nuts and bolts; half an old Oldsmobile windshield and parts from three Derailleur bicycles. One tank of gasoline and a spray-painted decal later, Frankie Flutters's flying machine was ready to go. Her name? *Helium Fuckin' Balloon*.

May 7 was her maiden voyage. Frankie donned a pilots' cap and goggles, tucking his lucky rabbit's foot into his vintage aviators' jacket. The motor roared and the tires squealed. Faster and faster the accelerometer spun as *Helium Fuckin' Balloon* barreled down the airstrip that was 7<sup>th</sup> street. Would she take flight? Would Frankie live his lofty dream?

The wind had triple-dog-dared *Helium Fuckin' Balloon* to carry Frankie a hundred yards at least. *Helium Fuckin' Balloon* chickened out.

"It was a decent attempt," remarked a dejected Franklin as I interviewed him, once again in his hospital bed, wearing more plaster than the Sistine Chapel. "But my mom grounded me anyway."

*Want to witness Franklin's next attempt at aviation? Helium Fuckin' Balloon II is scheduled for take-off on December 20. The safety of spectators at the airstrip cannot be guaranteed. Franklin is currently accepting donations of perchlorate rocket fuel.*

## Luck of the draw

### How one student is sticking to her talent

*By J. Bouti, editor-in-chief, May 17, 2010*

The stick figure has an illustrious history.

While we think of it now as a modern invention, it in fact traces its ancestry as far back as the times of the Renaissance, centuries ago. Venetian artists were the first to popularize the notion of representing man with unadorned lines and circles, reducing him to the simplest of geometric shapes. The stick figure was born.

At the time, the concept was met with thin popularity. The Catholic Church, under Pope Senile XVI, denounced stick figures as "the satanic work of charlatans" and decried artists who drew stick figures as heretics. When Prince Maximilian of Prussia saw a work of stick art for the first time – the technique being used to create a portrait of him – he had the painting burned and the artist beheaded.

Since then, the stick figure's use in fine art has fleshed out, so to speak. Who could forget Picasso's stickism period, or Andy Warhol's famous *Stick Can* painting?

And now, continuing the tradition of stick figure art is a young person who may one day enter the annals of art history. Jodi Angle is her name; she is a sophomore at Clark High School.

"The stick figure has a certain primitive beauty," remarks Angle, laying a canvas across an easel as I interview her. "What form is more striking, more symbolic, than a stick?"

"It is said that art is silent poetry," she adds. "Well, if that's the case, I think stick figures are the sort of poetry people would actually read."