

Polly Kanevsky

Graphic Design Portfolio

pollykanevsky.com | pollykanevsky@gmail.com | 917.658.4433



branding





Alyssa+Maxine's Monthly Report

GEN Y'ERS WILL KEEP BROOKLYN REAL ESTATE GOING STRONG:

Here's some good news for those readers who already own a piece of the Brooklyn pie: There's likely to be strong demand for your apartment or house for many years to come. When your kids leave for college in 5, 10 or 15 years, the likely buyer of your brownstone will be a member of Generation Y, those now-under-30 young adults currently occupying the lower rungs of the working world. According to a recent post on the Better Cities blog, this generation rejects the suburban lifestyles they were raised in. "Generation Y wants to be more connected and less isolated than previous generations . . . They manifest this desire in their full-on embrace of social media and their desire to live in places where they can be around others; i.e., the densest, most active, areas of cities.



HOW GREAT IS BROOKLYN IN THE SUMMERTIME? LESS CROWDS. MORE PARKING. LOVE THAT.

Brooklyn Summer 2014 is now!

If you are in the market to buy, there might be less competition if you act quickly. If you are looking to sell, don't sit around waiting for the right time. Use the summer to de-clutter, paint and prep for the fall. Call us for a free market evaluation and a step by step detailed list of what you need to do in order to get your place show ready. And while you're doing all that prep you might need something cool to drink. This one is good for the kids too!

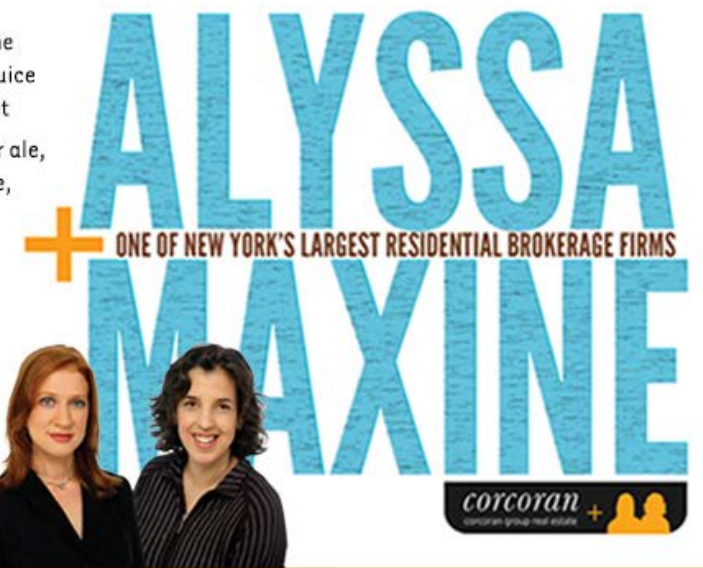


The "June Bug"

INGREDIENTS

- 3 cups ginger ale
- 4 Tablespoons grenadine
- 4 Tablespoons orange juice
- 3 scoops orange sherbet

1. Blend together ginger ale, grenadine, orange juice, and sherbet. Pour into ice-filled cocktail glasses. (To make a version with alcohol, add white rum.)
2. Drink up, clean up and **call us for your free market evaluation!**



ALYSSA MORRIS
cell: 917.848.9478
landline: 718.369.8787
amorris@corcoran.com

MAXINE RESNICK
cell: 917.921.2166
landline: 718.369.8789
mresnick@corcoran.com

corcoran
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It's time to sell

HELLO! WE ARE ALYSSA + MAXINE. WE ARE YOUR LOCAL REAL ESTATE BROKERS, BUT WITH ONE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE: We have the backing of the city's largest residential brokerage firm. Not only do we live in Windsor Terrace and Lefferts Garden, but as Licensed Real Estate Brokers, we have the ability to make your home shine like a star. Our personal team of stagers, floorplan artists and photographers will prepare you well for this marathon market. In addition, Corcoran's unparalleled exposure ensures the highest price possible for your property. Call us today to discuss your plan of action. Prices are up 20% from last year!

Recent Sales:

- 258 Lincoln Rd
Listed: 1.3M
Sold: 1.45M
- 181 Midwood St
Listed: 1.3M
Sold: 1.42M
- 104 Rutland Rd
Listed: 1.85M
Sold: 1.85M

REALTY DIV.
U.S. BROKER
PAID
BROOKLYN, NY
PERMIT #10,383

ALYSSA MORRIS LICENSED ASSOCIATE REAL ESTATE BROKER
cell: 917.848.9478 landline: 718.369.8787 amorris@corcoran.com

MAXINE RESNICK LICENSED ASSOCIATE REAL ESTATE BROKER
cell: 917.921.2166 landline: 718.369.8789 mresnick@corcoran.com

THE CORCORAN GROUP PARK SLOPE 125 7TH AVENUE, BROOKLYN NY 11215

ALYSSA + MAXINE

ONE OF NEW YORK'S LARGEST RESIDENTIAL BROKERAGE FIRMS

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top and bottom left: printed mailers
right: digital newsletter

JENNY BENT

jenny@thebentagency.com

THEBENTAGENCY

thebentagency.com

ph 347.787.7445

info@thebentagency.com



THEBENTAGENCY.COM [skip intro]

In a career spanning twenty years, I have made a practice of **making bestsellers.**

THEBENTAGENCY

BUILDING BESTSELLERS | INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION AND SUPPORT | DECADES OF EXPERIENCE | REPUTATION | AGENTS

BUILDING BESTSELLERS

At The Bent Agency, our representation starts with a conversation about your career goals. Are you inspired by industry reviews and awards? Will a large advance help you turn your passion for writing into a full-time profession? Together, we map the publishing career of your dreams and then work together to make it a reality. We pay careful attention to every detail—the terms of your first contract, your editorial work and cover design, the publisher's marketing and publicity plan, your royalties and sales figures. We offer the kind of representation that can only be born of years of agent experience in the atmosphere of a smaller boutique firm where every client gets

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LIVING AND SELLING IN **KWT** FOR OVER 10 YEARS

KENSINGTON WINDSOR TERRACE



**ALYSSA
MAXINE**

COMPASS



SOME PROPERTIES SOLD IN **KWT**

Co-op
759 East 10th St 1C
185 Prospect Park SW 204, 205, 309, 401, 301, 502, 608, 302
176 Seeley St 2E
140 East 2nd St 2N
71 Ocean Parkway 5A
40 Ocean Parkway 6L and 1KL
100 Ocean Parkway 6M, 5T
800 Ocean Parkway 3L
7 Prospect Park SW 3
260 Ocean Parkway 6C
135 Prospect Park SW A9 and B12
310 Windsor Place 4
370 Ocean Parkway 4H, 12B, 11F, 10A, 7B
167 Prospect Park SW
243 McDonald Avenue 6H
149 Prospect Park SW 3 and 16
515 East 7th St 2F
280 Prospect Park West 1A
260 Ocean Parkway 2K
599 East 7th St 6D

House
283 East 5th St (sold twice)
55 East 5th St
664 Vanderbilt St
17 East 3rd St
4 East 2nd St
612 20th St
53 Windsor Place
233 East 4th St
200 Terrace Place
297 East 7th St
711 Greenwood Avenue
85 Prospect Park SW
82 Prospect Park SW
25 Howard Place
28 East 4th St
105 Vanderbilt St
546 East 4th St
328 East 7th St
51 East 2nd St

Condo
11 Terrace Place S15
279 Prospect Park West 11
3001 Fort Hamilton Parkway 2A, 2B, 2C, 3A, 3B, 3C, 4A, 4B, 4C
121 East 4th St 2A
64-66 Tehama St 1, 3, 1L, 2L, 3L



ALYSSA + MAXINE



TECHNOLOGY, TRANSPARENCY AND REAL ESTATE INNOVATION

THE MORRIS RESNICK TEAM
LICENSED ASSOCIATE REAL ESTATE BROKERS



COMPASS

reports



LIVING AND SELLING IN **KWWT** FOR OVER 10 YEARS

KENSINGTON WINDSOR TERRACE



ALYSSA
MAXINE

COMPASS



polly kanevsky | branding

year end direct mail piece, front cover | client: The Morris Resnick Team at Compass, NY

SOME PROPERTIES
SOLD
 IN
KWT

- Co-op**
 759 East 10th St 1C
 185 Prospect Park SW 204, 205, 309, 401, 301, 502, 608, 302
 176 Seeley St 2E
 140 East 2nd St 2N
 71 Ocean Parkway 5A
 40 Ocean Parkway 6L and 1KL
 100 Ocean Parkway 6M, 5T
 800 Ocean Parkway 3L
 7 Prospect Park SW 3
 260 Ocean Parkway 6C
 135 Prospect Park SW A9 and B12
 310 Windsor Place 4
 370 Ocean Parkway 4H, 12B, 11F, 10A, 7B
 167 Prospect Park SW
 243 McDonald Avenue 6H
 149 Prospect Park SW 3 and 16
 515 East 7th St 2F
 280 Prospect Park West 1A
 260 Ocean Parkway 2K
 599 East 7th St 6D

- House**
 283 East 5th St (sold twice)
 55 East 5th St
 664 Vanderbilt St
 17 East 3rd St
 4 East 2nd St
 612 20th St
 53 Windsor Place
 233 East 4th St
 200 Terrace Place
 297 East 7th St
 711 Greenwood Avenue
 85 Prospect Park SW
 82 Prospect Park SW
 25 Howard Place
 28 East 4th St
 105 Vanderbilt St
 546 East 4th St
 328 East 7th St
 51 East 2nd St

- Condo**
 11 Terrace Place S15
 279 Prospect Park West 11
 3001 Fort Hamilton Parkway 2A, 2B, 2C, 3A, 3B, 3C, 4A, 4B, 4C
 121 East 4th St 2A
 64-66 Tehama St 1, 3, 1L, 2L, 3L



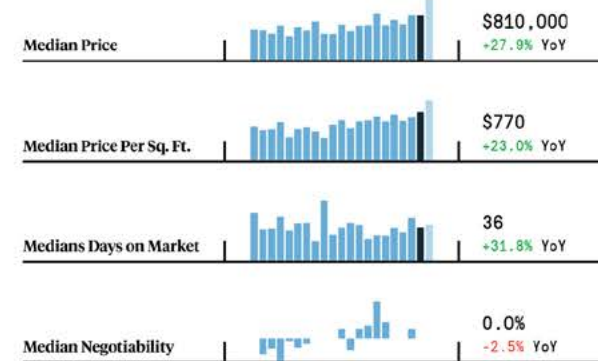
KENSINGTON

WINDSOR TERRACE

● House ○ Co-op ▲ Condo

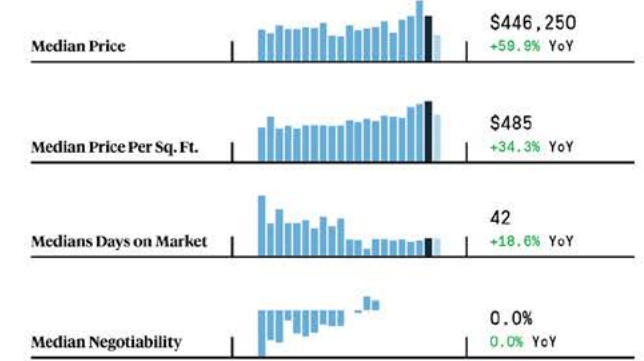
Compass Markets

Windsor Terrace / Sold / Q4 2015



Compass Markets

Kensington / Sold / Q4 2015



Maxine Resnick and Alyssa Morris

The Morris Resnick Team have been selling homes in Maxine's hometown of Kensington-Windsor Terrace for over 10 years and have an intimate knowledge of the area and unsurpassed enthusiasm for every aspect of this amazing community.

Maxine has made her home KWT for almost 15 years. Her kids went to the local elementary and middle schools, she walks her dog in the park and she can occasionally be spotted riding her bike along Ocean Parkway. Selling homes in this neighborhood requires very little effort for her because she genuinely loves the community and the people who live here. Together with her business partner, Alyssa Morris, they make a formidable team devoted to selling KWT in the best, most knowledgeable way possible.

Maybe it's the small-town vibe and ridiculously easy access to Prospect Park that makes the neighborhood so amazing and unique. Or the fact that we come together from all walks of life and manage not only to get along, but, often have a pretty good time together. Or maybe it's just the crazy good coffee at Steeplechase and Brooklyn Commune. Whatever it is, KWT is an incredible community with so much to offer. When it comes time for you to sell, sell with the brokers who know and love it as much as you do.

reports 2



Our Story

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

We are a team which means there is always someone there for you. We are able to provide you with undivided attention, and can always accommodate appointment requests, open houses, and all the time necessary in selling your most important asset from start to finish. You can always count on us to be there for you, whether it is for a question about the market or the best negotiation strategy for your home.

WE ARE DOWN TO EARTH, DIRECT, AND TRULY CARE ABOUT OUR CLIENTS

We price each and every home with great sensitivity to current market value and supply and demand. We are honest, realistic and won't give you a price that isn't achievable just to get your listing. However, we are aggressive in our pricing and can often bring out hidden potential in your home to achieve the highest price possible. We hold ourselves to the highest standards of integrity and accessibility and strive to make your experience stress-free.

TEAM OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, FLOOR PLAN ARTISTS, AND STAGERS

Every property is different. Some are picture perfect and some show signs of having been well-loved over the years. We evaluate each property individually and make design recommendations that will enhance your properties marketability. Whether you are a designer who has the perfect furniture, or are in need of a total makeover before marketing your apartment, we can help you.

LIST WITH THE #1 COMPANY IN BROOKLYN

Corcoran's huge reach means more buyers viewing your apartment, which translates to more money in your pocket. As a technology leader, we are within the top 1% of most heavily trafficked sites in the world and have almost twice as many listings in Brooklyn than our closest competitor. With more than 1400 agents in over a dozen offices in Manhattan and Brooklyn, Corcoran is the largest



2014 Year End Report

ALYSSA MORRIS LICENSED ASSOCIATE REAL ESTATE BROKER

cell: 917.848.9478 landline: 718.369.8787 amorris@corcoran.com

MAXINE RESNICK LICENSED ASSOCIATE REAL ESTATE BROKER

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ALYSSA
+ ONE OF NEW YORK'S LARGEST RESIDENTIAL BROKERAGE FIRMS
MAXINE

Every house has a story.

MAXINE AND ALYSSA WERE THE AGENTS ON THE SALE OF MY BROWNSTONE IN BROOKLYN. They were pro-active, knowledgeable about the brownstone market and displayed great ethical sensitivity. They stayed in contact through every phase of listing, negotiation and sale and they definitely earned their commission!

ALYSSA AND MAXINE WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN THE SALE OF MY APARTMENT. They marketed aggressively, were assertive with buyers, and expertly advised me as to how to set the price. Within a month, we had three separate offers. But they never pressured me into taking any of them if they seemed too low and I ended up selling my place for a great price.

My wife and I worked with many different agents before finding Alyssa and Maxine. **THEY WERE THE FIRST AND ONLY AGENTS WHO MADE AN EFFORT TO SHOW US PROPERTIES THAT REALLY MATCHED OUR CRITERIA.** Other agents showed apartments that they were hoping to sell . . . Alyssa and Maxine sent us daily reports of new listings they thought we might like. They were the driving force behind our search—we ended up finding a great place that suited our needs perfectly.

ALYSSA AND MAXINE TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING —even the small details!

THEY WERE THE FIRST AGENTS I'VE WORKED WITH WHO I FELT WERE REALLY WORKING FOR ME AND KEEPING MY BEST INTERESTS IN MIND THE ENTIRE TIME . . . I'd worked with other real estate agents before and in all my experiences, I had done most of the follow up with my own questions. My past agents weren't around when I needed them, and I even had to track them down to get the answers I was looking for. Alyssa and Maxine changed that.

With Alyssa and Maxine's help, **WE WENT INTO CONTRACT WITHIN THREE WEEKS OF LISTING OUR APARTMENT!**

EVEN THOUGH THE PURCHASE WAS A RELATIVELY SMALL ONE, they took enormous amounts of time to ensure that I was



60 Plaza Street East #3G
1BR, 1BA Coop
Asking price: \$540,000
Sold Price: \$594,000



490 3rd Street #3
2BR, 1BA Coop
Asking price: \$875,000
Sold price: \$987,000



481 3rd Street #5
2BR, 1BA Coop
Asking price: \$799,000
Sold price: \$820,000



185 Prospect Pk SW #301
2BR, 2BA Coop
Asking price: \$725,000
Sold Price: \$825,500



55 East 4th Street
Townhouse
Asking price: \$1,250,000
Sold price: \$1,260,000



77 Eastern Parkway #5F
1BR, 1BA Coop
Asking price: \$395,000
Sold Price: \$420,000



104 Rutland Road
Townhouse
Asking price: \$1,850,000
Sold price: \$1,850,000



121 East 4th Street #2A
3BR, 2BA Condo
Asking price: \$939,000
Sold price: \$995,000



222 Park Place #4A
1BR, 1BA Condo
Asking price: \$1,175,000
Sold price: \$1,175,000



88 Prospect Park West #4A
2BR, 1BA Coop
Asking price: \$799,000
Sold price: \$830,000



47 Plaza Street #8A
2.5BR, 2.5BA Coop
Asking price: \$1,650,000
Sold Price: \$1,600,000



664 Vanderbilt Street
Townhouse
Asking price: \$1,425,000
Sold price: \$1,395,000



632 6th Avenue
Townhouse
Asking price: \$1,650,000
Contract price: \$1,650,000



30 Saint Marks Avenue
Townhouse
Asking price: \$2,550,000
Sold Price: \$2,550,000



665 Park Place
Townhouse
Asking price: \$1,899,000
Sold Price: \$1,895,000

We'll make yours a bestseller.

1. Elk Café 154 Prospect Park SW
2. Piccoli 157A Prospect Park SW
3. Bene Pizzeria
157 Prospect Park SW
4. Uncle Louie G's
157 Prospect Park SW
5. Animal Fare
153 Prospect Park SW
6. Juice Box 1289 Prospect Avenue
7. Le Paddock 1235 Prospect Avenue
8. Cynthia King Dance Studio 1256 Prospect Avenue
9. The Adirondack
1241 Prospect Avenue
10. Brooklyn Commune
601 Greenwood Avenue
11. Little Toninos Pizza
424 Greenwood Avenue
12. Greenwood Deli
326 Greenwood Avenue
13. Kathy's Ice Cream
422 Greenwood Avenue
14. Barking Cat Arts and Crafts Studio
219 Greenwood Avenue
15. Batata
3021 Fort Hamilton Parkway
16. Hamilton's
2826 Fort Hamilton Parkway
17. Brancaccio's
3011 Fort Hamilton Parkway
18. Calaveras Mexican
2905 Fort Hamilton Parkway
19. Fina Pizza Bar
3007 Fort Hamilton Parkway
20. Thai Tony's
3019 Fort Hamilton Parkway
21. Chino's Deli
2923 Fort Hamilton Parkway
22. John's Deli 1269 Fort Hamilton Parkway
23. Steeplechase Coffee Bar
3013 Fort Hamilton Parkway
24. Jaya Yoga 2902 Fort Hamilton Parkway
25. Farmers Youth Market Fort Hamilton Pkwy and East 5th St (seasonal)
26. Brooklyn Prospect Charter School
3002 Fort Hamilton Parkway
27. Rory's Room 3003 Fort Hamilton Parkway
28. Rhythm and Booze 1674 10th Avenue
29. East 4th Street Community Garden and CSA 179 East 4th St
30. PS 130 70 Ocean Parkway
31. BUGS Middle School
500 19th St (Former Bishop Ford Building)
32. Terrace Coffee Shop 598 19th St
33. Greenwood Playground and basketball courts East 5th St
34. Fort Hamilton Subway Stop (2 entrances)
East 5th St and Greenwood Ave/Reeve Place
35. Greenwood Cemetery
36. Windsor Terrace Food Coop
825 Caton Avenue
37. Kensington Fitness 202 Caton Avenue
38. Prospect Park!



interior spreads



interior spreads
YA non-fiction





BESSIE SMITH

*Born April 15, 1894,
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Died September 26, 1937,
Clarksdale, Mississippi*

**Bessie was my favorite.
Her music haunted you
even when she stopped singing. / MAHALIA JACKSON**

The Empress of the Blues. That's what everybody called her. She was a big woman with a voice as wide and long as the sky.

Bessie Smith's father was a preacher, who died soon after she was born. By the time she was eight, her mother and a brother had died, leaving Bessie, her three sisters, and two brothers to make it the best way they could. Bessie made money by singing on street corners, with her brother, Andrew, playing guitar for her.

When she was around seventeen, she joined the Moses Stokes Traveling Show, where she met Ma Rainey, a singer who was called the Queen of the Blues. What is a traveling show? Well, back in the early 1900s there was no radio or television. But that didn't mean people sat in their houses and watched the darkness grow whiskers when the sun went down. A traveling show had a band, dancers, singers, and comedians. My grandfather said that when the traveling show came, they paraded through the streets to let folks know they were in town, then pitched their tent in a field and put on shows for a week or so. Bessie traveled around the South for eight years with various shows like that until she started her own.

In 1920, a woman named Mamie Smith, no kin to Bessie, put out the first blues record, called "Crazy Blues." (Records are what folks listened to before



Born April 4, 1915, Rolling Fork, Mississippi

Died April 30, 1983, Chicago, Illinois

The way to defeat trouble is to look it straight in the eye.
That's what I was doing when I sang my blues. / MUDDY WATERS

MUDDY WATERS

His real name was McKinley Morganfield. However, when he was little, his grandmother, who raised him, noticed that he liked to play in mud puddles. She called him “my little muddy baby.” Others heard the nickname and started calling him “Muddy Waters.”

Music was all around him on the Stovall Plantation, where Muddy grew up, outside Clarksdale, Mississippi. He heard it in church, in the lonesome wail of field hollers, and in the train whistles crying across the flat empty darkness of the night countryside. When he was three years old he would beat on the bottoms of tin cans or buckets and try to sing. He was seven when he got his first real instrument—a harmonica.

Muddy quit school when he was ten and went to work full-time in the cotton fields, making between fifty and seventy-five cents a day. “I didn’t really know that you need[ed] schooling down through the years,” he said years later. He never learned to read and write, and called it one of the biggest mistakes of his life.

By age thirteen, Muddy was playing harmonica at Saturday-night fish fries. A year later he began singing and formed a band with two older men. He was

CDs.) Three years later, Bessie made her first record, called "Downhearted Blues." It sold 780,000 copies, which would be a lot of records even today. Over the next seven years, Bessie recorded 160 songs and became the most famous blues singer, man or woman, of her time.

Bessie was so successful that she bought a yellow railroad car to carry her show in. It was seventy-eight feet long and her name was painted on the side in green lettering. It had seven staterooms, each one big enough for four people to sleep in. Thirty-five more slept on the lower level. That way the crew and all forty or so musicians, dancers, and comedians could travel together. There was still room in the railroad car for the tent and the cases of peanuts, Cracker Jacks, and sodas sold at her shows.

Because we can hear Bessie only on records, we think of her as a singer; but my grandfather said she acted in skits, told jokes, did pantomime, danced, *and* sang. She was a complete entertainer.

Bessie was also a woman you didn't want to mess with. She wasn't afraid of anybody, not even the Ku Klux Klan. One night in July 1927, Bessie was doing a show in a little place called Concord, North Carolina. It was hot in the tent, and one of Bessie's musicians went out to get some air. He heard strange voices and went to see what was going on. He came upon six members of the KKK, dressed in their white robes and wearing white pointed hoods over their heads, trying to pull out the stakes holding up Bessie's tent. If they did pull them out, the tent would fall in, and who knows how many people inside might be hurt or even killed.

The musician ran and told Bessie. The same spirit Bessie put into her singing, she put into her living. When she heard what the KKK was trying to do, Bessie cursed under her breath (something she did a lot anyway) and marched outside.

SHE WAS A **BIG** WOMAN WITH A VOICE AS WIDE AND **LONG** AS THE **SKY**

"What do you think you're doing?" she shouted at the Klansmen, putting one hand on her hip and shaking her fist at them. Bessie's language was a little stronger than that, but you get the idea. "You better pick up your sheets and get out of here!"

And they did.

Bessie died in a car accident outside Clarksdale, Mississippi, in 1937, and she was buried near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where she had lived. Ten thousand people walked by her casket and thirty-nine cars were in the funeral procession. But as famous as she was, somehow her relatives forgot to put a headstone on her grave.

In 1970 a black woman named Barbara Muldow wrote to a Philadelphia newspaper, upset that Bessie Smith lay in an unmarked grave. Juanita Green, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), and Janis Joplin, the blues-rock singer many compared to Bessie, each gave half the money to buy a tombstone. Ironically, Janis Joplin died on October 4, 1970, two months after the tombstone was unveiled and on the same date as Bessie Smith's funeral thirty-three years before.

Bessie died two years before I was born. She was the Empress of the Blues then and she's the Empress of the Blues now. ■

interior spreads
YA novel



invisible i



The AMANDA PROJECT



CHAPTER ONE

Why is it that when you don't want to think about something, you can't stop thinking about it?

From the second I woke up, the scene Amanda had witnessed at my house yesterday kept playing over and over in my head like some kind of sick YouTube video on repeat. I'd thought about it while I was getting dressed, while I was riding my bike to school, and even while Kelli and I stood by her locker and she tried to recap the entire plot of the Reese Witherspoon movie she'd caught just the tail end of last night. Now I was sitting in history class, hearing not Mr. Randolph explaining the causes of World War I, but my dad's voice in my head saying the same words over and over again while I tried to figure out what, exactly, Amanda had overheard. Everything, probably. The phone rang while I was upstairs looking for my Scribble Book, and since my dad was practically screaming into

“I just like having them, knowing somewhere there’s a lock and I could open it if I wanted to.”

Outside it was pouring, a freezing February rain that seemed as if it might continue forever. The rain only made my room, which I generally love anyway, feel even cozier, like a tiny haven that the wet and cold could never penetrate. Even the fact that the silence from my dad’s workshop meant he was probably drinking and not working didn’t bother me when Amanda started talking about something cool, like why she collected keys.

“They’re not worth anything,” I pointed out. As usual, my mind was quick to turn to money. It’s funny how when you don’t have any, suddenly all paths seem to lead to it.

“True,” said Amanda, fingering the tiny, ancient-looking key she always wore on a ribbon around her neck. “But I like their symbolic value.”

We were sitting on the floor, Amanda resting her back against the big armchair and me facing her, my back against the bed. We were both wearing a pair of slippers from the basket by the front door, and I had my comforter wrapped around my legs. The day before, Amanda had cut her hair short and blunt, but today she was wearing a long, platinum wig. I’d asked her if it was because she didn’t like the cut, but she’d said, “No, I like it. Why do you ask?” in this way that made it seem like wearing a wig the day after you get your hair cut was just something anybody would do.

“But where do you get used keys?” I asked.

“Oh, the Salvation Army or antique stores. Or if someone’s

Mrs. Leong pushed open the door to the main office. Here there was no hint of the silence of the hallways—a dozen phones seemed to be ringing at once, a Xerox machine was going about a hundred miles a minute and at least two other secretaries were busily typing away at their computers. It was like I was in the headquarters of a major corporation instead of the office of the Endeavor Unified Middle and High School.

Remembering Amanda’s suggestion for a new school motto (“We don’t stand a ghost of a chance!”) momentarily held my anxiety at bay, but my stomach sank as Mrs. Leong gestured toward Vice Principal Thornhill’s office. “Go in. He’s expecting you.” I had a second to consider the irony that it was Mr. Thornhill who was about to witness my getting the worst possible news about my mom. For no good reason, my dad totally hates him, yet it was in this man’s office that he’d have to tell me the awful truth.

Heart pounding, I pushed open the door, sure the next sight I’d see would be my father’s tear-stained face.

CHAPTER 2



But my dad wasn’t even there.

Three chairs faced Mr. Thornhill’s desk. The middle one was empty, while the other two were filled by Nia Rivera, the biggest freak in the ninth grade, and Hal Bennett, who I guess is what you could call a recovering loser. All through middle school, Hal was this bean pole who wore high-waisted, too-short pants and looked like his mom cut his hair by putting a bowl over his head and trimming around the base of it. But he must have spent his summer watching *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* or something because when we got back to school in September, he had become uber-cool. Now he wore vintage T-shirts and worn jeans that he totally filled out, if you know what I’m saying, and his dark blond hair had this whole shaggy-but-styled thing going on. Also, he was, like, an

chapter 3

I felt as if Mr. Thornhill hadn’t spoken so much as he’d just slammed me in the head with a piece of wood from my dad’s workshop. Amanda had disappeared?

“But—” I was about to say that Amanda hadn’t disappeared, that she’d just been over at my house yesterday, but before I could finish my sentence, Nia cut me off.

“But you don’t seem to understand, Mr. Thornhill. None of us is even friends with Amanda Valentino.”

I jerked my head to stare at her. On the one hand, I knew Nia was telling the truth. I *know* it. How could Amanda have been friends with someone so . . . well, so weird? And she’d never even mentioned Nia, not once. Of course they weren’t friends.

But there was something about the way Nia’s face was whiter than the school mascot and how tightly she was clutching the arms of her chair that made it seem as if she were lying. Which would mean she and Amanda *were* friends. Only that was . . .

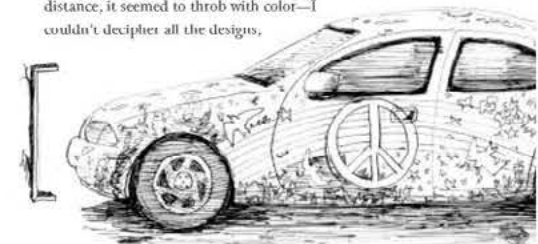
“Impossible, Nia,” said Vice Principal Thornhill, and now he sounded almost tired. “That is simply not possible.” He walked over to the window and opened the blind. “First of all: look.”

The sky had cleared after last night’s rain, and the bright sun on the wet pavement of the parking lot was nearly blinding. I squinted against its rays as the three of us stood up and went over to the window.

“What are we looking at?” asked Hal, and I realized I was so lost in my own thoughts I hadn’t been looking for anything to look at.

“My car,” said the vice principal.

As soon as he said it, I saw which car was his. Which car *had* to be his. Parked slightly off to one side of the faculty parking lot, it was the brightest thing in sight. Actually, it could have been the brightest thing in the entire world. Even from a distance, it seemed to throb with color—I couldn’t decipher all the designs,





but there was a gigantic rainbow that extended from the front wheel to the back wheel and a huge peace sign covering most of the passenger side door. I could just make out what looked like a group of stars on the back door and a bright yellow sun on the hubcap below it.

The whole thing was so outrageous that I suddenly burst out laughing. I couldn't help myself—it was like the car was some huge joke of Amanda's. Only once I started laughing, I couldn't stop. I was sure everyone else was going to laugh too, but they didn't, and I started to get freaked out, like maybe I was getting hysterical or something. I almost wished someone would throw a glass of cold water in my face.

"I'm glad you find this funny, Callista," said Mr. Thornhill.

It wasn't a glass of cold water, but it worked like one. As if I had an on-off switch, I stopped laughing immediately. Mr. Thornhill left the blind up, walked back to his desk and sat down. I wasn't sure if we were supposed to sit down also, but since neither Nia nor Hal made a move to go back to their chairs, I stayed with them by the window. I didn't look back at the car, though. I was afraid if I did I'd just start laughing again.

"Even if Amanda did paint all over your car," said Hal, "what makes you think we had something to do with it? Like Nia said, we aren't even, you know, friends with her."

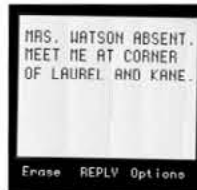
Mr. Thornhill took what looked like a sketchbook off the shelf and held it, closed, for a minute, looking at Hal as if to see if he'd flinch.

I flinched for him. I mean, Hal's a great artist and I can barely draw a stick figure, but my artistic talents (or lack thereof) aren't the reason that if Mr. Thornhill ever looked through my Scribble Book, I'd die of shame. The whole thing is just so . . . personal. It's the closest thing I have to a diary, and the only person I'd ever let see it was Amanda. I realized that if I hadn't left it at home today, Mr. Thornhill, Hal, and Nia might have had the opportunity to look at my most private thoughts, and I wondered if that was the kind of thing Hal sketched. If so, he must have been crying inside.

But Hal's face remained blank as Mr. Thornhill raised the book slightly, then lowered it, as if he were weighing the decision to open it, literally and metaphorically. After a minute, he slipped the book back where it had been and slammed Hal's locker shut, too. Hal stayed behind to lock it after Thornhill had walked away, and when I turned back to check if he was following us, I saw him standing with his head leaning against the cool metal.

I could feel my heart beating in my throat as we turned the corner into the science wing, where my locker was. I never go to my locker until after first period since all of my first period classes were about as far from the science wing as you can get without actually leaving the town of Orion. The last time I'd been here was yesterday, right before math, my last class. I'd

actually been standing right here when I got Amanda's text—



My locker is halfway down the hall, and it seemed to me that the trip was definitely proving Zeno's Paradox—you can't travel from point A to point B because the distance must be divided by half each time, and you can divide distances in half indefinitely until you've proven you can't move forward at all. I watched the numbers climb from 100 to 110 to 120 and then, finally, 128. My locker.

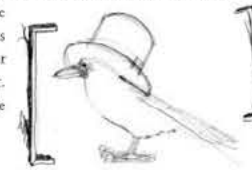
I scanned the scuffed, metal surface, but I didn't see anything in the corner where Hal's cat and Nia's bird had been. I had time to feel an instant of confusion and disappointment when suddenly my eyes caught a shape, the same gray color as theirs had been, up on the top right-hand corner.

It was a little bear. And in spite of myself, I let out a tiny gasp of amazement.

she wasn't afraid of the vice principal at all, and for a second I was reminded of the fact that she is Cisco Rivera's sister. Cisco is the coolest, most popular guy in the junior class. It's hard to believe two people who are such polar opposites could be even distantly related, much less siblings. It makes you think their parents performed some kind of social experiment on them when they were young.

Mr. Thornhill slammed his hand down on the desk so hard I jumped slightly, but I noticed Nia did not flinch. "Nia, I really don't have time for lies right now. This is potentially a very serious situation."

Like I said, I don't exactly spend a lot of time of time getting called into the vice principal's office, but I had heard him get mad before. Actually, the person I'd heard him getting mad at was Amanda—many times since she arrived in October, and most recently about a month ago. I'd come to the office to drop off the day's attendance slip for Mrs. Peabody, and his door was open and he was yelling at her. It was the day after the President's Day holiday, and the vice principal had opened the door to his office to discover a huge stuffed raven wearing a stovepipe hat sitting on his chair. I don't know how Thornhill figured out that Amanda had done it, and she'd never told me if he'd been right to accuse her or, if he had, how she'd gotten into the vice principal's office in the first place, but he was furious. And that was far from the only time, either. After the master clock in the



office was rigged to run fast so that school got out early two Fridays in a row, I could hear him yelling at her in his office while I was walking by in the hallway.

Now he sounded that mad. Mad like Nia had done something really, really terrible.

Whatever it was, I definitely didn't want to be associated with it. Or her. I cleared my throat. "Um, Mr. Thornhill, I think there's been some mistake. We don't even know each other." Sometimes the cluelessness of adults is nothing short of shocking. I mean, not to be snotty, but I'm an I-Girl and Nia's a social leper. Did Mr. Thornhill think we were friends or something?

"Callie, you've always been an excellent student with spotless behavior." Mr. Thornhill tapped the folders on his desk and I wondered if one of them had something to do with me. "I highly doubt you want to ruin such a stellar record by failing to tell me what you know." Was it my imagination, or did Mr. Thornhill emphasize the word stellar? Once again, I thought of my mother.

"Look, Mr. Thornhill, they're not lying," said Hal. "We really don't hang together." As he leaned forward, the small gold loop in his ear caught the light, and I remembered Traci had said something about his supposedly getting a tattoo somewhere on his body over the summer.

"No, you look, Hal. I am talking about a serious act of vandalism. I want you to tell me what you know and I want you to tell me now."

Mr. Thornhill was so angry a vein bulged on his neck. I

Just like having them, knowing somewhere there's a lock and I could open it if I wanted to."

Outside it was pouring, a freezing February rain that seemed as if it might continue forever. The rain only made my room, which I generally love anyway, feel even cozier, like a tiny haven that the wet and cold could never penetrate. Even the fact that the silence from my dad's workshop meant he was probably drinking and not working didn't bother me when Amanda started talking about something cool, like why she collected keys.

"They're not worth anything," I pointed out. As usual, my mind was quick to turn to money. It's funny how when you don't have any, suddenly all paths seem to lead to it.

"True," said Amanda, fingering the tiny, ancient-looking key she always wore on a ribbon around her neck. "But I like their symbolic value."

We were sitting on the floor, Amanda resting her back against the big armchair and me facing her, my back against the bed. We were both wearing a pair of slippers from the basket by the front door, and I had my comforter wrapped around my legs. The day before, Amanda had cut her hair short and blunt, but today she was wearing a long, platinum wig. I'd asked her if it was because she didn't like the cut, but she'd said, "No, I like it. Why do you ask?" in this way that made it seem like wearing a wig the day after you get your hair cut was just something anybody would do.

"But where do you get used keys?" I asked.

"Oh, the Salvation Army or antique stores. Or if someone's

got a really big ring of keys it usually means there's at least one they don't use anymore." She swung the keychain back and forth, admiring her collection.

"It's like something a custodian would carry," I said. Once I watched a custodian get something out of a supply closet at Endeavor. Even though his key ring must have had a hundred keys, he found the one he needed in less than a second. "I could never find the right key if I had as many as they do."

Amanda looked at me. "You don't carry a house key." It was a statement, but there was a little question mark at the end of it, like I should explain if I wanted but I didn't have to.

My family never locked the front door. Not that there would have been any point to locking it. Farmhouses built at the turn of the last century might have a lot of charm, but they weren't usually designed with airtight security in mind. Even if we did bother to lock the doors, anyone who really wanted to break in would have needed about ten seconds to do so.

"I don't have a key," I said. "My mom lived in New York City for a while, and when she and my dad bought this house she said her favorite thing about living in the country was not having to lock her door." As soon as the words were out of my mouth I realized my mom might never again open our front door with or without a key. The thought made my eyes burn.

Amanda didn't say anything, just looked away from me and studied her keychain. I knew she wasn't avoiding the subject, she was giving me a minute of privacy. I took a deep breath.

"Here," she said suddenly, and she flipped the keys fast around the circle before slipping one off. "Take it."

the receiver by the time I got back to the kitchen, the conversation had obviously begun a while back. I mean, considering how much she and I have talked, Amanda had obviously known something was going on. She knew more than anyone else at school did. But up until yesterday, she hadn't known everything. She hadn't known the worst of it. I mean, she knew about my mom, but she didn't know about the money.

And now she did.

The crazy thing was, she hadn't seemed surprised. It was almost as if somehow she'd guessed a long time ago . . .

" . . . Which is why, yes, the assassination of the Archduke is the catalyst but is not the cause *per se*." I'm usually kind of into Mr. Randolph's class even though I'm not exactly what you'd call a history buff. He's really nice and patient and he explains everything clearly, and he's one of the only teachers at Endeavor who actually prepares you for the test he's going to give. Still, there was no way I could concentrate on this morning's lesson.

I shook my head and straightened up in my chair, clicking some lead out of my mechanical pencil. Perhaps if I resembled an attentive student, I would become one.

"Did you all write that down? *Entangling alliances*. If you remember nothing else from today, remember that."

The board was covered in notes, but Mr. Randolph had found room to write *entangling alliances* in letters almost six inches high and he'd underlined "entangling" about fifty times. I rolled my eyes at myself as I began to copy down the crucial phrase. No doubt *entangling alliances* was the only thing I'd be

remembering from today's class. Too bad I had no idea what they were or who had them.

Just as I started writing *alliances*, Lexa Booker, who was sitting next to me, slid a crumpled piece of paper across my notebook. I palmed it expertly—Heidi and I have had enough classes together that I can pretty much make a note from her disappear in a nanosecond—and finished the word, then carefully untolded the paper.



I looked up. The desks in Mr. Randolph's room are in a big horseshoe, and Heidi was all the way on the other side of it, but her eyes met mine and she raised her exquisitely shaped eyebrows. I nodded almost imperceptibly, grateful to have something to think about besides Amanda knowing even more about my screwed-up family than she had last week. This Saturday's party was going to be amazing, and the I-Girls—Kelli, Heidi, Traci, and yours truly (okay, I briefly spelled my name with an "i," but not anymore!)—the reigning queens of the ninth grade, were going in green. That was cool—I have a dark green fitted T-shirt, and once when we all went to the movies I wore it. Lee was there, and he'd said my eyes looked

Vice Principal Thornhill got up and walked around to the front of his desk. Then he leaned back on it and crossed his arms, staring at each of us in turn.

"That's a lovely idea, Nia, and I'd be happy to comply. There's just one problem with your plan. As the three of you know perfectly well, Amanda Valentino has disappeared."



interior spreads
art catalog





NEITHER BIGUGLY NOR SMALLNICE, 1995, LATEX, COTTON, ROPE, RUBBER, 60" X 96" X 60"

in a good deal of post-abstract expressionist art, from Jasper Johns to Andy Warhol and on, in that it registers gesture and touch while also denying those actions' sense of personal trace. The image is given, not invented. Davidson's latex works similarly both invoke the artist's touch and refuse it: The balloon can be tied into shape, but cannot be modeled or carved; it is both infinitely malleable to the artist's touch and instantly forgetful of it.

Viewers of Davidson's balloons often try to touch them. Davidson has mixed feelings about this—the rubber can stretch and wear—but she recognizes the impulse. (She also recognizes the fingerprints: The latex is powdery on the surface

and records touch-marks.) The extravagantly feminine imagery of her work picks up, she believes, on the unconscious attraction of the balloons' shape: "These forms have an appeal for everyone because they address the pre-oedipal state. They're the giant breast, the shape of longing, whether for women or men." At the same time, each balloon also gains a suggestive potential through an accessory to its pendulous rotundity, the nozzle, which appears masculine as well as feminine, evoking phallus as well as nipple. Davidson sees her pieces as excessively but ambiguously gendered, like cross-dressing: "Part of their humor for me and for a lot of women, and I think for men, too, is that we all know that gender is something you put on and wear like a mask."

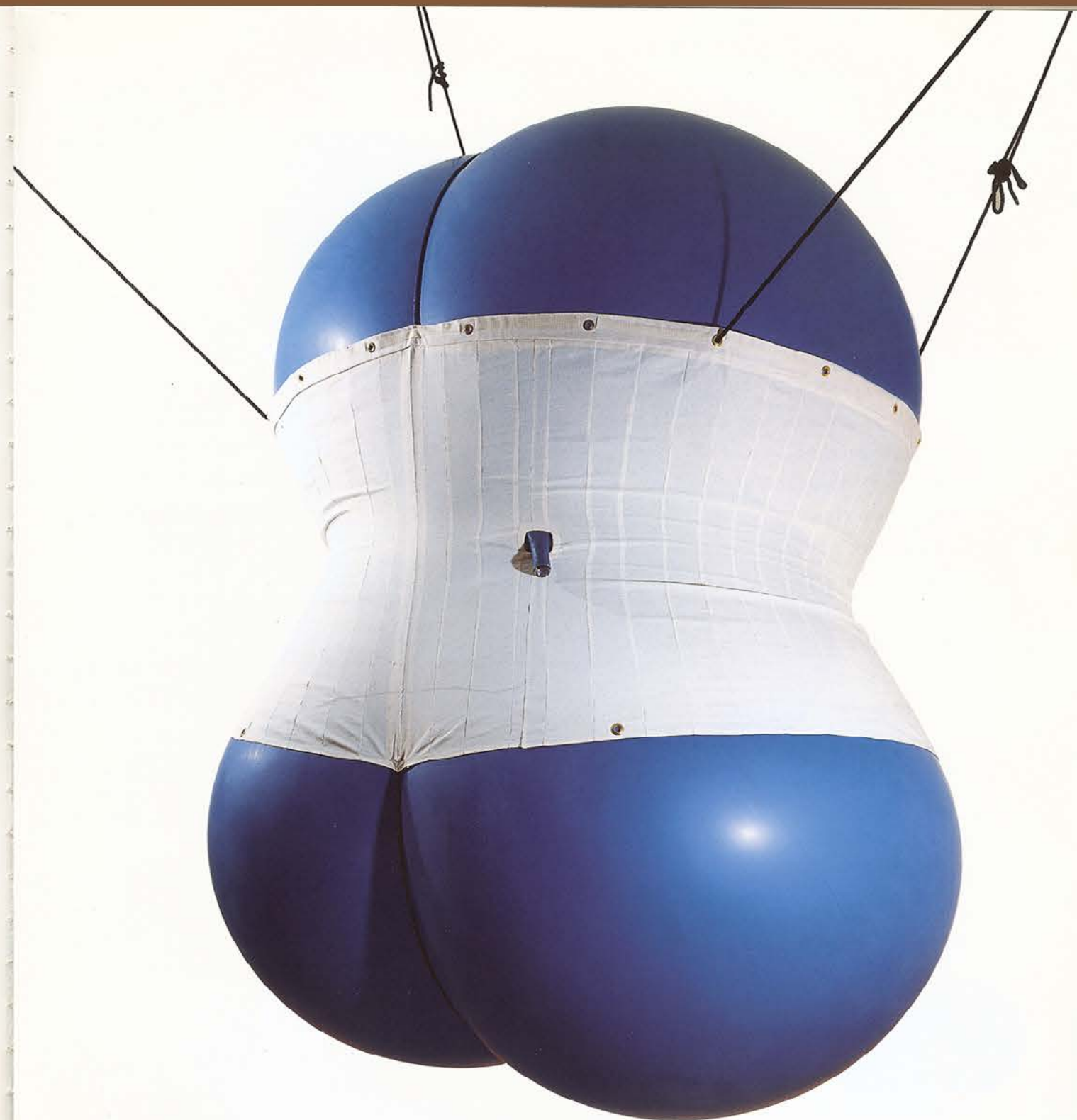
The associations of Davidson's forms go beyond the erotic. In each work in the *Carnivaleyes* Series, a segment of cloth transforms a balloon into a pair of eyes, returning your gaze; the watcher becomes the watched. In *Neither Bigugly Nor Smallnice* (1995), the sphere becomes a girl's head—she has braids hanging down on either side—with the nozzle her pencil-thin neck. The absurdist quality of the image fills the work with idiosyncratic character, and Davidson, in fact, finds herself thinking of her works as quirky personalities. *Bluemoon*, for instance, she sees as an overendowed Viennese lady wearing a corset, the grommeted band of white fabric that girths the sculpture's waist. *Dulcinea* (1999) is named after the character in Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, a novel about people who have outlived their time, and whose standards

About the Soufflé

BY DAVID FRANKEL

To be breathless is to be excited about life—but also to be a little raced and rushed, a little out of balance, not quite in command. It is an easy feeling to come by in one of the world's big cities, where heading out for work means joining a parade: Are you audience for or participant in the spectacle of the crowd? Are you viewing or on view? Are you walking the street or is the street walking you? This is also the feeling you can get from Nancy Davidson's sculpture.

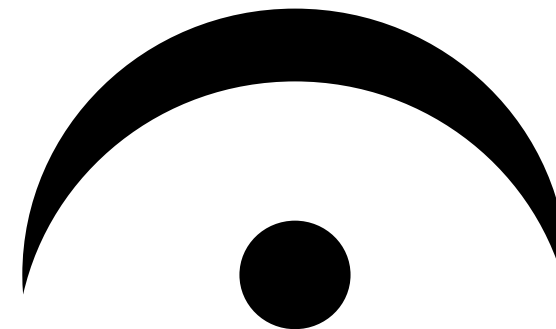
Davidson makes her works from balloons—large, strong-skinned, colorful latex bladders of the kind used to take weather readings in the upper atmosphere, where the air is thin. Brought down to earth, these balloons have an outsize bulbous presence, like party decor for giants, but they don't look completely out of place: Although they are marketed as weather balloons, you may well have seen them here below, printed with slogans and used for advertising—"like for gas stations in the lower Midwest," says Davidson. So, they have a cheerful post-pop-ish side. Also, Davidson doesn't just blow them up, she dresses them up, in laces and nettings and other seductive froufrous that both ornament these swollen orbs and, when



BLUEMOON, 1998, LATEX, FABRIC, ROPE, 96" X 60" X 60"

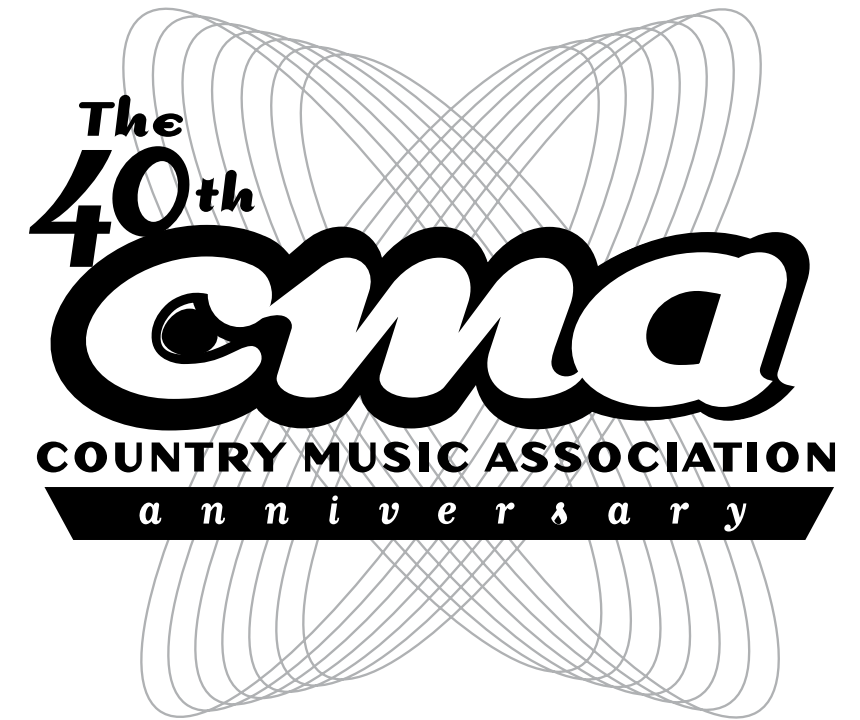
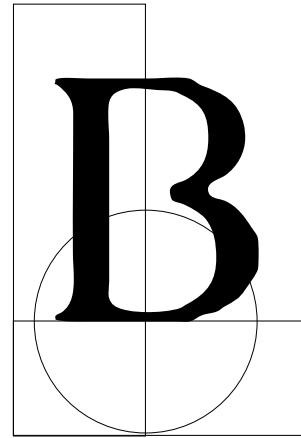
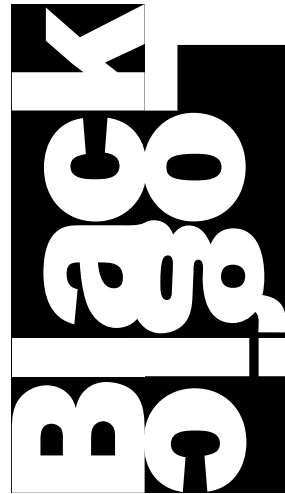
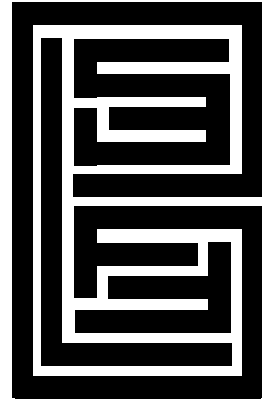
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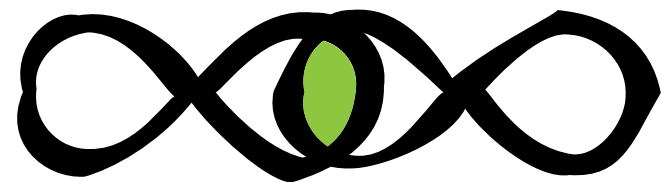
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JAMES HOWE

is the author of many acclaimed and beloved books for teenagers and children, such as *The Misfits*, *The Watcher*, and the bestselling *Bunnicula* and its many sequels, including the *Tales From the House of Bunnicula* series. He is also the editor of the anthologies *The Color of Absence: 12 Stories About Loss and Hope*, and *13: Thirteen Stories That Capture the Agony and Ecstasy of Being Thirteen*. He lives in New York State.

James Howe's novel *The Misfits* was the inspiration for No Name-Calling Week, a project for schools sponsored annually by GLSEN and Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing, in collaboration with more than forty national organizations. For more information please visit www.nonamecallingweek.org.

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So I said, "Will you teach me to do a headstand?"

Because he's a gymnast, remember? And I'm a total klutz.

And he said, "Really? Sure!"

It took, like, for-*ev-er*, but I finally managed to do one. I kind of missed having his hands around my ankles after he took them away, but the feeling of being upside down and staying there, all by myself, was AMAZING!!!

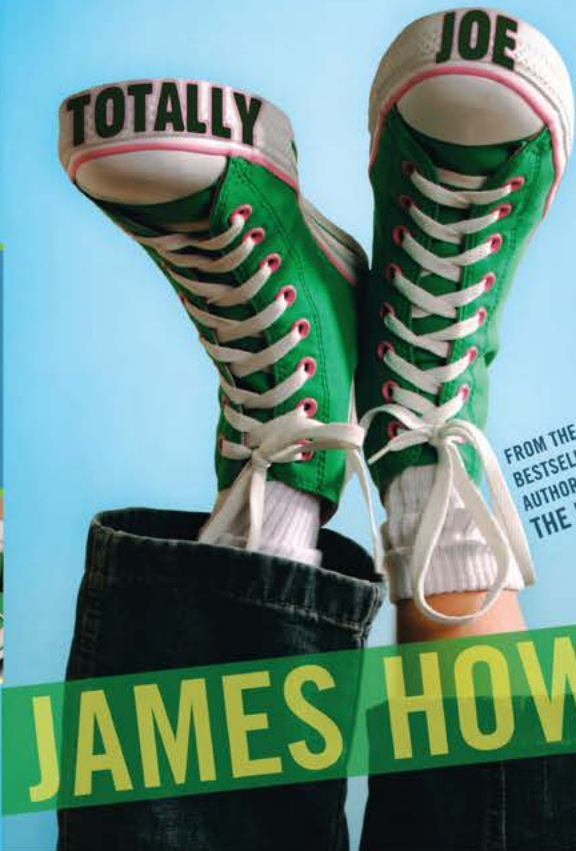
FROM THE CREATOR OF THE MISFITS, THE BOOK THAT INSPIRED NATIONAL NO NAME-CALLING WEEK, COMES THE STORY OF JOE BUNCH. UPSIDE DOWN OR RIGHT SIDE UP, JOE KNOWS THAT BEING WHO YOU ARE ISN'T A CHOICE. WHAT IT IS, IS AMAZING. TOTALLY.



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ROBYN FREEDMAN SPIZMAN

is an award-winning author and a nationally known media personality and consumer advocate. She has appeared for the past two decades on television and radio, and is considered a leading product-and-gift expert. To learn more about her go to www.robyspizman.com. Robyn lives with her husband in Atlanta, Georgia, and they have two children, Justin and Ali. *Secret Agent* is her middle-grade fiction debut.

MARK JOHNSTON teaches English in Greenville, South Carolina, where he lives with his wife. *Secret Agent* is his first novel.

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Secret Agent

ATHENEUM

So he just sat there.
Stunned.

Not just because of his mom's tears. But also because of her last sentence. "I can't stand *it* any longer," she'd said. Not "*him*." She hadn't said, "I can't stand *him* any longer." She'd said, "*it*." Which meant his dad wasn't killing her. The book was. Because it wasn't earning any money. Because it wasn't published. Which meant Kyle had to do something. He had to figure out a way to make sure *Love In Autumn* got published. No matter what. No matter where. Then maybe, just maybe, his mom and dad might get back together.

But how do you get a book published?
Huh?
How?

—FROM SECRET AGENT



BY
robyn freedman spizman
& mark johnston

LISTEN UP, PEOPLE, BECAUSE WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM HERE.

It's time to get really worried, and by that I mean *majorly* concerned, about Kyle Parker. He used to be a cool guy. Okay, not the smartest kid at school or the best-looking, but he could always hold his own. Until recently. Until he failed to notice that Lucinda (who, btw, is really hot) has been following him around for weeks. Or that a volleyball was coming straight for his face during gym. But can you blame him at a time like this?

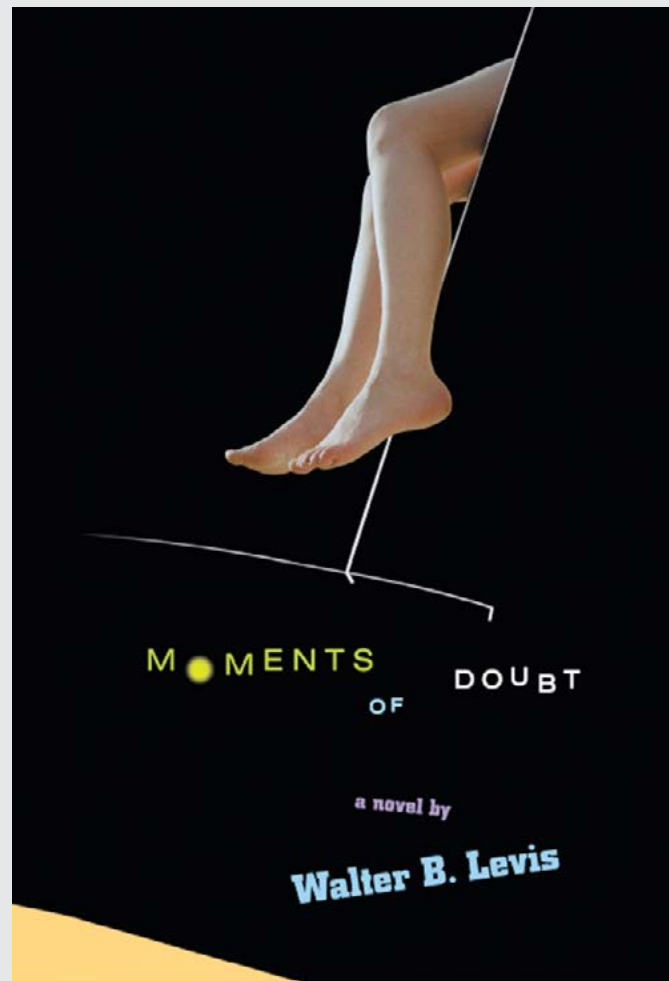
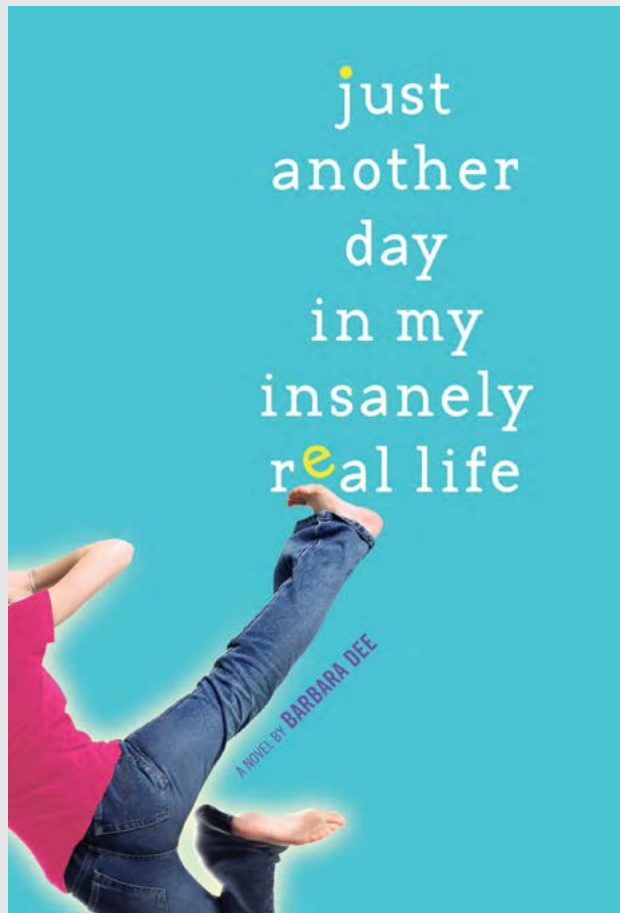
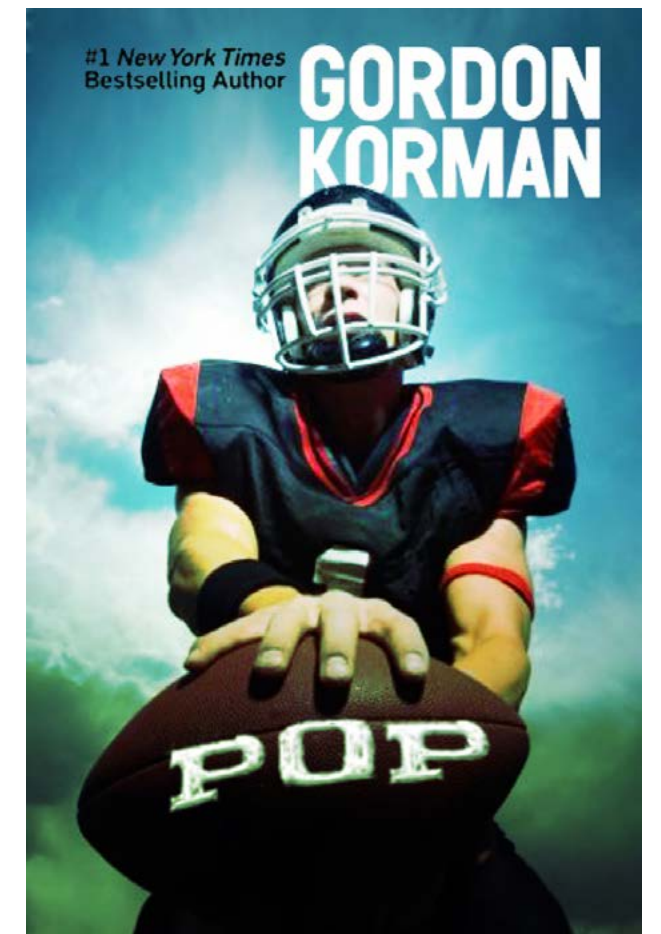
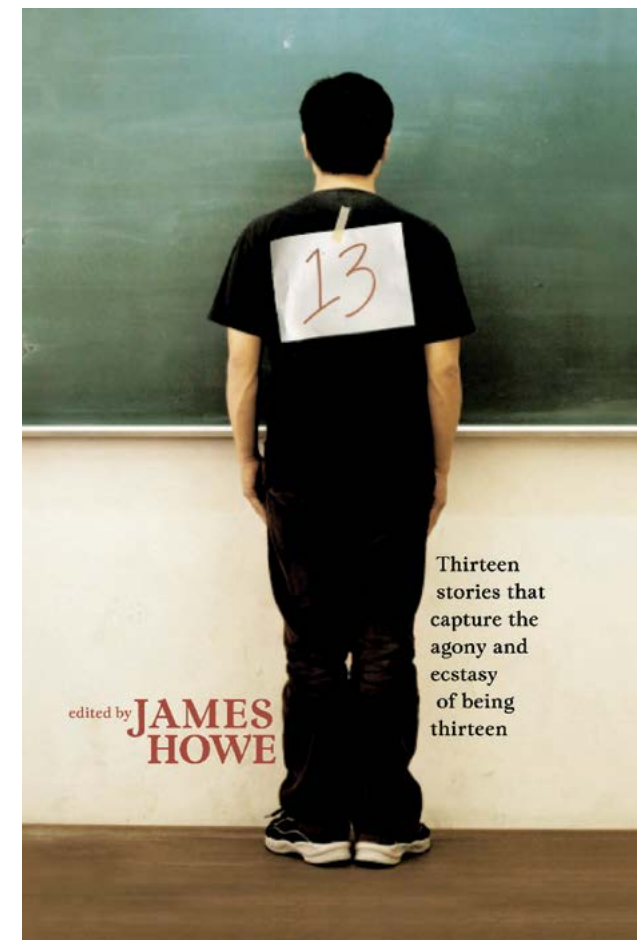
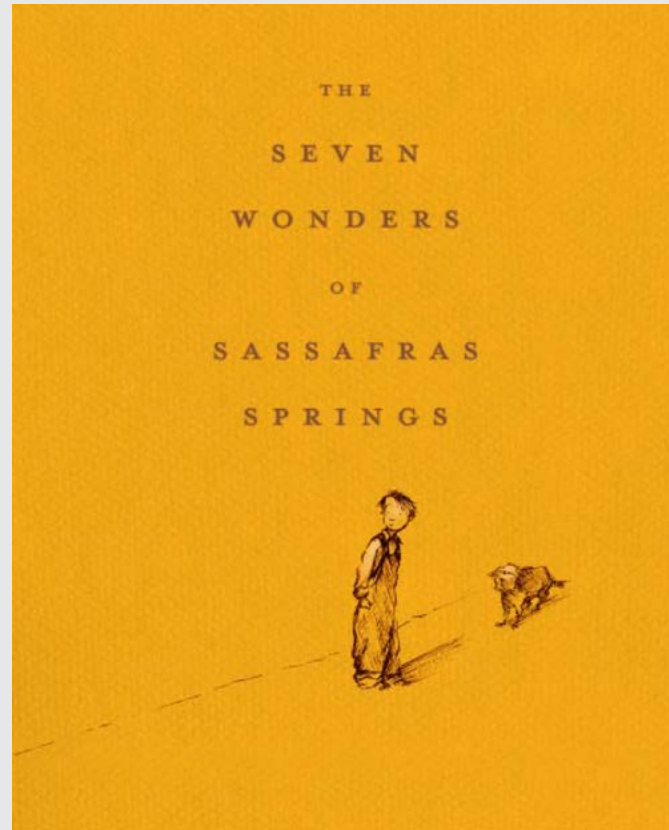
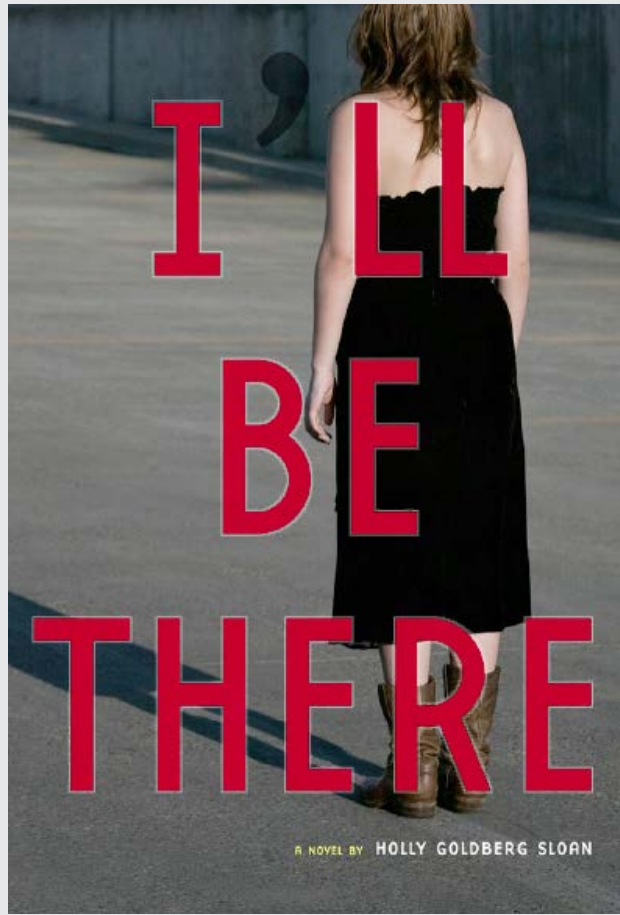
In case you haven't heard (and if you haven't, you must be living in a cave), Kyle's mom kicked his dad out of the house. Why? Because of a book. Kyle's dad's book. The one he's been writing and can't get published. Which means he can't make any money. Which means he can't support his family. So it's the big D. Divorce. Unless Kyle can pull a fast one and fake out the most famous editor in New York City.

How?
By going undercover. Secret. Top secret. As in *no one else can know!* That's right. Kyle Parker is about to become his dad's secret agent. So pay attention, guys, because he's going to need all the help he can get.

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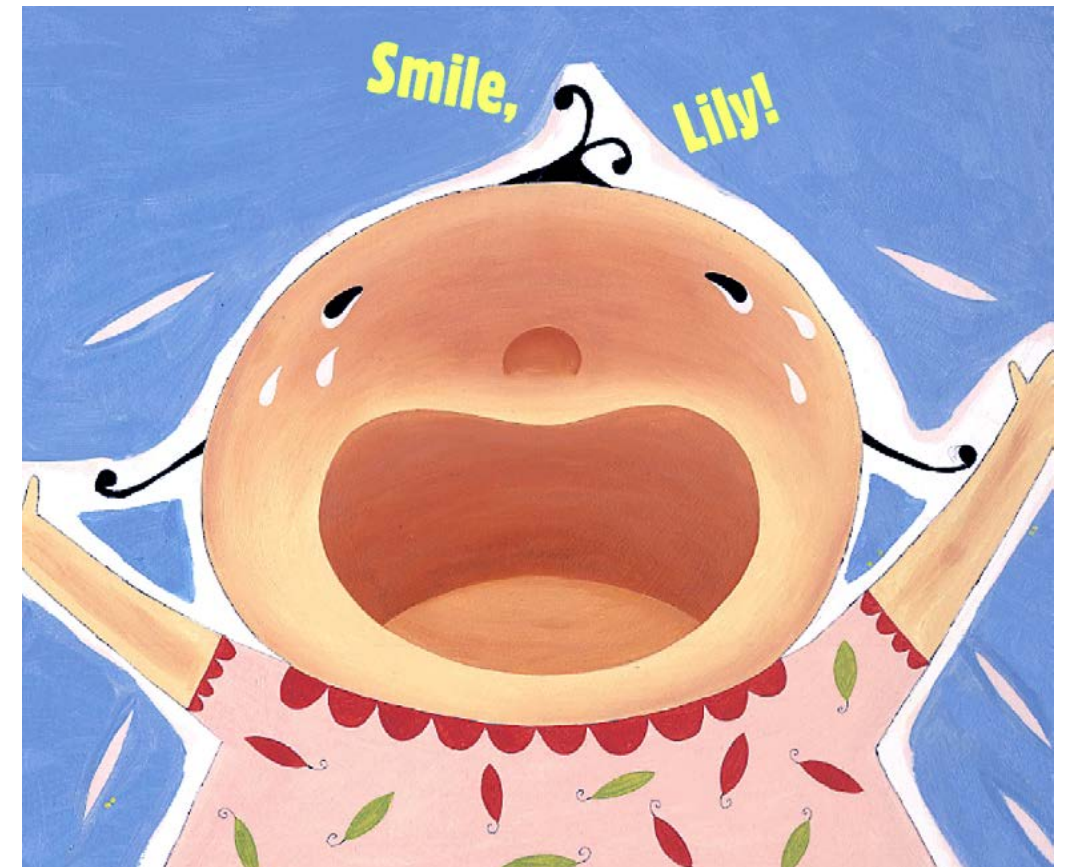
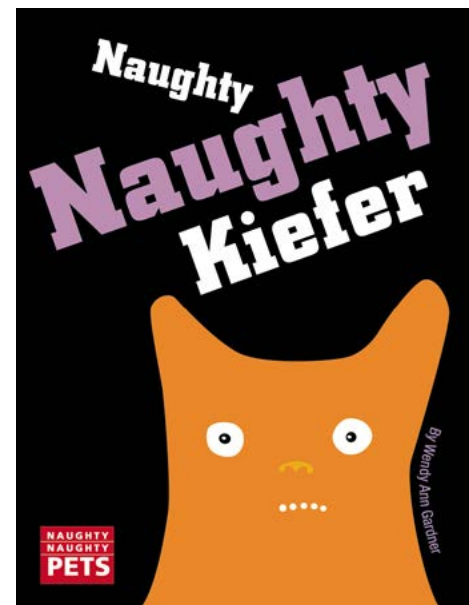
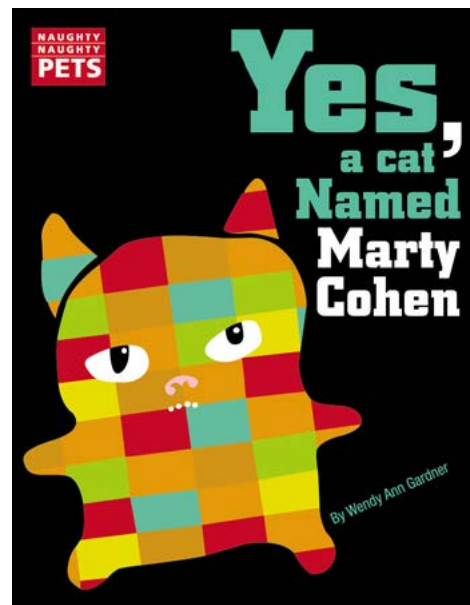
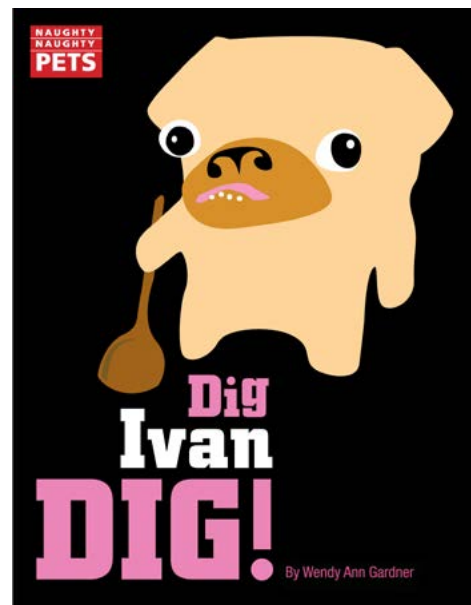
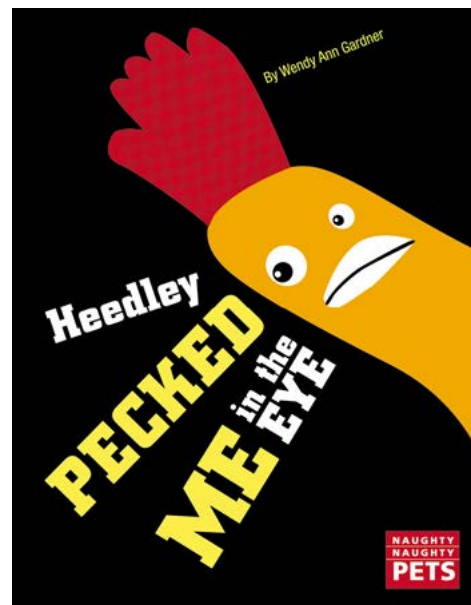
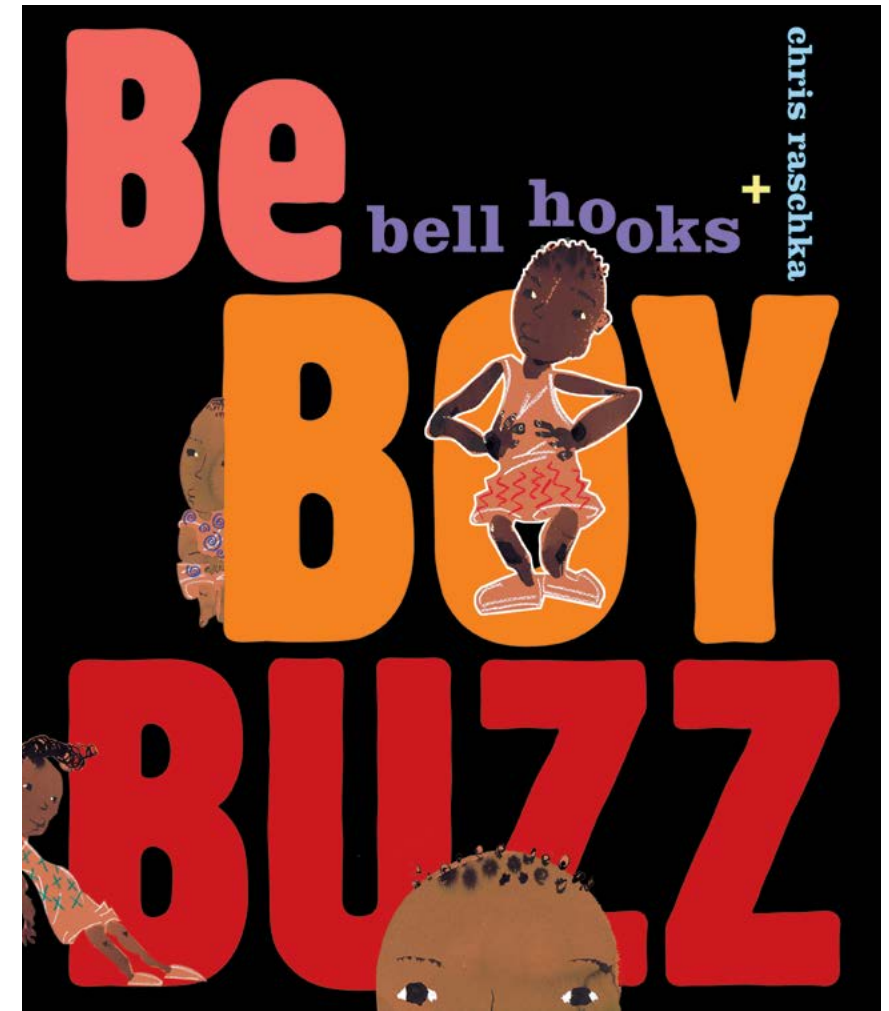
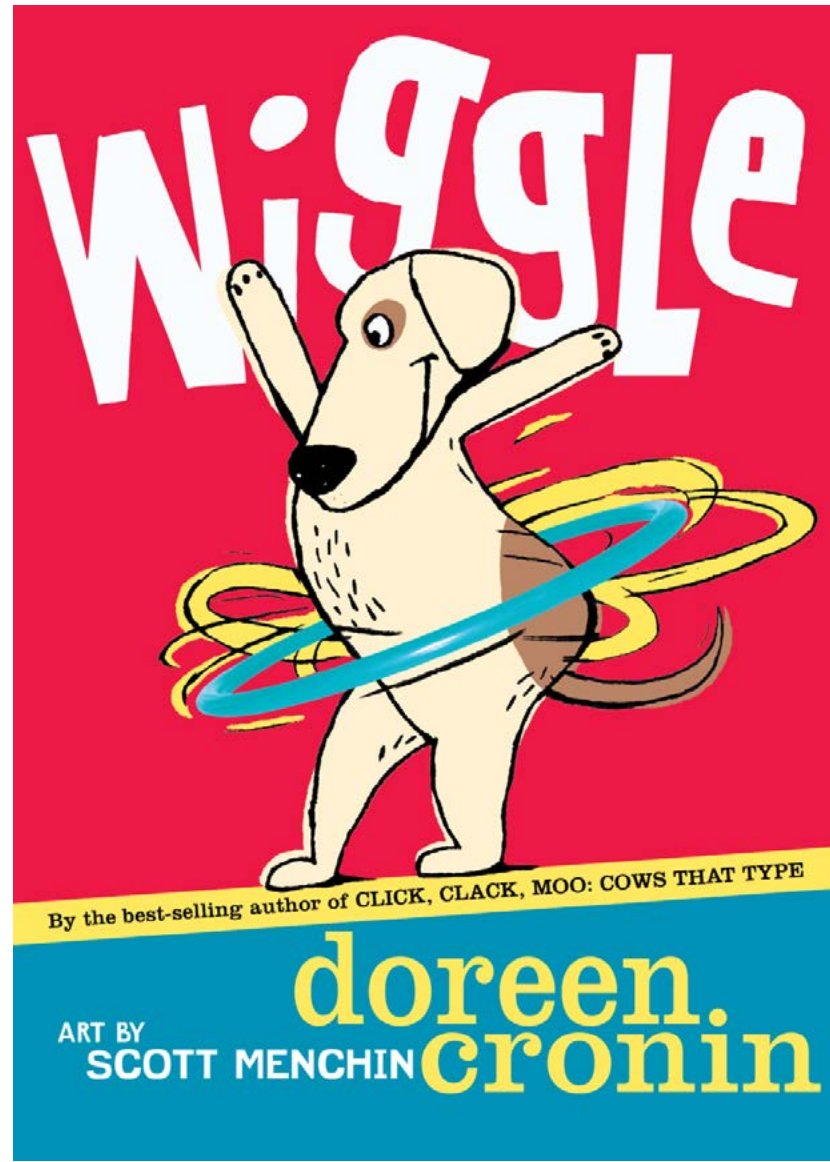
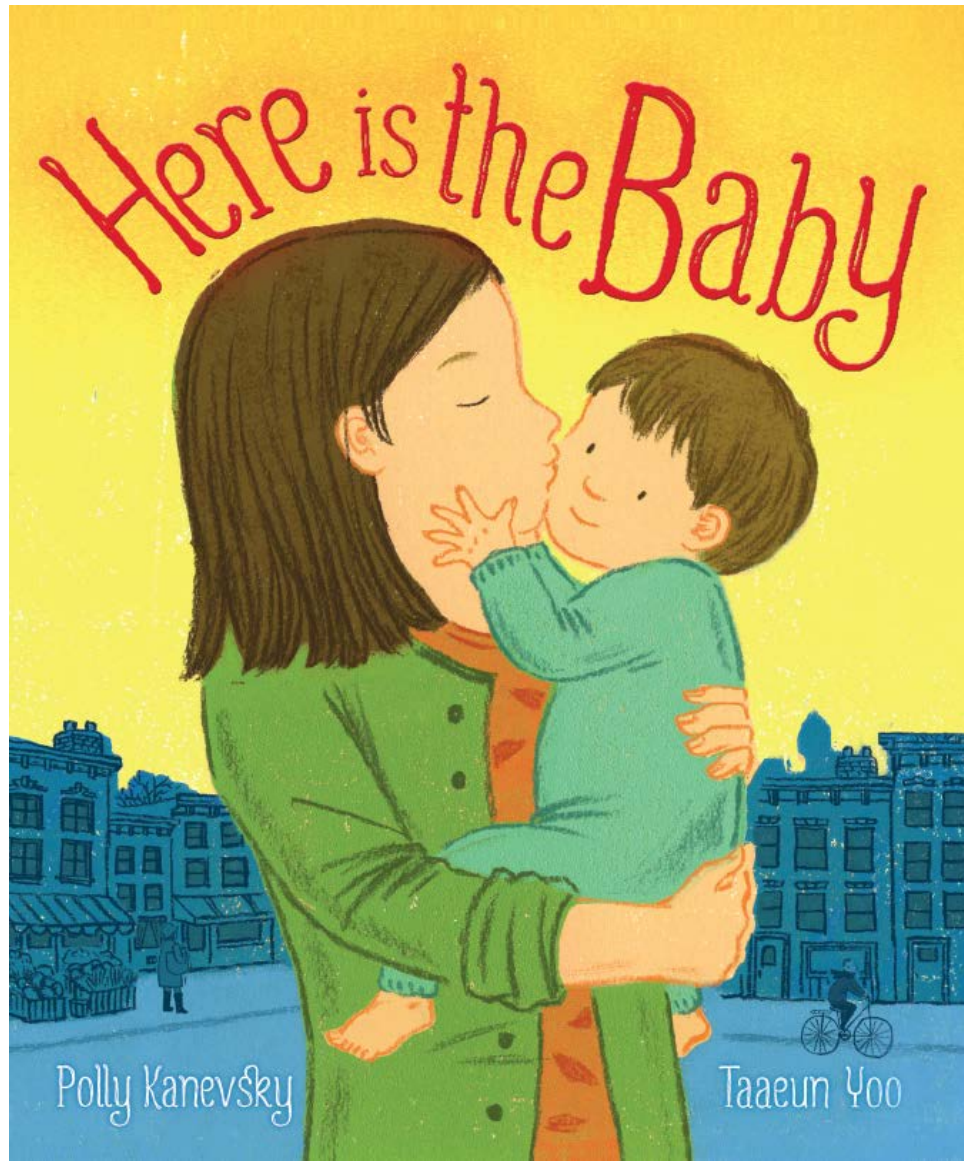




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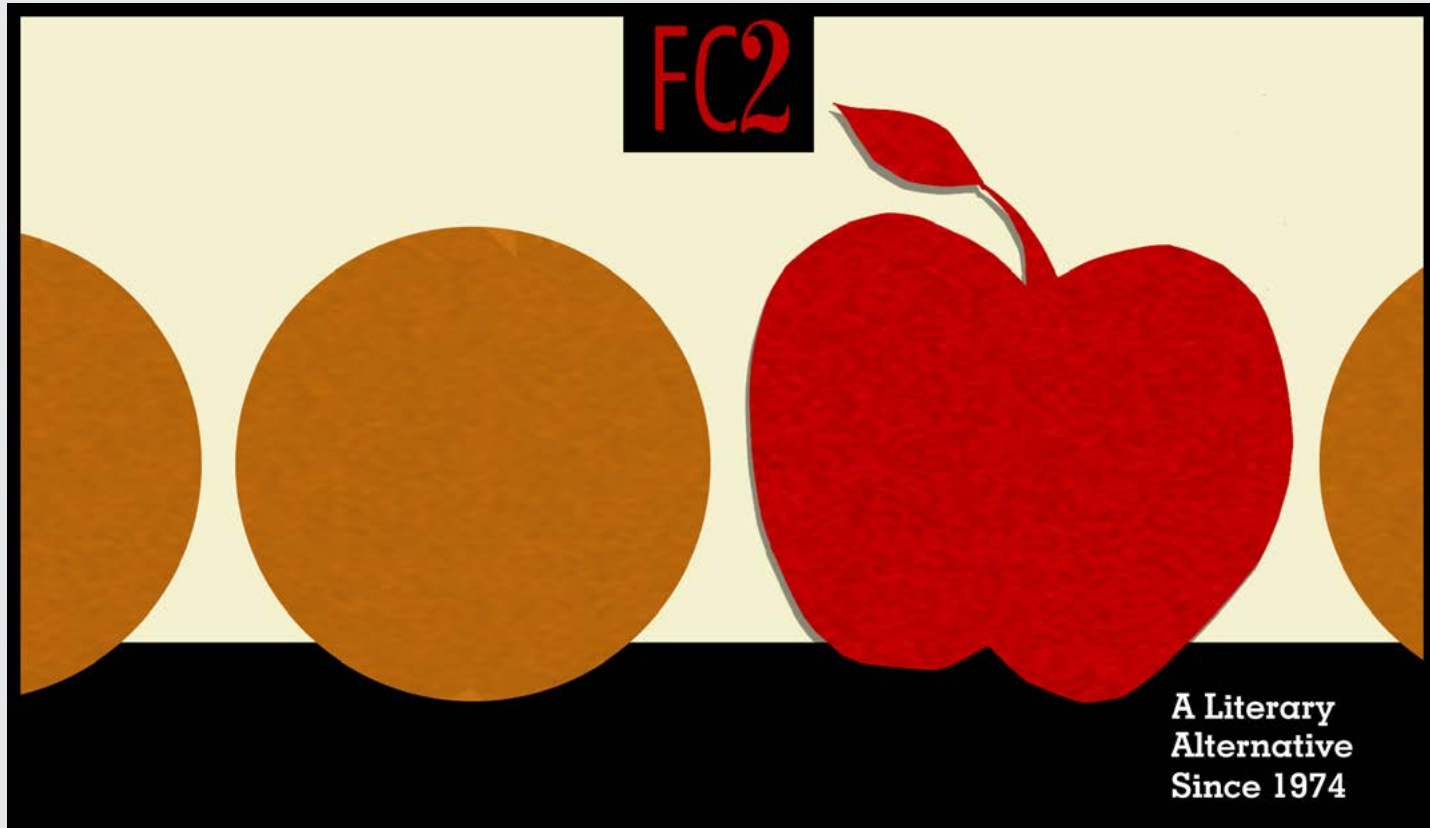
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Making its American debut, *Intrude's* five giant inflatable rabbits will hop their way to *The Lawn on D*...all the way from Australia! Created by artist Amanda Parer, the two-story bunnies will delight everyone of all ages!

the Lawn on D

420 D Street, Boston

FOR MORE INFO, VISIT LAWNOND.COM

#LawnOnD

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION CENTER AUTHORITY

artsBrookfield ART SET FREE

PENTALUM

MAY 28-29
Thurs and Fri 1pm-7pm
MAY 30-31
Sat and Sun 12pm-6pm

There is nothing like *Pentalum*: a larger-than-life inflatable featuring organically curved walls, domed roofs and maze-like walkways so spectacular that it must be explored to be believed!!!

Admission: \$5.00 per visit

the Lawn on D


420 D Street, Boston

#LawnOnD

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION CENTER AUTHORITY

Architects of Air

A B C D



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STANDARDIZED TESTS
ARE NOT EXPLORING THE REAL WORLD.**

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resumé



Polly Kanevsky

POLLYKANEVSKY@GMAIL.COM

WWW.POLLYKANEVSKY.COM

BROOKLYN, NY 917.658.4433

education

graphic design the art institute of philadelphia 1996–1997
creative writing, M.A. johns hopkins university 1994–1995
english, B.A. brown university 1987–1991

DESIGN jobs

art director NEW YORK, NY JUNE 1991–PRESENT
art director NEW YORK, NY AUG 2001–JULY 2005
designer NEW YORK, NY MAY 2000–MARCH 2001
designer NEW YORK, NY AUGUST 1997–JAN 2000

design mediums

print, packaging, websites, environmental graphics,
digital marketing [static + animated], television

range of projects

book jackets, corporate identity, direct mail,
music packaging, posters, websites,
art catalogs, hi-def television promotionals,
broadcast design, interactive video displays,
interactive television promotionals

range of responsibilities

to take a job from conception to completion:
to meet with clients, to plan the budget,
to conceptualize, art direct and design,
and to handle prepress and print production

to work with a variety of collaborators,
including designers, motion-graphics artists,
photographers, editors, illustrators, writers,
producers, art-directors, and printers

design CLIENTS

THE NBA
AMERICAN MOVIE CLASSICS
MITSUBISHI
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
DISNEY PUBLISHING
SIMON & SCHUSTER
HYPERION BOOKS
PHILA INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART
WILLIAM & HOBART SMITH COLLEGES
UNIVERSITY OF TALAHASSEE PRESS/FICTION COLLECTIVE2
TWINART STUDIOS
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
TAPE HOUSE DIGITAL
CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK
WARD TELEVISION CORPORATION
COSMETIC EXECUTIVE WOMEN

other EMPLOYMENT

the maple street school
teach art to preschool students NEW YORK, NY 2011–PRESENT

art institute of philadelphia
taught graphic design to undergraduate students PHILA, PA 1994–1996

johns hopkins university
taught creative writing to undergraduate students BALT, MD 1994–1996

center for collaborative education
developed and ran educational programs
developed and designed public relations materials
documented internal projects
produced grant proposals and reports NEW YORK, NY 1991–1993

awards

PRINT MAGAZINE
REGIONAL DESIGN AWARD
2000, 2001, 2002

TECHNICAL skills

INDESIGN
PHOTOSHOP
ILLUSTRATOR



<http://www.pollykanevsky.com/>

pollykanevsky@gmail.com

917.658.4433