

An original illustrated fairytale. In a small town of instrument makers lives Joan, who loves her guitar as much as anything else. However, when a tall, upright man descends upon the town, his devilish secret spirals into a world of misfortune for Joan and the town. It's a story about music, love, and intimacy, and the way these things are shared.

Graphic Design, Illustration,  
Writing



**T**HE ANGEL AND THE DEVIL sat in a feathered mountain, and back and forth they argued. For in the Devil's mind, he believed that there was no one alive who could best him and his fiddle when it came to stringing a song.

Now down below the mountains in the green valley, nestled between the rolling hills and flat stone walls, lay a village of instrument makers. These were the finest makers in all the land. Yet there was something peculiar about them. For if one walked the streets they'd hardly hear song or tune. No, it was not a town of musicians, but instrument makers, and that alone. Generation after generation passed down craftsmanship so fine that every corner sought their skills. With each year's changing leaves their handwork grew more in demand. Yet through all this hustle and bustle, they had all but forgotten to pass down the knowledge needed to play.

So the unknowing passerby may only hear the ticking and clapping of saws and chisels. But if one listened very closely, the whisper of a guitar could be heard. Follow the sound to the center of town, and there sat Joan. Joan was a guitar player. It was a gift from her father, that guitar which she played. Plucking, rickling, soothing. And they had sung many quiet songs together, for her guitar was marked with many proud ticks and bumps and scratches.

10



The next day, a tall man came off the road into the town of instrument makers. He was handsome, darkly clad and wore pointed yellow shoes which click clacked on the cobbled roads. His ears were large like the Fox's and he too could hear the sound of a guitar which swept down the streets. Click clack, click clack he walked. And in his hand he held a golden fiddle. The townsfolk were so preoccupied that none paid mind to this strange visitor. None but the Fox, whose keen ears caught on to the click clacking. And so the Fox watched from a distance, for a distance was all the courage he could muster, as the clicking and the clacking came converging on the guitar.

And after the man had stopped to listen, he tossed her a coin and with curved lips remarked, "The songs you play are impressive indeed. Yes, if only not for the years which have worn and torn your guitar, they may be as impressive as my own fiddle's songs."

11

Now to this remark Joan took offense. "While to you these marlas seem torn, to me they wear the memories of all that we've shared. They are what make this guitar more valuable than any of the finest instruments, your fiddle included."

"Valuable you say?" said the man, and he thus proposed a challenge. He could not play just yet as he must first wax his fiddle's strings, he explained. However, at that same time the next day, the two should face off in a duel of songs. If she wins, she may have anything of his, and if he was to win, he would have anything of hers.

To these terms Joan agreed, and so a deal was made. However, the tall man, who was really the devil himself, had no intention of fair play. He lied when he said he must wax his strings. His business was instead of the most wicked of things. For as Joan continued her playing in the square, the devil scattered down the cobbled road to the edge of the village. Click clack, click clack he went, and he crept his way slowly into her home, click clack, click clack, searching for a soul to steal.

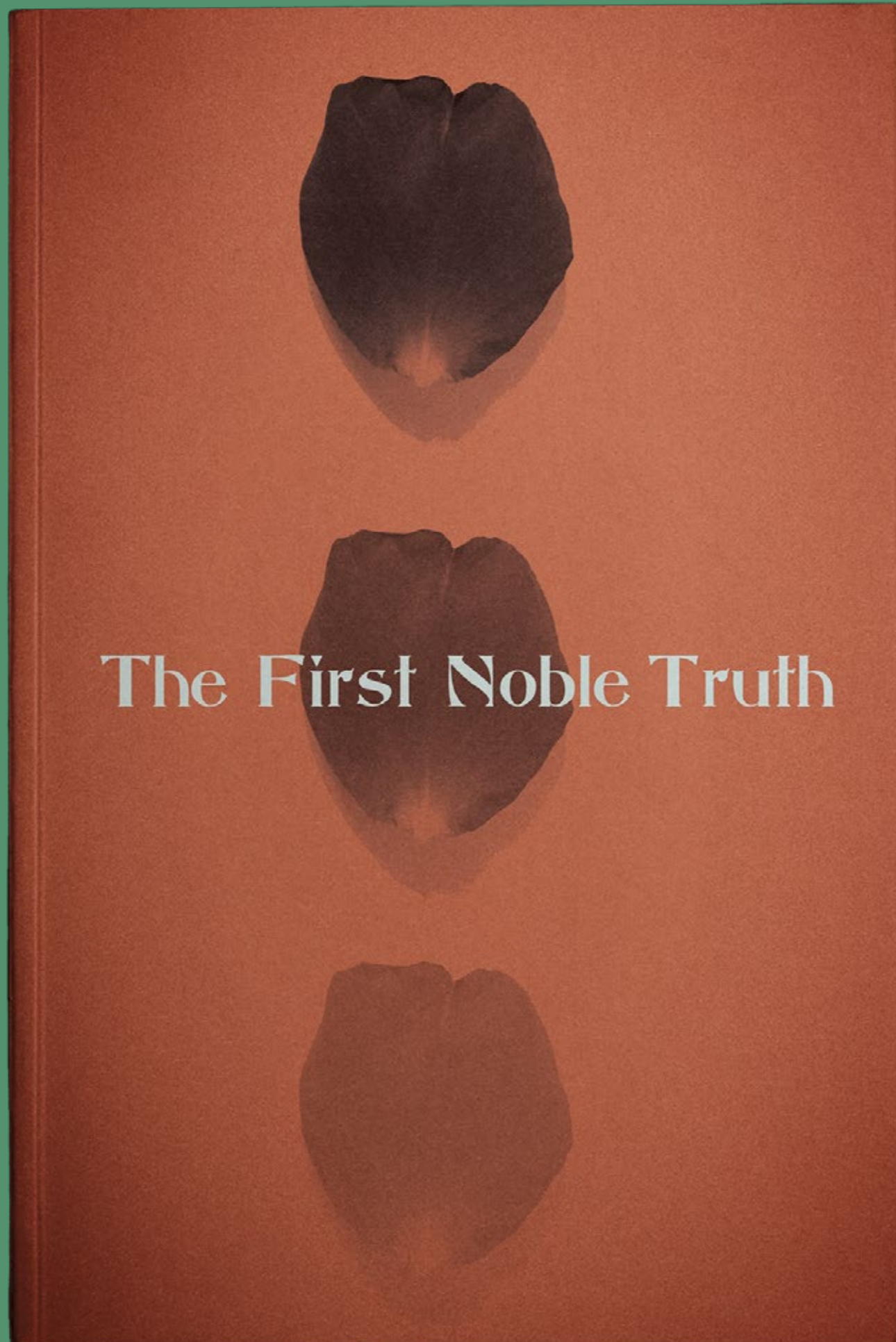
12

Now the Fox watched cowered under his paws, eyes wide with fear, his body shrunken at the hellish sight. Yet his mind quickly turned to Joan, who he ran towards. Despite all past hesitation, he rushed through the door. Yet it was too late, for there in bed lay her body, lifeless. While he had never truly met her, her soul had soothed his own many times. Thus, an indescribable regret washed over him, and he brushed her limp hand against his foxy cheek and wept.

As this first tear hit the floor, out burst the Angel in a cloud of light. "Terrible! A terrible sight indeed! The Devil hath tricked us all! Yet not all is lost dear fox. The Devil, who has stolen Joan's soul, now keeps it in her satchel. You must go and steal it back, only then can we put an end to this maddening cavalcade!" The Fox turned to look at the Angel, yet couldn't face him and instead muttered, "I can't! I'm scared."

32





A meditation on suffering, impermanance, & acceptance through the interwoven transcriptions of “The Causes of Suffering” from Yeshe Rabye’s Buddhism Guide podcast and “All Things Must Pass” by George Harrison.

*Graphic Design*

*Overseen by Ben Kiel*

# All things must pass All things must pass away

Why is it important? What are the benefits of understanding it? It means we will achieve freedom from fear, freedom from suffering and freedom from panic, because when we know things are not going to last, we are free from any fear, agony or pain of losing something or someone.

Our mistaken belief is that things come into existence on their own, and last forever. This kind of mistaken belief causes us to cling to worldly possessions, such as material objects, the search for pleasure, recognition, honour and so on. It causes pride, attachment, aversion and arrogance to grow within us because we truly believe things are here to stay. We grow completely attached to the concerns of this life.

So, it's a relief when we finally understand that everything is impermanent, and we can't do a thing to change that fact. We can now let go and relax our grip on things – that's a real breath of fresh air!

Impermanence is not only true for pleasurable things, but for painful things as well. Maybe someone you care for has died or left you, and you are sad and lonely. These emotions are also impermanent, and so will, after time, also change. All the things we have aversion towards will only last a short time. Like the morning dew, it will all soon change and disappear.

All things must pass  
None of life's strings can last  
So, I must be on my way and face  
another day

## Two of the best ways of counteracting anger is patience and acceptance.

To break this cycle, we have to see that clinging, grasping and getting attached to people and material objects brings us suffering because things are compounded and are subject to change. If we can truly embrace this point and apply it to our daily lives, we will be able to reduce the suffering caused by this poison. Buddha stated, Human desires are endless. It is like the thirst of a man who drinks salt-water; he gets no satisfaction and his thirst is only increased. This is surely something we should be reflecting on.

Aversion is the opposite to attachment and anger leads to hatred, discrimination, aggression and a lack of compassion. None of these are helpful. With desire we want to cling to objects, but with aversion we do the exact opposite. We spend all our time and energy trying to push the thing away we do not like. As with desire, we just need to let go, not hold on to this aversion. Don't engage with it, hold it, or repress it – simply acknowledge you have an aversion for it, understand that it is causing harm to yourself and others and find a way of letting it go.

Buddha said this about anger: This fury does so cloud the mind of man that he cannot discern this fearful inner danger.

Some say that anger is natural and should be expressed at all costs. This is because most people only see two ways of dealing with anger, that is, express or repress. Both are unhealthy. If you constantly express it, you will find that, after some time it will become a habit and you will react angrily all of the time. If you repress it, you are just storing up trouble for the future. You may be able to keep it down for some time, but eventually it will surface and may even come back more violent and hurtful.

Anger is such a destructive emotion because we engage with it and let it take control of us. So, the Buddha had a different idea. He advised us to look at the anger and see where it comes from. It is not to be dealt with but observed. If we do this, we will see that it stems from our exaggerating the negative qualities of someone or projecting negative qualities that are not actually there, on to someone or something.

Two of the best ways of counteracting anger is patience and acceptance.

Patience—This is something we should cultivate. The best advice is to try and walk away from the situation that is making you angry. If you cannot do that, then you should not react straight away, but should first try counting to ten and spend a little time reflecting on the situation. This will give you the space to calm down and see things more rationally. Of course, this is not a simple thing to do when one is wrapped up in the moment, and this is where patience comes in. The most hurtful things are said in the heat of the moment, so diffuse that moment with patience.

You could try watching your breath for a moment, use your senses to engage with what you can see, hear, smell, taste and touch or you could try reciting the word patience over and over again. All of these will give you a chance to calm down and build patience.

There is no evil like anger, and no consciousness like patience.

Acceptance—This is accepting that people are the same as we are. Everyone is struggling to find their way in life. We strive for happiness and so does everyone else. If we think in this way, a feeling of warmth, empathy and



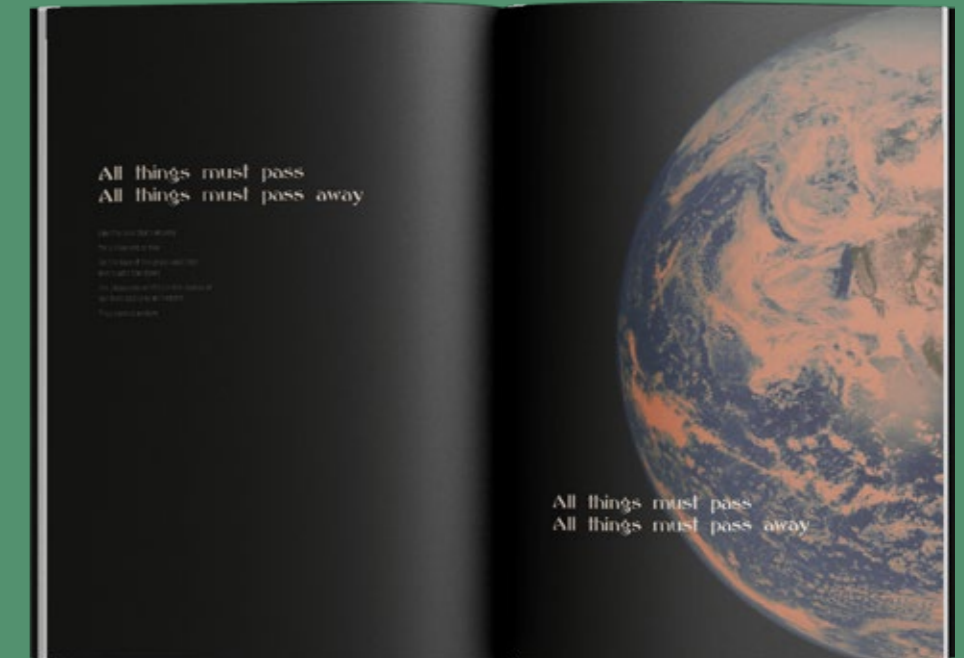
compassion will arise in us. If we are empathic or compassionate towards others, it is harder to get angry at them. This, again, takes time to master but is something we are all capable of.

Unawareness is a lack of understanding of the true nature of things which leads us into wrong views. Buddha stated:

Because of their unawareness, people are always thinking wrong thoughts and always losing the right viewpoint and, clinging to their egos, they take wrong actions. As a result, they become attached to a delusive existence.

As we are unaware of the true nature of the world, we start clinging to objects, people and ourselves, which leads to wrong actions and causes us to grow attached to our perception of reality.

Impermanence is something we understand on an intellectual level, but it is not how we live our lives. That is because we are unaware of the true implications of impermanence.



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**CELEBRATING  
THE HISTORY OF  
PRINTMAKING**



**30**

**YEAR ANNIVERSARY BIRTHDAY PARTY**  
CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY PRINTMAKING      SUNDAY, MAY 10, 2025

**3100 BC** CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY PRINTMAKING  
Cuneiform, one of the earliest known writing systems developed in Sumer (modern day Iraq). Wedge-shaped marks were made on clay tablets by a blunt stylus cut from a reed.

**3000 BC**  
Papyrus plant, paper-like material used as a writing surface in Egypt. Ink from lamp-black made in China.

**742-751**  
Dharani Sutra on Immaculate and Pure Light is the world's oldest extant printing material, printed using woodblock in Unified Silla Dynasty of Korea.

**932**  
Chinese printers adapt Woodblock printing to mass-produce classical books.

**1041**  
Movable type, made from baked clay, invented in China.

**1239**  
The oldest Metal-Movable-Type printed book is The Song of Enlightenment with Commentaries by Buddhist Monk Nammyeong Cheon The Goryeo Dynasty of Korea.

**1438-44**  
Adjustable type mold developed by Johannes Gutenberg in Germany.

**1476**  
Intaglio used for book illustration, a printmaking techniques in which the image is incised into a surface, and the incision line or sunken area holds the ink. It is the opposite of relief printing such as letterpress.

**1539**  
Juan Pablos (Giovanni Paoli) became the first printer in North America (Mexico City).


**1708**  
Thomas Short became the first printer in Connecticut.

**1798**  
Lithography accidentally invented by Alois Senefelder when writing with a greasy pencil on a limestone block.

**1843**  
Rotary letterpress developed.

**1932**  
Times New Roman typeface debuted by the The Times newspaper in London.

**1995**  
The Center for Contemporary Printmaking, known initially as the Connecticut Graphic Arts Center, was founded as a nonprofit 501(c)(3) in 1995, by Grace and William Shanley and a group of like-minded artists and community leaders.



**CELEBRATING 30 YEARS**





Non-profit organization  
dedicated to supporting,  
preserving and advancing  
the art of print.



Tracing the history of colonization, resistance, and independence in the Philippines through graphic design materials.

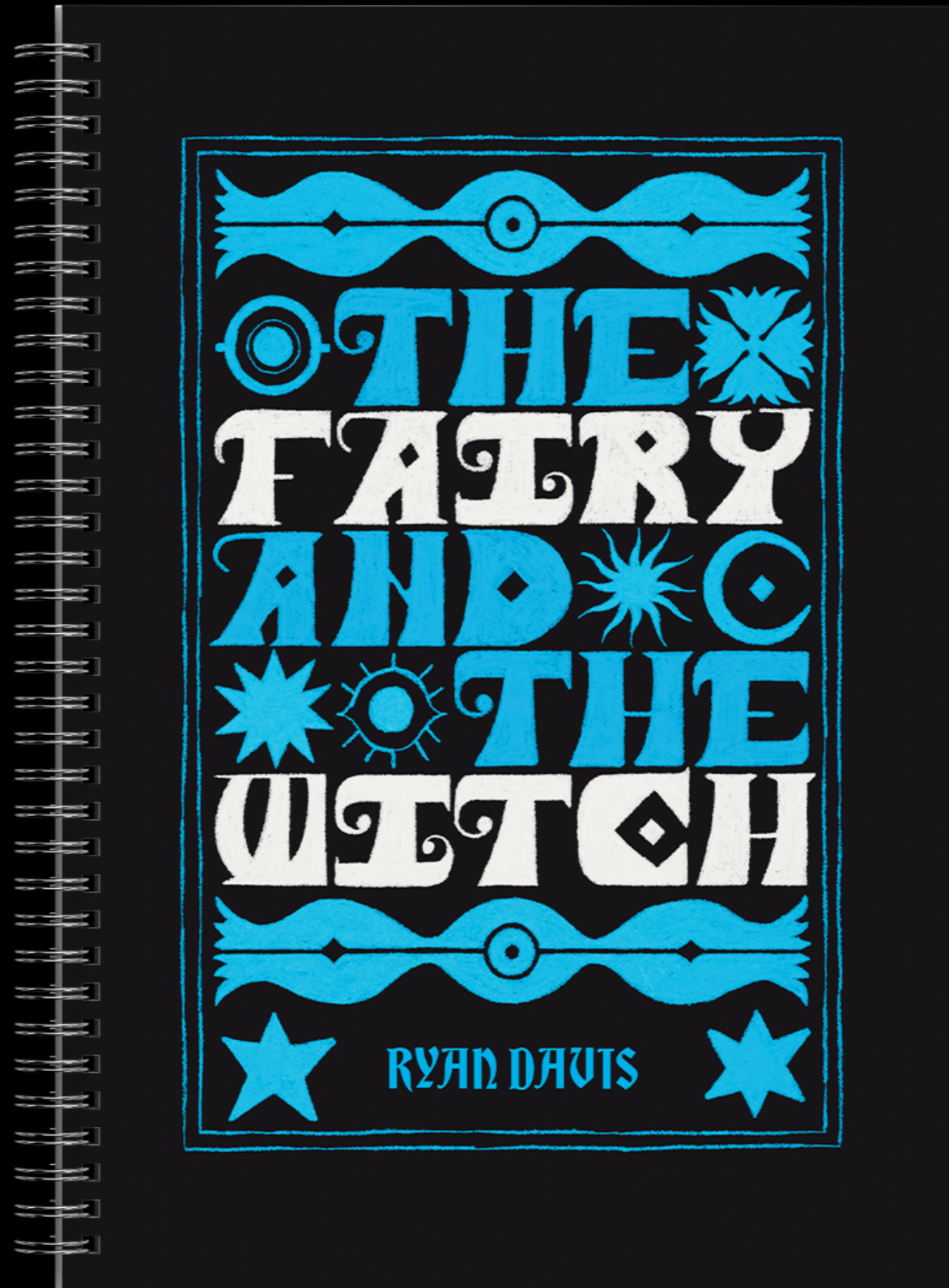
Graphic Design

Overseen by Ben Kiel



Illustrated fairytale about stars, comets, storytelling, and seeing.

Illustration, Graphic Design & Writing





**A**nd so every night, after the day's work was done, the people would stare out into the night sky. "What will it be tonight?" they would exclaim. "I think a **Fairy**," the one would say. "No, tonight will be a **Witch**," said another. "Perhaps neither", said their neighbor.



Once upon a time, long ago, when people looked at the sky and saw a comet they would say to themselves, "there goes a Fairy!"



In that same time, long ago, when they looked up and saw a meteor they would say, "there goes a wicked Witch!"



Misfortune followed the Witch. She paced around the moon, back and forth, back and forth. In her arms she carried her pot in which she brewed a wicked stew. On hapless nights, she would come down lugging her pot. She flew above the town and poured out the stew onto the earth, letting its wickedness seep into the soil.



They would see how lush and vibrant their garden has grown and say "the Fairy has brought fruit and life!" The people, filled with fortune, could be heard singing songs of joy and praise towards the sky til blackened by the night.



The Fairy lived up in the stars. She sat around all day reading from a book of fortunes. On cheery nights, she would come down carrying her book. Flying above the townspeople, she would tear out its pages, letting them flutter down onto the earth. The next day, good fortune could be found all throughout the township.



They stared into the night.





Editorial illustrations  
on the retirement  
advisement sector.

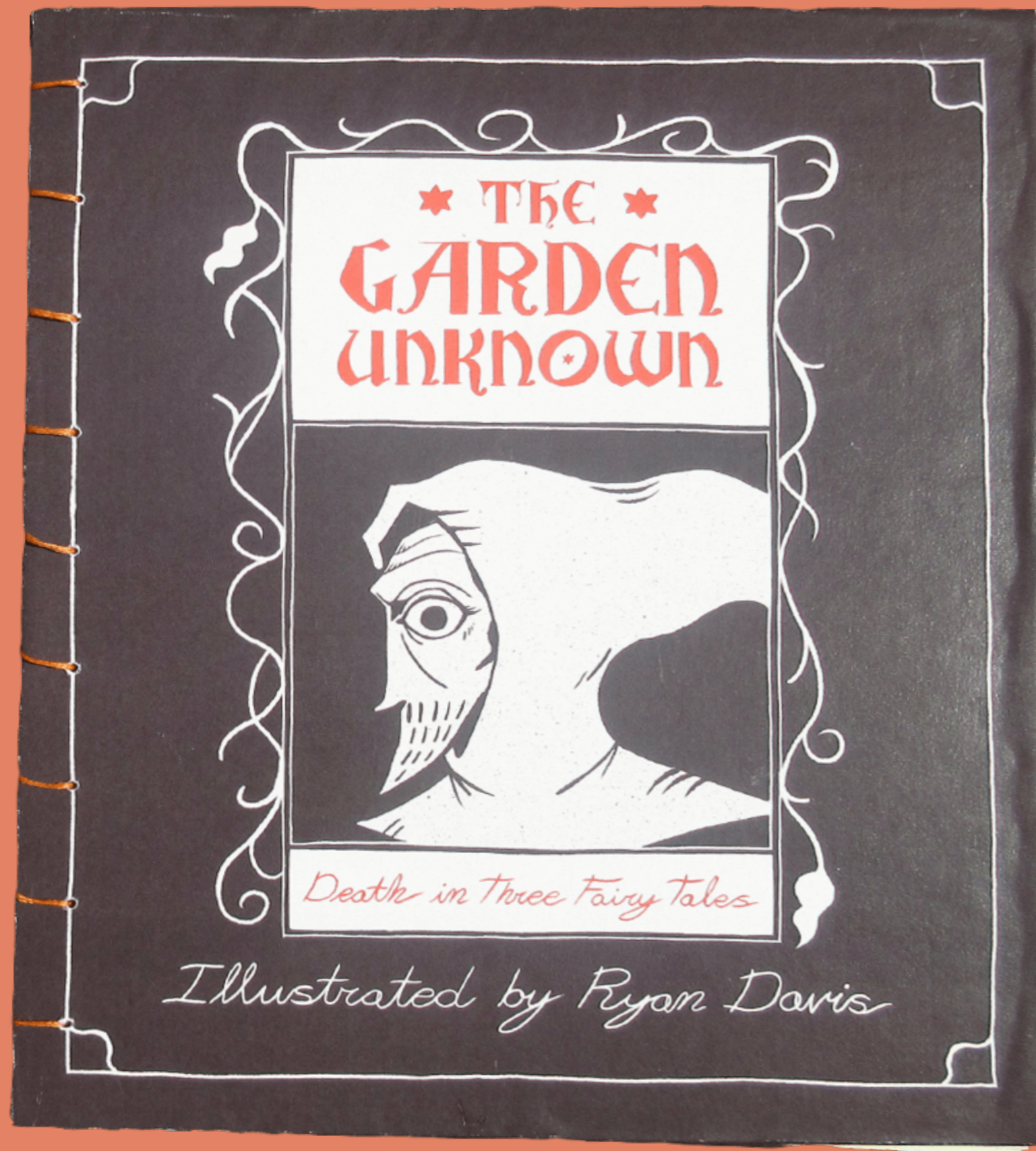
Illustration

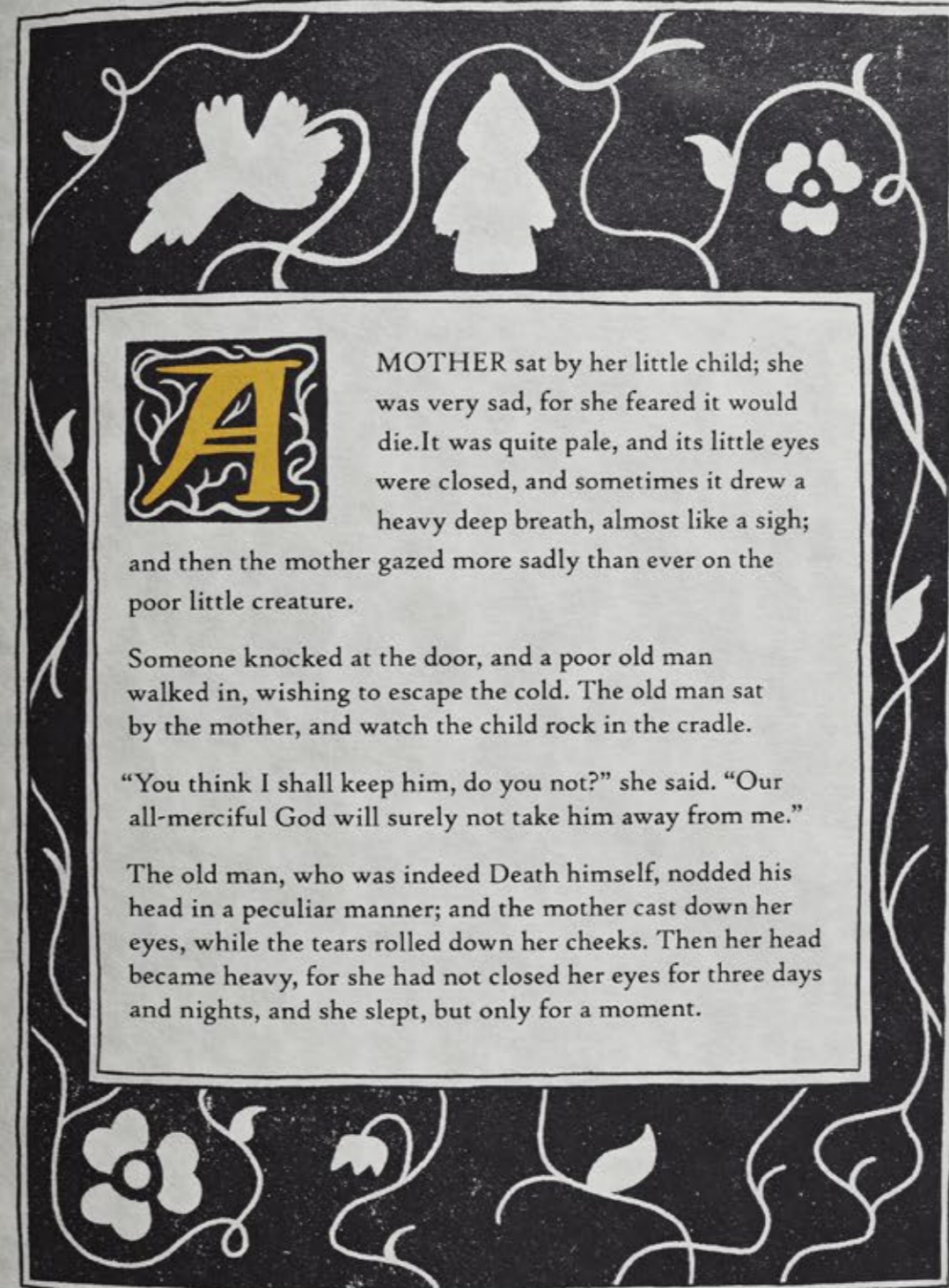


Adapted the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, an unknown Turkish Author, and the Brothers Grimm. The fairy tales, the Story of a Mother, The Prince Who Would Seek Immortality, and Death and the Goose Boy, become connected through the character of Death, who is personified in each story.

Graphic Design  
& Illustration

Overseen by  
Shreyas R. Krishnan





**A**

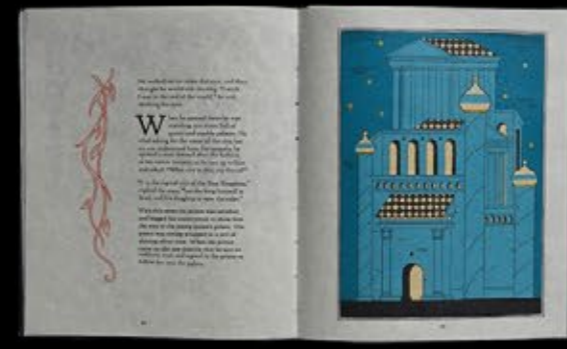
MOTHER sat by her little child; she was very sad, for she feared it would die. It was quite pale, and its little eyes were closed, and sometimes it drew a heavy deep breath, almost like a sigh;

and then the mother gazed more sadly than ever on the poor little creature.

Someone knocked at the door, and a poor old man walked in, wishing to escape the cold. The old man sat by the mother, and watch the child rock in the cradle.

"You think I shall keep him, do you not?" she said. "Our all-merciful God will surely not take him away from me."

The old man, who was indeed Death himself, nodded his head in a peculiar manner; and the mother cast down her eyes, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then her head became heavy, for she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights, and she slept, but only for a moment.



Thank you!

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